

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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BIRD TRADES.

THE swallow is a mason;
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest, and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best:
High on the branches of the tree
She hangs her cosey nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work,—
A carpenter is he,—
And you may hear him hammering
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners.
Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors, too.
Among the birds are found.

THE CARLISLE IDEA THE IDEA OF WISDOM.

It will be remembered that Senator Joseph V. Quarles, of Wis., said in his masterful address before the large audience gathered in the gymnasium Commencement week, that:

"Civilization begins with a unit, begins with the individual, and the very A B C of civilization is to implant in the Indian mind the idea of individuality as distinct from the tribe—INDIVIDUAL duty and INDIVIDUAL inspiration."

He said that Major Pratt had proclaimed that that was the Carlisle idea.

Senator Quarles begged to differ with "My good friend, Major Pratt. It is not the Carlisle idea but the idea of WISDOM, because what controls opportunities and environment dictates human destiny, whether it be with the red or Caucasian or Mongolian races and that is where our great responsibility springs from.

The Government held in its hand the opportunity and environment of the red man, and instead of touching his head and his heart with the power of enlightenment, it kept him back in the wilderness, and proclaimed that he should be a savage, and not expect all the graces and all the rights and all the civilization of the white man."

And he went on to say in tones that fired all present; and the same is good for any graduate in these Commencement days to read:

"I hope that these young men here will strive their utmost to further what they have been taught here.

"It is a great thing to be a good blacksmith.

"It is a great thing to be a good brick-layer or a good carpenter, but it is a far greater thing to be a MAN.

"Being six feet tall and having a beard is not being a man. (Laughter.)

"I am not speaking of a man that would crawl like a snake in the grass, but I am speaking of a man who would stand up in the interest of his God;

"A man who despises falsehoods and lies;

"A man who hates a sneak and a hypocrite;

"That is the kind of a man I mean;

"The white man becomes civilized when he becomes a GENTLEMAN—gentle with the weak, kind with the helpless, gentle with little children and the aged.

If you are a gentleman, you do not need any grip or password, you need no introduction, and whether you are red, or of any other complexion, whether you are here or at your home, no matter where your vocation, there is one thing that is a noble ambition, and that is to be a GENTLEMAN."

Senator McCumber.

Senator Porter J. McCumber, of North Dakota was exceedingly flowery in his address on the same occasion, but these words impressed us possibly more than others, and are especially fitting for those who are to leave Carlisle in a few days:

"Dame nature is a hard dealer.

"She is kind in handing out the sweets of life but she charges full price.

"For every joy there must be the purchase price of a tear.

"For every laugh there must be the purchase price of a groan.

(Continued on last Page.)

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.

The Senior class has begun the study of "The Merchant of Venice."

Say "RENEWAL" when you re-subscribe and save us getting your name on the galley twice.

Nicodemus Billy says he skins onions, packs kale and rhubarb and cabbage for market, and likes his place.

Miss Jones has received the upper class of the Second Grade, and Miss Yupe, (class 1900,) is holding forth right royally with the rest.

Miss Newcomer has all of Seventh Grade and Miss Robertson has all of Sixth, while Miss Cochrane has become Librarian in Miss Sara Smith's absence.

Miss Paull's grade has been assigned to Miss Carter, Mrs. Dagenett and Mr. Simon, while the former takes charge of the Hospital during Miss Barr's absence.

Hon. Mr. Cannon, of Delaware, who graduated from Dickinson in '70, was on the grounds with 17 others of his class on Tuesday.

The Man-on-the-band-stand (who knows all things) became a little bewildered about the arrangement of the Juniors and wishes to correct the impression that all the Juniors are with Miss Wood. Not so, a strong and most interesting class is with Mrs. Cook, who also has the A division of the Eighth grade, which with the B and C divisions of same, (Miss Weekley's class now under Miss Robbins,) are forging ahead nicely, and trying to cover about the same ground.

The Census man was here to-day,

Here to-day, here to-day
And O! the things he made us say, Made us say!
He unearthed our fathers and mothers
Our aunts and uncles and sisters and brothers,
Our great-great-great grandfathers and mothers
And all in-betweens and others.
He made us tell our names and condition,
Our residence and official position;
He carried a book a full yard square
And nailed our reluctant responses there.
He did. On the staring cold, bold page
In unflinching black that never will fade—
Where never wife, or widow or maid
May chance to erase or hope to evade—
He gloatingly scratched each woman's AGE
Or thought he did—Yes, he thought he did
But did he? O well, he thinks he did!
(What? "Five hundred dollars fine"? Picayune!
This song is sung to a different tune) M. W. D.

