

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

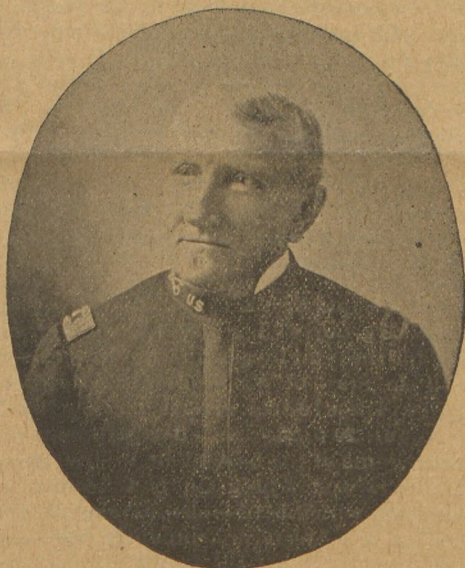
—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL XV.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1900.

Number 31.

IT matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank from the cold world's
scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!



MAJOR PRATT

gave an interesting talk to the students after the school entertainment on Thursday evening, the first that we have had from him for several weeks.

He told the story of Girard College, at whose recent Commencement Mrs. Pratt and he were guests.

In this great and richly endowed institution, in the heart of the old city of Philadelphia, there are seventeen hundred boys between the ages of 9 and 18 years.

All are orphans, for such was the provision of the founder. And they come from the City

of Philadelphia and from neighboring parts of the State.

Stephen Girard, said Maj. Pratt, was not a native of this country. He was a Frenchman—a merchant and a mariner, born in France a century and a half ago, who accumulated wealth and settled in America.

He was the richest man in America in his day.

He was eccentric, and made some odd provisions in his will, when endowing this splendid institution for orphan boys.

One of his directions read that the grounds should be enclosed with a very high stone wall. His orders were carried out, but to do that a large portion of the wall was buried under ground. Its height above ground is some eight or nine feet—a massive barricade against the outer world.

"I asked these boys," said the Major, "if they were often allowed to leave the grounds."

"Sometimes," said they, "when we can get a pass."

"Can you get a pass whenever you ask for it?"

"Not always."

"And do you go away somewhere in the summer time?"

"We used to go in camp for a month," said they. "But for the last two summers we have not been out because there was no army officer. We have an officer now and expect to go this summer."

What kind of boys are these? They are not INDIANS. (Laughter.) They are white boys—ANGLO-SAXON boys; and they are far more strictly and closely confined than the Indian boys of this or any other Indian school.

I asked the President if there was any trouble in keeping the school full.

Said he:

"We have hundreds of applications ahead always on file."

The boys WANT to go there. They are anx-

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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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.

Metzger College Commencement was attended by several from the school, yesterday. The exercises of the week have been interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Edkins, formerly employees at the Tunesassa Mission, New York State, were visitors at Carlisle this week. The mission was founded by Friends in 1803.

The laundry and sewing-room departments wish to thank Miss Miles through the columns of the HELPER for the use of her smoked glass, on the day of the eclipse.

The game with Bucknell last Saturday at Lewisburg resulted in a defeat 8 to 4. And the game with Pennsylvania Railroad Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday, another defeat—score 10-8.

Miss Bertha Pierce, '00, now in New York State, sent flowers—Lady Slippers and other varieties—to the Seniors, and they were greatly appreciated. Miss Bertha wishes to be remembered to her Carlisle friends.

Emanuel Powlas, Troop G; 5th Cavalry, at Aibinito, Porto Rico, says time goes faster there than anywhere he has ever been and he is in no hurry to get back to the States. Some of his interesting letter will appear in the June Red Man.

George G. Cleveland, one of our boys who is with E. Troop, 5th Cavalry, Mayaguez, Porto Rico, writes that he is getting on very nicely in that "hot country," but has had two weeks in the hospital with the fever. He wishes to be remembered to all his school comrades.

George Muscoe, '00, is in the Standard Oil Refinery at Parkersburg, W. Va.

Through Mrs. Cook and Mr. Dagenett, letters from Arthur Bonnicastle and Ulysses Ferris, written after they had arrived at Honolulu have been seen. Extracts from each will appear in the June Red Man. Those soldier boys already have seen rice plantations, coconut-groves and bananas in abundance. Bonnicastle thinks that the natives of the Sandwich Islands are like the Indians. Their band composed of natives played selections that our band plays.

