

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it,
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver:
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river!

LUCY LARCOM.

QUAKERISM.

As many of our students live in Friends' families, and we are often asked what Quakerism is, we take this from the Friends' Intelligencer for a full answer to the question:

Quakerism stands for what is right; not what is expedient, says the Intelligencer.

For courage of conviction; not a weak submission to incipient evil.

For love and forbearance; not hatred and strife.

For cheerful obedience to those in authority; not rebellion against wholesome rule.

For good taste and simplicity; not dead conformity and display.

For neat, tasteful homes; not ostentatious mansions.

For wholesome recreations; not corrupting diversions.

For cordial hospitality; not elaborate entertainments.

For honesty and fair dealing; not injustice and avarice.

For moderation in all things; not extravagance in many things.

For pure, every-day living; not spasmodic goodness.

For broad, cultured minds and warm hearts; not selfish intellectualism and coldness.

For self-respecting aid to the needy; not demoralizing charity.

For simplicity in worship; not formality and grandeur.

For sincerity and freedom in belief; not cant and narrowness.

For toleration; not assuming judgment.

For the inward revelation of truth; not dependence upon dogmatic theology.

For faith in God and the divine Christ in men; not faith alone, or works alone, but both faith and works combined.

AN INDIAN NOT BETTER DEAD THAN ALIVE.

Letters like the following are by no means uncommon. We get many such, but this is the most recent. It speaks for itself. What returned pupils need is just the influence, encouragement and confidence herein portrayed:

Major R. H. PRATT: MY DEAR SIR: I cannot refrain from writing to you concerning ———, and complimenting Carlisle upon sending out such splendid young men as he is.

His influence over our boys is for the best, and his conduct will assist our young men to push their way up the ladder of life.

He is an exceptionally fine young man, and we take a great deal of interest in him.

He comes to me very often for advice and I feel as though a chance had come for me to materially aid him by the advice I can give.

Pardon my intrusion but I am interested to such a great extent in the young men and women of the Indian race that I cannot forbear telling you what I think of this young man. Carlisle may indeed feel proud of him.

A REPUTATION THAT COUNTS.

Could you send me one of your boys again? I have found your boys of better moral character than the average of the boys working upon farms. I am glad of your work done. If you can send me as good as Luke Bearshield, Joseph Gordon, John Webster or Brigman Cornelius I won't ask any nicer boys than they. You could not help liking them.

ONE OF OUR PATRONS.

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School
Carlisle, Pa.

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

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.

Major and Mrs. Pratt With us Again.

After a very rough passage, the entire distance of which Major and Mrs. Pratt suffered all the distresses known to inexperienced seamen they arrived safely on Saturday night receiving an ovation from the band, faculty and students that must have made their hearts happy. As a friend expresses it, coming from "fan-land to freeze-land" they must have felt the sudden change, but none was more sensible of it than the Fox Terrier Karkee who saw snow for the first time and shivered as he crouched in the cold.

The band repeated on Monday evening for Major and Mrs. Pratt a performance which was given in the gymnasium a few weeks ago as a rehearsal. The scene is a representation in music and action of some of the principal events of the American Spanish war, the opening selection portraying in soul-stirring strains the peace that reigned, while the factory bell called laborers to the workshops, and a characteristic cake walk represented the happy days in the cotton fields of the south before the war.

Then sounds of oppression and tyranny came from Cuba; the "Maine" exploded; there were a call to arms; enlisting of volunteers; the Soldier's Farewell pathetically sung; a train of cars to carry off the soldiers; the battle; the tattoo; taps; capture of Spanish prisoners; foraging parties, all leading up to the grand finale when peace was proclaimed, troops returned and the Star Spangled Banner floated proudly as the band played the exhilarating song written in its honor. The pathetic and mirth-provoking scenes were so blended as to make the performance intensely interesting throughout. Major and Mrs. Pratt were highly elated, and gave Director Wheelock a hearty shake of congratulation at the close.

The G. A. R. of town have asked the band to repeat the play in the Opera House, and arrangements have about been completed to do so in the near future. The house will not hold the audience if the people of town can

but know what they will miss by not seeing this picture—Dennison Wheelock's realistic adaptation of Tobani's Civil War.

United States Indian Agent, Edward Golding, of Seneca, Mo., and Supt. E. T. MacArthur of the Fort Peck school Poplar, Mont., were among the visitors on Friday and Saturday.

A very interesting letter from ex-student Thomas Hanbury shows that he is in business, in Metlakatla, Alaska. He is keeping store and says that his prospects are bright. He has been in the gold fields, possesses claims there and expects to go again as soon as Spring opens.

