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THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. VII.

—FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1892—

NO. 34.

CLIMBING UP THE HILL.

NEVER look behind, boys,
Up and on the way!
Time enough for that, boys,
On some future day.
Though the world be long, boys,
Fight it with a will;
N ever stop to look behind
When climbing up a hill.

First, be sure you're right, boys,
Then with courage strong,
Strap your pack upon your back,
And tug, tug along;
Better let the lag-out
Fill the lower bill,
And stick the farther stake-pole
Higher up the hill.

Trudge is a slow horse, boys,
Made to pull a load,
But in the end will give the dust
To racers on the road.
When you're near the top, boys,
Of the rugged way,
Do not stop to blow your horn,
But climb, climb away.

Shoot above the crowd, boys,
Brace yourselves and go!
Let the plodding land-pod
Hoe the easy row.
Success is at the top, boys,
Waiting there until
Brains and pluck and self-respect
Have mounted up the hill.

YES, SHE WAS SHAKEN.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

The item which appeared two weeks ago in regard to your chief clerk being shaken, was entirely correct.

At about three o'clock on the morning of April 19, while in a lone dark room of a San Francisco hotel, your chief clerk, along with the other inhabitants of the Golden Gate city, received a shaking long to be remembered by them.

Whether all were so badly frightened as she at the sudden awakening to the realization of a bona fide earthquake, we will leave an open

question for the fertile imaginations of the readers of the HELPER to speculate upon.

In the hotel de Girard, however, there were numerous frightened lodgers who rushed from their rooms into the hall on that eventful occasion without waiting to prepare an elaborate toilet before doing so.

The manoeuvrings of ye clerk might have appeared well in a photograph, but the scene exactly as it occurred for about a minute there, "all alone and in the dark," will ever be felt but cannot be described.

Chandeliers were crashing to the floor; timbers creaking as though they were about to tear from their sockets; glass hangings were rattling; heavy pictures thumping against the wall; suspended bells ringing, all the while your clerk, nearly beside herself with fright, was staggering in keeping with the rocking of the house, from one part of the room to the other trying to reach various articles of clothing to put on.

In the midst of this confusion a mad thump on the door caused her to dive headlong toward the latch, which it seemed to take an age to find and unlock.

When the door finally swung on its hinges, a huge rian in night robe and bare feet, with dishevelled hair and wild look of the eye, confronted her.

He looked like a ghost while all out of breath, he said, "Sister, it's an earthquake; come quick," after which he ran and dressed.

"Ye-e-e-s, I know," said your clerk, but not until a very important article of wearing apparel containing all her numerous and ponderous valuables was put on, first wrong side out of course, then turned, and sufficient clothing beside in order to appear respectable, did she go out into the hall to mingle with the excited apparitions in night garments.

The house snook for nearly two minutes, which is a very long time I assure you under

(Continued on fourth page)

THE INDIAN HELPER.

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—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 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.

Only by labor can thought be made healthy, and only by thought can labor be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity.

A number of teachers and girls went to the mountains on Saturday afternoon to gather arbutus and returned with quite a quantity of the fragrant flower.

The hospital people fully appreciated the music the other evening, when the band came over and played some of their finest selections for them. Come again.

He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath a place of profit and honor. A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Very favorable and encouraging reports have been received about our pupils who are in country homes; but still we have to report some failures among the 424 who are thus placed.

"We do not need to patronize the Chinaman any more," was what the M. O. T. B. S. heard a young gentleman say, when he saw the pile of shining, snowy shirts, washed, starched, and ironed by our Maggie Old Eagle, in her country home.

Charges of cruelty have been made against the management of the Educational Home, Philadelphia, the inmates of which are with a few exceptions, all Indian boys, about 100 in number. An investigation is likely to follow. We hope the charges will prove to be unfounded. It is but fair to say that they are denied by the Supt.

The band took part in the flag raising exercises at Newville on Saturday, at which Governor Pattison and other notables were present. It led the procession and gave a concert at the close of the exercises. The *Harrisburg Star-Independent* says of them: "The band from the Indian School at Carlisle, which is composed of Indians, furnished the music in so artistic a style as to win not only the admiration but the critical approval of all who were present."

Indian Tradition of the Flood.

There was not, if early historians, missionaries and theologians are to be believed, a single tribe of American Indians who had, at the time of the white man's advent in the Western Hemisphere, the least smattering of tradition concerning the life, ministry and suffering of Jesus. But this does not hold good in regard to the story of Creation, the Tower of Babel and the Flood, many of them having traditional history which almost exactly corresponds with the stories of these great events as related in the Bible.

