

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

—FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1896.—

NO. 38.

BE TRUE.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

BE true to yourself, in the battle of life,
My lad with the laughing eye:
Look the world in the face with a fearless gaze,
Neither telling nor acting a lie!
Be ready to help a friend in distress,
As you'd have that friend help you;
Be a champion brave in a righteous cause,
But whatever you are, be true!

You will find many dangers along your way,
And snares that are hid from sight,
But remember the watchword, be true to yourself,
And do what you know to be right,
Beware of a mean, underhanded act,
Be honest the whole way through;
Be noble in actions, in thoughts and in words,
And whatever you are, be true!

Though falsehood may wear a bewildering smile,
Remember your whole life long,
That truth never comes in the guise of deceit—
False colors to knaves belong.
So let me advise you, my merry young lad,
To be honest in all that you do;
Be a faithful friend and a generous foe,
But whatever you are, be true!

SOUND ADVICE.

The following letter from an Indian Agent to one of our boys who was desirous of returning home, is valuable testimony to the value of non-reservation training and the desirability of getting away from the reservation:

"Your letter of the 11th instant is before me, and in reply to your request for my permission to return home, I wish to say that while I appreciate your good intention to be of some assistance to your mother, I nevertheless see the advisability of your continuance at school until you shall have completed your education.

There is no doubt in my mind about the marked degree of progress you have made while at Carlisle, and I have reason to believe that you will readily see how important it is that you finish your course there.

You express no dissatisfaction, on the contrary—you seemingly are contented and the tone of your letter is such as to convince me

that you fully realize the endeavors of your superiors to advance you as a student to the highest grade attainable in Carlisle.

There are no inducements to offer you here should you return; nothing would be left for you to do but to take up your abode on an allotment of land, uncultivated and without improvement, and take up a life of drudgery.

Where you now are, you receive food and raiment, and shelter, and all your needs are amply provided for; should you become ill, medical attendance is close at hand, and those who have your interest at heart are near to attend to your wants.

Here, in a tepee, you know how different it would be under like circumstances; to a greater or less extent you would most certainly suffer privation.

Now I advise you to take up your studies with renewed vigor; apply yourself diligently to the work of fitting yourself for the battle of life, and bear in mind that too much time can not be taken in so important an undertaking.

Strive to become proficient in one or other of the mechanical arts, to the end that when you do return to your home, your services as a mechanic will be in demand, and you will thus be enabled to support yourself and family as well as to take your place among the people of this Territory as a citizen, able and willing to bear your share of the burden, and capable of exercising the rights and privileges accorded you as an American citizen."

MORE THAN THAT.

"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon-keeper boastfully to a crowd of his townsmen.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?"

"You have made wretched homes—women and children poor and sick and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with trembling earnestness. "You made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. Oh, yes, you have made much—more than I can reckon up—but you'll get the full account some day."

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY
—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,
BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, D. T.
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
if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for
in advance.

Louisa Pinkham writes of her safe arrival
at her uncle's home in Winthrop, Me., where
she will spend the summer.

Samuel Gruett, who went home recently,
writes that his health is improving, but that
he is not able to work yet.

A telegram was received from Capt. Pratt
last Thursday, just after we went to press an-
nouncing his arrival at Seattle from Alaska.

Miss Luzena Choteau, class '92, writes that
she is going as a delegate from the Moody's
Church Endeavorers to the great C. E. con-
vention in Washington next month.

The Pierre, S. Dak., Indian School had a
slight fire which threatened at one time to
consume everything, but fortunately it was
gotten under control before much damage
was done.

If you want to see how a western Indian
School looks, you can find nothing better than
the Souvenir of the Chilocco Indian School,
Okla. Send 27 cents to Chas. Dagnett, Arkan-
sas City, Kan., and receive a copy postpaid.

The closing exercises of the Genoa, Nebr.,
Indian School will take place next Wednes-
day. The school-rooms and shops will be in-
spected in the afternoon, and the evening will
be given over to the Literary Exercises, which,
judging from the program before us, will be
quite interesting.

Frances Fritz, one of our small girls, writes
in a recent letter: "We have so much fun
over the little girl slopping the calfs we have
five hens I let them out every evening and we
call it slopping them. I have planted three
beds of radishes they will soon be fit to eat."

Heretofore it was the prize or nothing.
This summer's offer of Fifty dollars has more
in it. No one who works for the prize need
lose all of his time. Remember that after the
the first TWENTY-FIVE names each contest-
ant may keep twenty cents on the dollar, or
two cents on every subscription. What could
be more liberal in the way of an offer?

