

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 22.

CHARACTER.

Not what you say,
Or wish, or hope,
While through darkness
Here you grope;
But what you do,
And what you are,
In heart and thought
And character—
This only makes you great:
And this,
If clothed in Jesus' righteousness,
Will open heaven's gate.
—Christian at Work.

A NINETY-SIX GRADUATE SOLD.

Chief Big Heart of the Osage Nation, Indian Territory, was one of our recent Commencement visitors, and sat upon the platform with the other distinguished guests.

He was the only Indian this year, dressed in blanket and other toggery, which of course made him very conspicuous.

He looked so veritably the old Indian from away back that no one dreamed he could speak English.

Then, too, having his interpreter with him, and speaking only through him, when out among people, gave the impression that he could not use English.

One of our Indian employees, however, whose room the chief occupied, discovered in a way that gave to him deserved mortification, that the Chief could use the Queen's tongue as well as any body.

Not having been informed that his room was occupied, Mr. J. W. bounded in after his day's work was done, to make hasty preparations for supper, and there sat a blanketed Indian.

"Hello! Old fellow! Where did you come from?" he asked in a good natured way without a tinge of disrespect at heart.

The Chief looked up complacently and replied without accent and without hesitation: "I have just come from Washington."

Mr. J. W. looked immediately for a fan.

GOOD ADVICE CONDENSED.

Drink less, breathe more.
Eat less, chew more.
Ride less, walk more.
Clothe less, bathe more.
Worry less, work more.
Waste less, give more.
Write less, read more.
Preach less, practice more.

WANTS INDIAN STORIES.

"I am inclined to say that the HELPER is a good little paper, but I would think it would interest its readers more if at least one of the inside pages contained some interesting stories or would describe the Indian a little better by telling how he is tamed and brought up," writes one of our Eastern subscribers.

We thank our friend for his interest and kindly suggestion.

The author of the letter evidently has the idea of Indians that Buffalo Bill and other showmen keep alive, by hiring the reservation wild man to dress in his most hideous costume of feathers, paint, moccasins, blanket, leggins, and scalp-lock, and to display his savagery, by hair lifting war-whoops make those who pay to see him, think he is a blood-thirsty creature ready to devour people alive.

It is this nature in our red brother that is better dead than alive, and when we agree with the oft-repeated sentiment that the only good Indian is a dead one, we mean this characteristic of the Indian. Carlisle's mission is to kill THIS Indian, as we build up the better man.

We give the rising Indian something nobler and higher to think about and do, and he comes out a young man with the ambitions and aspirations of his more favored white brother.

We do not like to keep alive the stories of his past, hence deal more with his present and his future.

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.

Wedding invitations are out for the marriage of Mary Maud Miller, class '97, to Alpheus D. Dodge, April 2nd in the Poplar School Assembly Hall, Montana.

A list of new books very much needed in the library is being made out. Our students are doing more and better reading each year than in the past, and a few hundred dollars expended upon this department of our school is the need of the hour.

If one has a ten-minute-job, it is a good plan to try to do the same in eight minutes; that is, do it without slighting; do it just as THOROUGHLY as the ten-minute-man could do it. Speed and accuracy will push us forward into good positions, if we are honest and true.

There will be a delay of a few days in the RED MAN owing to delay in the return of some copy we sent to Commencement speakers for revision; so there is still time to order the most complete account of the Commencement. Single copy 5 cents. FREE, for two subscriptions for the HELPER.

Isaac Williams, ex-pupil, who married and is living in Philadelphia, and is in the railroad business, keeps very quiet about himself. A letter this week renewing his subscription, says that his wife is in love with the HELPER—a striking evidence, so the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks, that he has a very good wife.

We have a very cheery letter this week from Mrs. Cecelia Londrosch Hermann, of Nebraska, class '89, who evidently allowed her subscription to run out and did not renew as promptly as she desired, for she says: "I cannot exist without the HELPER any longer." Her family consisting of husband and two children, are well and happy. They are getting along nicely. She visited last month Mrs. Annie Thomas Lillibridge, ex-pupil, at Genoa, who is the wife of Genoa's Disciplinarian, and had a very pleasant time. Mrs. Lillibridge and babe spent two weeks with Mrs. Hermann last summer. She wished to be remembered to friends at Carlisle, whom she says she can never forget.

No one can cheat or deceive even in the very smallest way without being found out and losing friends.

John Webster, '98, who left for his home in Oneida, Wisconsin, last week writes to his sister Cynthia, '96, now of the town High School, that he arrived safely, but he does not expect to stay there long as the reservation affords little opportunity for a man to work at good wages. John is a good, faithful worker and whoever gets him, secures a prize.

A friend of our lamented Miss Hamilton writes: "Although we are not interested personally in the school to the extent we were before the death of Miss Hamilton, who was a relative and a dear friend of ours, we are still glad to receive the HELPER in our family each week, and are certainly interested in the cause of Indian education.—G. H. C., Brattleboro, Vermont.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has received a beautifully engraved invitation to attend the wedding of Mr. Robert Johnson, who will marry Miss Hurst, in Harrisburg, next Thursday. Mr. Johnson, who makes regular business calls upon us, has the hearty congratulations of his friend on the Stand, but the old man is not able to leave his point of observation even for so promising a treat as this occasion offers.

