

# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—  
*Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.*

VOL. VIII.

—FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1893.—

NO. 43.

COUNT this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet,  
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,

By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquishedills that we hourly meet.

*J. G. Holland.*

## MISS SHAFFNER CONTINUES THE WORLD'S FAIR STORY.

Acting in the capacity of "special correspondent" by proxy, we will continue our ramble down the Midway Plaisance, begun by Mrs. Pratt a fortnight ago.

After a delightful trip through the several European countries, we decided to visit parts more remote.

We entered the Javanese settlement and if our young readers do not know where the Javanese come from, let them get their Geographies and look up the island of Java.

These are curious little people, resembling the Chinese in appearance.

They have an enclosure of about twenty-five acres, where are built a great number of mat houses, which are occupied by native families who live just as they do in their own far away sunny land.

Their furniture consists of several mats, upon which they sit during the day and sleep during the night, crude implements of trade, a few simple cooking utensils and possibly a small scroll or image.

The clothing is meager and usually consists of a piece of cloth fastened about the waist and sometimes a separate upper garment is worn.

In the center of the village stands a large bamboo coffee house, where a cup of delicious Java coffee may be had for a dime.

Coffee raising is the industry through which these people have become favorably known throughout the world.

In the west end of the village we are attracted to another great bamboo structure, which we are allowed to enter after paying twenty-five cents.

Here we find a native orchestra, consisting of more than twenty pieces.

The musicians present a real oriental ap-

pearance as they sit upon the floor of the platform, wearing heavy red turbans.

Each is intent upon contributing his share of the music, which is remarkable for correct time and harmony, considering their instruments are all very primitive.

In a short time five modest little Javanese girls step forward, bedecked with bright embroidery and tinsel.

In perfect unison they perform many difficult movements of the body and we are held in rapt attention for an hour.

Their bodies are distorted in a hundred ways and brought back to natural form by graceful curves and gestures.

At the close of the performance we were almost startled when the orchestra struck up "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and "America."

Of course the rendering was after a fashion all their own, but was highly commendable considering they play entirely by ear, and had picked up these national airs from hearing their manager whistle them.

From the Javanese village we went to see the South Sea Islanders.

I shall never forget having heard when a very little girl, of an English traveler being eaten up by these people of the Fiji Islands, and for years I thought of them only as ferocious cannibals.

Now they are all partly civilized and many have been converted to Christianity.

They are tall and handsome and possessed of excellent physique; are yellow in color and have short black hair.

They gave a number of ceremonial dances in which they were very agile, using almost every muscle of the body.

They sang constantly, showing strong clear voices and ability to harmonize different parts.

With wonderful dexterity, each manipulated what looked like a small boat oar.

There was a perfect bewilderment of swift movements, but each understood his part perfectly and not an error was made during the entire performance.

While we are just beginning to recognize the importance of training the body, these people whom we have regarded as ignorant and savage, have been working steadily along lines we would do well to follow.

Let us remember that it is with nations as

*(Continued on the 3rd 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

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.*

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.

**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.

Send for rules and regulations governing the same. Sample copies for distribution will be sent free to all who wish to enter the contest.

*The Red Man*, published under the direction of Captain Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian School is full to the brim every month of good readable Indian news. It is the best paper of the kind published.—[*John Threesixteen.*]

Our friend Mr. Wm. O. Belt of N. Y. City writes, that "The most substantial compliment a thriving newspaper can receive is a renewed subscription. Therefore I enclose ten cents, my subscription for the HELPER another year."

A letter from William Petoskey who is now farming at his own home in Michigan says he is not so fleshy as at Carlisle, for he is working pretty hard. He has bought himself a new team, a new harness and mower and was cutting hay at the time he wrote.

Mrs. Lutkins of Lawrence called at the Carlisle Exhibit the other day. She said Haskell would bring 51 students including the band and will arrive there about the 19th. She is not pleased with the Indian building and does not see how they will be able to make much of a showing.

The Douglass pamphlet may be had for ten cents; by mail 12 cents. There are thrilling utterances in this wonderful address by Hon. Frederick Douglass on the subject of Self-Made Men, and the book was printed entirely by Indian apprentices. It is worth the price as an illustration of Indian labor, to say nothing of its valuable contents.

Miss Gaither received a sudden order on Friday to report at Umatilla, Oregon, as Superintendent of the Indian Boarding School at that point. Transfers seem to be in the air. In gathering stray thoughts for the *Red Man* from the interesting reports of United States Indian Agents in the field we ran across this from the report of Agent Dixon of Lower Brule Agency: "Miss Mollie V. Gaither was employed at the Government day school as teacher, etc., severing her connection with the service at the close of the year. Miss Gaither's work at this school is deserving of special mention, and with her the service loses a faithful, experienced teacher." Miss Gaither leaves behind her many friends at Carlisle.

