

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

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

VOL. XV.

FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1900.

Number 28.

ONWARD AND SUNWARD.

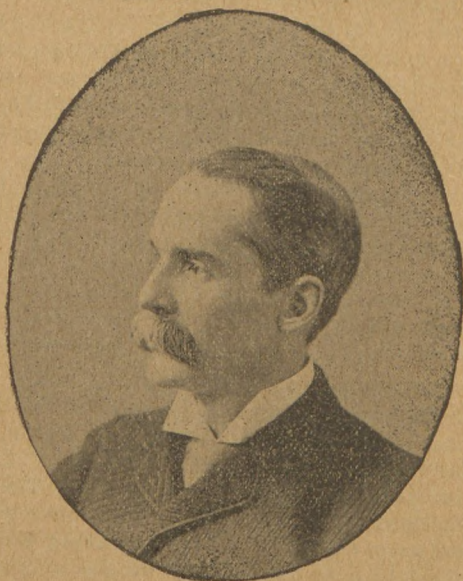
Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail to win

What matter I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said,
And life the sweeter made!

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach, and share
All that they sing and dare.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.



DR. MERRILL E. GATES.
Secretary Board of Indian Commissioners.

THE INDIAN LOVES LIGHT BUT CAN'T MAKE IT.

The following and more, the Rev. W. J.

Cleveland, for many years a missionary among the Sioux Indians, has to say of the people among whom he has spent the best years of his life.

"The Red Man loves the daylight. He loves the moonlight and the starlight. He will even use an oil lamp, if you put it in his hands; but he makes no light himself.

From the way back generations of his forefathers, he never produced, either for himself or others, an illuminator of any sort; not even a tallow dip!

He knows how to start a fire, and feed it like himself, overmuch.

But fire is, as he, a destructionist. It consumes, wastes and destroys, leaving no blessing behind; only ashes!

The Red Man is in the shade of misery and the shadow of death not for want of light.

No additional amount of light thrown into his eyes would help him much.

He dwells in darkness because he refuses to develop the faculty of giving light.

This is what differentiates him from other folks and keeps him in the background.

His white brother not only loves the light of the sun, and uses it; he tries, and keeps trying harder to imitate it.

Beginning with a pine knot, or a greased string, he has chained the lightning to a wire.

The Red Man differs from the White race in the matter of wheels.

He loves to ride upon whatever nature may provide.

He did find out somewhere how to fasten sticks to the flanks of a pony and make a cage behind on which to drag his grandmother and the babies.

After years of coaxing too, he has come to fancy a top buggy for himself.

But he never made a wheel, nor the semblance of a wheel, in his life! Not he nor his ancestors.

Yet the White man has filled the world with wheels.

He rides and carries all, over land and sea,

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.

Price—10 cents per year

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
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.

Asenoth Bishop thinks she has a very nice place at Mt. Holly, N. J.

The rain on Wednesday was welcomed by the grass as well as the people.

Matthew Johnson who went home a few months since has married Emily Peters.

Pretty girls in pretty white aprons, playing on pretty grass-plot make a pretty scene.

An Indian graduate was asked his opinion of one of our girls. "I admire her because she is so refined," was his reply.

John Teeple, 1900, is about to open a general merchandise store at Barada, Michigan, and his brother Frank, same class, has a position as book keeper at Laird, same State.

The girls are raising funds for the decoration of school graves on the 30th, and are contemplating buying rosebushes and other growing plants for the school cemetery.

Have you seen Jeweler Conlyn's new and taking sterling silver flag pin gilded in old-gold and red—Carlisle school colors? And on the pin is the word Carlisle. Price fifty cents.

Alice B. McCarthy, who is now living with Congressman Eddy in Washington City, sent to the class of 1901 some rare specimens of flowers for botany study and analysis.

Besides giving half of the "gate receipts" to the Mercersburg team last Saturday, we also gave them half of the score by allowing them to make 5 runs on us, they were however, more liberal to us for they allowed us to make 10 runs, which made the score at the close of the game 10 to 5 in our favor.

The new road-ways look well, but need rain and travel to make them perfect.

Edith Smith, class 1897, expects to graduate from the West Chester Normal, this year. Miss Edith has worked her way through courageously and has a good record. She will feel anxious till after the State examinations. Edith hopes to stop in Carlisle on her way home in June, and she may be sure of a warm welcome.

