

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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THE DAY'S DEMAND.

GOD give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and
ready hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not
lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries with-
out winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the
fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-
worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice
sleeps. —[J. G. HOLLAND.

HOW DO YOU PUNISH?

"How do you punish at Carlisle?" asked a person of a responsible head of a department.

"Punish?" she replied. "I am an absolute failure at punishing. I never have succeeded in giving what others might term just punishment for what may be considered misconduct."

"How do you maintain good order and discipline?"

"I think there is little need of punishing if we in charge keep in good bodily and mental condition.

The secret of success, it seems to me, is in the planning of our work so as to keep up the interest of the learners. We have to study the needs and peculiarities of each individual and act accordingly. That is all there is to it. It is much easier and pleasanter for me to keep from having cases to punish than it is to punish. Hence I take the easier way, that is all."

"Then you allow your boys and girls to disobey?"

"They carry such respect for me and for my wishes that they never want to disobey, unless through some unguarded moment, when ill through lack of care for myself, I speak as I should not speak."

"Are the Indians hard to manage?"

"On the contrary they are the easiest people in the world to lead and direct. Convince them that you are honest in your intentions and there is no trouble. There are cases of mixed bloods, who have inherited bad propensities from low, white parentage. These need the exercise of special care and patience, but even they, if under the control of a person with a sound mind, good health, firm hand, ready tact, fearless and honest intentions are very easily governed."

A SMALL WHITE VISITOR.

A little boy who was visiting his aunt not long since, not being accustomed to hearing the word "quarters" used as we do so commonly, and as it is used at nearly all military posts, made a very peculiar use of it himself.

Now, it is always an impressive sight to strangers to witness the pupils march to meals, from their various quarters.

The girls and little boys march in front of the girls' quarters, but the large boys go around the end of the girls' building.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the child. "See, there! Some more are coming from the HIND quarters."

NO HELL.

The chief clerk at the Sac and Fox agency, Oklahoma, says:

"The Sac and Fox Indians have no hell. They believe that the bad Indians become idiots and sit on a log in an ice-cold stream from which log they are continually falling into the water."—[Ex.

This time it is from a Pittsburg subscriber. He says: "Please renew the subscription to the INDIAN HELPER, for one who has a warm place in his heart for the American Indian. We have come to look for your bright, welcome little paper and soon notice if it does not come."

The Indian Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY
—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School
Carlisle, Pa.
BY INDIAN BOYS.

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

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Miss Marianna 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 February Entertainment.

The monthly entertainment given by the Academic Department last Wednesday evening was the best this school year, and as was said by our superintendent at the close after encouraging commendation, it should be the best, for the last must always be best if we progress as we should.

We are sure could Merrill E. Gates have heard his production "The Nineteenth Century Shapes the Twentieth," as declaimed by Hawley Pierce, (No. 9.) one of our tallest students, he would have been pleased at his manly bearing and the emphasis he placed upon the strongest sentiments.

"The Story of Washington not in History," showing how the boy George was kept in one day after school for not having prepared his lesson as he should, and as there was to be a snow-ball battle and he captain of the command, it was particularly trying to the youth, was told by Stephen Parish, No. 2, with a clearness and vim much appreciated.

Three little boys from No. 1,—Glen Pierce, Elias Jordan, and Lyman Lay gave selections from Whittier and Longfellow, which amused some who were so impotent as to laugh at their brave efforts. We must not forget that WE once began just where they are, and that we did not like to be laughed at. They did very well indeed.

Master Samuel Ortleby, No. 13, brought out in a laughable manner the Dance with the stars. We could almost hear the man in the moon whistling a tune, while the comet kept time with its tail.

"The Bright Crimson Morning," Verdi, was well rendered by the choir.

George Paisano and Peter Killbuck gave a dialogue which was good for No. 3 pupils. Louisa Cornelius No. 14, spoke Eugene Field's "Dutch Lullaby" eliciting good applause.

George Pradt declaimed George Branson's "Room at the Top," with unusually fine emphasis and expression.

Music and song are woven in these programs where seemingly most needed for best effect. Mabel Buck and Ida Swallow played "Sakon-

talas"—Bendel's beautiful Valse Brillante in a manner that showed skill.

Little Thomas Griffin's rendition of James Whitcomb Riley's "When the World Bursts Through," made everybody laugh and he received a round of applause that must have gratified the teacher of number 6.

Mary Logg, No. 7, was quite a surprise to many in her rendition of H. H.'s "Spinning," and Philip Towsey, No. 4, did his teacher proud, in Alice Carey's "Memory's Picture."

Then followed Juanita, by the entire school. The boys and girls sang it as though they enjoyed it, which dispelled the thought of some that it was an odd selection for a school song. The school's rendition of the opening song accompanied by the band and sleigh bells, was particularly good.

