

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XII.

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NO. 25.

**H**OLD out; there comes an end to sorrow;  
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;  
The storm foretells a summer morning;  
The cross points on to paradise.  
Thy Father reigneth; cease all doubt;  
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out.

## AT CARLISLE ONLY TWO YEARS AND A HALF.

In the mind of the writer there appears a picture of a small Indian boy as he entered Carlisle nearly eighteen years ago. He is a son of a chief of one of the largest tribes of the Northwest. He was dressed in Indian costume, and spoke no English. He remained two years and a half only. Let the reader judge from the following extract from a letter to his old teacher whether or not it were better that he had never come to Carlisle. Special inquiry has been made as to whether the contents of this letter were exactly true, and as to the character of the young man, now married and raising a family of children. The best of commendations comes about him, and we print with gratitude and pride the following:

"I assure you I don't forget who I owe for the little education I have and who taught me to stand up for the right and live as a civilized person should. I have stood faithfully by that which I have thought to be the right, facing my own savage people, and do my best to help them in the right way of civilization. My two and a half years' schooling has been worth a great deal. It has earned for me an independent livelihood, having had different positions since I came back from school: first assistant teacher, assistant farmer, helping at copying at Agency office, assistant interpreter, and clerk for Indian Traders at different times, thus earning for myself at all times a good living, and I have always felt thankful to Captain Pratt and yourself for learning me to speak English and the better habits of the white man, otherwise I suppose I would now be where my people are."

Phillips White, ex-pupil, who went to his home at Pine Ridge, in '92, is clerking in the store there and leads a busy life, he says.

## THE INDIANS DEFEATED AT BASKET BALL.

The basket ball team of the Indian School played the Germantown Y. M. C. A. team in Germantown last night and were defeated 28 to 10. The Philadelphia Ledger's report of the game says:

"The Indians on the whole were not big men, but they made up for this by their agility and speed, and played with all the dash and fire which characterizes them in all athletic contests.

This was the Indians' first game against any outside team, and when this fact is taken into consideration their showing against the Germantowns last evening was excellent, for they are the only team which has succeeded in scoring ten points against the Germantown team. The Indians appreciated the value of an open game and played a scientific passing contest throughout."—[Evening Sentinel, 26th.

## The Present Juniors, Class '99.

Minnie Findley, Siechu Atsye, Olive Yellowface, Bertha Dye, Lydia Gardner, Jennie Brown, Amelia Clark, Lucy Americanhorse, Hattie Eaglehorn, Cora Wheeler, Lydia Smith, Mary Barada, Anna Gesis, Delilah Cornelius, Rose Denomie, T. Flynn, Michael Coture, R. Emmett, Cornelius Jordan, Baptiste Merango, Louis McDonald, George Bacon, Walter Hill, Alex McDougal, Samuel Paul, Stewart Hazlett, Frank Beal, Wm. Nada, Chester Smith, Christian Eastman, Rose Duverney, Dollie Wheelock, Martha Doxtator, Sara Williams, Nettie Horne, Olive Larch, Eliza Smith, Mary Moon, Nettie Buckles, George Wolf, Josiah Archiquette, Vincent Natalish, Simon Standingdeer, Ezra Ricker, Joseph Craig, Jonas Mitchell, Archie Johnson, George Northrop, Antonio Tapie, Albert Silas, Thos. Hanbury, John Dillon, Chas. Corson, Thomas Denomie, Joseph Gouge, George Hazlett, Edw. Peters, Edward Valley.

A lady subscribes for a little boy friend and says at the close of her letter:

"He is a boy struggling out of adverse conditions and surroundings, and I know of no paper that will help him so much as the one that tells how much the Indian has accomplished for himself."



# THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, edited by The Man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR.

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

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office or if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

Frank Cayou has been appointed Captain of the relay team.

Joel Tyndall, '89, has gone from Omaha Agency Neb. to teach Indians, at Wittenburg, Wisconsin.

Miss Botsford is teaching Indians at the Grand River Boarding School, Ft. Yates, North Dakota.

Some one asks the price of the "Red Man." Fifty cents a year, mailed irregularly, 12 numbers making a year, are the terms.

