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THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VII.

—FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1892—

NO. 32.

STAND LIKE THE ANVIL.

STAND like the anvil, when the strikes
Of stalwart men fall fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like the anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must be the marks
Where malice raves its want of power.

"Stand like the anvil," when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like the anvil"; noise and heat
Are born of earth, and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is seldom still, serene, sublime.

DON'T BE A SEAL!

At the Cliff House and on the Way Out.

All who have been to San Francisco have certainly visited the Cliff House.

Those who have not been to this city of the Golden Gate may come with me for an hour or two.

Let us get aboard the cable car!

Here we go sailing up the street.

No horses are pulling us over the hills.

There is no steam power in sight, yet we are conscious of being propelled by a mighty force.

A countryman or an Indian accustomed to seeing such cars drawn by horses might well be struck with awe at seeing such a thing laden with people, moving along regularly, smoothly, gently, with nothing apparently pulling it!

A Pawnee would say, "Big Medicine."

The force, however, which operates an immense stationary engine at one end of the line is steam, and it is this engine that drags the great iron chain which pulls the cars.

It would take thousands of horses to pull with as much force as is required to move the cars attached to this one cable.

Hark!

Do you hear that buzz?

That's the iron rope—the cable.

Do you see the crevice in the centre of the track as we go along?

Under the crevice is a hollow tube large enough for a man to crawl through. Through this tube under the ground the cable runs.

It spins all day long and half of the night. Now see the man standing near the front of our car.

He has hold of long irons or levers.

Now, look! He is pulling one back. If you look over between the seats you will see the iron goes down in the crevice in the ground.

The iron has a hand which grasps hold of the cable. Then the cable under the ground pulls us along.

When the iron hand lets go, then the car stops, but the cable goes on. There are dozens of cars like ours holding to this cable.

They speed along over hills so steep, up which it would be impossible for a horse with buggy attached to go.

When we go down the hill we go no faster than when we go up, because the cable goes only so fast.

The man at the lever must watch out; if the iron hand should accidentally let go its grip of the cable, the car would run away from him, down the hill, and people might get killed.

This does not often happen, but the other day such an accident did occur in this city.

The best seat in the car is directly in front, if sight-seeing is your object.

At the end of the cable line, we change cars and take one drawn by a small locomotive.

Ah! This is old-fashioned and natural; we catch the dirt and smoke from the engine, which gives us a chance to appreciate the difference, in favor of the cable cars so clean and airy.

In ten minutes we get our first glimpse of the "broad Pacific's waters," and the far famed Golden Gate looms up to view.

Golden Gate?

Do some of you think there is really a gate at the entrance of San Francisco Harbor made of gold.

Far from it.

The Golden Gate is a narrow passage of water through which ocean ships pass, and is thus named because it is the gateway that leads to the rich mines of gold in the interior of this wonderful state.

The view, as we behold it while circling the hills, is magnificent.

We alight from the small train at Suto Heights.

Suto Heights Park has been made by a

(Continued on fourth 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, by
EDITED by The man-on-the-hand-stand, who is NOT an Indian

Price:—10 cents a year

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Manager

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

THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance
so do not hesitate to take the paper from the
Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented

An Indian Industrial school is shortly to be
established at Fort Shaw, Mont.

The Sisseton Sioux reservation was opened
to white settlement on Friday the 15th.

Nothing since *Adam's* time could have been
Moore a *Pauling* than the serenade *Given*
Monday night.

It is proposed to pay New York and other
Indians \$1,971,295 for lands in Kansas ceded
them by the treaty of 1838.

Chewing tobacco is declared by scientists
to contain the bacillus tuberculosis, or con-
sumption germ, in vast quantities.

Dr. Edgar, President of Wilson College,
Miss Swayne and Miss Fuzi Tsukamoto,
our Japanese friend, spent Easter Sunday
with us.

Mrs. A. M. Longshore Potts, an aunt of Miss
Burgess and a famous physician, is giving a
course of lectures on hygiene in Harrisburg
this week. Miss Ely was down on Monday
to hear her.

The news has been received from the Chey-
enne Agency that Kish Hawkins, class '89,
has married a Haskell girl. We wish him a
happy married life.

