

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

—FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1896.—

NO. 31

ALL must work, with head or hand
For self or others, good or ill;
Life is ordained to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will;
Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed;
And all our choice is this, to grow
Pasture and grain or noisome weed.

I've found some wisdom in my quest
That's richly worth retelling;
I've learned that when one does his best
There's little harm in falling.

Home is where the heart is,
In dwelling great or small;
There is many a stately mansion,
That's never a home at all.

YES, THE INDIAN CHILD CRIES AND LAUGHS AND IS PUNISHED IN HIS RESERVATION HOME.

Some people have very strange notions of Indians.

To those from the back country, whose knowledge of the native American is obtained solely from the grotesque pictures in the old-time school geographies and wall maps, wherein the feathers are made conspicuous and seem to grow out of their very heads, the new Indian is even a greater curiosity.

Such people are surprised on looking at our young men and maidens of culture and refinement, that their feathers are plucked.

A little boy from the city, who no doubt had seen some of the Buffalo Bill Indians, asked in a disappointed way on a recent visit:

"Why, where are their feathers?"

Countrymen frequently come to see the school. One was heard to say not long since:

"See! Look at 'em! Why, they laugh!"

A lone visitor was standing and gazing intently at the long line of boys and girls as they passed into supper. Then he turned and asked an officer:

"How often do you let 'em out that way?"

An observing traveller among the Indians of the west writes in an account of the trip:

"I have heard it said that Indian parents never punish their children.

I have witnessed some very vigorous and well-deserved spankings, and am prepared to assert that family discipline among the Indians is fairly well maintained.

I have also heard it said that Indian children are such little stoics that they never cry when hurt, or laugh when pleased.

This, too, is the sheerest nonsense.

I cannot detect a particle of difference between the behavior of white and red children. The little Indians cry when hurt or disappointed or frightened, or laugh when pleased, precisely as any child would laugh or cry."

The mission of the little HELPER is to help the Indian by dispelling such absurd notions.

The HELPER tries to show that the Indian in the atmosphere that makes men will become a MAN, instead of the curiosity that he now is.

In the atmosphere of Indian superstition and idleness he will remain an Indian and a curiosity.

And how can we best get him into this atmosphere where men are made?

The true spirit of civilization cannot be carried to HIM. He must be taken up bodily and plunged into the midst of industry and thrift, which are the foundation stones of civilization.

Suppose the reader of this paper had to learn to swim, would he get into a bath-tub and cry: Fetch on the water from the river by the bucketful?

Is it not more natural and reasonable for a person who must learn to swim, to go to the river where the water is deep enough to sustain his body, when he makes an effort to support HIMSELF?

A young man in the middle of a rushing stream of water, with all the supports removed will make a mighty effort to save himself from drowning.

And so a young Indian among people who MUST work to live, who gain their education by denying themselves many pleasures, who read and study at odd moments, and who CLIMB by the force of their own will-power, muscles and brains, will do the same thing, if all the props that weaken are removed, and he feels that he MUST do or die.

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

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for if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for
in advance.

A Letter from Rabbit Heaven.

One evening just as the sun was setting in the western skies, I was having a pleasant walk upon the beautiful campus of the Indian school.

Little did I think then there were boys there out of whose hearts would ever come the thought of scaring me, and of afterwards taking that short life which God had given me and which those boys can never give back again.

God made you and me. Not even a little sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, and surely when we saw those cruel, heartless boys torturing me and afterwards killing me, He hung his head with grief.

Boys, the same winter chills you and me; the same sun warms us both; the same pains that you feel, we feel.

Now, will you use us so cruelly because we cannot speak for ourselves?

"The dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

MR. RABBIT.

You can't earn a dollar quicker or easier than by answering the Rebus on last page. If you don't get the prize there is no harm trying for it, and you will be doing something for a good cause, while performing an act which will be a benefit to yourself. Ten cents is a small sum for any ONE person to send, but if a hundred thousand people each sends ten cents we would have \$10,000. See? And every CENT of it would be expended for the benefit of the Indian.

The best compliment that can be paid to the affair of last Thursday night is that it was so very informal and homelike—just such as attractive and intellectual young girls know how to get up. It was the Susans this time. They tendered a soiree and musicale to a hundred and more invited guests, as a farewell meeting for the year.

One is always impressed with the intellectual and æsthetic atmosphere of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society Hall, with its walls covered with portraits of eminent women and men, its carpeted floor, windows heavily curtained and draped, its brilliant

electric lights and piano, but on this occasion the room was especially bright and prettily decorated. The large portrait of Captain, which hangs on the wall opposite the folding-door entrance, on this evening was flanked on the left by the handsome gilt-framed pastel of Susan Longstreth recently secured for the Society's own use, from the art studio of J. Wells Champney, New York, where the original one which hangs in Assembly Hall, was produced.

The other portraits near the center of the same wall are Lady Henry Somerset and Frances Willard. These large pictures artistically intertwined with apple blossoms formed a very pretty background to the President, Miss Cynthia Webster, and the Secretary, Miss Alice Parker, as they sat at the presiding officer's desk surrounded with flowers and potted plants of rich variety.

