

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI.

—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1895.—

NO. 2.

THE BUTTERFLY.

WAS once a dingy worm
On a bough;
Ugly, brown and small; but just
See me now!
To my pitiful estate,
To my shell,
Came an angel, whispering,
All is well!
Hearing this, I burst my bonds,
Soared and flew!
So it is with human things,—
So with you.
Never mind the homely shell;
Some fine day
God may whisper in your ear:
"Come away!"
And with rapid, radiant wings,
Light and free,
You may burst these earthly bonds,
Fly, and see!

THEY PREFER IT.

**A Sabbath School Teacher of Penn Valley,
Does not Agree with the "Helper."**

The following letter is self-explanatory:

"In the HELPER of August 2nd., I read your opinion of Indians in Sunday School. I do not quite agree with you in saying that classes composed entirely of Indians make reservations of them, at least it is not so in our Sunday School. They are given the same privilege and are taught the same as the white pupils.

They prefer to be in a class by themselves.

I have a very interesting class of Indian boys, and hope I rival Miss Rubinkam's class of Newtown, in number. I have 22 names enrolled in my report book.

The majority of them I find to be very manly and polite, honest and intelligent. I will give you an example of their manliness and intelligence: Before Sabbath School the Indian boys group together talking and laughing; the instant a lady drives in the yard all talk is stopped and every hat is raised in response to her greeting. How grand that looks! I heartily agree with Clark Gregg in his remark that "There is only one Carlisle in the world."

Long may it prosper."

We would not have the good Sunday school teachers of Indian boys in Bucks County, who enter heart and soul into their work, feel that

we do not appreciate their kindly interest on behalf of the school and the Indians, but principles are what we are contending for.

"They PREFER to be in a class by themselves," says the writer of the above letter.

So do the reservation Indians prefer to be on a reservation. They always have preferred it and always will, until they get a taste of the sweets of association with wide-awake people, who are enough interested in them to give them INDIVIDUAL welcome.

Association drives out fear.

Association brings independence and manliness.

Association breeds courage, ambition and hope in the INDIVIDUAL.

It is the keeping of Indians together as INDIANS, that is killing them off.

There are large-minded, reservation workers who see the question in this same light.

We recently met a superintendent of a most flourishing school on a reservation, who, while doing his utmost to advance his pupils amid their home surroundings and hindrances, lends his influence continually to encourage individuals to go out into the life of the world.

"There are plenty of pupils here for us; more than we can handle," he would say. But recognizing the superiority of environment in an eastern school he would not think of holding a single pupil back to the narrow limitations of the tribe and tribal schools.

Others we have met who are full of the opposite idea.

"O, you must not take MY pupils," they will say in the most pitiful tone to an eastern agent.

Or, in a more threatening attitude they will say, 'If you induce So-an-so to go I shall not like it. He is my brightest boy. You can not have him.'

"So-an-so wants to go," the one gathering pupils may venture in reply to such teacher.

"I know that; but you eastern school people

(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, out 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.

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.

A birth-day celebration of the arrival of the first pupils at Carlisle was held on Saturday evening, at which a number of the old residents "reminisced" from the platform.

Susan Young Kelsey, who used to be simply Susie Young when here writes the sad news that three of her children died—two boys and a girl baby, during the past month, and she is full of grief at the loss. She also gives the news that Cecelia Londrosh has a dear baby boy. Fannie Bird is about to get married. Charley English married a school girl. Lawrence Smith married and left his wife as soon as their baby died. He has not a good reputation. Others have done things to be ashamed of, while many are doing well.

Mr. John Steel of Carlisle who is making an extended visit at the Cotton States and International Exposition, says by recent private letter, "The last day I was at the Fair there was a larger crowd looking at your exhibit than any single one in the building." He deems the Atlanta exposition one of the notable events of the century. Pennsylvania Day will be the largest day from present indications. He is exceedingly anxious that the Carlisle Indian School band as well as the school battalion should be there as they were at the World's Fair, where a most favorable impression in favor of Indian education was created.