Opportunities fly in a straight line, touch us
but once and never return, but the wrongs we
do others fly in a circle, and they come back
to the place from which they started.

Miss Rosa Bourassa, class '90, in sending us
a club of five subscribers, says that she is at
home and is trying to be useful around the
house: and that she does not feel as lonely
for Carlisle as she did at first.

On Tuesday at noon, the opening of the
Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation to white
settlement took place. There was the usual
large crowd of boomers, but according to all
accounts, the occupation was made peaceably
and in good order.

Some Kinds of Boys.

The boy who never does an hour's thinking
cannot amount to much in a world where
mental work wins more victories than muscle.

The boy with one hundred ideas, but none of
them carefully thought out and with no dis-
position to apply them diligently, is like a
ship with a very valuable cargo that is not
properly stowed—very likely to go to the bot-
tom. He is worth more if he only has a few
ideas and ponders over them carefully.

The wonderful boy with no earnest pur-
pose in life, is on the road to be a heavy load
to somebody all his life.

The pretty sovereign of a tribe of North
American Indians has a custom by which he
displays his superiority, not only to the world,
but to the heavenly bodies as well, says *Har-
pers's Young People*.

Every morning he stalks solemnly out of
his door, and stands until the sun appears
above the horizon. Then with his finger he
indicates the course through the sky which he
expects the sun to take. Then, having marked
out the sun's course for him, he devotes the
rest of the day to directing his tribe.

Although the poor Indian's notion of his
own importance is absurd, yet so many of us
have equally absurd notions of our importance
that we can afford to think twice before we
laugh at him.

While the Indian question is under discus-
sion in the halls of Congress and it is often
asserted that the educated Indians as a rule
lapse into barbarism on their return home, the
perusal of "*Stiya, an Indian Girl at Home*,"
will convince the reader that the wonder is
that so many are able to withstand the deor-
alizing influences at work. The book is a val-
uable contribution to the history of Indian
Education and will amply repay the reading.
Price, 50 cents; by mail, 57 cents. Address
HELPER.

Frauk White and Buffalo Black, the two In-
dians who claim to be prophets of the coming
Messiah and who have been the leaders in the
recent ghost dancing among the Pawnees,
have been released from the Guthrie, Okla.,
jail and have gone back to the Pawnee Reser-
vation, accompanied by a large number of
their Indian followers. It is to be hoped that
the Pawnees will not listen to these false
prophets and return to their barbarous prac-
tices.

The Government commissioners are treat-
ing with the Ponca Indians for the purchase
of their surplus lands by the Government.
White Eagle, the leading chief, has taken his
land in severalty and agreed to treat. Miss
Helen Clarke, the Blackfoot allotting agent,
so well known to all of us, has induced most
of the women members of the tribe to pick
their lands, so that if a treaty is made, little
delay in opening the reservation is expected.

The *Pipe of Peace* copies Miss Burgess'
article on the Genoa Indian School, printed
in the HELPER two weeks ago.

Hospital attendants should never nurse
their wrath.—*Ex.* Some good advice for our
nurses.

Mr. McConkey was ill several days last week. Mr. Campbell is now enjoying a month's vacation.

The Misses Hilton called at the school on Tuesday.

Philip Lavatta and James Wheelock spent Saturday at the mountains.

The blacksmiths are well on with the eighth wagon of the Montana contract.

Boise Bassford and Thomas Suckley died on Saturday and were buried on Sunday.

Dr. Hepburn was at Shiremanstown Tuesday morning to purchase trees for planting on Arbor Day.

On Wednesday morning the printers were remembered by receiving some Easter eggs. Thanks to Miss Seabrook!

The many friends of Miss Ditts were pleased to see her out on Tuesday and hope for her continued improvement.

A visit through the school rooms and shops shows some of them almost deserted, over 400 of the boys and girls being out on farms.

Dennison Wheelock and Edwin Schanandore went to Williamsport on Monday to look after additional instruments for the band.

Mr. Goodyear went fishing on Monday evening, but the weather was too cold and so we had no trout for the next morning's breakfast.