Robert Jackson, class '96, is now teaching at
the Lower Brule Indian School, S. Dak. In a
recent letter he says, "This is quite a nice
place so far as the buildings are concerned.
Indeed they are about the finest buildings I
ever saw on a reservation for school buildings.
The school is situated near the banks of the
muddy Missouri River. I rather enjoyed my
ride across it on a skiff on the evening of my
arrival. I like the place quite well. The peo-
ple here are all pleasant and agreeable and so
are the children. Why all the girls in the
place (who are not many) came and shook
hands with me while I was in the office wait-
ing for the Superintendent. The boys did the
same when they had a chance. It is such a
secluded spot. The nearest village (or town
as the people about here call it) is about thirty-
five miles down the river. There are but few
trees in sight, along the river and some among
the foot-hills. The agency buildings are right
near the school buildings. I have next to the
highest class, the Third Grade."

The following poem was handed in for pub-
lication by one whose woes in the manage-
ment of small boys were so graphically por-
trayed by the M. O. T. B. S. in last week.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has left us—
Sad and bereaved are each one and all.
That cynical smile that defied any fuss
Regardless of how the hatchet did fall.

Has absconded to the wild woolly west.
To forage for news for the HELPER.
Glad are we all to be rid of the pest
That nothing may ruffle our temper.

His chair—a revolver—is vacant;
Empty pigeon holes yawn to be filled—
Scissors and pastepot each recumbent
Tell a sad tale of cribbing omitted.

A secret and riddle to guess
I tell, that will puzzle heads old and wise.
Though the rascal has fled I confess
The office is minus no man your surmise.

ONE OF THE OBSERVED.

Letters from Sarah Smith and Annie
Morton, who are at Keene Valley, N. Y., in
the Adirondack mountains speak highly of
their surroundings. Sarah says, "I don't
think we will get acquainted with the people
very soon, we will do well if we get acquainted
with these mountains. Every chance we get
we go out for a stroll. It is just grand up
here, but our little friends the mosquitoes
didn't welcome us. They are a cruel set."
Annie speaks of the beautiful scenery and
the delightful trip up the Hudson.

An Indian Agent in Idaho says of the HEL-
PER in a recent letter: "Your interesting
little paper is a welcome visitor and a great
interest is manifested in the various little
stories of the Indian boys and girls. I often
wish that many of the promising girls and
boys in our school could be transferred to
Carlisle to receive the various advantages
that they would derive at Carlisle Indian
school."

From the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* we learn
that the marriage of Miss Edith Hamilton,
daughter of Mrs. Charles Henry Hamilton of
that city, to the Rev. Robert Andrew McFad-
den, of Andover, Mass., took place on Thurs-
day afternoon, June 18th, in the Presbyterian
Church at Spring Lake, N. J. Mr. McFad-
den was formerly one of our valued workers
and we extend our heartiest congratulations.

Raspberries!

The picnic season is upon us.

This is the last week of school!

The days are now at their longest.

The juicy watermelon has arrived!

Miss Irene Daniel has a new bicycle.

Mr. Dandridge is now taking his vacation.

Next Tuesday is the close of the fiscal year.

Miss Hamilton is still confined to her room.

George Conner has gone to Atlantic City for a visit.

The May-June number of the *Red Man* is now printing.

Mrs. Pratt spent Sunday at the home of her son in Steelton.

The small boys are saving up their pennies for the Fourth of July.

We hear that Mrs. Daniel is trying to conquer the "silent steed."

The kalsominers are making good time at the Large Boys' Quarters.

William Crane and Andrew Lyte have gone to their homes in Michigan.

Master John Edwin Bakeless is recovering from a severe attack of whooping cough.

Miss Gertrude Manderson, of Philadelphia, is a guest of Miss Richenda Pratt.

Basket-ball in the gymnasium takes the place of base ball on the wet evenings.

Mrs. Dandridge has charge of the dining room during the absence of Miss Miles.

Mr. Humphrey Taylor, of Carlisle, is acting cook during the absence of Mr. Dandridge.

Joseph Adams has returned from the country, and has gone to work on the lower farm.

Mr. Rumsport, husband of the Teachers' Club cook, spent several days with us last week.

Names are beginning to come in on the fifty dollar prize offer, but not enough to be lively. Do not wait!

Mrs. Richard Woods, Miss Hench and Miss Sponsler of town took dinner with Miss Martha Hench on Tuesday.

The small boys who went to the lower farm to pick potato bugs, enjoy picking cherries much better.

Jason Betzinez, who is working at Steelton, spent Sunday at the school. Jason is working hard for the \$50 prize.

The hot wave soon gave out, and heavy clothes and wraps have been very much in evidence these damp chilly days.

Miss Miles gave a trolley ride to the dining room girls and Mrs. Rumsport to the Teachers' Club girls last Saturday evening.

John Brown returned Monday from a two weeks' stay at Hunters Run and with Paul Corbett is spending a few days in Washington.

The sewing bee last Thursday evening on Mrs. Dennison Wheelock's porch was quite a success, not the least enjoyable being the refreshments.

The Wayside Gleaners Circle of King's Daughters send flowers several times a week to the Hospital, which are greatly appreciated by the "shut-ins."

Miss Julia Long is spending a month here recuperating from her arduous duties at the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia.

We hear that the High School of Carlisle will play a picked nine of our boys on the school grounds tomorrow afternoon.