Lonestar writes to Miss Bowersox that he has a little son whose name is Howard, and he wishes his Carlisle friends could see him. Lonestar has been clerking for Mr. Laursen at Shell Lake, Wis., for four years. He has recently been appointed Census Enumerator for Sawyer Co. When an Indian undertakes a business, and sticks to it until he makes a success of it he deserves commendation, "for so often do Indians fail to STICK," said an observer, to the Man-on-the-band-stand the other day, and the only thing that the old gentleman could say in retaliation was—"Do young white people always stick to the thing they first undertake?" "No!" replied the Observer, "not always; but those who are called successful in life are the ones who have STUCK to a purpose."

Through Supt. Frank Terry, Puyallup Consolidated Agency we learn that a summer institute for the employees in the Indian service in the State of Washington will be held at the Puyallup Indian School for one week from August 20 to 25. An effort will be made to secure some of the best talent in the State for lecturers, and a program is in course of preparation which is intended to take in the discussion of subjects preeminently practical.

The holiday on Wednesday was full of enjoyment for the members of the school. The Athletic Events in the afternoon were unusually fine. There were races—hurdle, relay, hundred yard dashes, quarter mile straight and mile and two mile—hammer throwing, discus throwing, high pole vaulting, straight jumping, shot-putting etc., etc., at which many of our boys did themselves proud. Excitement ran high at the last contest between Seniors and Juniors in a relay, at which the Juniors came out ahead. A full account of the events with the names of actors and time made will be given in the June Red Man. The time made will compare well with college and other school meets where the same character of events have been enacted.

June bugs!

Smoked glasses to burn!

As June opens, vacation days are in sight.

Chemawa has some new band instruments.

Mrs. Mason Pratt spent Thursday with us.

Over 600 gazers took in the eclipse from our grounds.

The mosquito has not yet presented his bill in these parts.

The Band played in the parade on Decoration day in town.

The thermometer seems to have forgotten the tune of "Old Hundred."

Mrs. DeLoss made a business trip for the school recently, to Ocean City.

Miss Paull spent Sunday at Hotel de Howe, at Hunter's Run, with her sister.

The boy who imagines himself the salt of the earth is very apt to be too fresh.

The sun played hide and seek behind the clouds for a part of the time, Eclipse Day.

Did you see Mr. Hugh Miller's illustrated article in the North American, on our Court Martial?

Miss Sarah Pratt, of Steelton, is visiting here this week. Her little friends at the school always give her a warm welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Dagenett have a Duplex Wheel which is a very pretty machine built for two. A social affair, on which the riders sit side by side, and it is easily run.

"How do you divide liquor?" called one of the Indian compositors across to the foreman who is also an Indian. "Half-and-half," was the quick reply, and he is a prohibitionist, too.

The One Hundred and Seventeenth Annual Commencement of Dickinson College will take place next week. The Baccalaureate sermon by President Reed will be preached this Sunday.

Mr. Weber had shut down steam for the year, when, lo! another cold wave came after the eclipse which eclipsed all the other cold waves of the Spring, and the boilers had to be fired again to furnish steam for the quiet workers at desks and trades.

Misses Cutter and Forster entertained Miss Jackson, of Metzger College, Mrs. Eckles, Miss Bratton and Dr. Hilda Longsdorf, of Carlisle and Mrs. Greer, of Johnstown, this State, on Wednesday, at tea in Miss Cutter's room, while guests from the school were invited to the same party in Miss Forster's room in the evening, when games and social chat were fully enjoyed.

The entertainment last Thursday night was enjoyed as usual.

The administration building is taking on a much needed dress of paint.

Monday was Eclipse Day and Wednesday was Decoration Day, this week.

It takes Mr. Foulke with the four-horse roller weighing tons to make the new roads level and smooth.

From Miss Luckenbach's recent letters we judge that she is comfortably (?) warm at Phoenix, Arizona, about these days.

Miss Dora Eastman celebrated her eighth birthday yesterday by a holiday, during which she spent many happy hours with her little friends.

Miss Blanche Bard, of Chambersburg, niece of Senator Bard of California who visited us Commencement time, was a guest of Miss Senseney, on Sunday.

On Friday the Pennsylvania Associated Health Authorities and Sanatarians, visited the school in a body. They were in Convention at Mechanicsburg.

Dr. Alice Seabrook of the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, spent Tuesday night at the school, a guest of Major and Mrs. Pratt, on her way to her former Emmittsburg home.

The wave was such a cold one that the M. O. T. B. S. was driven to the tailor shop to do his writing under the wing of the goose. Of course it all came about through Mr. Shelley's kindness.