Mr. J. B. Given, formerly of the HELPER office, but now attending Lehigh College, spent the Easter holidays with his mother at the school.

Prof. T. A. Schurr, of Pittsfield, Mass., the famous entomologist and ornithologist who entertained us a year ago, is at the school and gave talks Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Mr. Standing left Monday for Philadelphia for a two weeks' vacation. While there he attends the Friends' Yearly Meeting. Mrs. Standing and Jack joined him in that place yesterday.

In one of the school rooms, the meaning of the word "frolic" had been given as "play." One of the boys was asked to give a sentence containing that word and this is what he wrote, "The boys will frolic ball."

The base ball grounds have been rolled, Dr. Reed having kindly loaned the Dickinson College roller for that purpose. The diamond is now in better condition than ever and we may expect better ball playing.

The boys are going to take up lawn tennis and croquet this year in addition to base ball. We noticed an exciting game of croquet going on the other day back of the Large Boys' Quarters and have seen some of the tennis racquets they have gotten.

The boys met in the Assembly room at the Large Boys' Quarters last Friday evening and organized an Athletic Association with Dennison Wheelock as President; Edwin Schanandore, Vice President; Reuben Wolfe, Secretary and Mr. Fisk Goodyear, Treasurer. A committee on constitution and by-laws, consisting of Mr. Fisk Goodyear, Dennison Wheelock and Martin Archiquette, was appointed to report at the next meeting.

Miss Nana Pratt is here spending her Easter vacation.

Miss Hunt is confined to her room with a severe cold.

Mr. R. Heikes, of Dillsburg, was a guest of Mr. J. B. Given, on Saturday.

Miss Cochran spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Millerstown.

The HELPER press which broke down two weeks ago, is again in good running order.

Mr. Jordan and his force of boys are now engaged in putting the grounds in good shape.

Messrs. Elliott Uhler and E. Wayne Evans, of Philadelphia, visited the school this week.

The two large trees in front of Mr. Standing's house have been cut down and hauled away.

Did the Easter rabbits bring you any colored eggs? Even the printers were not left out if they did come rather late.

Miss Burgess expects to start on her homeward journey next Wednesday and will stop at Haskell for a day or two.

Joe Harris, Martin Archiquette, Benajah Miles and Stailey Norcross went fishing Saturday afternoon and caught 31 suckers, etc.

Ida Johnson, Katie Grindrod, Annie Thomas, Nellie Robertson, Daisy Dixon and Richenda went to Hunter's Run on Wednesday to gather arbutus.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's chief clerk was evidently shaken up by the earthquake, which occurred in California on Tuesday. The old man hopes she was not frightened.

Richard looks quite like a little soldier marching around the grounds with his gun. We don't think the sparrows will suffer very much, at least not until he learns to take better aim.

The death of Thomas Suckley takes from the ranks of the Y. M. C. A. one who was ever ready to welcome strangers, and to use the musical talent God had given him, in any way he could.

We go to press Wednesday evening, a day earlier than usual, as Thursday will be a holiday. On that day we celebrate Arbor Day with literary exercises and planting of trees. A full account will be given in next week's HELPER.

Miss Woolston and Annie Thomas left on Thursday evening for the Indian School at Kean's Canon, Arizona. Miss Woolston was one of our most faithful workers, but throat trouble caused her to seek a change of climate. We congratulate our sister school upon its acquisition. Annie was one of our brightest girls. Our best wishes go with them in their new field of labor.

All who ever knew Boise Bassford will learn with sorrow of her death, which occurred last Saturday, the result of an attack of measles last year. During her school life here she had endeared herself to all by her lovely Christian character and beautiful disposition. She was ever thoughtful of others, and to the last, through all her weakness, her faith and trust in God were perfect. A true King's Daughter, her death was indeed a going home to the Father's House.

(Continued from first page.)

wealthy gentleman for the use of the public.

White, black, Mongolian and red people alike may enjoy its beauties.

Tropical plants adorn the grass plats; the walks and drives are perfectly kept, and plaster casts of the most prominent pieces of statuary known to man occupy conspicuous places here and there, giving the grounds an air of grandeur not seen in many public parks.