One day Major Davenport, the government agent for the Musquakies, was telling some chiefs about Noah, the flood and the ark when one of them interrupted him with "Humph! We know that long time. We was in canoes all tied together. We float in heap water. We send muskrat down one, two—many times. He dive, come up. Last he go down and come up with mud in his claw. We know water going down." This was all the information Mr. Davenport could elicit from the dusky seer. —[Selected.]

The following letter from an educated Indian, now in business in Chicago, explains itself:

"I am an Indian in business in this city, and I sometimes feel lonely because there are no other Indians here.

I feel that I know too little about the passing events relating to Indian affairs and as I know that to every Indian, the interests of his people should be a matter of much study, I write thinking that your paper would be the medium of information which I desire.

Perhaps it would be interesting for you to know that I was a pioneer to the Indian Training School started at Forest Grove, Ore., by Capt. M. C. Wilkinson twelve years ago. I was the smallest of eighteen Puyallup children with whom the school opened and a pupil there for four years.

This little bit of my past history makes your school at Carlisle of special interest to me and I hope that I can visit it some time in the near future."

From Reports of Farm Pupils.

"L— is very neat and tidy. As this is her first trial at country life and housework, she is of course inexperienced, but I think will soon learn: is very willing."

"J— is a very good boy. He has very good judgment about things."

"We think C— is a very excellent girl."

"Good boy to work, but very forgetful. When told about it, he gets angry."

"She is obedient and tries to please."

"F— is very satisfactory, obliging and efficient."

"He is well and strong, and likes to play, and might just as well think a little as to expect some one else to do it for him."

"Everything being strange to him, he seemed a little slow at first, but is improving and we like him very much."

An ancient Indian pottery has recently been discovered in Southern New Jersey.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in resolution to do so no more.

Hot!

No cases of measles.

Straw hats to the front!

Where are you going to put your flower bed?

Some of the boys are breaking stones for the drives.

Mr. Goodyear spent yesterday afternoon in Harrisburg.

Mr. McConkey was indisposed for several days this week.

The band serenaded Capt. Pratt and Miss Burgess yesterday.

Mrs. Sage left on a trip to Philadelphia yesterday morning.

Luzena Choteau, class '92, went to the country on Saturday morning.

Capt. Pratt went to Washington on Monday to be gone several days.

The Juniors defeated a picked nine on Saturday by a score of 15 to 9.

The blacksmith boys are now engaged in overhauling the little herdic.

The band will give a concert on the public square in town to-morrow evening.

Not satisfied with one paper, No. 10 has gotten up another, called *No. 10 Reporter*.

Miss Shaffner delivered an illustrated lecture on China in Harrisburg last night.

Miss Ella Snyder, of Blairsville, Pa., was a guest of Miss Paull on Saturday and Sunday.

The school team is trying to arrange a game of ball with some outside nine for tomorrow.

The drives through the grounds are being put in good condition by Mr. Jordan and his force of boys.

The grass tennis court at the side of the Girls' Quarters has been put in shape and is in use every pleasant evening.

Misses Fisher and Bander spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt at Steelton and had a most enjoyable visit.

A number of the teachers and pupils will attend the Marine Band concerts in Harrisburg this afternoon and evening.

The six new Distin horns which arrived last week are beauties and their fortunate owners are very proud of them. They were out for the first time at the serenade yesterday.

Items from No. 12.

The lawn tennis boys played their first game on Tuesday evening. Although their ground is a little rough, they enjoyed themselves very much.

Sam Sixkiller has been heard from. He says, "I have not been here but a little over three weeks and have been kicked by the cows fifty times."

The Juniors seem to have success on all sides this spring. Last week they won two games of ball, one from the printers and one from a picked nine.

The senior class for '93 is small, there being only four in it and they all boys.

Since Miss Cutter has returned, Miss Slaffner goes back to her own school room—No. 11. Miss Fisher now finds more time for her many other duties.

Miss Hunt spent Sabbath at Hunter's Run.

We hope that Edwin Schanandore will get over his trouble with his tooth before the concert.

No. 10 is having some lessons in Botany from a beautiful book, called "Fairy Land of Flowers."

Six boys left for country homes on Monday morning and a party of thirteen girls will go tomorrow.

Luke Bear-hield has returned from the country, the end of his finger having been cut off by a potato planter.

No more trouble with steam pipes, now that the hot weather has come. The engineers are keeping up fire, however, for any emergencies.

Jacob Cobmoosa has gone to Mrs. Howe's, Hunter's Run, for a few weeks. We know he will have a good time and get fat and strong.

The little girls busy themselves when not on duty making golden wreaths of dandelions and presenting them to their teachers and friends.

A game of ball was played on Thursday and Friday evenings between the Printers and Juniors, resulting in a score of 12 to 9 in favor of the latter.

