

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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THE RED AND THE WHITE.

FROM the forests of the northland,
Where the pines and spruces bide,
From the lake shore where the birch barks
On the quiet waters glide,

From the happy land of sunshine,
Where the cliff house ruins stand,
Gather we, the sons of freedom,
'Neath the loved flag of our land.

From the gloom of superstition,
From the dark of heathen night,
From the errors of the old time,
Into purest open light.

And with joy we sing "Our Country,"
This the "land our fathers trod,"
Ere the white man came among us,
'Twas our land, a gift of God.

But in brotherhood united,
Let us go forth, hand in hand,
Patriotic, true and loyal
To the welfare of our land.

As "Old Glory" waves above us,
Let its stripes of red and white
Signify that these two races
Are united for the right.

—Written for the Phoenix Arizona Indian School paper, The Native American, for Indian Citizenship Day, Feb. 8, 1900.

DO YOUR INDIANS EVER GET HOMESICK?

Yes; And when an Indian gets homesick he is HOME sick.

But we venture the assertion that there is not a class of people anywhere who as a class, more readily adapt themselves to circumstances and conditions and can be more content in surroundings than can the Indian.

If there are homesick pupils at the Carlisle school, they have a very poor way of showing it, and they must be the ones who are not busy.

This is a busy place and the busier the boys and girls keep themselves, the happier they seem to be.

There are few grumblers, for not many find time to grumble.

And if they did have time they would have

the intelligence to see that grumbling would reflect badly upon them, for what is there to grumble about?

So home-sickness and grumbling do not belong here, and when there is a sporadic case, it is treated like the small-pox, soon stamped out, not by isolation and vaccination but by the medicine of brotherly kindness and, "Come, boys! Let us have a good time and learn all we can!"

THEY DO NOT ALL GO BACK TO THE BLANKET.

The Osage Journal, published in the heart of the Indian country stands in a position to know the conditions to be met by returned pupils. In a recent editorial the Journal says:

A great many people will tell you that as soon as the Indian gets away from the environments of school that he discards the evidences of civilization and goes back to his blanket, but this is in many cases a mistake. There are full-bloods upon this reservation who have never had on the blanket since they came home. It may be that they will go back to the customs of their tribe eventually, but if they do it will be a slow process. Another generation will see the passing of the blanket from among the Osages.

Education has done the work of advancing the Indian. A little education is a dangerous thing for even the white man, and for the Indian the same is true. In almost every Indian school in the land you will find members of some tribe engaged in the work of teaching.

There are several employed in the government schools at this place and the work of educating the Indian is going on rapidly.

It is the only solution of the Indian question.

"Franchise Day," the anniversary of the passage of the Dawes law, was commemorated by the Indian pupils at Pawhuska.

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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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 small pox among the Osages of Indian Territory seems to be subsiding.

Mrs Pratt's nephew, Mr. Fred P. Hall, of Jamestown, N. Y. who in several at our school know, writes that a little son came to live with him and Mrs. Hall on Washington's birthday. They have the congratulations of their friends at the school.

Students of the Jamestown, N. Y. schools are so ill wide-awake, and come forward with a large list for the HELPER. The influence of the little paper on the grown man and woman will be seen, for the youth who reads the HELPER to day will not have the idea that Indians are good for nothing, or that they are more murderous or revengeful than the white race. There are murderous, ungrateful Indians and so there are murderous and ungrateful white people. Just as many in proportion to numbers in the one race as the other. We thank Professor Rogers of the Jamestown schools and Mr. Lavant Mason for the splendid list.

Mr. Richard D. Heyl, of Camden, is again with us for a few days. He is taking views of the school for his personal use. It will be remembered that Mr. Heyl is an educated Apache Indian who knows more about the white man than he does about his own people. He has lived with educated people for many years and is an accomplished machinist as well as a well-informed and polished gentleman. He is a perfect exemplification of the Carlisle idea although he never saw Carlisle before this winter. Carlisle schools—NO INDIAN schools can give a complete example of the Carlisle idea. There is only one way to bring the Indian up to the superior race and that is to give him all the advantages of the superior race in the midst of the people of the superior race. No race distinction can be traced between Mr. Heyl and any cultivated gentleman you may meet anywhere, except the dark complexion.

Miss Barclay.

The school as a whole and her special friends in particular were stricken with grief on last Saturday morning when word was passed in sorrowful undertone, that Miss Barclay is dead. Miss Bessie Barclay came to us in the Fall of '97, from Washington, D. C., and had been teaching among the Winnebago Indians of Nebraska for a time.

She was never vigorous in health, but grew stronger for a while.

A few weeks ago however, she was taken down with rheumatic and stomach trouble. On last Friday evening there were hopes of her recovery, but before morning she passed quietly away, not having the vitality necessary to endure the suffering of weeks.

Miss Barclay was a young lady of lovable character and possessed many friends at the school and in town. She lived with her parents on North Hanover Street, they having come to Carlisle since their daughter became a teacher with us. The impressive funeral services, on Tuesday, were held in the Episcopal church, and the casket was completely covered with flowers. The pall bearers were Martin Wheelock, Edwin Smith, John Warren, Thaddeus Redwater, Hawley Pierce and Frank Scott, students of the school. Her remains were taken to Beaver, this State, for interment, that being the early home of the family.

