

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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"THE POWER OF THOUGHT THE
MAGIC OF THE MIND."—BYRON.

THINK all you speak; but speak not all
you think:
Thoughts are your own, your words
are so no more
Where wisdom steers, wind cannot make
you sink:
Lips never err, when she does keep the
door.

The above came to us from an interested
Denver subscriber who says on a slip with it:
"Nothing personal in this. Good thoughts
for the Indians."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE WRITES THUS OF

The Indians at Carlisle.

While at Hampton, there are educated a
number of Indian wards of the Government,
together with negro boys and girls, another
school, for Indians alone, is maintained at the
charge of the Government at Carlisle in Penn-
sylvania, under the intelligent supervision of
Capt. Pratt of the army. Many of our readers
saw an intelligent delegation from this school
at the World's Fair at Chicago.

It has recently had its annual Commence-
ment, an occasion at which five thousand
people from the neighborhood met, to witness
and join in the ceremonies. It is interesting
to see such a token of local interest in what
is a national affair.

This interest illustrates the system which,
from the beginning, Capt. Pratt has avowed.
He does not believe in maintaining the divi-
sion into septs, clans, or tribes, which now
separates the Indians from the whites, and
from each other. Sentiment and feudalism
would persuade us that a Cherokee must re-
main a Cherokee, and a Winnebago a Winne-
bago, to the end of time. But the truth is that,
if these people are to be American citizens,
they had better be American citizens from
the beginning.

When a lad from Wisconsin goes to Yale

College, we do not say to him, "Now you must
keep the accent of Wisconsin, and study the
special history of Wisconsin, and adapt your-
self to the climate of Wisconsin, and go back
and practise law in Wisconsin all your life."
On the other hand, we give him an all-round
education. If he wants to practise law in
New York or Florida or Maine, he goes there.
He does not carry the totem of Wisconsin,
whatever that is, in his button-hole. He is
an American citizen, wherever he goes, and
is proud to be and glad to say so.

Acting on the principle here contained,
Capt. Pratt sends his pupils out every spring
among the farmers, the mechanica, the manu-
factures of the land, that civilization may
soak into them. This is a much simpler pro-
cess than that by which you teach civilization
by a catechism. When the boy's schooling is
ended,—or the girl's,—if either of them have
made friends in the village or town where
they have worked, why, they may stay with
those friends if they want to. And, if a
Cheyenne lad wants to marry a Cherokee lass,
there is no act of Parliament, nor twelfth
commandment, nor joint resolution of Con-
gress, nor edict of Mrs. Grundy, to interfere.

There was once a nation of Sullivans in
Ireland. There are enough of the Sullivans
in the United States now to make a respect-
able State of the size of a German principal-
ity. But we do not make a principality of
Sullivans. They live in ninety-nine thousand
different towns, in forty-six different States
of America. In which single fact there is a
moral which may be considered in the solu-
tion of the Indian problem.

Enigma.

I am a word of two syllables:

My first the milkman,
At my second is leaving.
He says that he loves me.
But men are deceiving;
But where is the maid
Would believe he could lie
When my whole is displayed,
In his honest blue eye.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMAS: 1.
I-van-hoe; 2. Cowper.

The Indian Helper

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—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.

This is the time for Spring moving and change of addresses. Send us word where you are and we shall see that the HELPER follows.

March came in like a lamb and went out like a lamb, although there has been a great deal of sprinkling of late from the water-can in the skies.

Miss Rosa DeMarr, of Reserve, Wisconsin, wrote to her brother Peter, that having read one copy of the HELPER, she liked it so well that she must have it regularly, following which advice, her brother subscribed.

A paper published by the Methodist Press, Calcutta, called "Inventions," found its way to our editorial table this week, the last lines of which read:

These drops of ink, make thousands think,
Who ne'er have thought before.

They will have no idle moments out in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, according to the Osage Journal, which says: "The cyclone period will soon be with us. With one eye on the United States and Spain and the other one on approaching zig-zags, we expect to be kept busy."

The war spirit ran high in No. 10—Mrs. Cook's room, last Tuesday evening at the study-hour period, which was devoted to the study of Spain and the present situation, closing with a spirited debate upon the question that the United States should declare war. The entire list of speakers wanted to be on the affirmative side, and it shows that peace principles have been well taught in the class and that both sides have been thoroughly studied, for Edgar Rickard and Myron Moses spoke in favor of non-declaration of war, when it was directly in opposition to their feelings. Capt. Pratt, Miss Burgess and Miss Forster were the judges appointed by the debaters. Hawley Pierce and George Connor, each made a manly effort on behalf of the affirmative, but as the decision of the judges had to be upon the merits of the argument with all feeling thrown aside the negative won by scoring the most points.