Miss Richenda Pratt is still confined to her bed at the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia. Her attack of inflammatory rheumatism was a severe one and the heart complications which were involved make it necessary for the greatest of care. She is now able to feed herself, and seems cheerful and hopeful, all of which are good signs.

Among others selected by the University Faculty of Princeton to take part in the Junior Oratorical Contest to be held during their Commencement week is our Howard Gansworth, '94. The Man-on-the-band-stand is proud of the distinction given to one so worthy as Howard has proven himself all through his Carlisle and University life. The Philadelphia Press came out Sunday with an excellent picture of Howard and an account of him as a student.

On invitation from Dickinson College Athletic management about twenty of our boys participated in their spring sports last Tuesday. It was not a dual meet and consequently our boys made no special preparation for it. However, though we made no entry in the two mile event, in accordance with the Inter-collegiate ruling the number of points scored by us was in excess of the number scored by Dickinson. It was our first contest and our boys showed up well. We have not the space to print the summary of the events.

Major and Mrs. Pratt are in attendance upon the Golden Jubilee anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Lavant L. Mason, at Jamestown, New York. Several of their friends at the school were invited. The invitations were embossed with monogram and dates 1850-1900, and the engraving gilded, presenting an exceedingly unique and neat effect. Mr. Mason's four sisters, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Pickard, Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. Allen were all present, while a host of other relatives and friends not so well known at the school, were guests upon the memorable occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Mason have many friends at Carlisle, who congratulate them upon their long and happy wedded life, and who extend wishes for many more years of happiness and prosperity.

Good-bye, oyster.

Nature has turned a new leaf.

Shad for all, one day last week.

Lots of shopping and new suits these days.

Baby Catherine Bakeless can call Blanche.

Quite a thunderstorm on Thursday evening.

Jessie Ferris has recovered from pneumonia.

The Band on the stand gave a good concert Saturday.

Miss Burgess is at her post of duty after a brief illness.

The athletic-field track is moving forward to completion.

Miss Bowersox spent Sunday at her home near Middleburg.

Miss Weekly made a business trip to Philadelphia, on Saturday.

Some Klamath, Oregon, children are on their way to Carlisle.

Miss Miller is confined to her room with erysipelas, but is improving.

Mr. Vaux, of Philadelphia, was here on a business trip, last Thursday.

Miss Jacobs, of the sewing department who has been ill is again at her post of duty.

Mr. Dagenett has gone to New Jersey on a business trip connected with the school.

Mr. Jordan and his boys are still at the evening-up process of campus improvement.

Misses Clara and Mary Anthony of N. College street were Mrs. Given's guests to tea, Wednesday.

As we went to press yesterday the combined societies were preparing for an entertainment to be given last evening.

Mr. Thompson is engineering the shop court flower beds, and we are going to have nice flowers there again this year.

Grace Thumbeau, who came in from her country home suffering with rheumatism is well again, and anxious to return to work.

Rev. H. B. Stock of the St. Paul's Lutheran Church will officiate as chaplain during May. He preached his first sermon last Sunday.

The tailors' team knocked out 6 runs against the printer twirler the other evening, "shut out" being a foreign thing to the typos, they managing to get in 2 runs.

Mary Wolfe, 1900, has received an appointment to the Government School at Crow Agency, Montana, and Minnie Nick goes to take her place in the home of Jacob Edge, Downingtown. Minnie is as pleased with her prospects as is Mary.

The lawn mowers singeth these days!

Miss Harn has been ill, but returned to her work in the sewing department, full of her usual enthusiasm.

Mr. Harkness has the most exalted position on the grounds. He and his boys are painting the roofs.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennison Wheelock's youngest child, Master Paull, is taking treatment with special nurse at the Todd Hospital, Carlisle.

The recent rains, insufficient as they have been for general vegetation, put out the destructive mountain fires so near us in the South Mountain.

The small boys deserve a great deal of credit for being so kind to the birds. The robins are very tame, and a Baltimore Oriole in the trees this week has been attracting attention and admiration.

Miss Barr attended the Convention of Nurses held in New York City last week. At least she went, but was so ill while there that she was unable to attend. She presented a paper, however, which was read by some one else.

For days the weather has been so cold that steam was required to keep indoor workers comfortable, but Tuesday a hot wave brought the mercury up to 90. Before the next morning, however, storms were followed by a cold wave.