"A Man's worth to Society," by Newell Dwight Hillis, is a book of essays on self-culture and character from which portions are being read to the school at the opening exercises, after which each topic is discussed in the various school-rooms. "Elements of worth in the Individual," engaged their attention this week. Our young people seem to take hold of the true spirit of the author and enjoy the study.

We do not often see pen marks from Benjamin Damon, who came with the first party of Navajoe pupils and left Carlisle years ago. We have heard of his occupying various responsible places, but this week comes a letter and ten cents asking for the HELPER; this shows that his thoughts, sometimes at least, fly across the mountains, plains and deserts between his present abiding place, Ft. Defiance, Arizona and Carlisle, and that he still keeps an interest in the school that gave him a start.

A Philadelphia friend of the Indian, but a stranger to us, some eight years ago subscribed for the HELPER to be sent to her little daughter, then two years old. The daughter now is ten, and in school, able to renew her own subscription which she did this week, sending with it the name of a little friend, and she tells how much she has enjoyed reading and hearing read the Carlisle Indian paper. Now, who can say that those children will not have more correct ideas of the true character of the Indian, than those whose parents feed the mind of their children with the damaging and erroneous notions obtained from Wild West shows and from many historical pictures. The wild and picturesque dress of the Indian is generations old, but the savage heart is more in the imagination of the white man than in the breast of the Indian. The untutored Indian is NEARLY as savage as the uneducated, besotted white man, but not quite.

The robins have come.

Marbles! Marbles every where.

Stilts were the craze for a few days.

Our flag is still at half-mast in mourning for the Maine.

Miss Mary G. Hilton, of Oak Hill, Carlisle, spent Tuesday night with Miss Pratt.

It is said that the upstairs pupils are trying hard in their music and are reading well.

If you want to know who is the best runner in the school, ask Mr. Yellowrobe.

Mr. Harry Lindsay and Mr. Stair of Huntingdon, were guests of Mrs. Rumport, over Sunday.

George Welch is now numbered among the printers. He takes hold of the trade with interest.

Susie Henni, '98, has gone to Steelton, to live in the home of Mr. Mason Pratt, for a while.

If you don't think it is a fine evening, ask Assistant Disciplinary Yellowrobe. He knows.

Mr. Harkness and his boys are at work on the spouting—not the most agreeable work under the sun.

Rain? No, only the reign of the baseball king who is getting his "pitcher" ready to catch the drops.

Thirty men and a dozen carts are at work on the athletic field, and the grading is fast nearing completion.

Nine printers are taking lessons on the typewriter. A class of 12 was started in shorthand, this week, with Mr. Sturm as teacher.

There is much evidence of strength in the way that the schools have settled down to hard, earnest work since Commencement.

No. 1 pupils are doing very practical work. Just now they are building houses in thought, thus learning much about the carpenter and his work.

The carpenters are making the running tracks in the gymnasium circular at the turning points, east and west, which is a great improvement.

Miss Luckenbach and a severe cold have been wrestling with each other for about two weeks, until the former was obliged to succumb and retire to her room. She is getting the upper hand at last, however.

"What you do, do QUICKLY!" is a very good motto for most of us. There is such a thing as being in too big a hurry, but the SLOW person must learn to move and think quickly or he will have to step aside to make room for those who do.

When Miss Shaffner announced to her girls that the time had arrived to sign requests to go to country homes for the summer, 106 girls signed in 19 minutes. There were about a dozen pens going at once, and each table was in charge of a special officer.

The funeral services of Sarah Smith, Shoshone of Idaho, took place on Sunday afternoon. Sarah had been with us but a very short time, and she was a child with many friends both at her home and here, who mourn her loss. From pneumonia she went into consumption.

Photographers from Philadelphia were here last week taking views of the school for lantern slides.

Miss Annie Agnew, of New York City, and Miss Nellie Ives, of Chambersburg, are visiting Miss Nana Pratt.

Why is it that No. 7 gave the best results in Art work this year, of any of the school rooms? "It is true!" says Miss Forster.

To save groans at examination time, over wasted moments, it is well to get our school work into good shape at the beginning of the year.

The change of color in the campus from dead brown to a lovely tinge of green on Sunday, between the morning and evening hours, was remarked upon by several.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are in New York City, at the home of Mrs. Agnew, for a little rest. The last letter from Captain as we go to press, says he is feeling much better than when he left. He was then almost ill.

A few who were not promoted after Commencement are very unwise in refusing to do their best now. Can't they see that they are showing by those very actions that the examining board made no mistake?

Miss Bowersox' mother, Mrs. S. A. Bowersox, of Paxtonville, was a guest of her daughter during Commencement and was one who lingered a few hours longer than the others, with the scenes that interest her greatly.

On Wednesday, after school, Miss Weekley brought the class that has just been promoted to her, to the Printing-office, on a shop-visiting tour. Wonder if the girls know what a type-louse is, now! They each received an electric shock from the motor.