Eugene Lambert, who left Carlisle rather unceremoniously, is acting disciplinarian of the Government school at Ponsford, Minnesota.

John Fro-t, ex-pupil, who is now at Big Timber, Montana, desires at the close of a business letter to be remembered to all of his friends at Carlisle.

Alice Parker, '96, is spending the days quietly at home with her mother, at White Earth, Minn. She says she sometimes sees some of our old Carlisle pupils.

Some people spend money for every little thing they happen to want, even if it takes the last cent, or even if they have to borrow. Now, what are such people called? They are called SPENDTHRIFTS.

"Oh, my father is going to send me some money pretty soon." An Indian boy and girl in such a school as this, where there is no need to spend money ought to be ashamed to accept money from father or mother or friend at home. The home people need money more than we do.

Look at the man who is better off than you! He has hundreds of dollars where you have one. Is it because he has worked harder than you? Not at all. He has learned the secret of saving, and he has found out how to make his MONEY work for him.

The friends, here, of Mrs. Hageman, of Blawenburg, N. J., were made very happy this week on receiving some beautiful hand-painted plaques as remembrances. Each piece is a work of art and is an ornament to the mantel, wall or table on which it has found a welcome lodgment.

The last sociable before the country boys and girls go out in the Spring is always specially enjoyable. Last Saturday there was a cake walk, Clarence Butler and lady, Fannie Harris, winning the cake for the most graceful marching. One feature of the evening was Mother Goose [Martha Sickles], in curious and laughable attire. Then there were some foreign friends—Hans and his wife, Christine—impersonated by Blanche McLaughlin and Kate Johnson. They almost took the cake in the march, but not quite.

On Wednesday morning, 109 boys went to country homes. A young regiment it was, of the brain, brawn and sinew of the Carlisle school! Where are they going? OUT, to seek manhood, independence and experience. OUT to learn how to make money and SAVE it. OUT, to gain knowledge of everyday life—such knowledge as no Indian school, no reservation, no Indian community, no matter where it is, can give to the Indian, who MUST rise to the needs of the times or be swamped. OUT into the life and light of the country! There is where they are going, and in the Fall, the successful ones who do not stay out all winter will come back, with rosy cheeks, hard muscles and BACK BONE. And they will have money, too, in bank. It will be their very own, and hard earned, which in itself enables a boy to hold up his head.

This morning, 69 girls went to live in country homes. Some of them are girls who have never worked much. They are going because they want to see how country mothers manage their households. They will learn a great deal that is necessary for every girl to know if she would be self-repecting. The girl who does not come from the Indian camp, but who has been petted at home is just the one who needs the change most. It is she who must learn the realities of life, and working daily by the side of the kindly country mother who is willing to teach her how to do things in the quickest and best way, and how to make the most of everything, she will gain a knowledge that will prove an everlasting blessing. All started off with light and happy hearts and high determinations to do their best, this summer, to make good names for themselves and for the school. There will be other parties going later.

The school Young Men's Christian Association was favored on Sunday morning at a special meeting with the presence of the State Secretary, Mr. Hugh McA. Beaver and Mr. C. D. Studd, missionary to China. There were in attendance at the meeting a large number of students and several of the faculty. Mr. Studd made an impressive address in which he spoke of the importance of doing things with our might. We go by rule in work, in games or in military affairs, but when it comes to Christian work, we frequently do not. When we work vigorously we take off our coats, and we should do the same when we work for God. Mr. Studd is a graduate of Cambridge. He was a rich man but gave all to missions. He is now in this country on a vacation from his missionary work in China. Mr. Studd was once a champion cricket player and Captain of the team. In the evening Mr. Beaver conducted a prayer meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall, which was largely attended.



March, exit!  
Gardening has begun.  
Are you a spendthrift?  
Did you get April fooled?  
The FOOL and his money are soon parted.  
Frog choruses are fashionable these evenings.

Miss Senseney has about mastered the wheel problem.

Mr Mason Pratt, of Steelton, came over to spend Sunday.

Alex Upshaw has gone to Bloomsburg, to prepare for State College.

Mrs. Daniel is trying the wheel again after many months of rest from it.

Miss Cochran's brother Howard Cochran of Harrisburg paid her a visit on Sunday.