Mrs. James A. Brown, who has been teaching at the Phoenix, Arizona, school, is expected, but we had expected her as Miss Rosa Burassa, until a little bird flew over from Kona-Cuy and said that she had stopped off to be married. This will be a great surprise to many. It appears that our friend and co-worker, who is a graduate of Carlisle, (class '90) and taught in one of our school rooms but afterwards went west finally reaching Phoenix, has been engaged to Mr. Brown for some time, and that he is a Wyandotte, whose home is Indian Territory. He, too, has been employed at Phoenix and played on the football team against our boys when there. Mrs. Brown may be here before this goes to press and she will receive a warm welcome and shower of congratulations from hosts of friends.

One of the strongest, most thrilling and earnest talks we have listened to for many a day was from Rev. Dr. King, Secretary of the Society for the Protection of American Institutions, last Friday morning at the opening of the school.

He called attention to his lost scalp, but said that many were still after it, which caused laughter. Even arrows that people shoot at him touch the top of his smooth head and glance off. He used to think that Major Pratt was wrong in his ideas on the Indian question, but acknowledged that through the magnificent results of the Carlisle idea, he had been converted. All sorts of races have come to our country and this nation has succeeded in making American citizens of them, and yet the natives are the last to be taken into the body politic.

The cold wave was a good one.

That was a "grate" break in the boiler during the cold wave.

Miss Bessie Bates of York, Pa. was among the callers on Tuesday.

Miss Cochran spent Sunday at her home in Miller-town.

Miss Miller went to Newville to see friends on Washington's Birthday.

Class '00 will attend the Susan Society, this evening, as honored guests of the occasion.

Another big rain storm yesterday! Drains, gutters and streams are full to overflowing.

It is about time to sing out the old line that winter is lingering in the lap of Spring.

More than fifty girls have signed requests to go to the country, and others are asking to go.

There is some truth this year in the saying that as the day lengthens winter strengthens.

Miss Lida Standing has returned to her professional duties at the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Alma Gostin, of Wistia, Indian Territory has been transferred to our school from Lincoln Institute.

A new graphophone, managed by Major Pratt, afforded great amusement on Saturday night for the student body.

Assistant band-master, James Wheelock, played his clarinet for the people of Easton, Maryland, Tuesday night.

The Y. M. C. A. delegates have returned from Williamsport and report having had a good and most profitable time.

Among the Februarians mentioned last week should have been the names of Miss Barr, Dr. Eastman and Irene Eastman.

Mr. and Mrs. Dagenett have moved into the pleasant rooms over the teachers' dining hall that were formerly occupied by the teachers' matron.

Irene Eastman found a birthday cake on the table at dinner Saturday evening, and it had six candles in it, one for each year. She was a very happy little girl all day Saturday.

Mrs. Eastman has gone to New York and New England on a lecturing trip. She gives parlor talks on interesting and up-to-date topics pertaining to the Indian and to the duties of a mother.

Those of us who heard Mrs. Eastman's clear and beautiful enunciation on the few occasions of her brief remarks in chapel regret that she did not favor the school with an address before going north on her lecture tour.

Mrs. Paull's classes gave a "Longfellow Evening" on Tuesday in their pretty school room, No. 6. The exercises were well carried out and it was a pleasure to look upon the interested and bright faces of her boys and girls.

Mrs. Dorsett, Manager of Girls' Department, has returned from her home in Chicago, and reports a delightful visit. On Washington's birthday she listened to President Jacob Schurman of the Cornell University and Chairman of the Commission to the Philippines. He addressed the Union League Club at the Auditorium, on Expansion, and Mrs. Dorsett is now an ardent expansionist.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner have arrived, Mr. Warner to take charge of the Athletics.

To night, Mr. Beitzel and Mr. Thompson, the Invincibles; Misses Burgess and Carter the Standards; Miss Campbell, the Susans.

Rt. Rev. John Shanley, Bishop of North Dakota, Rev. Dr. Patrick T. Jones, under escort of Rev. H. G. Ganss were out to see the school and Catholic pupils on Monday.

As we go to press arrangements are about completed for a Musicale to be given by Mrs. Sawyer's music class. Only invited guests will be present. There will be two pianos, and a musical treat is expected.

Bishop Shanley, of North Dakota, and Rev. Ganss, of Carlisle, are giving our one hundred and fifty Catholic students special instruction twice a day, this week, in preparation for communion service next Sunday when the Bishop of the diocese will be present.

William Neal, Emmanuel Powlas Samuel Barker, Arthur Bonnicastle and Ulysses Ferris have enlisted in the Army and left for New York and Manila Wednesday. The last three named were of the Sophomore Class which boasts of six men now under Uncle Sam.

A small regiment of little fellows tried to celebrate the birthday of the father of our country by playing on rafts in the flooded meadow below the dam of the skating pond. They grew so tired that they had to go to bed and remain very still all the afternoon. It was sociable evening, too, but they must have played exceedingly hard for they could not get up out of bed. Next time maybe they will not run in cold water waist deep just for fun when they had been told to keep from getting wet feet and were provided with overshoes.