"I enjoyed every moment," "It was very creditable, gotten up as it was without aid," "It was very boyish," "The singing was good," "The orchestra played well," "Frank Mt. Pleasant surprised his hearers by giving one of the best numbers on the program—a piano solo," "I did not know he could play," "The President was earnest in his address," "The boys did well," "Wasn't much in Cadet Life," "The Phonograph might have been made much more entertaining had it been better managed," "Rienzi's speech to the Romans was well rendered," "16,000 years ago," could not be understood as the actors, with the exception of Joseph Gouze, were very faulty in their enunciation. The negro dialect was all right but people must hear the words to appreciate," "Cayou was in good voice," "That Society song was rendered with vim," These are some of the comments which the Man-on-the-band-stand overheard as the people passed his stand on their way home from the Standard entertainment, last Wednesday night, and the reader will have to judge from them what sort of an affair it was.

Morgan Toprock is at work for the Midland Construction Company near Globe, Arizona, clerking in the company store. He says he likes his work very much. No doubt Morgan is a voting citizen. We wonder if he will vote to send Hon. Marcus A. Smith, delegate from Arizona, back to Washington. He is the man who says in congress that the Apaches cannot be educated. He does not know how he talks against his own interest, for some of the most intelligent, voting citizens of this country are Apaches, educated away from the tribe.

Phebe Brown, who has been with us a year or two, left for her home in South Dakota, on Monday evening. Phebe began to run down in health a little, and it was thought that a change might do her good, and that like some others who have gone home or out in the country for a few months, she may be so benefited as to come back and push through to the end of the course. A little party given last week by the Lend-a-Hand circle of King's Daughters, of which she is a member and of which Miss Paull is leader, was a very enjoyable occasion to all concerned.

The Friends of Baltimore have taken up the work of Purification of the Press, by sending appeals to the publishers of papers to "sift their items of news", that debasing effects may not be produced, and the moral tone of the press be improved and elevated. There is certainly great need of reform in this direction. It is with hesitancy that we place some of the pronounced first class dailies in our reading rooms for Indian boys and girls to pore over. Much of the news is sensational, and is of no benefit to the reader.

We are pleased to learn that Nellie Barada has received an appointment to a position in the Winnebago School, not far from her home. Since she left Carlisle, she has been at the Pottawatomie School, in Kansas. She likes her new place.

The silver jingleth in the happy workman's pocket at the Indian School, as it was pay day yesterday.

April fool?

New moon.

Snow on the mountains.

The shops are growing thin in numbers.

The whitewash brush will begin its flopping soon.

The lawnmower is growing nervous for action.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt have returned from New York.

Some of our most interested subscribers are Girard College boys.

No pupil went out in this first party, who graded above Number 8.

There has been a drop of several degrees in temperature in the last 24 hours.

The unfinished Athletic field has been a field of mud during the last week.

Miss Simmons and her class of girls made a tour through the shops on Wednesday.

Miss Richenda Pratt is home from Wilson College, Chambersburg to spend her Easter vacation.

The stage decorations at the Standard entertainment were unique, the Society colors—black and orange predominating.

A wagon made by our blacksmiths and wagon makers, was shipped to the Perris Indian School, California, this week.

The bricklaying and plastering department has closed down for the season, so many of the boys having gone out to work on farms.

James Wheelock has returned from a concert tour of a few days with the Dickinson College Orchestra and Glee Club, in which he plays leading clarinet.

It is said that the work in our harness-shop has been more than usually instructive this winter, owing to the variety of harness called for.

135 boys left for country homes yesterday. They go out with heads up, hearts light and hopes high, and will come back with money, independence and experience.

Albert Nash, '97, member of the Standard Literary Society, won the ten dollars offered by the combined societies for the best original school song, adapted to our use.

Miss Ely was wondering what that ball of fire meant, in the sky on Wednesday morning. She had not seen the sun for so many days during this equinoctial storm period that she seemed to forget how it looked.

Mrs. Rumsport spent Sunday at her home in Huntingdon, taking with her Juanita Bibancos, who may stay some time with Mrs. Lindsay, who is a daughter of Mrs. Rumsport. Juanita will have the advantage of all day school in the Huntingdon graded school.

The fair and festival for the benefit of the Sunday School, which was held in the gymnasium last Saturday night, carried off quite a pocketful of pennies for a good cause, while the occasion gave much pleasure and satisfaction to all who were there. Cocoa, candy, apples, oranges, bananas, peanuts, etc., were the commodities handled with profit.

Miss Cochran and the girls of her school were around visiting shops on Wednesday. If the girls would look through the mechanical departments more frequently than they do, they would have a more intelligent idea of what we are doing as a school.

The bakery oven gave us a little scare last Friday. A few bricks having fallen out of place, caused some sparks to catch in the roof. A bucket brigade headed by Mr. Weber soon extinguished the fire. Had there been a strong wind the dining hall would have been in danger.

The Standards held a spirited debate last Friday evening on the advisability of prohibiting by law, sensationalism in the newspapers. The best speeches were by Robert Emmett, George Northrop, Abram Isaac, John Parker, Kendall Paul, Stewart Hazlett, Edgar Rickard, and Paul Hayne.

