

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. VIII.

—FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1893.—

NO. 41.

KEEP TRYING.

If boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking
Till the boy become a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle
Because through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered,
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail,
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail
Be stubborn against failure;
Try! Try! and try again,
The boys who've kept on trying
Have made the world's best men.

INDIAN HELPER SUMMER OFFER.

FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

A Chance for the Enterprising Youth or Willing Adult.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

will be given to the person sending us the largest number of subscriptions for the INDIAN HELPER before the FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS

will be given to the person sending us the next largest number, and

TEN DOLLARS

will be given to the person sending the third largest number.

This is an exceptional offer for a paper the

size of the HELPER, but we hope to come out in the fall with our subscription list considerably enlarged.

Picnic times and summer resorts are the times and places to work for subscriptions:

Send for sample copies of the HELPER to distribute which we will give free, and for the rules governing this offer. Address HELPER.

A NEWS LETTER FROM ARTHUR JOHNSON.

From a private letter we glean the following, knowing that the writer will understand how hungry we are for good news from home students. It will be remembered that Arthur graduated this year and went to his home, in the Indian Territory last March.

He says:

This has been a rainy day and so I could do nothing in the field.

Our prospects for crops is very favorable, still our wheat is not up to last year. They are through harvesting wheat, and as we have no oats in, hay will be ready to cut next.

I have been perfectly well since I returned, having chilled but once, but it is terribly warm down here.

We have some very fine fruits. Our strawberries are all gone and apples are lying around rotting.

Our potatoes beat anything around here.

I received the school-battalion photograph and it looks quite fine although most of the features are not very plain.

Carlisle is a lively place if everything *does* move by bell and bugle.

Hampton's New Principal,

Rev. H. B. Frissell, formerly our vice-principal and chaplain, is now the principal, having been selected by the Trustees. Mr. Frissell has been connected with the school for about fourteen years and is therefore well prepared to take hold of his new office.—[*Talks and Thoughts.*]

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: In the swim.

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.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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 TWILIGHT HOUR AT THE FAIR.

It is refreshing to the weary sight-seer whose brain is laden with a conglomeration of wonderfully curious and interesting things and people from all lands, to spend the twilight hour on the Fair grounds.

Leaving one of the great buildings that border the "Court of Honor," the central spot of the Exposition, we find that already the benches along the basin and the steps near the fountains are filled with people. The space in front of the Administration Building is also filled with people listening to the music from one of the fine bands which play on the grand stand at this hour. Having provided ourselves with folding chairs, which hang easily upon our arms, we walk about and take position where we can command a view of the whole basin and are far enough away from the band to prevent that from interfering with our enjoyment of the music of the chimes which ring out such sweet, familiar airs at the twilight hour. Appropriate and suggestive is the hymn that comes to us so sweetly from the chimes:

"There is a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar."

Yes, we murmur to ourselves, if man can in so short a time make so beautiful a scene as this, what must be that home our Father has prepared for us in Heaven.

Turning our eyes to the dome of the Administration Building we see a little line of fire creeping up to the crown on top; soon all is sparkling with bright jets of electric fire, and along the edges of the roofs of the buildings are dazzling lights.

The several bridges spanning the lagoon are fringed with the same fire.

The water in the lagoon dances and sparkles, reflecting all the brightness cast upon it and showing to advantage the little foreign gondolas whose feathery lightness contrasts well with the steady and swiftly gliding electric launches.

The big search light from the Manufactures building shines upon the statue of the Re-

public, lighting up that beautiful, glittering figure in a marvelous way.

Above all beams the new moon, undimmed by all this electrical display.

Twilight has gone, but the night is filled with brightness.

We look towards the Electrical Building and catch glimpses of the revolving lights of many colors and almost expect to see Benjamin Franklin step from his statue in the doorway and in pure abandonment of joy send his kite sailing far up in the sky.

A shout from the people about us makes us jump upon our chairs and we shout with them "Oh, how beautiful!"

The two electric fountains, one each side of the Columbian fountain, are throwing streams of water 150 ft. high and from each jet there shoot up streams of fire, red, blue and yellow fading off into misty lights.

While we look at this wonderful achievement we are startled by the bursting and crackling noise of many fireworks, and the air is filled with red and blue clouds, fiery snakes dart about over the water circling about a fiery fountain in the center of the basin.

We shudder and drop into our chairs.

We feel like fleeing from such fiendish suggestions, but the crowd is too great for us.

Another shout from the people and we are standing upon our chairs again. Hanging, as it seem, in mid air we see Bunker Hill monument and the Massachusetts Building in honor of the day, for this has been Massachusetts day at the Fair.