Nothing unpleasant about the weather this week! It has been simply perfect, in fact, gorgeous.

Miss Margaret Forster of Harrisburg, was a guest of her sister Miss Forster at the school for a part of the week.

Misses Clara and Mary Anthony, the Misses MacIntire and others were out from town on Saturday evening to attend the sociable.

To-day no leaves on the trees! The first thing we know they will be covered with leaves. Where do they come from?

Those wagon loads of trunks and valises bound for the country tell a story of business. There is a hopeful outlook for the Indian, in that.

Oh, no! No CHRISTIAN will spend money for foolish things. There are few sins worse than waste of money and waste of time.

Miss Nana Pratt and sister Mrs. Guy Leroy Stevick, of Denver, have been guests this week at Senator and Mrs. Teller's in Washington, on the invitation of their daughter Miss Teller.

Capt. Pratt returned Wednesday evening from Washington where he has been on business connected with the school. His daughter Mrs. Stevick came with him.

The boys are to be commended for not lying around on the ground these lovely Spring days. Let good sense prevail at Carlisle in that as well as in all things.

Miss Grace Wood, of Jersey Shore and Mr. George Edward Mills of Carlisle were guests of Miss Sharpe at the sociable Saturday evening.

He who lends money to a friend oftentimes loses both his friend and his money. That is what Shakespeare says, only in a little better language, and it is a tremendous TRUTH.

A person cannot afford to spend money carelessly even if he has a thousand dollars in bank. Money spent carelessly will make the SPENDER suffer want sometime in the future.

Mrs. Given has returned from Kansas where she went from Keokuk, Iowa, after the funeral of her father, the late Rev. Dr. Brown. His home was with a sister in Holton, Kansas, from whence his remains were taken to Keokuk for interment. The entire trip has been a very sad one for Mrs. Given.

The Commencement Number of the Red Man is at last making up, all the copy from the various quarters of the globe we were obliged to send it, having returned. It will now be a matter of but a few days before it is in the mail bags.

Miss Carter and a party of girls visited the shops on Wednesday evening. This is quite as much of a privilege for our own girls as for some outside who are greater strangers to our work-shops, and the girls are always grateful to the teacher who is willing to escort them after she has been in the school-room all day.

Can't visit Carlisle, but would like to? Then buy one of the Souvenirs containing 60 views, that are sent post paid for 25 cents. One will be sent FREE for ten subscriptions and 2 cents extra for postage. Thousands have been disposed of and have given great satisfaction.

The M. O. T. B. S. is sorry to hear of the partial failure of two of our always thought-to-be excellent girls, who had excellent homes and were receiving good wages. They simply got tired and concluded to stop. Is it true that the Indian girl can't STICK to a good thing when she has it?

The time and the occasion on Tuesday evening were just right for a band concert. The instruments never blended in sweeter harmony. There are bands and bands, but very few outside of the largest cities can compare with the Carlisle Indian band, in its present status.

Dr Z. T. Daniel, physician at the Indian School for a year past, has been transferred to a school at Black Feet agency, Montana. The Doctor left to-day for that place, but his family will remain in Carlisle for the present. He has made many friends here, who will be sorry to hear of his leaving Carlisle.—[Carlisle Evening Sentinel, March 30.]

The Doctor's friends at the school wish for him pleasant paths and abundant success in his new field of labor. Dr. Daniel is not a stranger to the plains, having served as Government physician at several western agencies, and he is a man well versed in his profession.

The latest and most interesting photographs are some recently taken by Mr. Choate of the interior of the gymnasium and shops. They are 8x10 inches and show the girls in their divided skirts at practice, and boys in their various drills. One very good one represents a game of basket ball in progress by the girls. They are sold for 30 cents each, or will be sent FREE for TEN subscriptions and five cents extra to pay postage.

One of the busiest persons at the school for the past two weeks has been Miss Ely, who finds country homes for the boys and girls. She has hundreds of letters to write, blanks to send, information to give to patrons and pupils, tickets for the points of destination to arrange, people to inform when and where to meet their charges, checks for individual pieces of car loads of baggage, telegrams to answer at all hours of the day and night and a host of other things to see to—ten and twelve hours a day she works at such times, and yet did any one ever hear her even hint that she was at all busy? She has excellent help, but her eyes must see that every thing is right.