Oscar Sylvester, No. 8, gave Mark Twain's Mining Story, very naturally and was applauded enthusiastically. Edward Peters, No. 11, was dignified and graceful in his declamation of C. Gerkie's "The Equality of Man" and Viola Zieh was as sedate in Eugene Hall's "Lincoln The Chieftain." Both of these numbers were well received. As the Tableau "A Beauteous Sisterhood" was making ready, the band played "Darkies' Frolic," which sent more than one of the audience down to Dixie Land in thought, and very few could hold toes or feet from keeping time. The tableau representing the thirteen Colonies by as many pretty girls grouped around Washington, was impressive and beautiful in the play of pink foot-lights. The girls did themselves credit, as did those who arranged the scene.

Our pupils are joining the other school children of the United States in the movement inaugurated by the women of the country to do honor to George Washington, by contributing on Washington's birthday their pennies and nickels towards erecting the George Washington Memorial Building at the National Capitol. The movement is calculated to create such a patriotic fervor among the children, (who are little citizens, soon to be in control of the Government) that they will demand the founding of a United States University at Washington in conformance with Washington's will.

Susie Henni came in to be photographed with class 98. She has been living at Miss Edge's beautiful country home, Downingtown, Pa., and while doing her share of work in the house, has kept up her studies, and will receive her diploma with the others. Susie brought some fine specimens of embroidery which she has done at odd moments when most people sit with idle hands. Her 60 specimens of Autumn Wild Flowers of Chester County, form an herbarium to be proud of, exceeding anything that our pupils have done here.

We are pleased to learn that Dr. Dixon, of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, has been appointed Assistant Superintendent of that Institution. Carlisleans know Dr. Dixon and congratulate Haskell in securing a man of true worth and nobility for that responsible position. We believe that his duties are to be combined with that of physician for the school.

"Healed men are the best evidences of the power of Jesus Christ."—Rev. Mr. Wile.

Another cold wave.

Commencement draweth nigh.

A very blustery night Tuesday.

A new piano for the gymnasium.

Albert Silas, of our printing force, is ill in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, spent Sunday at the school.

At Haskell, boys do the laundry work, according to their "Leader."

Class '98 was photographed on Tuesday by Mr. Choate, photographer on High Street.

On Saturday, the teachers and officers were invited to Capt. Pratt's house to meet Supt. Peairs.

Miss Fox, of Philadelphia, and other friends of Mr. John Rhey, Esq., of Carlisle, visited the school on Saturday.

Which one of the Susans was it who said she had gone via trolley as far as the "Toad" hospital, meaning the Todd?

Minnie Findley's "Reporter's Notes" at the Susan meetings cause many ripples of laughter, and are much enjoyed.

At the Sunday afternoon service, Miss Senseney favored the congregation with a solo, accompanied by the choir.

Andrew Knife has had the present of an electric battery which is affording a good deal of amusement among the boys.

Mr. F. C. Bowersox, Superintendent of the public schools of Snyder County, was a guest of his sister, at the school on Thursday last.

Brewster Gallup has started to school to Miss Barclay, No. 14. He says "coffee" is a pretty long word for a small boy to spell, but he can spell it.

Mr. Gardner and his boys are removing the stairway to balcony in the gymnasium, to the side rooms at the entrance, so as to enlarge the already spacious hall.

Carlisle's enterprising merchant, Mr. Plank, was one of the waiters at the Lutheran supper last Thursday night, and received many tips which he gladly accepted for the benefit of the church.

Our school has greatly enjoyed a visit from the newly appointed Superintendent of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, Mr. Peairs. He has a number of personal friends among our students and officers. He spoke before the societies and teachers' meeting.

O, to be a Februanian! Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Stauding, Miss Ely, Miss Wood, Miss Carter, Miss Barr and Miss Senseney, have birth days in February, and to celebrate the events all at once were invited to luncheon at Mrs. Pratt's on her birthday, the 12th. It is needless to say that the occasion was "gay and festive."

Mary Longstreth Shoemaker, of Philadelphia did not say we might, but we think it is due to the Susan Longstreth Literary Society that what she says of the society, at the close of a business note, be printed in our columns: "Of course," she says, "I am always particularly interested in all the items referring to the "Susans," since your whole school was so large a part of my dear Aunt Susan Longstreth's life, and I think this Society is a beautiful tribute to her memory."

Our reporter took a run through the upper rooms on Wednesday afternoon and this is what she saw. Beginning with No. 8,—Miss Cochran teacher,—Prof. Bakeless was giving an examination in composition, requiring each pupil to write on the board 3 sentences. The result was good, a few having the present for past form of the verb, as "The snow is fall yesterday." Of course they were marked accordingly. The verb to lie was a severe test, only two or three getting it right. "I laid down yesterday" was common. The class was attentive to the practical illustrations, and probably will not make the mistakes again.