Mrs. Canfield and Misses Smith, Jones, Robbins, Miller and Morton, took in the Battlefield of Gettysburg, Decoration Day. They had with them a small party of Indian girls, who behaved like such ladies all the while that it was a great pleasure to be with them.

On Monday, Miss Richenda Pratt with Mrs. Pratt returned from Philadelphia, improved greatly, no doubt, but to her friends who have not seen her since she left for Wilson after the Easter vacation she is changed. It will take many weeks for her to completely recover.

Will they ever get over it? Misses Cutter, Wood, Peter and Mrs. Sawyer were invited guests of Miss Elizabeth D. Edge, Downingtown, Saturday and Sunday. They went, saw and were conquered. They tead with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Edge one evening, and while in Downingtown attended Friends' Meeting, The woods, the quiet, the botanizing, the elegance, the sweetness of it at all, will be lasting, not only to them but to all their friends who listen to the story. They found our girls there happy and doing very well.

ious to go, and they stick to it until they are through, all for the sake of an education.

Now, Carlisle allows its students to go OUT.

It SENDS them out. It PUSHES them out into the world, into association with older and wiser and better people.

They learn from contact.

The buildings of Girard College are substantial and well-equipped. The boys are well-fed, well-clad and well-taught, but their associations are almost wholly among themselves.

The pupils are graded according to size or age, and placed according to grade in different buildings, numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., for boys of 10, 12, and 14 years.

It is a magnificent charity and many of its graduates are now men of mark—railroad men, bankers, manufacturers, farmers and others. But you Indian boys and girls at the Carlisle School have a broader chance than those 1700 white boys in Girard College.

If any one of you does not stick to this opportunity, does not dig out of it every bit of good there is in it, he must be weak here, (touching his forehead,) or not strong here (pointing to his heart.) He must have a feeble brain, and a weak will.

A VERY DIFFERENT KIND OF AN INDIAN FUNERAL.

While reading "An Old-Time Funeral" in the HELPER of May 4th, it called to my mind a very different Indian funeral that I witnessed some years ago.

Upon taking a camp school on one of the large Sioux reservations, I was told that Birdnecklace, whose home was near the school house was one of the best Indians in the camp.

I tried in various small ways to gain his confidence and friendship, but for awhile it seemed in vain. He always treated me civilly enough but seemed indifferent, and while others came with profuse professions of friendship he stayed away.

When I had been at the school nearly a year, Birdnecklace came to me for medicine for a very sick child—a little girl of three or four years.

I visited the child, gave it such simple remedies as I could, and furnished it daily with milk and other food.

After perhaps a week's illness the father came early one morning telling me that the child was dead; then leading me into the yard asked for an old box he had seen.

I made him understand that I would provide him with something better.

With such scant tools and material as I had I made a little coffin.

My wife and the large girls lined it with white muslin, so that it presented a neat appearance.

It would be considered a rough affair for a white child, but it was very much better than anything the Indian had ever seen—much better than he expected.

After I had sent it to him I received word from the father asking me to go to the house to place the child in the coffin.

This was no easy task, but I went.

In arranging small details I frequently asked the parents' desire in the matter.

The answer always came:

"Do it your way—like the white man does."

Finally the mother came with a small quilt, a silk handkerchief and some toys.

When asked if they were to go into the coffin the father said:

"If it is right I should like it."

It was an evident relief to the mother to be able to place them carefully beside the child.

The next morning we started for the little cemetery near the church, I taking the coffin with its contents in a light wagon—the family in a farm wagon following.

With the reading of the burial service in their native language the little one was laid to rest.

The father afterwards explained to me that no other Indian attended because he buried the child like the white man does.

After this event I soon knew I had one true friend.

When my horses got out of the pasture, Birdnecklace, unasked, brought them back.

When one horse was lame his best one was brought for me to use.

When others found fault with the school, I had one staunch supporter who would go among his people to try to set matters right.

In many, many ways he showed that it was a real pleasure for him to do me a favor.

Twice after this I performed the same sad service for him.

Just before I left the school he came with a load of pickets, posts and other material and asked me to go to the cemetery once more with him.

When we left, there was a neat white fence around the little graves, a head-board to each with a name upon it.

JOHN S. SPEAR,
Ft. Yuma School, Calif., May 9, '00.

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 4, 3, 7, 5 a Government mule may carry.

My 2, 1, 8, 9 is where robbers used to live.

My 6, 3, 3, 5 is used for fuel.

My whole was an unwelcome guest after the eclipse.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Pennsylvania.