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# THE INDIAN HELPER


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

VOL. VII.

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## SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

 All day long the rain has fallen,  
And the shadows of the night  
Find the earth with moisture laden,  
Covered o'er as with a light.

But the morrow's sun arising  
Clears the mist and damp away,  
Clothes the earth once more with splendor,  
Leaves no trace of yesterday.

So the ills of life come o'er us  
Like a heavy storm of rain,  
Fill our hearts with gloom and sadness,  
Leave us better for the pain.

## A MOST GLOOMY AND DEPLORABLE PICTURE OF THE PAWNEES.

Phoebe Howell, who returned from the Pawnee Agency, I. T., two weeks ago, was glad enough to get back to her Carlisle home, its comforts, its grand opportunities.

There is nothing for a young woman of spirit and intelligence to do for herself and by herself in such a dilapidated place as she found the home of her childhood to be.

No woman without good eastern friends to aid, sustain and encourage her could possibly work there.

Every helper on an Indian reservation has the monied backing of either the Government or of some church or friend.

Were this not the case helpers to help the Indians would not be there.

To settle down and quietly submit to the squalor and indecent surroundings of that Indian community, as her uneducated friends would gladly have her do and would think she was "stuck-up" and proud if she did not do;

To sit around and gossip, as is the favorite occupation with the uneducated Indian woman, in which pastime she falls not one whit behind some of her more favored white sisters;

To be content with the poor abodes of her relatives and friends who kindly insisted upon her staying with them;

To be satisfied with the scanty and poor quality of food she was offered;

To endure the discomforts and risks to body and soul of an extended life on the Pawnee reservation;

Phoebe Howell could not.

To hope to do anything there for the elevation of her people—she, a girl without influence more than any girl of her age and experience could possibly have in her home community;

She, in the face of terrible temptations and disheartening draw-backs such as one can only know who has once been a member of the tribe, reclaimed from the tribe and then returned to the tribe young in years, lacking in experience which carries influence with it, forgetful of the vices and superstitions ever at work to keep the Indians degraded, and unmindful of the wretched conditions and forces that are ever exerted to keep the Indians Indian;

What could *she* do?

The outlook was barren.

The difficulties loomed up mountain high.

It were useless for her to waste her strength and education in such a hopeless field.

(To be Concluded Next Week.)

### Enigma

I am made of 8 letters.

My 1, 7, 8 is something that some animals use to protect themselves with.

My 2, 5, 4 is what keeps us alive.

My 6, 5, 8 is something we never like people to tell us we do.

My whole is a celebrated man.

JOHNNIE GIVEN.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Sun-burned faces.

# 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 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.

John Morrison and Elmer Sweesy have recently visited the ocean from their country homes, and enjoyed the trip very much.

Jemima Two Elks writes from the Pine Ridge Agency, S. Dak., that she is working for the chief clerk at the agency and likes her place.

Luke Penguongay has written a brief but interesting description of a picnic that he recently attended in the country, which we will print in September *Red Man*.

In reply to a question from a subscriber as to the best days to visit Carlisle, we would say that the best time of year is in the Fall and Winter when the schools are in session. Saturday is a less interesting day to the average visitor than the other days of the week.

Another cheery letter from Anna Thomas, who is at Kearn's Canyon, Arizona, speaks of her continued good health and of her hopeful prospects. Anna is now a regular employee of the school and she means to do her best to give satisfaction. Certain leading questions shows that she is having an eye to business in regard to investments and saving of earnings.

One of our girls now at home on a western reservation where she was so anxious to go that she could not listen to the reason of her friends who tried to persuade her to remain away on account of her not having any immediate relatives to claim her, writes that she could not believe that there was such a dark spot on the face of the earth as the place she has found. She is longing to again come back where there is life and light and hope.

Miss Shaffner has returned from her rounds among the girls in country homes. She speaks in the highest terms of some of the places. Some of the girls have nice rooms and other conveniences we cannot give them in an institution, but a few girls have been

neglected, and their rooms and clothing show it. Such places are generally dropped. Mr. Goodyear, also in this week from a visit among the boys brings encouraging reports. He says he went into the bedroom of every boy in the country and is prepared to make a report as to the condition of their home life. Some he found in bad shape, but others good. There is not the same tendency to shove our pupils off in dingy garrets to sleep as is the case sometimes with other help. Our boys and girls are more with the members of the family and receive little attentions and care necessary to their proper development. The Captain, who makes a personal inspection of every pupil's room on the grounds once a week feels a special interest in the room facilities of his boys and girls on farms, and wishes them to not suffer neglect on the part of patrons, nor does he wish the pupils themselves to be allowed to become careless. Cleanliness and tidiness are among the first rules of Carlisle.

