

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1894.—

NO. 26

## ALWAYS SOME ONE BELOW.



N the lowest round of the ladder  
I firmly planted my feet,  
And looked up at the dim, vast distance  
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,  
I climbed till my brain was on fire;  
I planted each footstep with wisdom—  
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference,  
And that one was gilded with scorn,  
And when I grasped firmly another  
I found, under velvet, a thorn;

Till my brain grew weary of planning,  
And my heart's strength began to fail,  
And the flush of the morning's excitement  
Ere ev'n commenced to pale.

But just as my hands were unclasping  
Their hold on the last-gained round,  
When my hopes coming back from the  
future

Were sinking again to the ground,—

One who had climbed near the summit  
Reached backward a helping hand;  
And refreshed, encouraged and strength-  
ened,

I took once again my stand.

And I wish—O I wish—that the climbers  
Would never forget as they go,  
That though weary may seem their climb-  
ing,

There is always someone below.

—Ella Higginson, in *Sabbath Recorder*.

## A KIOWA DAUGHTER OF A KING.

(Concluded from Last Week.)

After a long journey, they reached the big school, where they saw many Indian boys and girls who were dressed like white people.

The school-mother took the Indian clothes from Mah-ho-tah, bathed her and put clothing upon her, such as a little white girl would wear. They named her Julia Given, and before long she forgot her Indian name. Ten years passed, and all this time Julia was learning many things.

She was taught in school the same lessons white children learn. Then she was taught to cook and sew, wash, iron and take care of a house. In summer, when the school closed, she went into the country and lived on a farm, where she earned some money for herself, and also learned many things, such as raising chickens, milking cows, and making butter.

Some white women felt sorry for the poor wild Indian women who did not know about Jesus, and after taking the course at the Baptist Missionary Training School, several were sent out by the W. B. H. M. S. to the Kiowa Indians, among the very camps where Julia played when she was a little girl.

After a year, one of these missionaries went East, expecting to stay only a short time. She had heard about the Carlisle Indian School, and how the boys were taught to make wagons, harnesses, etc. She needed a wagon for her work, and thought it would be nice to buy one which the Indian boys had made, so she visited the Carlisle school. She was very much interested in seeing six hundred young Indians from various tribes at study and at work. She was asked to make an address to them, and did so.

There were some Kiowas there, and they were very anxious to hear about their people.

She was told that a Kiowa girl named Julia Given was living with a white family, so she went to see her. Julia was very glad to see the missionary and to ask about her uncle Stumbling Bear, and many of her relations. The missionary was glad to tell that some of her people were now following Jesus' road. She was also glad to notice that Julia wore the little silver cross which showed her to be a Daughter of the King.

Julia told the missionary how anxious she was to go back and work among her people, and tell them of the King she loved so well and was trying to serve—but she added: "I

*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, 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.*

*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.

Where is the *Pipe of Peace* these days!

"When you go into a saloon, keep your hands open, and you will be safe," says Mr. Bishop.

If our readers are pleased with the HELPER, please help it to be a helper by showing it to friends and asking them to subscribe. Samples will be sent free to any address.

Those who remember Miss McAtee will be interested to learn that she has returned to Clifton Springs, N. Y. from Kansas where she has been spending the winter with her brother.

Florence Walton's country mother writes that she arrived safely after her commencement visit and while she enjoyed herself very much with us she was glad to get back to her quiet country home.

Some of the answers to last week's sentence were very amusing, but all who answered received a graduating class picture almost as good as the photograph itself. Any one who makes an attempt to answer this week's Enigma, may have the same printed picture by sending a two-cent stamp.

If we only would be SENSIBLE enough NOT TO LIE ON THE GROUND these warm days we might live longer. If you WILL DO things directly against good sense, and then get sick, do not blame the climate. There are very few climates which excel this in point of healthfulness, and Indian boys and girls pick up almost immediately upon arriving, if they take care of themselves.

An interesting letter from Stacy Matlack who is now living at his home at the Pawnee Agency, Oklahoma, speaks of many changes that have taken place there within a few years. He says he has never written much about himself since he went home because he has not done anything great to tell about. The town which is being built near the old agency site is a growing and prosperous little place which supports three papers, all of which we have placed on our exchange list with HELPER and Red Man.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, five members of the faculty, and the band and choir had the honor of banqueting with the Governor of Pennsylvania, in Harrisburg, on last Friday night. The Methodists held their annual conference in Harrisburg this week and last, and Capt. Pratt was invited by Rev. E. M. Stevens, pastor of the Fifth St. Church to have the band and choir give an evening's entertainment to that great body of ministers and others. The spacious Church was filled to overflowing with about 2000 people, who gave remarkable evidence of appreciation as the program progressed. Governor Pattison sat on the platform with the band, the choir occupying the regular Church choir seats over the rostrum. At the close of the music the Governor gave a most thrilling address in favor of Indian education, congratulating Capt. Pratt on the success of his work and the Carlisle Indian School band and choir on the skill they have attained as musicians. After the entertainment the party in company with Pennsylvania's Governor took the street cars to one of the leading hotels of the city, where covers were laid for all. The Doxology was sung earnestly and harmoniously by the Indian boys and girls, while an interested group of listeners looked upon the scene, at once unique and impressive. The blessing was asked by Rev. Dr. Morrow, the large variety of delicious viands disappeared with remarkable relish, while pleasant conversation was indulged in until the mid-night hour, when adieus were reluctantly said, and the train was boarded for Carlisle, each Indian boy and girl of the party of 75, having done his and her best, again creating an impression for the good of the race which will be wide spread and which can never be effaced.