Feeling that we have had enough of fire and smoke we turn towards the roadways leading to the gates. Soon we are away from the crowds, and crossing a bridge on the wooded island, we stop to rest. Leaning against the railing we look down upon the water glimmering in a dim light, and admire the white ducks as they swim about so peacefully and quietly, seeming to know that they can have all that spot to themselves for a while.

The booming and hissing of fireworks sounds far away, we exclaim, how peaceful and restful this is after all we have seen since sundown!

A. L. P.

Dr. Dixon, who has been with us for nearly three years, has been transferred to the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. His family accompanies him. What is Haskell's gain is Carlisle's loss. The Dr. will be missed in many ways. He was Superintendent of the Sunday School, and was useful in places outside of his professional line. Mrs. Dixon, who has had one of the King's Daughters Circles in her charge, will be greatly missed by the girls, as well as by her other friends over whom her quiet influence for good was strongly felt. Miss Daisy on the tennis ground and Grace among the wee girls will also be missed. The Leader of Carlisle has this to say in reference to the Doctor:

"Dr. Dixon came to the Carlisle school from California, and during his professional career here he has made a host of friends who will always view with gratitude his success in other fields."

If you are going to enter the contest for the Twenty-five dollar prize, (see first page,) begin at once! Send for rules governing the same!

The Fourth!

How shall we celebrate,
At the Carlisle Indian School?
In the harvest-field, it is likely.

And we could not celebrate in a better way.
Edwin Schanadore is on the sick list.
Louis Caswell is in the hospital ailing.

Miss Gaither has returned from Washington.
The rain is interfering with hay-making in these parts.

Wilson, of the mailing department, is under the weather.

Capt. Pratt spent Tuesday in Washington, on business.

Two or three rainy evenings this week drove the tennis players to the gymnasium.

Edward Marsden favored the school with an illustrated lecture on astronomy, on Saturday evening.

Misses Moore and McAdam left for the West, yesterday, to spend a happy month's vacation.

The Douglass pamphlet is now putting on its finishing touches, and will be ready for distribution, in a few days.

According to the *Talks and Thoughts*, the girls at Hampton play "croquette." Wonder if it is the same as our croquet.

Mr. Gordon, the father of Joe and Miles, sends for the HELPER saying that he is much interested in the little paper.

The Y. M. C. A. held a farewell meeting on Wednesday evening. Professor Bakeless, Mr. Ames and others taking active part.

Mr. Edward Marsden is in Philadelphia for a week, doing good work for his Alaskan home and people by making public addresses.

Stephen Reuben has gone to his home in Idaho. Louis is a brave little man to let his papa go so far away, and not make a fuss about it.

The wedding cards are out for the marriage of Thomas Metoxen and Elizabeth Sickles at the residence of Mr. Metoxen, Oneida, Wisconsin, yesterday.

A number of the teachers are planning to go to summer school. Some will go to Chicago while others will attend the great school at Martha's Vineyard.

Miss Ida Warren writes that she likes her work very much at Wanamaker's and has learned a great deal already, in the art of millinery.

We are grieved to learn of the death of Jennie Mitchell at her home at the Omaha Agency, Nebraska. Jennie left us a year or two ago in ill health.

Melinda Metoxen writes from her country home, "I have a very nice place and am well and happy. We are on the top of a hill and have a nice breeze all these hot days."

Miss Hamilton who has been on a leave out west in quest of rest for a spell has returned looking well, like a belle to our dell. Welcome back to the track that doth smack of true zeal in the wheel of progress and right! From the looks of our friend on the mend we attest that it pays to go west in these days for rest.

Miss Nancy Cornelius, the Indian nurse, in whose career this association is so justly proud, has gone to her home in Wisconsin for a much needed vacation.—[*The Indian Bulletin*.

Miss Cook, formerly a teacher at Carlisle but latterly connected with the Interior Department in Washington, has been critically ill. We are glad to learn that she is improving.

Miss Botsford has gone to Chambersburg to be with her sister Miss Lottie, who has come from her Connecticut home to Pennsylvania to recuperate in health. Pennsylvania is the place to come for health and happiness.

It is gratifying to learn that the colony of Indians at New Meilakatlah, Alaska, which suffered such serious loss by fire last winter has about recovered from the loss. There are two new saw-mills in active operation sawing out lumber for new buildings.

A well known physician has a good word to say for the much condemned practice of lacing. He thinks that tight lacing is really a public benefit, because it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the sensible ones to grow up into women of use and service in the world.

Mrs. Bakeless, the accomplished wife of our new principal, arrived on Friday to remain until Wednesday, when she left for Mifflin county, to visit her mother who is ill. Mrs. Bakeless will probably not establish her residence with us permanently much before Christmas.