Harold Parker has been chosen President of the Junior class which met last week and formed a class organization. The other officers are: Vice President, Eugene Fisher; Treasurer, Mary Bruce; Secretary, Wm. Mt. Pleasant; Reporter, Marguerita Scholder; Critics, Grace Warren and Thomas Walker. Miss Wood is the teacher of this class.

The game on Thursday with Susquehanna University, here, resulted in a victory for our team by a score of 9 to 6. The feature of the game was Pratt's fine pitching for the home team, striking out 14 men. The Susquehanna representatives are an unusually well behaved lot of young men, and their visits here are always looked forward to with pleasure.

The Susans had a very interesting meeting last Friday evening. This being their closing meeting for this year, a special program consisting of essays, declamations, vocal solos, duets and instrumental solos, was prepared. It would not be fair to point out any special one as doing the best for they all did well, and did themselves "red" — a sign of danger to their brothers, the Invincibles and the Standards.

at breathless speed, by wheels of his own devising!

He is full of push and go.

The Indian has no go.

He understands neither the secret nor value of progress.

He lacks the power of initiative.

Inertia is his curse; and a wheel-barrow his pat-symbol.

Lift him up and push him along; but where you let go of him, there he will let up on going.

How shall he be taught to get a move on himself?"

This closing question—How shall the Indian be taught to get a move on himself? Carlisle has answered by actual experience these many years.

The Indian placed among people WHO DO MOVE, learns to move with the crowd. That is all there is to it. There is no other way to offer—nothing more to say.

Get the Indian OUT.

He soon learns the secret of moving, and gets the desire to move, and he not only moves but he LEADS in many instances and says to the white man, Follow me!

A CURE FOR INDIAN PARALYSIS.

A wise and experienced missionary among the Sioux writes: The Indians experience a paralysis of energies so long as the possession of a few dollars beyond what will supply their present wants aids the ration system in bolstering them against the necessity of labor. I fear the ration system fosters the ignoble spirit of the professional beggar.

Certainly, I should say, that system should be done away with, and that within a limited time. The value of money and the necessity of labor will never be learned while money payments are backed up by an issue of rations that seems to be running on forever. I should recommend a per centum reduction of rations each year for a brief period, to be followed by payments in cash of all obligations of the Government.—[The Indian News.

HOW THE KILLING OF HORSES OVER THE GRAVES OF INDIANS WAS STOPPED BY AN INDIAN AGENT.

"An Old Time Funeral" last week reminded a reader of the HELPER of the time when he was Indian Agent some 25 years ago when he checked or prevented the killing of a fine horse that belonged to a Pawnee Kitkahoock Indian of prominence who had died.

The ex agent says:

A coffin was being made by the agency car-

penter while the grave on the hill was being dug, and I went with the interpreter to remonstrate against the killing of the fine horse that stood by the grave ready to be shot.

I talked and reasoned with the old chief of the Band who sat at the head of the grave, but for some time he was as mum as an oyster.

I intended to stop it but preferred to get the assent of the chief. At last he came to us and said that he had concluded not to kill the horse, and all seemed to be rejoiced. On going away, some of the mourners said they would try to forget their grief—(their howling,) if I would give them some rations.

I did so, and they had a feast in their tent. After that, whenever an Indian died they asked for a feast, and I never again heard of a horse being killed on such occasions, while I was their agent.

THE RED MAN APPRECIATED.

A new little paper cal'ed the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Sword published in the interest of the Mennonite Mission at Cantonment, Oklahoma, has this to say of the Red Man:

Every Indian who can read ought to subscribe for the Red Man a paper published monthly at Carlisle, Pa. It is devoted entirely to the interests of the Indian. Read what some of your brothers and sisters are doing! It will be an inspiration to you, what they can do, you can do, too. You CAN if you WILL!!

FIRST INDIAN PRINTER.

Probably the first Indian who ever learned the printing trade was a boy taught at the charity school at Cambridge, Mass., in 1659. John Eliot said he had but one man, viz., the Indian printer, who was able to compose the sheets and correct the press with understanding.—[Over Sea and Land.

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 2, 3, 9, 4 is what most boys like to play.

My 6, 1, 4, 10 is the name of a great college in New England with whose football team our boys have played several games.

My 5, 10, 6 is sometimes very useful in entering a room.

My 6, 8, 7, 1 is the name of an Indian reservation in the extreme southeastern corner of California.

My whole is something that tries the very souls of Mr. George Foulke and some of the other drivers, these calm spring days.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Entertainments.