The Academic department opened the school-exhibition year with a very excellent entertainment on last Thursday evening. The band and choir furnished the music in addition to singing by the whole school, all of which will improve as the year advances. The striking features of the evening were a tableau, "Landing of Columbus" and a "Grammatical indignation meeting" from No. 12. Nettie Buckles', Sarah Nelson's, Sarah Smith's and Abram Hill's recitations and declamations were specially worthy of note, while all who contributed to the evening did very well. The Battle of Chickamauga sent Capt. Pratt's memory back to war times, and after the entertainment was over several interesting stories and

Foot-ball.

The first game of the season was played on Saturday with Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg. The day was rather warm for foot-ball and only 20 minute halves were played. The Gettysburg boys were outplayed from the start. When they did get the ball, they seldom made the necessary five yards, nearly every time being compelled to kick. Several of their kicks were blocked. Our boys played well together. Their interference around the end was fine. They bucked the line in good style and tackled well. They fumbled quite a little, owing to the fact that they were not accustomed to the new ball, having practiced altogether with an old one. A touch-down was made in each half by Bemus Pierce on runs around the end from near the center of the field. A goal was kicked from the first, making the score 10 to 0. Our team lined up as follows: Lonewolf, center; Hawley Pierce and Wheelock, guards; Irwin and Printup, tackles; Campeau and Jamison, ends; Hudson, quarter; Bemus Pierce and McFarland, backs; Metoxen, full. Shelafo took Bemus Pierce's place in the latter part of the second half. Mr. Claudy accompanied the party and officiated as umpire.

Chauncey Yellowrobe, class '95, who is now employed at the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian School, has been on a recent trip to his old home at Rosebud Agency, Dak., looking up pupils for Genoa. He met with little success. The Indians there are taught to believe by those in immediate authority that their only salvation lies in the day school. They have never had a boarding school there. Pine Ridge sent over a hundred students out to remote schools this year, and has kept a good quota in such schools all the while. A few years will show the fallacy of the present Rosebud system, and the Indians alone will be the sufferers. Those who urge their remaining on the reservation, those who try to satisfy them with a wee ray of light so overshadowed by the blackness of environment, that it is scarcely perceptible by the Indians, will not suffer. They are benefitted. It is their trade. The writer remembers Chauncey when she brought him to Carlisle with a large party from Rosebud some twelve years ago. He was not able then to speak a word of English. He says that on his recent visit he was a stranger to his people, and yet he has their interest at heart, as his letter most pathetically shows.

"When I realized the fact," says Chauncey, "that the ideas of my people are for compactness, I remembered two old sayings 'Where there is unity there is power,' and 'United we stand, divided we fall,' and I thought how true these sayings are, but I said in my heart for my people—Let us be divided and we will rise."

Superintendent Potter and wife, late of the Cherokee School, North Carolina, we learn by letter are living on their claim near El Reno, Oklahoma. Mr. Potter has a prospect of going to Salem, Oregon, to take the Government school at that place.

Have'n't time? Watch the minutes and you will find there is more time than you think.

Still wintry.

Good-bye, chimney swallows.

Oh, those tuberose from the Hiltons!

The little boys are 'hooping it' these days
Sloyd had a fine display on Thursday evening.

Donald McIntosh has entered the printing-office.

Miss Hill's friend, Miss Elizabeth Bushong was her guest, on Sunday.

Maggie Beaulieu Darco has a four months old baby girl who is great company for her, she says by letter.

On Saturday a four-horse load of teachers went to Boiling Springs on a geological excursion.

Who NEVER fail to keep step, no matter how slow or how fast the march is played? Jerome and Agnes Kennerly.

Miss Hamilton sends her wee ones out to gather leaves by tens to find out how many tens there are in a hundred.