How proud every great man is when it can be said of him he WORKED HIS OWN WAY through school and college. The Carlisle boys and girls will have the right to feel the same way when grown up, if they do their best while here. Some work best when they have something BIG to do but when it comes to doing the small things, such as picking up bits of paper from the campus, or sweeping a room and putting it in order they are almost failures. But let us not forget that failure in the small things always TELLS AGAINST US.

All who know Joseph Hamilton (class '92) are grieved to learn of his death at Choteau, Montana, on the 11th inst. His brother Robert was called to his sick bed side a few weeks since, after which there were hopes of his recovery, and he began to plan a trip to California. Joseph was a character which gives pleasure to his friends when they remember him in his life at Carlisle, and his last words on earth was a message to the Carlisle boys and girls not to hurry away from the good home and the many advantages that Carlisle affords.

As we go to press, the Sherwood Band of little colored boys is on the grounds. Next week we shall be able to speak of their music.

School-room No. 1 has received a new teacher's desk made by Peter Oscar and Charles White. It shows first class cabinet work.



Easter Sunday.

Spring is here surely!

Please pass the eggs!

Exhibition last night.

"Waste not, WANT not."

R U going on a farm this summer?

Mr. T. L. Deavor, of Fulton County, is teaching in No 8:

First thunder storm of the season, yesterday.

Miss Lida Standing is spending her Easter vacation at home.

If the feet be wet, get into dry shoes and stockings as soon as possible.

Frank Penn has gone to his home among the Osages. He is not very well.

Mr. Dennison Wheelock took a flying trip to Washington on business, Saturday.

Policing around the outer edges of the grounds is improving appearances greatly.

The grand farewell concert to be given by the band is in a high state of progress as we go to press.

Some of the little boys are learning to sew. They even stay in from play, so anxious (?) are they to learn.

Mrs. Masten spent Sunday in Philadelphia with a sick son. Mr. Masten was chargé d'affaires in her absence.

Several went to Harrisburg Monday evening to hear Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, of the London Company play the Iron Master.

No wonder the equinoctial storm was light, for Mr. Kensler's birthday was on the 21st. The heavens wept some, however. Wept for joy, of course.

Yesterday Mrs. Pratt went to Harrisburg to meet Miss Richenda who is home from boarding school for her Easter vacation. Mrs. Given accompanied Mrs. Pratt.

The grass is already a beautiful green and the robins go skipping over it in pursuit of the angle worm undisturbed by the hundreds of our daily witnesses.

It is a very pleasant sight to see the 58 tables at the dining-hall all dressed in white cloth and spotless porcelain, the floor beautifully clean and Mrs. Marshall busying in and out to see that all is right.

Miss Shaffner's King's Daughters gave her a surprise on Monday evening in the way of a delightful reception in honor of her safe return. It was held in the S. L. Society room. Refreshments were served and a general good time enjoyed.

Henry Old Eagle and Andrew Black Cloud had a serious collision on the base-ball ground which resulted in two battered noses and a state of unconsciousness for a dangerous length of time. They are both coming out all right, however.

One of the busy places on the grounds is the kitchen on pot-pie day. Mr. Masten holds sway and his assistant, Mr. Jordan, turns out such delicious looking pastry that it makes one's mouth water to watch them at work. The kitchen is greatly improved in appearance and convenience since the new arrangement of boilers in the centre.

After the band concert there is to be a soirée.

Imbed your dime in a piece of card and there will be no danger of losing in the mail.

Why did the teachers smack their lips after lunch, last Tuesday? Who could help it after eating Carrie Cornelius' delicious sponge cake and Charlotte Wilson's delightful potato soufflés? The girls are having special privileges in cooking under Mrs. Masten's able and interested instructions and they appreciate it. Nellie says, "I just like to be in the kitchen."

Miss Charlotte Brown, Principal of the Sidon School in Syria, was among the distinguished visitors this week. She has forty little Arab boys and girls in her school. Where she lives is the same Sidon mentioned in the Bible in the land at the east end of the Mediterranean sea. Miss Brown had with her some interesting curiosities and fine needle work. We are pleased to have her leave with us a little paper printed in Syriac and a hymn in the same language.