The president made a brief and graceful little address and Miss Minnie Finley read a "Character Sketch of Carlisle's Best Friend" (Capt. Pratt). Edith Pierce sang Rinsuti's "Welcome Pretty Primrose," Julia Williams' reporter's notes were bright and full of local hits. Lillie Payne recited "The Inventor's Wife," in a very taking manner. Tenie Wirth played a piano solo, which was enjoyed, and the Glee Club of the society sang "Sweet Memories." Miss Linnie Thompson's "Alpine Horn" by Prock, is a very pretty thing, and was well rendered. Bohm's piano duet as played by Edith Smith and Mabel Buck is always listened to with delight.

The presidents of the other societies were now called upon for addresses. Jacob Jamison responded for the Invincibles and was happy in his remarks and gallant in his compliments. Frank Jones, as President of the Standards, quite equalled the first speaker in his gallantry and ready repartee. Mr. Standing had a few words of encouragement to say. The glee club again sang. A duet was sung by Misses Linnie Thompson and Edith Smith, and the Society joined in singing the closing song—a parody on "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," composed for the occasion. Mrs. Sawyer played all the accompaniments.

To the banquet hall! The girls' assembly hall on the 2nd floor was specially decorated for this purpose, in which an hour of sociability was greatly enjoyed and wherein the girls of the entire society had an opportunity to play the agreeable, which they did to perfection. Refreshments were served and at an early hour the gentlemen departed feeling that it was good to have been there.

Let it be said to the credit of the young ladies, that the entire affair was planned and carried out by themselves, for which they deserve this special mention.

Mr. Levant Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., Mrs. Pratt's brother, has again remembered his old friends at the school with some maple syrup—the real stuff. 'Tis sweet to be remembered, thus. At least there is sweetness in the remembrance.

We learn in an indirect way but through a reliable source that Roy Blind, a former student, died recently at his home in the west.

It is very possible to be too clean.

Mr. Snyder has a new wheel, his third.

Miss Mosher is getting the wheel fever.

The April number of the *Red Man* was mailed this week.

Miss Martha Hench has gained mastery of the "silent steed."

A good solid foundation for the new roadway to town is being made.

The lawn-mower singeth a lively tune when George Conner is behind it.

Mrs. Stranahan of Harrisburg was Miss Luckenbach's guest on Sunday.

Miss Cochran has returned from a visit home and is helping Miss Ely at the desk.

It takes only ten new subscriptions and 2 cents extra to get 60 views of our school, free.

Mr. W. L. Crist of the *Bloomsburg Daily Sentinel* was a guest of Professor Bakeless, last week.

The school has received from William B. Harvey, a valuable present of seed corn of a special variety.

Frank Cayou has taken Alex. Upshaw's place as Mrs. Given's assistant and Captain of Company E.

On Tuesday afternoon Prof. and Mrs. Lindsey of Dickinson College were out from town on their new wheels.

Miss Hulme was called to her home in Mt. Holly, N. J., by the death of her brother, who has been ill for some time.

Mrs. Whelan, formerly nurse at Cheyenne River, S. Dak., and an experienced worker among Indians has joined our hospital corps, as assistant nurse.

Robert Hamilton is acting disciplinarian in the absence of Mr. Thompson, who will be away but two weeks instead of 30 days as announced in last week's HELPER.

The MOST PERFECT answer to the Rebus wins the dollar. Don't be afraid there will be too many perfect ones. The decision will be rendered by three disinterested persons.

A number of the sloyd pupils have received commendatory letters from those to whom their productions have been sent. Nothing could be more encouraging or stimulating than this.

Samuel C. Deon has left Bucks County and gone to his home in Dakota. Samuel is no longer a pupil of Carlisle, but is his own man. A report comes from the neighborhood where he has been working, that he has made many friends in that vicinity.

The parent who objects to his boy or girl going out into the country for change of air and occupation, where valuable experience such as cannot be found elsewhere, is gained, does not know what an injury he is doing to his child. Only an occasional parent objects.

Howard Gansworth, Leander Gansworth, Frank Jones, Frank Shively, Louis Mishler and Lovett Halftown represented the school Y. M. C. A., at the Harrisburg District Convention held in Chambersburg last week. A delegation from Harrisburg visited the school on their return, and seemed much interested in our work.

Adelia Lowe class '96, is with Superintendent Campbell in his school at the Wind River Agency, Wyoming.

A boy who purposely kills a robin with a sling just for the fun of it, should have the whole line of boys armed with slings to shoot at him. Wonder how he would like it!

Julia Jonas returned from Downingtown, this week, bringing with her a basketful of those lovely pansies which grow in Miss Edge's garden. Many friends were remembered who appreciate the kindness.

Mr. Mason Pratt will bring a nine from the Pennsylvania Steel Co., at Steelton, to try conclusions with the school team tomorrow afternoon. Playing will begin at 1:30 to give the players a chance to see the Dickinson-State game which takes place at 3:30 in town.