Miss Ely is off on her vacation. She went, wheel and all, on Friday, to spend a month among friends in Bucks County.

The Misses Hilton and their aunt Mrs. Gibbs of Lancaster came over from Oak Hill, Carlisle, to witness the entertainment on Thursday evening.

Chauncey Yellowrobe says in his letter quoted elsewhere, that he has a bicycle, but has not become an expert. He hopes to some day, however.

A much needed improvement to the laundry by way of a south door from the ironing room has been made, also a spigot for water in the ironing room.

The Foot-ball Eleven will play the Duquesne Athletic Club at Pittsburg to-morrow and the University of Pennsylvania on Wednesday at Philadelphia.

Mr. Fred A. Martens of the Crescent Athletic Club, was an interested visitor Tuesday. The foot-ball boys desire to thank him for two boxes of "Salva-sea" for their sprains and bruises.

Mrs. Hamilton has returned to the school after a summer's visit in Minnesota. She makes her home here with her daughter, Miss Hamilton, who has charge of the Normal Department.

The three boys who were in the drunken row on Friday night are suffering untold mental misery and remorse. It does not pay! They would give the world if they could undo what they did.

On Monday, Miss Peter spoke at the opening exercises of school, upon the subject of O. W. Holmes. On Tuesday, Miss Mosher discoursed upon Ostrich Farming in Arizona; and Prof. Bakeless described Suro Heights, San Francisco, at one of the sessions.

Quite a party went the rounds of inspection on Sunday morning. It is a smart journey to go into every pupil's room, but the satisfaction is great when the quarters are found in such excellent order as they were last Sunday morning. The Man-on-the-band-stand knows where he found the cleanest place, but it may not be wise to name it in his paper.

The newsiest paper in Carlisle now is *The Leader*.

Wibur Peter, Tuscarora, has arrived with his cornet to enter the band.

Mr. Vance McCormick, of Harrisburg, Captain of the Yale Foot-ball team of 1893, was at the school Wednesday evening, giving our boys some valuable points on the game.

The threshing at the farms is done. The yield of wheat was twenty bushels to the acre. Considering the drouth it is thought a fair yield. We have only a half-crop of potatoes owing to the dry weather.

Capt. Pratt, Mrs. Pratt, and Dr. Montezuma are sojourning at Lake Mohonk, N. Y. On their way to the station on Tuesday morning they picked up our Alaskan friend of prominence, Edward Marsden, who had just arrived, and took him along.

Thomas Jackson who lives at the extreme end of the United States—two or three thousand miles west of San Francisco applies in time for a class photograph of '96. He says it is the only letter he can send us this year. He is living with the missionary there.

On Thursday night Capt. Pratt said to the school by way of encouragement for the Indians to learn to speak: "We need speakers for the Indians who can speak OUT and tell the country what the country ought to know. We need speakers who can speak with POWER and understanding," and much more.

Nellie Chandler, who was Nellie Carey when she was with us, says in her last letter from Ft. Sill that the school has opened at that place with a capacity of 126 pupils. She has a heartfelt interest for the Indian children with whom she associates as helper. "Your little paper has been a comfort to me ever since I left dear old Carlisle," says she.

Mrs. Reeder of Newtown was among the interested visitors of the week. Mrs. Reeder has had a Sunday School class of Indians for several years, and claims that one-hundred twenty-five Indian boys have been on her roll. She is a sister of Miss Girton who visited the school some time since. Both are exceedingly interested in the progress of the Indian.

The first dress-parade since the opening of the school year occurred on Saturday evening. Considering the fact that there are so many new pupils and so many in from farms who have not drilled for many months the showing was most excellent. They have drill every evening now, and while it may be a little irksome to some who would rather be sitting around, the few moments spent in that way is most healthful and beneficial in every sense.