As we stand on the parapet of Sutro Heights, looking over bay and ocean and the picturesque island in the Golden Gate, the scene is inspiring, giving one the feeling that there is something in life worth living for, after all.

Just below us is the Cliff House, our objective point.

It is built out on projecting rocks.

Broad balconies surround the buildings and the people congregate and sit by the hour, listening to the music of the waves and drinking in God's fresh air wafted in on the soft sea breeze, as it mingles with California's golden sunlight.

Seal rocks and their inhabitants, about one hundred yards from shore, are one great source of attraction at the Cliff House.

Take out your field glass and let us watch the curious creatures!

That large fellow on the top of the highest rock is called Ben Butler.

They say he is the Captain, and has been the Captain for thirty five years.

All the other seals have to obey him, and sometimes he barks and fumes and fusses so in maintaining his authority that half of the other seals jump into the water in fright and sometimes he knocks them off.

The rocks are so steep and the animals so clumsy you might well wonder how they ever climb to the ragged peaks, but they get there and bask in the sun as composedly as do well-fed cows rest leath the shade of a tree on a hot summer's day.

See that one; he is lying with his small head (out of all proportion with his cumbersome body) over the sharp edge of a rock, while the rest of his fat, slimy body rests upon the roughest portion of the cliff visible, in a position that would be positively dangerous for a human being and one would naturally think most uncomfortable for any living creature.

And thus these animals live, year in and year out, content with a space so narrow that it does not require brains above an oyster to exist and be happy.

As we sit and watch them, we can but compare them with some people who have no aspiration or aim in life.

There are people so lazy, so absolutely good-for-nothing that the seal is a valuable adjunct to the world in comparison to them.

There are people who are SLUGGISH; they have little or no desire for mental improvement. After performing certain necessary duties to maintain life, they pass their leisure moments much as these seals do. The seals dive for the necessary fish to eat, that they may live and then they drag their heavy bodies to the nearest resting place and there lie, content and happy with no thought for the future.

Look at them!

Small heads and big, lazy bodies.

It is the way we naturally grow if we do not make a strong effort daily to improve our minds.

What is more pitiable than to see a great, large man with a wee bit of a brain.

If we do not read and study and think hard, so as to make our brains grow, our minds will become weaker and weaker and smaller and smaller as we get old; while our bodies, if we keep them well-fed and do not try to master our passions and animal tendencies, will grow sluggish and clumsy and lazy, until like the seal we will have burdensome bodies with very little brains.

Our bodies may be small and yet too large for our brains to manage. What the Man-on-the-band-stand admires is a man with brain power sufficient to master his body.

Let us get up and out into the free, open sunlight of the world, and when warmed by the beams of the sun of civilization, let us not drop lazily back into the water for our fish, but work for it in a way that will stimulate mental activity and make us men.

Let us not be seals!

Let us be MEN!

Enigma.

I am made of 19 letters.

My 1, 4, 14, 16 is what we eat.

My 13, 18, 10, 3 is what every one should do.

My 11, 9, 13 is not high.

My 8, 2, 15, 16 is to be in need.

My 17, 9, 19, 5, 6 is a young person.

My 12, 7, 14, 5, 6 is what all must face.

My whole is what Capt Pratt spoke very forcibly about Monday morning.

ARTHUR JOHNSON.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Outing System.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription for the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

1. For one subscription and a 2-cent stamp extra, a printed copy of the Pueblo photo, advertised below in paragraph 5.

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache contrast, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra.

(This is the most popular photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced pappoose in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo of Piegan Chiefs.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a bondoir combination showing all our prominent buildings.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and another of the same pupils, three years after, showing marked and interesting contrast. Or a contrast of a Navajo boy on arrival and a few years after.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5 cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x14 photo, of graduating classes, choice of '89, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo, of the Idi gs.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7-cents extra, a copy of "Stiya, a returned Carlisle Indian girl at home."

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6½x8½ and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Philadelphia.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13½ x16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75 cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces Bandoir size for 7 subscriptions, and 2 cents extra.

Without accompanying extra for postage, premiums will not be sent.