### DIDN'T SWEEP THE CORNERS:

Among many Commencement regrets from old pupils the following from ——— who was a student of Carlisle several years ago, speaks with such frankness of her shortcomings that it may prove a lesson to some. She says:

"I don't think there is any one that wishes to attend the Commencement any more than I do. I often wish I could see that beautiful place where I spent some happy years. I am very happy in my new home. I don't sweep or dust but what I think of the time I slighted my work to get to go to town. Next morning was Sunday, and I went over early to do my work over. I tried to work very quietly, but in my hardest work Miss Semple came in. She asked me if I didn't sweep on Saturday. I told her I did but I did not sweep the corners. That was one of the best lessons I learned. Now I sweep the corners as I go, above as well, for there are cobwebs above."

### NO IDEA OF ENLARGING.

A New Jersey subscriber closes a business letter thus: "I like the *HELPER* for two very notable qualities,—It contains much in small compass that is the cream of news, and it is small. I hope it will always be kept so."

We have more than once been advised to enlarge, but we started out as a letter and we mean to keep the *HELPER* a letter, although we would like a sufficient circulation to warrant our using a better quality of paper. We have this year a larger circulation than any previous year (over 12,000) but not enough to pay for better paper.

### THE CAUSE OF POVERTY.

Alcohol is the prolific source of poverty, insanity and crime. Three fourths of the crimes are attributed to this source, as is also the derangement of above one-half of the inmates of insane asylums. There is much force in the moral of this old fable: "A man had the choice of committing the least of three offenses—murder, robbery, drunkenness. He chose the latter, got drunk, and then committed the other two."

A subscriber from Middletown says: "I like the *HELPER* so much I will take it for another year. It has given me different ideas of the Indian than I had before. Brave, savage, cruel and crafty when on the war-path; lazy, quiet, shy even sullen when at peace. Those were my ideas of the Indian. Now I believe the Indians are like the whites if their chances are equal."

### A SUPERINTENDENT WHO SENDS HIS BEST PUPILS AWAY.

Supt. Myers, of Whiterock, Nevada, has transferred from his school to Grand Junction, Colorado, seven of his pupils, and in his letter asking for change of *HELPER* address for them, adds: "I feel safe in saying that a nicer and better behaved lot of boys and girls never were sent from my agency boarding school. They have the good wishes and are held in high esteem by all those who know them." Supt. Myers, evidently, has the best interests of his pupils at heart and does not consider merely the appearance of his school. Schools which keep back their best for show are doing an injury to those best. If it were the ambition of EVERY teacher in the service and every superintendent in the service to push their pupils OUT into larger opportunities, how rapidly the Indian would come up out of the slough of despond than now envelops him.

Mr. Nolan, formerly teacher at Chemawa, Oregon, is now Principal Teacher at the Sacaton, Ariz. Indian School, under Superintendent P. J. Crandell, formerly of Chillico. \* \* Prof. George has recently composed a new march, called the "Chemawa Indian School March," which is an excellent production, and reflects great credit upon the rare musical ability of its author.—*Chemawa American*.

Josiah George, (Professor since he went to Chemawa) will be recognized as a Carlisle pupil, and Mr. Nolan as an ex-teacher.

We have a small photograph of the interior of Mr. Campbell's printing office, at Shoshone, Wyoming, which has the appearance of quite a plant—much larger than the Carlisle school printing office began with. The paper which his boys print—"The Indian Guide" is a very creditable sheet, printed under many difficulties. The Man-on-the-band-stand wishes it a wide circulation and great influence in uplifting the Indian people.

Samuel C. Deon, of Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, wishing to keep in touch with his former school home, sends for class '97 photograph.

### Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

All boys will grow to be 4, 3, 2 if they live long enough.

My 7, 6, 8, 5, 9 is the predominant color of this season.

My 10, 6, 8, 1, 4, 11 is the way most people like milk.

My whole is what too many so-called educated Indians are desparately afraid of, because they have not learned by experience the benefit of meeting one once in a while.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Country fever.