The vacationers have all returned and one of the interesting things to note is the various quarters of the globe from whence they have centred here this week—Miss Fisher, from Detroit, Mich., Miss Cutter, from Amherst, Mass., Miss Carter, from Stockbridge, Mass., Miss Luckenbach, from Indianapolis, Miss Cochran, from Millerstown, Pa., Miss Hunt, from Sherman, N. Y., Miss Hamilton, from near Mt. Alto, Miss Botsford, from Newtown, Conn., Miss Paul, from Blairsville, Pa., Miss Moore, from Holton, Kansas, Miss McAdam, from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Miss Noble, from Pitston, Pa., Mr. McConkey, from Glasgow, Scotland, Miss Corey, from Delphi, Indiana, Miss Merritt, from Mt. Vernon Barracks, Ala., Mrs. Sage, from N. Y. City, Mrs. Worthington, from a mountain resort in N. Y., and O, yes, Mr. Walker, from Carlisle.

We were sitting on the office steps on Tuesday evening while the band was returning from the farm where it had gone on a march of practice, and heard something that was as beautiful as it was strange. Every note from their instruments was distinctly echoed making it sound as if two bands were playing, one some where in the rear of the dining hall. For a minute we thought the real band was there, so exactly were the reflected sounds carried to our ear. But gradually they died away as though the band were moving into the distance, and the music of the real band became plainer as it marched upon the grounds behind the hospital.

All the lists are in and while we think we can guess pretty well who has earned the vacation prize, we must take time to go over the words carefully before knowing to a certainty. This we have not time to do before going to press. Next week the name of the happy winner will be published.

Zippa Metoxen writes from her hospital home in New Haven, Conn., where she is training to become a nurse, that she is now in the surgical ward and likes it. She seems very grateful indeed for the advantages she has gotten through being a Carlisle student.

Pay-day, yesterday.

School begins on Monday.

Don't get wild over the coming circus.

Miss Caryl takes a school-room this year.

The carpenters are roofing the annex to the coal house.

Miss Kate Dale of Carlisle was one of the callers on Friday last.

Fred Big Horse has returned from his home at Rosebud Agency, S. Dak.

The best berry pickers in camp were David Abraham and John Lone Star.

Mrs. Campbell returned from her tour by water from Boston to Baltimore.

Several from the school took in the Grangers' picnic at various times through the week.

The Misses Tielze and Derr of Linden Hall, Lititz, were guests of Miss Luckenbach, yesterday.

Chauncey Yellowrobe carried the order for camp to break, riding the twenty miles on horseback.

A business note from Miss Rankin, our friend the elocutionist, says she hopes to see us within a few weeks.

The cleaning of the school-rooms and chapel preparatory to the year's hard work before us, was begun on Thursday.

Capt. Pratt returned home on Saturday from White Earth, Minnesota, bringing with him a party of twenty-eight students.

Seven boys and girls arrived from Tacoma, and Umatilla, Washington, this week, coming safely and bravely that long distance without escort.

Camp broke up on Monday and none were more cheered when they entered the grounds than the mule which did such faithful service for the boys.

The clothing-room boys have been heard to whisper that they wish some steps could be built leading from the balcony in front of the clothing room door to the ground.

Miss Georgia Bratton, of town, former assistant at the girls' quarters called on Wednesday, making glad the hearts of her friends among the girls and others at the school.

The Indian boys of the Episcopal Sunday School, Newtown, Pa., spent a pleasant evening at the residence of Mrs. Reeder on Saturday last. Games and refreshments were indulged in.

Mr. Belt, son of Assistant-Commissioner of Indian Affairs, spent two very pleasant months on the Carlisle School clerical force this summer and yesterday left for his place of business in New York City, leaving behind a host of newly made friends who will ever wish him a successful career.

Miss Phillips has lost her aged mother. On Monday morning the news came out from town of her death, and Wednesday afternoon she was laid away in the grave, several from the school attending the funeral services at the house. Miss Phillips has the sympathy of her warm friends at the school.

Beautiful moon-light nights, these.

The Conodoguinet creek is said to be very low.

The price of "Stiya, A returned Indian girl at home" is still 50 cents; by mail 57.

The shops have been connected with the main steam plant, thereby insuring comfort to our workers this winter.

Wilkerson Johnson and Harrison Printup from the New York Agency, have entered the band.

Every employee and every student returning to the school from a prolonged absence should immediately report at Head Quarters.

Edward Marsden, of Marietta College, who is sojourning for a brief period with us, has gone to Cleveland and other points in Ohio, to make some missionary addresses.

The Grangers' picnic at Williams' Grove brought many visitors to our school, among others Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Rich and Messers George Brown and Cyrus Eastburn of Bucks County, esteemed farm patrons.