Miss Zippa Metoxen, the Indian girl who is now a pupil at the New Haven Training School for Nurses, has been transferred to the New York Infirmary for a three months' course of special training. She is doing night work again, and has several patients in her special care.—[*The Indian Bulletin*.

On Sunday evening, Julia Long gave an interesting description of her visit to Chicago. She told in a very modest, taking manner of the interest created at the King's Daughters' Convention by her address, and the remarks made by Rosa Bourassa. She enjoyed the opportunity it gave her of mingling with such a large body of Christian workers.

Miss Cornelia A. Merritt, who resigned her position at the Indian school as teacher, to accept a position as superintendent of the Navajo boarding school at Fort Defiance, Arizona, left on the 1:31 train yesterday afternoon. Miss Merritt leaves a large circle of friends who regret her departure and whose best wishes go with her to her new field of labor.—[*Evening Sentinel*, Carlisle.

Miss Rosa Bourassa has arrived at her home in Michigan safely, and writes an interesting descriptive letter of her trip and her visit to the World's Fair. She is very appreciative of all that Carlisle has done for her. At the King's Daughters Convention, she heard addresses that gave her "new inspiration to work for something higher." She thinks it a wise move on the part of Carlisle "not to have a few boys and girls" at the World's Fair as some other Indian schools have in a small building, for a month at a time, but is glad that our exhibit occupies a place along side of the best school exhibits that the country can afford.

NICE THINGS SAID ABOUT OUR BAND
IN THE TOWN PAPERS.

[*The Herald.*]

The concert given last evening on the square by the Indian Band, attracted a large crowd. The band did not arrive until eight o'clock, and even though the intermissions were short, the concert lasted until after nine o'clock. Every selection showed the band practice, to which the band was subjected. The playing was precise and in time. So well pleased was the crowd that after each selection, the applause was hearty. Those who had not heard the band since last year were surprised. The wonderful improvement since then has placed it among the best bands in the State.

[*The Leader.*]

The justly celebrated band of the Indian training school—known at home and abroad for its classic music on public occasions—gave an open-air concert on the public square last evening that captivated the hundreds of people who heard it. The band presented a program of rare excellence and the different parts were admirably taken. To say that the concert was thoroughly enjoyed was the fact the large audience remained till the close. The band on no previous occasion rendered more bewitching music, and their selections received liberal applause.

[*The Sentinel.*]

Night before last the Indian School band gave a fine concert at the suburban residence of Hon. R. M. Henderson and last evening they opened the season with an open-air concert upon the public square.

The square was filled on all sides with an audience that represented all parts of town. Dennison Wheelock, their musical director, wielded the baton and the programme was given as published in the *Sentinel* the day previous. They met with a cordial reception and the concert was such as our people have learned to expect from this well trained organization.

**Words from the Heart that Pleases the Man-
on-the-band-stand.**

An old subscriber to the HELPER says in her letter of subscription transmittal:

"We have missed last week's issue of HELPER, and we never knew we prized it so highly, till it came not. With best wishes for continued prosperity, etc."

Another says:

"The paper has been dropping in for so many years that I should miss its weekly visits very much, should they cease."

**RICHARD AND NANNIE DAVIS AT
PAWNEE, INDIAN TERRITORY.**

While visiting friends among his wife's native people, Richard drops the following interesting letter to Miss Ely, part being eliminated:

We arrived here last night safely. We saw Congressman Perkins at Arkansas City and

got on the train, only he went on to Guthrie.

We had a nice car-ride from St. Louis to Arkansas City, in chair cars.

Our girls were bright, behaved well and enjoyed the trip as much as we did. The weather suits us right just now and I think is doing us good, especially the little one.

We are staying at Mr. Rice's hotel.

Nannie is enjoying shaking hands with her friends and they are coming in to see her every day.

I think they have a very nice school here. Everything looks neat around the building.

They expect to have a new agent, and lots of new employees and new school superintendent. We will stay here for a little while and then go to the Cheyennes. (Richard's people)

We are getting on nicely so far. I will have many things to tell when I get back.

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 6, 5, 8, 3, 9 is what if he had not in our bodies we could not stand.

My 2, 7, 1 is what a batter should do to the ball sometimes, if he can.

My 4, 5, 9, 3 is the queen of the flowery kingdom.

My whole are what are growing very tame at the Carlisle Indian School.

STANDING OFFER.

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

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 boudoir 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 '89, '90, '91, '92, '93. Or, 8x10 photo of buildings. Cash price 50 cents for school, 30 cents for 8x10's.

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 price premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces Boudoir-size for 1 subscription, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

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

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