Stailey Norcross has his fruit picture hung in the tailor shop during his absence in the country. The very sight of it make one's mouth water.

We are very glad to welcome back Miss Cutter after her month's leave. She brought with her her sister, Miss Charlotte, who will remain with us for some time.

The recent rains and hot weather have caused the grass to spring up so that the lawn mower has been brought out and the grounds look beautiful in their green dress.

How delightful it is to welcome home a faithful omrade! We experience this pleasure as we clasp the hand of our Miss Burgess, who returned Wednesday from a visit to the Pacific coast, bringing with her a cheery breeziness that reminds one of the invigorating air blowing over the blue waves that roll into the Golden Gate at San Francisco.

Letters from Barbara Showatumy tells of the safe arrival at home of herself and Stiya. They found no one to meet them, so they went up to William Paisano's house, and later on to their own homes. Barbara writes a good description of the journey, telling of the snow-covered mountains and the bare, dry plains, where cattle had perished for want of water. She is glad to be at home for a while, but hopes she can come back to dear Carlisle.

Items from No 9.

A little robin is building a nest in one of our transoms.

These warm days make us think of straw hats and potato bugs.

The blacksmith boys are beginning to smile because the Piegan wagons are nearly finished.

The best way to keep the room cool is to close the windows and shutters on the sunny side at noon, and then open those on the other side.

(Continued from first Page.)

such circumstances, indeed just two minutes longer than your clerk ever cares to experience again.

On the next day when we heard of whole towns, only a few miles distant, having been demolished, San Francisco considered herself highly favored.

There were no houses shaken down in the city, but some were twisted out of shape, old walls were leveled, unfinished buildings damaged, windows broken, glass-ware smashed and the like, but we are of the opinion, as one of the leading papers expressed it, that the "people were more rattled than the property."

When one travels the streets, however, in the vicinity of the *Chronicle* Building, ten stories high, the Flood Building, the Palace Hotel and other high edifices, both complete and in the course of erection in the crowded business portion of the city, we can but feel a little dubious about the wisdom of piling story upon story, until nearly ready to topple over of their own weight.

"But those buildings are earthquake-proof," says the enthusiastic San Franciscan.

"Impossible," says the reasonable, sensible man, not so grasping for the Almighty dollar as to fail to see the future good and safety of the masses.

A "tumbler" as they are called by the local papers, only a little more severe than the stroke of April 19, will shatter to pieces every one of those high buildings.

The mint, which is the largest in the world, is the only building in San Francisco that seemed earthquake-proof.

It stands like a rock upon solid rock, intended for the ages to come.

When we build *our* home in this beautiful summer land, it must be on a site commanding a pleasant view and constructed like a ship with beams so fastened that the house may swing from end to end and rock from side to side without breaking to pieces.

And then, most worthy benefactor, we will invite you to come live with us; to cease your weary toil in a land of bleak winds, cold weather, snows and cyclones to dwell in peace midst sunshine and poetry, roses, fruit and flowers, 'neath our own vine and fig tree.

But before closing on earthquakes, let me say that four lighter shocks were felt during the week I remained.

At every unusual rumble or sound, the most natural thing in the world for the inhabitants there is to glance quickly at the chandelier to see if it swings to and fro, a sure indication of a "tumbler."

One evening as the family group was seated about the table quietly chatting, a terrific noise like the falling to the floor of all the vintners in the house, startled us.

Every one thought "earthquake," and all eyes were turned toward the chandelier.

There was no motion, but immediately, crash, bang, bang (rest), then bang again, and the nearest one to the door sprang up and opened it.

There crouched poor "Bluch," the family dog, a handsome large fellow.

Some vicious party in the street had tied two large pieces of stove-pipe to a long rope around the dog's waist. He had dragged with great difficulty the ragged-edged and rusty iron up the stairs and around the corner to the home door.

The poor frightened creature crawled pantingly to his loving caretaker, who lost no time in releasing him, and then with what joy he bounded to implant a grateful kiss upon her cheek, while the rest of the family were as grateful that the noise came from no earthquake that time. YOUR CHIEF CLERK.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 litters.

My 10, 11, 8 is what we have in winter.

My 12, 3, 4, 5, 2, 9 is a person who writes books.

My 7, 12, 3, 1, 8 is what a cat likes.

My 8, 6, 4 is what we do in the dining room.

My whole is the country that the pupils in No. 4 are studying about.

SAMUEL MILLER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: ARBUS.

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 bound 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 a other of the same pupils, three years after, showing market 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, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes, choice of '89, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo, of our 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 13½x16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75 cents retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces B andoir size for 7 subscriptions, and 2 cents extra.

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

For **The Red Man**, an 8 page periodical containing a summary of all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon the subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year of twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.