Dr. J. J. Sturm father of Ella and Nannie Sturm, spent Sunday night and Monday at the school. Dr. Sturm has been living among the Comanches, Wichitas and Caddo Indians for 45 years and has been of great service to the Government. He is now in Washington expecting to return to Carlisle in a few days.

Among the finished work of the art class of the sewing department are a strawberry center piece by Nora Denny, doilies in all white daisies and holly sprays by Edith Dutton, and handkerchiefs neatly hemstitched by Anneebuck. Charlotte Geisdorff is putting the last stitches in a very effective rose pillow.

The A and B Juniors under Miss Wood have taken up book-keeping, using Eaton's Business Forms, which they find to be very practical. The C Juniors under Mrs. Cook are taking Algebra instead. They will take up book-keeping in September. By this arrangement, and by extra work new Junior's will be able to make their grade if strong enough on other subjects.

Mr. Elmer Snyder, of Lewistown, formerly our master tailor, ran in for a little Sunday visit with old friends, and was most royally welcomed by all. He has gained flesh and is looking remarkably well. Mr. Snyder reports that Frank Campeau, one of our best tailor boys who left this school to work for him, is doing very well, even working evenings—so busy are they at this season.

Much of the nature work now on plants and flower study and farmers' work, is intensely interesting. The tad-pole departments are advancing to frogdom rapidly. Many of the little creatures to the delight of the children can boast of four feet and two feet. (That does not mean six feet.) The boys believe those in the school building have the best time, for many in their native swamps are found dead.

Picnic!

More about it next week.

Ten coaches and Mt Alto the destination.

A warm wave is predicted.

Botanizing is the fashion.

Dress parade Tuesday evening.

We play Gettysburg, to-morrow.

Many Dickinsonian visitors, this week.

Dr. Eastman has returned from Washington.

Mr. Dagenett has been to Washington on business for a few days.

Mr. Brock's mother and friends dined with him on Tuesday evening.

The Band went to Gettysburg on Wednesday to play for the G. A. R's.

"Wood University" is what the Juniors call their room in their class yell.

Miss Paull's sister Elizabeth Paull, of Blairsville, is with her for a brief visit.

Richard Henry Pratt, Jr. of Steelton is visiting the school for a day or two.

Cinderella Williams has returned from the country, after an absence of two years.

The Band played for the Class Day exercises at Dickinson College, on Tuesday.

The schools had a holiday on Wednesday on account of Dickinson College Commencement.

The Normal boys are at the farm part of the school time, and girls are busy as bees repairing their books.

Miss Barr is off on her annual leave. She will spend some time at her former home—Prince Edward's Island.

Mr. and Mrs Standing and son J. S. are spending a week in Gettysburg. The closed-up house has a lonely look.

Mr. Mason Pratt came over from Steelton on Saturday, and worked in a horseback ride with his father while here.

Dickinson College Commencement Exercises on Wednesday were attended by most of our faculty and the Juniors and Seniors.

Mr. and Mrs Thompson left on Friday for Albany, N. Y., Brooklyn, and other points, it being Mr. Thompson's turn for a vacation.

The baseball team defeated Lafayette last Saturday, score 2 to 1. It was called a most excellent game all through. Pratt as pitcher is making a reputation for himself this year.

Mr James Wheelock's orchestra gave a concert on the bandstand last Friday evening which was much appreciated. They played for the Metzger College Lawn Reception the evening before.

One of the country boys wants to change his home to one near the Delaware River, for he says they give him only a small pan to take a bath in.

Edmund Wheelock has gone away and a little boy with trousers on has come to take his place. Maybe this is Edmund, too, but where are the dresses?

Mr. Frank Hudson has been around taking the census, and we did not hear of his taking the senses of any of our people unless it was a few referred to in M. W. D's rhyme.

Major Pratt was the recipient of a box of beautiful red roses from Oak Lane sent by Evaline Hammer, who lives with Mrs. Williams. The gift was highly appreciated.

Miss Meredith, now attending Drexel Institute, visited the school on Monday, returning to Philadelphia Tuesday. She expects a position at Haskell Institute in the near future.

Miss Sarah Smith returned to her home in Wisconsin on Monday last, accompanied by Carrie Island and Elizabeth Skye. Elizabeth will keep house for her father, to relieve her mother who is in failing health.

Lillie Felix has come in from Overbrook, where she was for a few months in the beautiful home of Mrs. Wistar Morris. Lillie says she had delightful opportunities while there, and enjoyed the home greatly.