Miss Annie Thomas, ex-pupil of Carlisle, and for the past year, or two a teacher in the Keams Canon Indian School, Arizona, is visiting Miss Fisher at Albuquerque. She is on her way to the World's Fair, and will spend but a little time with her people, the Pueblos, on this visit. Annie seems impressed with the idea that some of the Pueblo young men and women should study medicine, as she believes a native doctor is the one thing that would help them the most. The Man-on-the-band-stand agrees with Annie, provided that after passing college the native doctor would practice his profession among the whites and show what Indians are capable of doing. In no other way shall they be able to help their people most.

A pleasant letter from Ida Powlas, who has arrived safely at her Wisconsin home says, that as far as she has heard the returned pupils with a few exceptions are doing wonderfully well. She will write again when she has seen more for herself. Hugh James has built a new barn since he arrived there but a few weeks ago. Josiah Powlas is working industriously. Her uncle Peter Powlas and Aunt Clara his wife, who, when a Carlisle girl was Clara Cornelius, are well and happy.

It is claimed by various prominent papers that the Sunday opening at the World's Fair is a failure. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "The 'workingman' whose eagerness to visit the fair on the first day of the week was depicted so touchingly by the advocates of opening, and who was held up as a martyr to 'Sabbatarian tyranny,' has concerned himself very little about the matter. He has been conspicuous chiefly by his absence."

We are sending samples daily to people who have entered the contest for the prizes. It will probably not take a long list to win. Enter! Get as many names as you can! If you do not get a prize there will be no harm done. On the contrary you can feel happy that you have done something toward helping along a good cause.

"To have no Indian display among the educational exhibits would have been a grand mistake. No other could have made as creditable a showing as Carlisle. I am very glad Capt. Pratt persisted in carrying out his plans. The exhibit is highly creditable." —[MISS FLETCHER, at the World's Fair the other day.]

Mr. Marsden has a Yost type-writer.

Jack Standing is orderly for his papa these days.

Albert Minthorn is our excellent mail-boy just now.

The girls' quarters are being touched up with paint.

The name of Phebe Baird was in the home-list last week by error.

Miss Bender is sojourning at Doubling Gap for a brief "space of period."

The Methodist picnic, on Wednesday, was a big occasion which some of our pupils attended.

Misses Cutter and Botsford are enjoying life at the great Martha's Vineyard summer school.

Mrs. Given treated her little boys to a grand feast of watermelon the evening before she left for the west.

Miss Barr is by this time enjoying the cool breezes of Prince Edward's Island, her home, where she is spending a happy vacation.

Susie McDougall won last week's watermelon prize. She was very generous with it, treating many of her friends to a delicious bite.

Mrs. Pratt returned this week from Chicago. She renewed her youth by ten years and is teeming full of interesting World's Fair topics.

Mr. T. Marcellus Marshall of New Mexico is a new arrival for the school department. We will have four male teachers beside the principal, Prof. Bakeless, in the Fall.

Joe Spanish has charge of the dairy during the absence of Richard Davis, and we understand he is doing it about right, if the mule does upset the milk-wagon once in a while.

Mr. Webber gave our little engine some good medicine, for she has run "beautifully smooth" ever since he kindly doctored her on Saturday last.

Susie Metoxen, Nancy O. Cornelius, Julia Cobell, Bertha Fattay, Viola, Olive Choteau, Mary Miller, Lizzie Bear, and Rosy Metoxen, spent the Fourth together in the country and Rosy writes they had a delightful time.

It is said that everything goes like clock-work these days in the school dining-hall, and one thing the Man-on-the-band-stand has noticed that the girls have done a vast deal of disagreeable dirty work, most cheerfully, in order that cleanliness might prevail.

The Juniors and Printers have had a hard tussle this week for supremacy on the baseball ground. The game Wednesday evening ended in a score of 9 to 5 in favor of the Juniors. The Printers won three games before this defeat. The Saturday's game for the championship stood 4 to 2 in favor of the Printers.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Given and son John departed for the World's Fair and Holton, Kansas. They will be absent about five weeks. Mr. Hudelson will have charge of the small boys in the meantime. Some of the boys are in a quandary as to whether to call him Mother or not. We will venture to say he will be as kind as a mother, but suggest that he be called Uncle instead.

Julius Brown on his way home remained over in Chicago to take in the World's Fair, and is assisting in the daily concerts given by the Lincoln Institute, in the Indian Building.

An order for eighty copies of *Stiya* was filled this week for the Philanthropic branch of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends. They are placing them in all First day School Libraries belonging to the Yearly Meeting. The story is one of a Carlisle girl who went to her home after finishing school, and the hard trials and experiences she had in her home life. Price 50 cents, postage paid. Address HELPER.

Florence Miller, who went last week to the seashore with Julia B. Dorris says in a letter to Capt. Pratt: "Julia and I are greatly delighted with our summer home. In Philadelphia we ran into Wanamaker's and got a peep at Ida Warren, busy at her work. She was greatly surprised. We have already been bathing in the ocean. We were a little afraid at first but soon got over it. Julia can swim like a fish. I know the summer will seem only too short."