Samuel A. Wilson, of Anadarko, Oklahoma, ex-pupil writes to his cousin Minnie Findley, that he is well and prospering. He is married and has a home of his own. Minnie says he gives constant aid to those in need, and that he feels that his experience through the "Outing System" at Carlisle did him a world of good.

Now that we have seen the original of the handsome pastel, recently hung in Assembly Hall, in exchange for one not so good, we appreciate the gift all the more. It is the face of Mrs. Larocque, of N. Y. City, who is an esteemed personal friend, and friend of the Indian. The portrait hangs on the opposite wall from the saintly face of Susan Longstreth.

Clarence Butler '98, left for Washington State, on Wednesday evening. He expects to take a special course in Electric Engineering and will let us know which of the Western Universities he enters. He will first investigate, to see which offers the best course. Clarence spoke in high terms of his visit to Philadelphia and the Educational Home, and of the treatment he there received.

Kendall Paul, took the place of foreman, business manager, editor and proprietor of our office last Thursday afternoon when all the heads were called to the administration building to be photographed. It was at a most critical time, when forms had to be made up, proofs read and presses made ready for the paper which was to come out the same evening. Through Kendall's good management the HELPER appeared on time, as though nothing had occurred to interfere.

ARE THE INDIANS MORE SHIFTLESS THAN OTHER PEOPLE?

"The Indians are so 'unsaving'" said one of our faculty to a Commencement visitor, "that the outlook for them seems very discouraging."

"Do you think the Indians are more extravagant and wasteful, and are they greater spendthrifts than the average young people of any race?" asked the visitor, who has had large experience with white young women working for their living.

"Why, these boys and girls (now and then there is an exception,) are as unhappy as can be if they have a little money in bank, and pressure is brought to bear upon them through advice or otherwise to leave it there, that it may be added unto for their future benefit. If they know not that they will ever have another penny, they are just as anxious to spend the very last, as if they knew well they would have plenty of money as long as they live," said the Carlisle teacher.

"Just so with most American born young people with whom I have had to deal. I've often seen a young woman with not a cent laid by for a rainy day, take the last dollar of her wages for a new hat. Yes, she will wear fine feathers if she has to borrow the purchasing money from a friend. So you see, thoughtlessness for the future and the disposition to spend all, are characteristics of many YOUNG people, but not peculiar to the Indian."

"Your statement makes the field of discouragement wider, but also brings with it a hopeful side, for as many young white men and women have to learn through bitter experiences and sufferings, but finally do become independent and thrifty, the Indian, who has the same opportunities, may learn the same lessons and accumulate means for their needs and comforts in old age."

"But they will never learn the lesson on a reservation, where food, clothing and money are given to them at regular intervals, and on which they can barely exist," replied the friend earnestly.

"Never!" said the teacher, and here the conversation was interrupted.

CAN'T BE PRAISED TOO MUCH.

A New York subscriber in sending for a photograph of our football team says: "I want one for I'm very much interested in the team; have watched its progress from the first game. They cannot be praised too much for their good conduct and gentlemanly way of bearing defeat and unjust treatment. If they continue to do as good work in the future as in the past they will win many victories from their white brothers and the approbation of every lover of pluck and honesty."

SERVICE BETTER THAN ADVICE.

The Sunday School Times has more sound, practical truth on its 1st page every week than can be found on the editorial page of any other paper we have seen. This is not an advertisement, but comes from one who reads many papers. The following forcible truths appeared among other squibs recently:

It is better to give OURSELVES than our advice.

He drives best who puts his shoulder to the wheel.

One GUIDE is worth a score of guideboards.

It is not so much the wisdom of our brains for which humanity hungers as the sympathy of our hearts.

A little bit of SELF given is worth more than much mere wordy advice.

A CARLISLE ALUMNUS.

We take the following interesting item about one of our graduates, from the Sitka Alaska, North Star:

Miss Flora Campbell, Government teacher at the Native School gave an entertainment to her children of the Ranch, shortly before Christmas. Appropriate exercises were held and Santa Claus appeared to carry consternation to the hearts of the dusky little folks, who scattered in all directions like a flock of scared partridges.

A REMARKABLE CO-INCIDENCE.

When Mrs Bull was here in the Fall with her husband William T. Bull, the great football trainer who was giving our boys special lessons, she occupied a room which was cared for by one of the Indian girls.

When the girl entered the first morning, Mrs. Bull to be on as intimate terms with her as was seemly, inquired her name.

"Amelia Kills Bull," said the Indian girl, and the lady of refinement and culture began to look around for protection.

Amelia is a gentle little maiden, however, and soon drove all fears from the mind of her newly-formed friend.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 7, 10, 4 is a very annoying and destructive animal.

My 12, 2, 3 is the source of light.

My 12, 4, 10, 11 is seen in the sky.

My 1, 10, 7, 9 is a small animal, that runs fast.

My 5, 6, 8 is a small pocket.

My whole is what the Red Man likes to do, so thinks

A SUBSCRIBER.