Bruce Patterson gave the address of welcome at the Children's Day Exercises in the First Presbyterian Church last Sunday.

Walter Gardner, son of our carpenter, is spending his vacation in the school printing office, helping us out in these days when printers are scarce.

The latest news from Mr. J. B. Given is not encouraging. He now has the rheumatism in his shoulder and is still unable to get needed sleep.

Miss Laura Bird, of Philadelphia, is a guest of Mr. Spray. Miss Bird is a professional nurse and was formerly employed at the Eastern Cherokee School, N.C.

Yesterday morning Howard Gansworth, Thomas Marshall and Frank Shivley left for Northfield, Mass., to attend the Students' Conference. They were sent by the Y. M. C. A. of the school and expect to be gone 10 days. The girls go next month.

Miss Nellie Robertson, class '90, returned Saturday to the West Chester Normal School, from which she will graduate next Wednesday. We learn that she was one of the fortunate ones whose papers were selected to be read at the Commencement Exercises.

NOTICE—Pupils on farms MUST write home letters and have them sent to the school with reports at the end of each month, that we may satisfy inquiries from parents and guardians. These letters can be sent either open or sealed. Patrons, please require this in every case.

On Sunday morning a party of fourteen boys and fifteen girls arrived at the school from the Pima Agency, Ariz. They were in charge of Mrs. Young, wife of Indian Agent J. Roe Young, and Miss Gracey, teacher at the Pima school. Mrs. Young was accompanied by her two children, Frank and Sophie, and on Wednesday they left for Kentucky, their former home. Miss Gracey has gone to her home several miles from Carlisle, where she will spend some time before returning.

On Monday night Misses Burgess, Carter and Miles left for California, and were joined at Harrisburg by Prudie and Edna Eaglefeather, former pupils of Carlisle, but now of Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia. While in California, they will attend the convention of Indian workers at San Francisco in August. Miss Burgess and Miss Carter will spend the remainder of their leave in the Golden Gate City, where the parents of the former reside. Miss Miles and the girls will go to Newberg, Ore., before returning. On their way out they spend a day at Chicago, where they expect to meet Miss Luzena Choteau and Dr. Montezuma. A letter mailed before they reached Chicago says that one of the party is a poor car traveller, but that they propose to cart her over miles if they do have to call in a Burgess with an eaglefeather or two.



AN INDIAN CAMP.

IN FAVOR OF THE RESERVATION.

To those who have studied the Indian problem carefully and thoughtfully, the reservation is the one thing that is ruining the Indian, and from which he must escape if he is to be saved to usefulness.

There are those, however who from various motives, many times purely mercenary, believe in the reservation system.

It is of one of the latter class, an Indian trader, that a returned pupil writes:

"I found that he believes very strongly in reservation school and life of the Indians and because of his respect for the Indians, he refuses to mar the Indian's idea of life and worship, which I feel is a very wrong idea of respecting an Indian.

But I think I can see why he wants these Indians to stay in their reservation homes.

It is because he makes thousands of dollars by trading with them, and his is the only trading post on these reservations.

He disapproves in the Eastern schools, but he had to admit that it has done me great good and that I have been transformed in every way (and THAT is what Carlisle wants to do and IS doing.)

It would take too long a letter if I should tell you all, but you can see how those who are educated at Carlisle are looked upon, but we can not help what Carlisle has done for us, even if we are too civilized for these Indian traders.

I can see that he didn't quite like an Indian to talk to him about rights of Indian Education in the Eastern Schools.

By experience, I feel it is the best place for an Indian to be and had I not been so unfortunate, I would have made my living in the East, but God placed me here and I do His bidding."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Self-support.

HOW TO BE A MAN.

Truth, my boy, says Bishop Dudley, is the only foundation on which manhood can be erected; for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice—the character, the manhood—will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when the trial comes. Alas! my boy, the world is full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. If you want to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first to be thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretense, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are.

GRAND SUMMER OFFER.

FIFTY DOLLARS cash will be given to the largest number of NEW subscriptions before NOVEMBER 1st, 1896.

Begin immediately! These long summer days when picnics and excursions are in the wind, and summer boarders have plenty of money, is just the time to make a bold strike. A hundred subscriptions may be obtained in a day at a picnic if you go about it in a business way.

Ask every body you meet to take the INDIAN HELPER printed by INDIANS at the United States Government School at Carlisle. Tell them the little paper is full of interesting stories of Indians in camp and Indians in school.

Send in the names as fast as you get them. THE MONEY MUST ALWAYS ACCOMPANY the names.

That you need not work for nothing should you not be so fortunate as to win the prize, keep for yourself two cents on every subscription you send after you have sent TWENTY-FIVE names at full price.

For amounts less than a dollar two-cent U. S. postage stamps are acceptable.

Enigma.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 8, 7 is what we ought to say with vigor at times.

My 1, 4, 5 is what a tanner puts hides in.

My 3, 2, 6, 8 is the name of a son of Adam.

My whole is what teachers and pupils are looking forward to with pleasure.