The base-ball season opened on Saturday with a spirited game between the Hayseeds and the Juveniles. The former did the challenging and won the game by a score of 13 to 14 in their favor. The Hayseeds are: Isaac L. Johns, Capt. and 3 b.; Chauncey E. Archiquette, c.; Paul J. Corbett, p.; George Newton, 1 b.; Nicholson Parker, 2 b.; Thomas Le Clair, s. s.; John Powlas, r. f.; Smith Shawegans, c. f.; Allen B. Chief, 1 f.; Their yell is "Who are we? Who are we? We are Hayseeds, don't you see?"

Josiah George, one of the best musicians in the band has left the Carlisle school for other fields of labor. He has entered a wagon manufactory in Schenectady, N. Y. and will earn fair wages at polishing springs. Josiah will be missed by the band, by the orchestra in which he played the bass-viol and by his many friends who esteem him as a most excellent, upright and trust-worthy young man. The Man-on-the-band-stand only fears that he has made a mistake in leaving before he finished the Carlisle course, for he will hardly get another as good an opportunity to advance in books, as he had here while working his way through, and a certain amount of book education is certainly essential to success in this day and age of the world.

One of the most interesting and interested visitors the school has had the pleasure of entertaining for many a day was Mr. Lester Bishop, of Versailles, N. Y., father of Albert Bishop, (class '92,) who spent Sunday with us. His complexion and facial characteristics are that of the typical Indian, but his heart and bearing have lost all the traits known as Indian; he is none other than a common-sensed, well educated and esteemed fellow citizen. Upon two or three occasions he addressed our pupils in modest but most impressive language. Mr. Bishop is the superintendent of a large Sunday School in Versailles, New York. He has a splendid voice for singing as well as speaking. In response to inquiries regarding his son Albert he says he will finish the course at the great Fredonia Normal school in two years. When such Indian representatives as Mr. Bishop come to visit us we find the intercourse helpful.



(Continued from the First Page.)

have learned better ways and could never live in an Indian tent again."

The missionary longed to see this earnest young girl at work among her people, so said to her: "Julia, how would you like to live with me and my companion, and work with us?"

The Indian girl's eyes danced with joy at the thought. The missionary wrote a long letter to the Society. The ladies of the Board sent for Julia, talked long with her, and decided to send her with their white missionary.

If you should pay a visit among the Indians of Oklahoma, you would see Julia working with her white sister. She is teaching her people better ways of living, how to sew and work, and that it is better to live in a house kept nice and clean, than a tent where the dogs can come in and lick the cooking utensils if they feel so disposed.

But the best of all, she is teaching them of our dear Savior.

Among the very trees, and along the same streams where her forefathers hunted buffalo and uttered war-whoops, this Kiowa girl's voice is now telling the Gospel of Jesus and singing of Him.

#### A SMALL BUT EXPENSIVE MISTAKE.

Occasionally a young Indian student thinks that his teacher is too particular over little things. "What is the use of always putting in a comma? The sentence can be just as well read without it," he may say, and sometimes a boy or girl becomes indifferent as to the decimal point, thinking that a little dot cannot make much difference whether it is in or out, but let us see how much the improper placing of a comma cost:

Some twenty years or so ago when the United States by its Congress was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty.

Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation, or experiment.

The enrolling clerk, in copying the bill, accidentally changed the HYPHEN in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc.

As the result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until Congress could remedy the blunder, all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty.

This little mistake which, anyone would be

liable to make, yet could be avoided by carefulness, cost the government not less than \$2,000,000.

#### INDIAN GAME.

A favorite amusement among the Osages a few years ago, was the simple game of "Kill-the-bone."

It consists in guessing in which hand one of two little bones were held, and was attended with much ceremony. A large log fire was made, the playmates arranging themselves around the fire and accompanied with singing, mimicry and gesticulation, the game was often played the whole night long.

#### THE MOST USELESS THING.

What do our young folks think of these words of Charles Dudley Warner?

If I owned a girl who had no desire to learn anything, I would swap her for a boy. If the boy did not desire to learn, I would trade him off for a violin or a rockwood vase. You could get something out of a violin, and you could put something into the vase. The most useless of things is that into which you can put nothing, and from which you can get nothing. The boy or girl who has no wish to know anything is the one and becomes the other.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 7, 4, 3, 8, is something very warm.

My 11, 10, 1, 10, 3, 9, 10 is what the home of many of our Indian boys and girls is called.

My 1, 2, 11, 4, 5, 6 is the head of some rivers.

My whole is a disease that is attacking some of our Indian boys, just now.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S SENTENCE: I did not say and, but or.

#### SPECIAL.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

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