There are 30,000 school children in the city of Columbus, Ohio, and it is said they have the best school system of any city in the United States. There are nearly as many school children in that one city as Indian children in the United States, and they do not consider it a task to educate them.

The Shippensburg Normal school visited our school in a body, last Friday. They were in charge of Vice-Principal Professor Barton. They were a bright looking company of young people, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. Miss Lida Standing who graduates this year from the Normal was with the party.

Miss Lord, who a few years since was one of our force, will henceforth be known as Dr. Helen Augusta Lord. She received her diploma from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, on Wednesday. We cannot wish for people to get sick so as to give her practice, but we do wish for her a long and successful career.

John Frost, who has been silent for some time, pleases his friends this week by a letter which although short, speaks of some of his doings. He is farming in Montana, for himself. The wheat he has planted is up and the onions are just beginning to peep out of the ground. His meadow looks very promising and the season thus far looks very favorable to good crops.

Bucknell proved too much for the school team on Saturday, winning by a score of 12 to 10. The college boys took the lead on passed balls and errors and the game looked one-sided. In the last inning, however, our boys developed a batting streak and five runs came in on 2 home runs and several singles. But the lead was too great to be overcome and the game was lost. Mr. Spray accompanied the party to Lewisburg.

Mrs. S. and the Misses E. S. and B., mounted their wheels for the country to see. They were wending their way with minds all serene, when a masculine bovine on the roadway was seen. "To the fence! To the fence!" a fair rider cried; but one with brave heart merely stepped to one side, and courageously said "I'm not frightened one bit, for the beast is as 'fraid as we are of it." Just then he toward her a step did advance, to give at her wheel a curious glance. A terrible fear was exchanged for suspense, and with aesthetic leap SHE went over the fence.

WHISKEY AND THE INDIANS.

Whiskey is the white man's gift to the Indian.

The Indian takes it and drinks it, and is made a brute by it.

Whose fault is it then if the Indian fails to rise as rapidly as his friends would have him rise?

Rise?

The writer has known and lived with the Indians for the past 23 years, and from close observation of many tribes he is free to say that the Indian is going backward.

The faster he gains civilization the greater is the danger of his becoming a drunkard, and there are more drunkards among the Indians who live on their allotments and boast of being advanced in civilization than among those who live in the old way.

This is a sad comment upon civilization. What is to be done to remedy the evil?

Nothing, but to educate the young and lead them to help fight and kill the monster. Many an Indian youth is born these days from parents who are cursed with the strong drink habit and thus have inherited the taste.

But—

If the Indian cannot save HIMSELF from this terrible curse, he is doomed to death and destruction.

Doomed!

WHY INDIAN CHILDREN DIE YOUNG.

Why do not the Indians increase in numbers more rapidly?

Because they do not know anything about physiology. They know nothing about the laws of health. They do not understand the meaning of sanitation.

Is it true that the children die rapidly?

Yes.

How do you account for that?

In this way: Ignorant Indian mothers are like ignorant mothers of any race. They love their children so much that they allow them to eat anything and everything they wish. Most of the children who die in camp do so before they are 5 years old.

READ! READ! READ!

One good book attentively read and the argument well thought out is of more value to the intellect than a course of superficial reading covering a period of months.

The careful perusal and digestion of one editorial paragraph, or news item in a newspaper, is of more value as mind stimulant than the careless and hasty skimming of columns of printed matter.

In a word, Be WELL read, not much read.

REBUS.

While the signs in the paragraph below are known to all printers, they should be known by all readers. If we should offer a bicycle to the person writing it out correctly, wonder who would get the prize! TRY IT, and send a new subscription with the answer! The answer which is most correct will win a dollar, CASH. Remember each answer must be accompanied with a new subscription. All answers must be in by June 1st.

The Paragraph.

It is currently whispered that Mrs. ——— while cleaning house, asked her husband to nail up some []: he refused: she looked +++ at him, she told him his conduct was without a ||: then beat him with her [] until he saw ***. He now lives in a ,tose state, and may soon be a fit subject for dis §. A man must be an * his life in that way and put a . to his existence.

Burdette Said This to his Son:

Find out what you want to be and do, son, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world.

The busier you are, the less deviltry you will get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

When the Indian begins to take hold of his own problem, individually, there will be little left for the sentimentalists to do.

A reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*, speaks of Hampton Institute as Hampden College, and of Dr. Frissel as Prof. Frizelle.

It's funny that a person shows his temper most when he loses it.

Conundrums.

1. Plant a puppy, and what would come up?
 2. What is the difference between a mother and a barber?
 1. What is highest when you take the head off?
 4. What rose is born to blush unseen?
 5. What is the largest room in the world?
- Answers next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CONUNDRUMS: (1) His gate (gait) is broken and his locks are few. (2) The fox and the rooster, for they had only a brush and comb between them. (3) They leave out all their summer clothing. (4) Because the cat'll eat it. (5) First it is cradled; then thrashed; and then it becomes the flower of the family.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: They can who think they can.