Rev. W. W. Soule, of Oneida, Wisconsin, is with us. Mr. Soule is the Methodist Missionary among the Oneida people, and from his talk and a handsomely illustrated booklet recently published, showing the advance those Indians are making, Mr. Soule is doing a work that is telling. He is a broad-minded gentleman, and would not encourage an Indian to remain on the reservation if he could get something better to do outside than he can find to do at home. He sees all the drawbacks of the reservation, and freely discusses ways and means to obviate difficulties that seem to hinder the progress of the Indians. All enjoyed his visit and hope that he will soon come this way again.

Orders are coming for the Commencement number of the Red Man which will be out a little later than the fifteenth of March so as to give the proceedings in full. This number will contain the portraits of eight or ten eminent people who will be here. Single copies, five cents. Six copies 25 cents. Do you wish to send some to friends? We will mail them without cost of postage if addresses and money are left with or sent to us. This will be a good number to send to friends. Order a hundred and let us send them broadcast, but order soon so we may know how many to print. If each subscriber of the HELPER would order ONE or a HALF-DOZEN see what a wealth of information about the Indians the people would get! We are ready for ten thousand orders!

PRAYERLESS.

So many of us saw Will Carleton when he gave his lecture in town this Fall, and were so charmed with his genial manner in conversation that what he says in the papers is read with even greater interest than before.

The great poet, in his interesting magazine, *Every Where*, telling of a visit to Ann Arbor University, says that he got up early to attend morning prayers in the chapel. Walking across the campus he met a lady student, and asked where the chapel was, and expressed the hope that he was not too late for prayers.

"Prayers!" she exclaimed. "No, we do not have those now. I hear they used to, before my time here. Then they changed it to 'vespers,' and then the chapel had to be repaired, and the vespers were never resumed."

"More strategy than religion in that arrangement," said Mr. Carleton.

"Our president is a diplomat, you know," replied the girl, with a bit of a smile.

Says this poet of good sense, "A college that commences its daily work without public acknowledgment to the great Source of all blessings, and a petition for continued help, needs a revision of its rules."

RAILROADS MELT THE LINES OF FACTION.

Railroad building in Oklahoma is starting new industries, hatching new towns that will grow and help to make the territory rich and beautiful and powerful, helping to melt the lines of faction into industrial enthusiasm and political harmony.—[Watonga Rep'ble'n.

A GOOD COUNTRY RECORD.

Willie Schanadore who lives in Penn's Manor went up one grade in his school on Washington's birthday.

His lowest average was in Physiology—78. In Arithmetic he received 100 several times during the term.

THE BLUE CLUB.

There has been organized at the girls' quarters "The Blue Club."

Its object is to drive away the blues. This may seem paradoxical, but the bright smiling face of the Club, comparatively speaking, shows the combination not to be "contrary to ascertained truth."

The charter members of this Club are Alice McCarthy, Grace Warren and Fannie Harris. Pearl La Chapelle and Ada Sockbeson also

wear the badge, and on Washington's birthday, three new members—Misses Senseney, Stuart and McIntire were initiated.

The mysterious and merry initiation rites are strictly secret. Miss Senseney won the prize badge and wears it proudly. The last meeting was held in Grace Warren's and Alice McCarthy's room, which was tastefully decorated. The ladies brought their fancy work and all say they had a happy meeting. Dainty refreshments were served.

The newly elected members who will give up their rooms to Commencement visitors are invited by the Club to share its quarters.

AT THE SUSANS.

At the meetings of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society last Friday night the following officers were elected:

President, Pearl LaChapelle; Vice President, Augusta Nash; Recording Secretary, Melinda Metoxen; Corresponding Secretary, Nora Denny; Treasurer, Ella Sturm; Reporter, Mattie Parker; Marshal, Minnie Reed; Critic, Mrs. DeLoss; Asst. Critic, Dolly Johnson.

Miss Burgess, at the request of the president, criticized the society. She observed lack of conformity to parliamentary usage and urged the society to study parliamentary rule in order to conduct the meetings without embarrassment and in due form. D.

SELF-CONTROL IN ONE OF OUR FOUR YEAR OLDS.

John Bakeless, the little son of Professor Bakeless, gave a display of self-control the other day that would do well for any of his older friends to emulate.

He may not be able to read the following, so it will not spoil him to relate the incident.

Mr. Simon took him to town to buy candy, which John likes very much and badly wanted. But when the little fellow secured the package he put it unopened in his pocket.

"Don't you want it?" asked Mr. Simon.

"Oh, yes," said John, "but I never eat between meals!"

Enigma.

I am made of nine letters.

My 8, 2, 5, 3 is a part of some fence.

My 3, 2, 6, 9 belongs to a cripple.

My 6, 5, 3, 9 has more feet than a mule.

My 7, 2, 8 belongs to a small boat.

My 1, 5, 4, 9 is what small boys and bugs often do.

My 8, 9, 4, 2, 5, 3 is a way storekeepers sell goods.

My whole is the name of a city of the United States. This city when compared with others always has more.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Commencement.