Frank Thomas Lillibridge of the Genoa, Nebraska, School, is keeping every number of the HELPER so that when he is old enough to read he will have some very interesting reading matter, his papa says. Frank's mamma is keeping them for him. She at one time was a pupil at Carlisle, and is now the wife of Mr. Lillibridge of the Genoa School faculty, and Manager of the Indian News, published at the school.

Joseph Dubray is again in Cuba. He belongs to Co. F 8th Mass. He has been transferred from the 6th to 8th. He says: "We camp right near the beach, just outside of the city of Matanzas. The weather is very hot here and it is a great change for me. I have opened up a barber-shop in the camp, so that takes all my spare time." We are glad to hear from our soldier boy, and hope he will write frequently to let us know how he is getting on.

We have before us a clearly taken small photograph of 8 Indian boys and woman with babe in arms, of South America. The boys are pupils of the Agricultural and Industrial School, Temuco, Chile, and the picture was sent to us by Superintendent C. A. Sadleir. Supt. Sadleir says his work is principally among the Araucanians numbering some one hundred thousand who are scattered over south Chile having small allotments of land apportioned out to them by the Government. He hopes to make through their school "new" men. The boys in the picture have bright faces and look very like the North American Indian. Superintendent Sadleir sends Christian greetings and every good wish. When the Nicaragua canal is finished maybe some of them will come to see us. They will receive a warm welcome should they come this way.

Killed at Manila.

That faithful old soldier and friend of the Indians, Supt. Ed. McConville, so long at the head of the Indian School at Ft. Lapwai, Idaho, and from which he went into the Army as Major of the First Idaho Regiment at the beginning of the War, is announced as among the killed in the battle at Manila.

Major McConville was long and favorably known throughout the Indian School Service as a vigorous and unflinching superintendent. His death on the battlefield only indicates the high duty standard and brave man that he was. We join with the vast number of his many friends in the Indian School Service in deepest sympathy with his wife and family.

**The Man-on-the-band stand's RIGHT Eye
Observs**

That his neighbor—"Left Eye" did the observing last week.

That class '99 numbers 34.

That three printers—Robert Emmett, Kendall Paul and Stuart Hazlett graduate this year.

That 220,027 891,564 (?) clippings have been sent to us about that Boston girl talking to a Carlisle graduate at the Omaha exposition.

That Miss Ely was -5 years old on Wednesday.

That we were too busy and it was too stormy to celebrate Dawes Day by a holiday.

That the sleigh is jealous of the Herdic. Because the former has a finer dress of paint.

That it is an interesting sight to see the boys rushing for their respective shops when the bell rings.

That a nod of an HONEST boy or girl is enough.

That Solomon Webster and the trolley became fast friends last Monday night after the concert, for they stuck together for nearly three hours about the mile-hill when Solomon was working his way over to his "country residence"—the Hilton's.

That Composer Spencer set a job of probably three hundred words without an error to be marked on proof, and he has been at work in the printing office only since September.

That some of the girls see all the corners of the rooms they have to sweep, and get credit for good work, while others do not see the dirt and are counted a poor lot, although they LIKE to be esteemed among the best in everything.

That dictionary under a person on a cane seat chair is hard on the chair and as hard on the dictionary.

That Mrs. Rumsport is at her old stand again in the teachers' club kitchen, and that Miss Noble who had too much on her shoulders in the absence of the cook, is not sorry.

That too many "thats" are not good for digestion, and that this is the last for a while.

That half (?) of Washington was disturbed because Misses Cutter and Wood did not make more calls, when they went on business.

That Bermuda Dog and Tiger Cat are not the best of friends, so to speak.

That we can't be soldiers till we learn to march to music. Right foot on accented note looks rather funny.

That Myron Moses did not take the cake but she (?) was the best stepper. Her grace and agony combined were too much for the onlookers who cheered enthusiastically at the excellent take off.

That Miss Hill is not afraid of a fuse on an electric connection.

That Koklilook can skate.

That Miss Forster cannot be beaten at telling true burglar stories.

That the longest icicle the Man-on-the-band-stand ever saw was hanging from the hospital roof yesterday morning—30 feet long.

That Mr. Bennett's grey-bound from Ft. Shaw met with friends at the school whom he knew out west.

That Karkee was terribly sea-sick on the way from Bermuda, but is acclimated to the house where he is ever showing off wonderful tricks.

That two of our number were caught on the trolley with not enough money to pay their fare. "Lend me a nickle?" asked the butler of the wheel-lock. The latter turned his pockets inside out but could find only one cent. And the next day was pay day.