In No. 7, Miss Robertson was giving a dictation exercise; as we looked over the papers they were conspicuous for neatness and a strong, plain, vertical hand, while most of the words were right.

Miss Weekley's and Mrs. Cook's pupils—numbers 9 and 10, were together in one room, drawing under Miss Forster's directions from a cast of two apples and leaves, and the light and shadows were brought out on several of the papers with good effect.

They were studying Dr. Holmes in number 11, Miss Wood reading extracts from his writings and commenting, as she read, upon the main points, to be reproduced later on by her pupils.

In No. 12, the afternoon division of class '98 was busy for the moment upon papers for specimen work. The class in botany show some excellent drawings representing their study of plant-life from natural objects. Miss Cutter requires each to take a tree or plant in the spring of the year and watch its growth from day to day. In physics there were striking representations of rude instruments which had been constructed for special experiments. For instance, a lamp chimney and tumbler were arranged so as to make a complete force pump and with slight change made into a lifting pump, while the principle of the hydraulic press was illustrated by a large book on a water bag, beautifully drawn from the real objects, by Lottie Horne. Each member of the class had drawings worthy of mention, and there were illustrations of nearly every simple principle in physics. This practical work in the study of philosophy is missed by students in the country, who may excel in other things.

The Man - on - the - band - stand wondered where the "Susans" were a week ago. They are still alive and doing their duty each Friday evening at the same old stand. The Man-on-the-band-stand's reporter is an ever welcome guest. It is more seemly for him to send a reporter than for us to report of our own good works. A SUSAN.

Miss E. V. Wilt, of Devon, has sent us a good list of subscriptions, and received in turn the large 14x18 photograph of the football team, '97. We thank Miss Wilt for this demonstration of her interest in Indian education.

LOST—A padlock key with leather tag. Return to HELPER office and claim just reward.

The skating pond is no longer a skating pond but a patch of green meadow grass. Good bye, till next year.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE AVERAGE INDIAN AND THE AVERAGE WHITE BOY.

The following squib from an exchange was read to one of our more intelligent Indian boys the other day:

Tramp—Can I see the lady of the house?

Bridget—No: she's engaged.

Tramp—That won't make any difference. I don't want to marry her.

It came time to laugh, but the Indian boy never even smiled. Whether he understood the point or not will never be known.

The teacher did all the laughing alone, which was so decidedly one-sided that she blushed from pure embarrassment.

This inherited trait of the stoic fathers is fast disappearing at Carlisle, for most of our boys and girls can see a joke as quickly as any people, and respond as heartily with a good laugh, if the joke be a good one.

COLD WATER STIMULATES.

Here is a point which might well be noted by our readers: A glass of cold water, slowly sipped, will produce greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it, and who may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.

THE INDIAN AN OLD INHABITANT.

There are from 120 to 130 absolutely distinct languages in North and South America. As the growth of language is very slow, the fact of the existence of so great a variety of speech on the Western Continent proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years. —[Progress.]

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There is no education like adversity.— DISRAELI.

The greatest remedy for anger is delay.— SENECA.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.— POPE.

To prevent large bills for repairs have every little thing fixed as soon as it looks wrong, or before, for many things rattle before they show.

THREE OF OUR GIRLS.

Three of our Indian girls were walking arm in arm, approaching the quarters.

All three were chatting merrily when the little whistle blew for the company to fall in line.

On the instant, one of the number dropped her arm from her friend's, and started on a run, while the other two kept on in the same leisurely way they were all going before.

"O, yes," said one half-contemptuously. "She doesn't want to be late. She has never been late ONCE since she came, and she says she never intends to be."

Now it does not take much of a prophet to look ahead a few years into the future of the three girls.

The one who is never late at any of her duties while a school girl will be the best off.

We can see her occupying a responsible position, with her work up to time, free, happy and independent.

She is driving her work. She does not allow her work to drive her.

She may be married. If so her house work is kept up to the same high standard. She is never behind and she has the respect of all who know her for being a helpful, thorough, up-to-date woman.

How about the other two?

They may learn to be prompt, but if they do not, it is easy to see what sort of a future is in store for them.

Ten years hence they are going on in the same lackadaisical way, always just a little behind in their work, hence always fretting because they have so much to do; unhappy, disgruntled, a drag upon husbands and friends, and housekeepers for people of the neighborhood to talk disagreeably about.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 9, 7, 3, 10, 2 runs upon steel.

My 5, 4, 14, 7, 13 is what some of the Carlisle boy's have to do every night.

My 11, 6, 9 is what a base-ball man gets at the bat sometimes.

My 12, 15, with periods and a comma is the abbreviation of a state.

My 7, 8, 1, 12 often stops a game of base-ball.

My whole is a day to be well remembered by the Carlisle boys. A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA TWO WEEKS AGO:
Four wheels.