On Wednesday evening, those friends of Professor and Mrs. Bakeless who live in the East End of the Teachers' Quarters were entertained in the handsome rooms of the latter. Miss Hill favored the guests with some choice piano selections beautifully rendered. While in the midst of the ice-cream, John Edwin not willing to be left out, partook of a spasmodic "I scream" but was pacified in short order by the bottle, the only one of the company who was allowed such wicked indulgence.

(From First Page.)

come in here and gobble up our brightest pupils, and it is not fair."

"Not fair to whom?"

"Well, it is not fair to these reservation schools."

"How many pupils have you?" was asked of a day school teacher.

"Fifteen."

"Do they all attend?"

"No; that is the trouble. They will not come regularly. I have great trouble to keep up the number, especially in the winter time. The average is very small in winter."

"How small?"

"Well, for a few weeks last winter I had only one pupil."

"And you went to the school-house to teach that one boy?"

"Yes, when it was not too stormy."

"What did you do to fill in the time?"

"O, we sat around the stove, recited some, and when both were tired of the monotony we would go out in the brush and hunt jack rabbits."

"And how much did you get for your services?"

"540 dollars a year."

"Humph!" said the eastern school man. "That money would have paid the transportation of the lad to and from Carlisle and with Carlisle's 'outing system' would have seen him through five years of school, and fed and clothed him in the bargain."

The illustration is sufficient to show the secret of objection by the average reservation teacher, to any plan that breaks up "MY BUSINESS."

The good of the pupils is not taken into consideration by such objectors.

How different is the feeling of those interested in the true progress of the Indian!

Carlisle never holds a pupil to the school when better and larger opportunities are offered outside.

Carlisle sends out her brightest pupils continually to the sacrifice of her own general appearance.

We believe that it is criminal to encourage the Indians to cling together in communities on reservations, to cling together in Sunday School classes, to cling together in Indian schools on or OFF reservations.

GO OUT! GO FORWARD! BE AN INDIVIDUAL! is our doctrine; "God helps those who help themselves," our motto.

ENCOURAGING

Henry Phillips, a natives employee of this office embarked on the last Topeka for the proposed new town of Saxman. He will be the missionary, interpreter, marshal, chief of police, and general advisor of the natives who have agreed to join him there and build a town of their own.—[*The Alaskan*.

Henry is an old Carlisle "print."

\$10,000 A YEAR.

Not long ago a Chicago minister told a story at a Sunday afternoon men's meeting of a young fellow who started in life in that city a good many years ago.

He was a rough-looking specimen of a country lad, with little acquaintance with city ways, and probably had never been in a big city before in his life.

The employer eyed the boy over critically and then sent him down to the basement to clear up some of the old stock of goods and put the things in order.

The boy set to work and in a short time effected such a transformation that the owner hardly knew that part of his establishment.

Order and system had taken the place of chaos: there seemed to be a place for everything and everything was in its place.

The boy stayed with the firm, of course, and today he is receiving \$10,000 a year from the same establishment.

IT WAS NOT AN INDIAN BOY.

Teacher: "Can you tell me how it is that the days are short in winter and long in summer?"

"Yes maam," said John; "it is because heat expands and cold contracts."

FROM "THE NORTH STAR."

On his return trip to Washington Dr. Sheldon Jackson raised \$618 00 on board the Queen for mission work in Alaska.

Rev. J. H. Kilbuck, the well known Moravian missionary on the Kuskokwin at latest accounts was recovering from a very serious and long-protracted illness.

"Well, I suppose you have something laid up for a rainy day!"

"Laid up for a rainy day?" said the rheumatic gentleman. "I am laid up every rainy day myself."

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 3, 5, 8 is a game children often play.

My 4, 7, 11 is a small animal.

My 9, 2, 1 is a tool that both Indians and white people use.

My 6, 5, 10, 1 tells which way the wind blows.

My whole is what an interested reader of the HELPER thought was the answer of the Enigma last week, but finding it was not, made up an enigma using all of my letters and making something that will cause persons quickly to become poor.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Spend-thrift.