That it was the coldest of the season, here yesterday morning—8 below.

That Miss Bessie Butler had rather a sudden and too intimate acquaintance with mother earth last Saturday morning when the walks were one sheet of ice.

That Mr. Standing gave us such a talk on Saturday night that we shall never forget.

That the band played "Hail to the Chief" when Major entered the grounds on Saturday night.

We are pained to learn as we go to press of the death of our esteemed friend Mrs Lippincott, wife of Rev. Dr. J. S Lippincott of the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, formerly pastor of the great church at the corner of Broad and Arch.

Mr. Marshall and Professor Bakeless visit the Invincibles to-night; Mrs. Given and Miss Annie Morton, the Standards; Miss Bowersox and Miss Kowuni the Susans.

The Sophomores with their teacher Mrs. Cook took a sleigh-ride on Wednesday afternoon. Two four-horse loads of young people enjoyed a jolly time.

Mrs. Babbit, of Warner, California, who recently visited Carlisle, renews her subscription and says, "I am always glad to learn through the HELPER how my many friends are and what they are doing."

Miss Bessie Butler left on Sunday morning for Washington, and has entered school there.

What are you taking for your cold just now? Advice generally.

Mr Ed. Gift, of Chicago, was a guest of Miss Bowersox, on Sunday. This is his first trip east, and from here he went to Washington to take in the sights.

Chaplain Cassard of the Battleship Indiana, spoke before the student body on Sunday afternoon, and alluded to the Indians as True Americans. Mrs. Dr. Reed, of Dickinson College whose guest he was, accompanied the distinguished gentleman.

We were glad to hear this week from Stiya, who is at Phoenix School, Arizona. She speaks in tender terms of Mrs. Laura Long Cochrane, ('95 Carlisle) whose death was chronicled recently. She says Mrs. Cochrane did her duty faithfully, was uncomplaining and was beloved by all. Evangelist and Mrs. Moody visited the school not long since and spoke encouragingly to the students and faculty. In the same letter we learn that Annie Lockwood is still at Albuquerque.

Another of our girls has passed away. On the 25th of January Nancy Tadgahsong, who went to her home in Michigan some time since died. She sent Christmas presents to the people with whom she lived in the country while here, and Mrs. Lippincott, through whom we get the news, says of her. "If any one is fully rewarded, Nancy is. She was all that could be asked of mortals." Nancy was not with us many years but those who knew her mourn the loss of a friend, beloved for her sweet Christian character.

The Record acknowledges the receipt of a copy of The Red Man for January. This paper represents the advanced work and aims of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School and is "published monthly in the interest of Indian education and civilization."

We are always interested in the small weekly, THE INDIAN HELPER, which for years has been visiting our office. THE HELPER is devoted to local matters; The Red Man, as will be noted steps into a wider field and does valiant service for God and humanity. The obstacles in the way of the red man are stated in no uncertain terms. The injustice which he so often meets at the hands of his white brother is generally called by its right name.

The grand old Indian Chief, Simon Pokagon, of the Michigan Pottawatomie Indians, has just passed away. Pokagon's father sold their old home—the ground upon which the City of Chicago now stands, to the United States, and Pokagon, himself, always lived in Southern Michigan, near the ancient home of his people.

Pokagon was one of the most highly educated Indians within our knowledge. He wrote many articles of high merit, which were published in our leading magazines. His appeal to the American people for protection of his people against the liquor traffic which was reprinted in our Red Man, is one of the best temperance articles ever written and shows clearly the extraordinary powers of his mind.



AS OUR CAMPUS LOOKS THIS WEEK.

Much valuable information concerning the work among Indians is found in its pages and if they might find their way into the homes of our people in general, we feel confident it would not be long until "the Indian problem" would be solved and our children left to wonder why we blundered so fearfully over so simple a problem. One old fashioned recommendation will set the matter at rest forever: "and what doth the God require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy."

May THE RED MAN persevere in its effective blows for the time when all these outward distinctions, now seemingly necessary may be done away

In the parliament of man;
The federation of the world.

We had been in correspondence, and about concluded arrangements by which the old Chief was to be present at our Commencement the end of this month. His exalted Christian character and great personal worth made him hosts of friends far and near who will mourn his death.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.
My 11, 5, 4 is a small bed.
My 4, 10, 1, 7 is what the clock does.
My 6, 2, 3, 9 is on the lower part of the leg.
My 12, 8, 1, 7 is what mules do.
My whole is a good Carlisle Indian at Yardley, so R B W., of Philadelphia, says, who sent the Enigma.