*(Continued from the first page.)*

with individuals, none are so wise but that they may learn something from the most ignorant.

We also visited the Arabian settlement, which includes an encampment of Bedouins.

These people are of medium height, dark brown color.

Their women are very beautiful; one in particular, wearing a flowing gown with a corresponding headdress, looked like an Oriental princess.

The Arabs are divided into the educated and roving or Bedouin classes.

The former live in comfortable and sometimes elegant houses, the latter in cloth tents woven from goats' hair.

Among this class we found a dear little baby, that laughed and cooed as we stopped to play with it.

The interpreter told us that Bedouin men did little else but smoke and gamble; the women gather the fire sticks, bring the water from long distances in large skin bottles, grind the flour between two round stones, cook the food and weave the tents.

For pastime they dance to the music of drum and flute and are no less graceful than the Javanese or Fijians.

Their distinctive feature of dress is a long bright cloth wound closely around the head and neck with a loose end falling over the shoulders.

They are pleasant and hospitable; each visitor is offered a share of unleavened bread which in their own country is always accompanied by a cup of coffee.

Every detail is wrought out true to the description we have read of these strange people of the desert, and we came away feeling that after all we possessed much in common.

We paid a short visit to the village of native Africans and at another time we may speak of them more at length.

They seemed more degraded than any other type of humanity we had seen, but evinced skill and industry by weaving pretty mats

and hammocks, and raising coffee, cocoa and rice.

By no means least among the attractions of the Plaisance is an exhibition given by trained animals, including lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, pigs, boar-hounds, bears, elephants, horses and dogs.

All are in the same arena, and going through a performance, the possibility of which can only be realized when witnessed.

The degree of perfection to which these animals are trained is almost past belief.

Each is as obedient and docile as a lap-dog with the exception of one old lion.

He showed his teeth and growled fiercely when bidden to ride a horse back or drive a team of tigers.

The keeper spoke to him gently, which course failed to bring him to terms, but a sharp stroke of the whip showed who was master.

May we not believe that this rare sight is prophetic of the good time coming when all brute force shall succumb to that divine power of supreme intelligence?

At the Exhibit we have had a number of distinguished visitors from Europe, mainly from England, Germany, Switzerland and Sweden, all interested in industrial educational work.

One gentleman, Edward Boos Jegher, is Superintendent of the Industrial institutes of Zurich, Switzerland. He said our exhibit compared very favorably with others of the same kind, and added that the public schools of the country would do well by introducing more industrial teaching.

A native of Ceylon is here making a thorough study of industrial schools, with the view to introducing the same among his own people. He expressed himself greatly pleased with our exhibit and asked for the RED MAN and HELPER and blank reports of the "outing system" which I gave him. L. R. S.

(Concluded from Last Week.)

## LITTLE MISS WHITE RABBIT AT HOME.

### A Glimpse of Child Life on the Reservation.

One day the boys wanted soup and we had no fresh meat. So one of the boys dropped some wood on a little pup and killed it. Then their mother cooked it and we ate it; but it was my little brother's dog, and he ate some and did not know it was his. Then we laughed at him, and he cried and ran off into the woods. We hunted all day and night for him; and when we found him he said he was striving so as to make himself brave, so the Great Spirit would make him a good hunter like his cousins. My cousin killed a rabbit once. When he did that, he ate its heart raw, so that he would please the Spirits, and they would make him a good hunter.

My father came after us and we hid. My uncle gave him his horses, and he said he would not trouble us any more.

I have heard my grandpa say he was at a place where there were sacred men, white men, who said it was wrong for men to have two or three wives, and he believed it was true. I think so, because my uncle and his wife and

children are happier than we were at my father's home.

I have a doll made of a corn-cob, and a little tent just big enough for her. It is white cloth and my mother painted some figures on it, and my uncle made a picture of a horse and a jack-rabbit on it, because my name is White Rabbit. I am going to have a real doll soon, with hair and buckskin dress, all beaded, and have moccasins for her, too.

My cousins call my play-house a puppy-house, because one day all the little dogs went in there and went to sleep, and one little puppy gnawed the head off my corn-cob doll. Then I wanted to make soup of all of them, but they said if I would not cry I might go and see the big dance, and hear the singing and the drum; and mother made me another doll. Maybe I shall learn to make moccasins soon. I can work a little now with quills. I like to work with beads, too.

—[M. C. COLLINS in *Word Carrier*.

### Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 1, 4, 3, 7, 8, 6 is the name of a month.

My 6, 10, 12, 5, 1 is the name of one of our girls.

My 3, 13, 1, 8, 12 is a useful article.

My 9, 14, 10, 11 is not dull.

My 15, 2, 11 is what the base-ball boys like to do.

My whole is the name of one of the helping men on these grounds.

By Two of our Little Indian Girls.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Per-spiring.

### 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 vandoir 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 6½x8½ 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 13½x16 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 7 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.