No happier faces are seen anywhere than those of our boys and girls about to start for country homes. Some of them know not fully what they will meet, but they stand the hardships manfully and in a womanly way, and in that alone they get great strength and large experience.

The Standards elected the following officers at their last meeting: President, Geo. Hazlett; Vice-President, Frank O. Beale; Recording-Secretary, John W. Parker; Corresponding-Secretary, Joseph Gouge; Treasurer, Geo. Connor; Sergeant-at-arms, Linas Pierce; Reporter, Geo. Wolfe; Critic, Albert Nash.

Little Edmund Wheelock evidently does not believe in tongue talk. He carries on entire conversations by motioning and through guttural ejaculations. Who knows? He may be saving up his linguistic powers to help his paternal ancestor—Mr. Dennison Wheelock, plead cases, after he graduates in law.

Dr. Emily C. Miller, for several years a missionary among the Indians of the Pacific Coast has been visiting President and Mrs. Reed, of Dickinson College, and spoke in the Methodist Church in town last Sunday. On Monday, Dr. Miller and Mrs. Reed called at the school to renew old acquaintances, the former having been numbered as one of our force in 1890.

That was a very select little party of Alumni and students that Miss Luckenbach entertained in her room last Wednesday evening after the Standard exhibition. But the funny part was that when she went to cut the cake somebody had removed it and put in its place a Railroad Guide, nicely done up in white paper. It did not take long, however, to discover the whereabouts of the stolen "sweet," and the hour was all the more enjoyed for the little episode.

The Invincibles visited the Susan Longstreth Literary Society in a body last Friday evening. The Susans carried out their regular program of reading, recitation, music, debate, etc. The subject under discussion was concerning the comparative strength of the United States and Spanish Navies. Speeches were called for from the visitors who responded freely, seeming to enjoy the opportunity to express gratification at the way the young ladies, Society is progressing. Their words were not all sugar, however.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

On this day it is made the business of a great many people, especially the younger ones, to practice innocent impostures upon the unsuspecting by making them April fools.

The custom is one of great antiquity.

The Hindus have in their Huli, which terminates with the thirty-first of March, a festival, during which the great aim is to send persons away with messages to fictitious individuals, or individuals sure to be away from home, and to enjoy a laugh at their disappointment.

A similar custom prevails throughout Europe.

To find the practice as prevalent on the earth on or about the same day seems to indicate that it had a very early origin.

The Jews have a legend that the custom originated from the mistake of Noah in sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month, among the Hebrews, which answers to the first of April.

And to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper to punish whomsoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance by sending him on some bootless errand similar to that on which the bird was sent by the patriarch.—[Our Young People.

ORDINARY WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY MEANING.

The Reformatory Record, published at the State School at Huntingdon, Penna., has a warm heart for the Indians. We frequently see in its editorial columns, words of encouragement regarding our work, and last week the following appeared, written, evidently, after studying the class picture sent out Commencement Week, as a part of the INDIAN HELPER.

The study of these faces causes many thoughts to course through the mind.

Contrasts are perhaps, the most prominent. The period of romance; the imaginary "red-man" is a matter of the past.

We were going to say these persons look like ORDINARY persons and we will let it stand as thought. That word "ordinary" will however bear an extraordinary meaning; in that it was intended to express the thought that these twenty-four faces look as if there was nothing about them to distinguish them from any other intelligent class of young people, graduating from school.

They are bright, intelligent faces and indicate that they have been trained to act and think for themselves, and that, if we understand it, is the aim of Carlisle; or as expressed in Carlisle language:

"The day of real progress for the Indian will begin when each Indian becomes an individual."

ANOTHER GOOD EDITORIAL SQUIB FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

Are We Helpers or are we Dead Weights?

Things do not stand still.

Personal influence does not stand for naught.

One member of a household, one pupil or teacher in a Sunday-school, one worker in an establishment of a thousand workers, one citizen in a nation, one soul in God's kingdom, either HELPS FORWARD THE WHOLE of which he is a part, or stands in the way of its progress.

And if we are not doing our share in moving things forward, we are a DEAD WEIGHT, tending to drag them backward.

God's kingdom does indeed move steadily forward, despite those who, actively or passively, are doing their share to hinder its progress.

But are we willing to be numbered among the dead weights in this God-ward march of the universe?

INDIANS DO NOT MAKE ALL THE MISTAKES IN ENGLISH.

The story is told of a college professor who prided himself on his correct English.

He heard his wife remark:

"I intend to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water."

"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," corrected the professor. "I wish you would pay some little attention to your rhetoric. Your mistakes are curious."

A few moments later the professor said:

"My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah," she replied quietly, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it ABOVE the clock. If I were to hang it OVER the clock we could not tell the time. I wish you would be more careful with your rhetoric, my dear, your mistakes are curious."

And the professor all at once became very much interested in his book.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA of Feb. 18th which has not been answered before: Inauguration Day.

Number Two.

Why is a grocer very like a boy who has a drum to strike? The grocer WEIGHS A POUND, they say; the little fellow POUNDS AWAY.