One of the cosey corners on the grounds is Mr. and Mrs. Warner's domicile. On Friday evening a little informal gathering of a few friends was served to strawberries and cake, the hostess being at her best.

Miss Richenda Pratt is looking quite herself, but is not able to walk much. The wheel-chair comes in play, in which she looks comfortable, and can take strolls in the air and sunshine—nature's great healers of the ills of life.

Electa Schanandore, convalescing after typhoid fever, won warm friends in her home and in the hospital at Mount Holly, by her good qualities, good work and amiable disposition; and has added to the favor in which Indian girls are held in that town.

Nancy Seneca, class '97, and recent graduate of the Medico Chi, of Philadelphia, ran in to see us between trains, Saturday, on her way from near Sunbury where she has been nursing a case, to Philadelphia her head quarters. Miss Seneca is looking well and happy.

On Monday evening, Major Pratt, Miss Nana, Misses Cutter and Forster, drove to Mechanicsburg to attend the oratorical contest at Irving College. They were very greatly delighted at the excellence of the orations and fine quality of music as well as the beauty of the young ladies and of the place in general.

From 1st Page.

"I want to beg of you young men to emphasize the STRONG character of your race, and meet every condition with fortitude and endurance, looking to a higher and truer civilization.

"Civilization has not reached the highest pinnacle.

"Your struggle in life is now beginning.

"I would ask you to not go back to your tepee, but stay away.

"Try to help yourselves.

"Whatever your occupation remain away from your tribes.

"Remain as INDIVIDUALS."

THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY FOR THE INDIAN

To illustrate the point that the Indian was obliged to turn toward the civilization that destroyed his occupation in the past, Representative John F. Lacey, of Iowa, told this story in his address here last Commencement:

A young man in Nebraska, who had among his friends several girls, started out one evening to make a call.

The first place he came to be found another young man there ahead of him.

He did not stay long. They leave early in Nebraska on occasions of that kind. (Laughter.)

He went to another house where another young lady friend of his was living and found he was anticipated there also; another young man was present occupying the front room.

He went to a third place with similar success, and to a fourth.

He heard the church bells ringing as he came out and concluded he would go to prayer meeting—it was prayer meeting night in Nebraska.

On arriving at the prayer meeting he took his accustomed seat, and the leader of the meeting turned to him and asked him to pray.

He lifted up his voice and said:

"Oh, Lord, I come to thee tonight because I have no other place to go." (Laughter.)

"Now it seems," continued the Honorable Member of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, "that that was about the condition of the poor Indians at the time Major Pratt appeared upon the scene. There was no other place for them to go but into civilization.

"Major Pratt has been an old Indian fighter, and history repeats itself.

"If you will go back with me eighteen hundred years or more, although I will not occupy all that time (Laughter), you will remember that St. Paul one night while en route to

Damascus was out gunning for Christians, and saw a great light, and from Christian hunting he began to think a great deal of them and turned to love them and to save them.

"So with Major Pratt.

"He had been gunning for Indians for a long time, but he saw a great light, and turned his attention to the living Indian for the purpose of building up the race, and the establishment of a splendid system of education which was to open out new avenues to that race."

DOING RIGHT EARNS A GOOD NAME.

"You would be glad to see how earnest she is to do well," says the report of one of our good little girls in the country, and a letter about the same little girl says:

"I must tell you of a brave thing she did one day. She accidentally broke a glass bottle of tooth-powder belonging to a lady who was visiting us over only one night.

"We were down stairs and heard the crash, wondering what C—— would do. Without a moment's hesitation she gathered up the pieces, and bringing them down to us held them out and told us she had done it, her poor face pale with apprehension.

"The lady was an entire stranger to her and we were both much impressed with the moral courage of C—— in coming at once to tell of it."

AN INDIAN PREACHER'S ARGUMENT.

One of the companies whose steamboats ply on the Great Lakes has a standing rule that clergymen and Indians can travel on its boats for half-fare. A short time ago an agent of the line was approached by an Indian preacher from Canada who asked for free transportation on the ground that he was entitled to one-half rebate because he was an Indian, and the other half because he was a clergyman.—[Progress.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 5, 7, 8 is a big weight.

My 1, 4, 6, 8 some Indian as well as other boys feel when over dressed.

In my 3, 2, 8 fruit is preserved.

My whole is what is occupying the attention of many of our boys and girls as well as teachers and officers, just now.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA. A cold wave.