The Patterson sisters have been transferred from the Sisseton Agency Boarding School to the Otoe Boarding School, in the Indian Territory. It is their aim to see as much of the country and as many phases of Indian life as possible and they are certainly doing it. May success attend them in their new field of labor.

Wm. Carefield returns from his little summer sojourn in the country laden with HELPER and *Red Man* subscriptions. He also sold some copies of "Stiya" and made his returns in a business-like manner. William looks a hundred per cent better in health than when he went out.

A friendly letter from Phillips White, who went recently to his home in Dakota, speaks somewhat discouragingly of his home surroundings, but very beautifully of his friend Capt. Brown, who is doing so much for the Pine Ridge Sioux. Phillips believes him to be a thoroughly good man, and that he intends to aid the Indians in every way he can.

The clarinet players of the band have improved wonderfully in the last week or ten days. What was once painful to listen to, has now become a pleasure. More hard practice will relieve the flattening entirely. The music Wednesday evening was especially good. On Saturday evening the following programme was rendered very acceptably to the appreciative listeners on the ground: 1. LaPetite Coquette Waltz; 2. Indian Band March; 3. Remembrance to Howard Logan; 4. Sunday March.

Miss Ida Johnson who goes to Fredonia Normal School, New York, to-day, was tendered a little farewell reception by her friends in the girls' quarters, on Wednesday evening. The party gathered in the girls' society room which was decorated for the occasion. The evening was pleasantly spent and while regrets were expressed at having to part with our genial school-mate, the company felt glad for her to have this grand opportunity to get out into a higher and better atmosphere. Carlisle's main effort is to push her pupils out into a better life, and not back, forever BACK. Miss Ida will make the best of her chance.

## HOPE FOR THE INDIANS.

### It Doesn't Matter Much Who One's Father Was.

From an interesting compilation published by the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* we take the following about THE FATHERS OF GREAT MEN:

Homer was a farmer's son.  
Milton was the son of a copyist.  
Mozart's father was a bookbinder.  
Charles Lamb was a servant's son.  
Socrates was the son of a day laborer.  
Powers, the sculptor, was a farmer's boy.  
The father of Burns was a peasant farmer.  
The father of Goethe was the son of a tailor.  
Sir Isaac Newton's father was a poor farmer.  
Hans Christian Anderson's father was a cobbler.

Dickens' father was a poor clerk in the navy pay office.

Napoleon's father was a citizen of very humble means.

Virgil's father was a porter, and for many years a slave.

The father of Niebuhr, the historian, was a farm laborer.

Rembrandt's father is said to have been a miller and a farmer.

Franklin was the son of a soap boiler, and was himself a printer.

Demosthenes was the son of a swordmaker and blacksmith.

The father of Keats kept a livery stable, in which the poet was born.

The father of Oliver Cromwell was a country gentleman of small means.

Daniel Webster was the son of a farmer in very humble circumstances.

The Emperor Maximilian was the son of a peasant who had been a slave.

Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was a farmer's son.

The father of Kepler, the mathematician and astronomer, was a private soldier.

Jeremy Taylor was the son of a barber and spent his youthful hours honing razors.

Ben Johnson was the son of a bricklayer and for a time himself worked at that trade.

Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver, and himself learned that trade.

John Calvin was the son of a cooper, and helped his father in this humble calling.

The father of Henry Wilson, Vice President of the United States, was a poor farmer.

The father of Kant, the great German think-

er, was a saddler and taught his son the elements of the trade.

The father of Chaucer was a vintner and the future poet and favorite of royalty spent his youth washing bottles.

President Johnson was the son of parents in very poor circumstances, and was himself a tailor and unable to read until nearly 30 years of age.

And so on.

Hundreds of other names of great men are in the list from which the above were taken, and hundreds of names outside of this remarkable list might be mentioned to show that our being somebody of importance does not depend upon what our fathers were.

Rev. Mr. Chambers, who preached a very impressive sermon last Sunday, in Philadelphia, a part of which was given in Monday's *Press* sounded the key-note when he said:

"No one becomes good by wishing to be good.

He must WILL to be so.

No one is happy by wishing to be.

He must WILL to be, and the result of each life is what each individual WILLS to become.

It is paradoxical to will one thing, and live in hopes of being something else."

### STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription to 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. Cash price 5 cents.

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. Cash price 60 cents for the two.

(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. Cash price 20 cents each.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a bond or combination showing all our prominent buildings. Cash price 25 cents.

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. Cash price 20 cents each.

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 buildings. Cash price 50 cents for school, 30 cents for 8x10's.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7-cents extra, a copy of "Stiya, a returned Carlisle Indian girl at home." Cash price 50 cents.

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Phila. Cash price 20 and 25 cents

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13 1/2 x 16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces B-adair-size for 7 subscription, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

Without accompanying extra for postage, premiums 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 or twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names to the HELPER.