

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1894—

NO. 32

A WELCOME TO MAY.



Oh! the lovely, lovely May!
Ever welcome, ever gay!
When by vale and mountain,
When by brook and fountain,
Flowerets bloom in beauty sweet,
Making heaven with earth to meet.

Oh! what verdure clothes the ground!
Oh! what fragrance breathes around;
Lambs are bleating, skipping,
Bees are buzzing, sipping,
Buds and blossoms fresh and bright,
Leaves so green, enchanting sight.

Through the woods and meadows fair,
Glad we wander free from care,
Lovely blossoms bringing,
While the air is ringing
With our loud and joyful shout,
As we gaily roam about.

THOUGHTS HEARD AT ENGLISH SPEAKING MEETING.

On Saturday evening the 21st, Capt. Pratt addressed the school, using as a text the results of the storm, the application of which was forcible and impressive.

He said in part:

"When I reached Harrisburg this morning (on his way home from Washington) I read the papers and found that a storm had passed over this section and that Carlisle had suffered.

On nearing the Junction before I left the cars I could see the boys at work on the large boys' quarters and that part of the roof had gone.

I was exceedingly glad that the boys had taken hold heartily and were making things sound and good again.

It is a great thing to be able to do that: to have the skill and ability within ourselves to repair the damage done by storm or by some other thing.

This brings to mind a thought.

As we go through life we will strike storms,

sometimes cyclones, sometimes smaller storms which will shake us to the foundation.

A storm sometimes strikes us in our weakest points. The One who sends the storm and rides in it knows where we are weakest.

It is a great thing to have within us at such a time the ability to go at it at once and make repairs.

There was a great man once who said 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'

Never a truer thing was said than that.

If we want to be free, if we want to have liberty, we have always to be on the guard. We have always to be attending to our affairs. We have always to be looking after ourselves. Whenever we stop guarding ourselves, stop looking after ourselves, then we lose our liberty.

So that it is by never-ending, constant watching that we can have liberty.

I have seen so much lack of that vigilance—so much carelessness.

Oh, for an Indian who will rise up and say, 'I am going to be a man, and I am going out into the world and SHOW that I am going to be a man!'

Oh! for MANY Indians! Indian boys and Indian girls who will be vigilant, ENTERNALLY vigilant!

Oh! for a spirit of anger and hatred that will rise up against their slavery!

Whenever boys or girls come to me expressing a desire to go back in the direction of their old ways, I feel a sort of contempt for that particular quality in them.

There is no STRIKING OUT in that.

There is no reaching out for higher and better things in that, but a desire to go back to lower things.

I have a letter to-night in regard to a girl here who is anxious to go home.

'Oh, Capt. Pratt, don't allow her to go back,' this beseeching letter says.

Now, the only thing to be done, *absolutely*

(Continued on the 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.

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.

The fifty-dollar boys who want hundred-dollar positions are nearly always out of a job

Send the extra stamp for postage when a premium is asked for unless you try the Enigma, then send only the required amount without the extra for postage.

Now is the time for visitors to come see us for we have on our very best spring robe. Even the old walnut trees are coming out in leaf, and never again this year will the campus seem so fresh and beautiful.

O, the irregularities of this wonderful English language: Why not a "pair of coat" as one of our boys puts it, as well as a "pair" of trousers? One covers a pair of arms the other a pair of legs, and why not a pair in each case.

The Children's Missionary, of York, Pa., for May is a very interesting number for all who like Indian news. It contains a story of Dr. Montezuma and an account of the school as well as an interesting catechism about the best way to settle the Indian Problem.

Every HELPER subscriber gets a picture this week. Is it not worth a new subscription? Our list naturally runs down a little in the summer. Introduce the paper into some neighborhood that has not known the little letter, and let it do its work!

The Fire on Tuesday Morning.

What bade fair of being a sweeping fire at the near farm was promptly put out by vigorous work on the part of the Indian fire-department, who used "Uncle Sam," the hand engine, to good advantage. While the boys were at breakfast the summons came that the farm barn was on fire, but it proved to be the inside of the house. Smoke was seen coming from under the eaves, and the source was traced to the clothes closet in the Indian boys' room. It is thought that a mouse must have been nibbling the sulphur of an easy lighting match, and possibly carried it in the wall, for the smoke came from the wall. With much deluging and considerable

chopping of studding and plastering the fire was put out. Mrs. Bushman had just gotten her house in apple-pie order, but everything was obliged to be dumped into the yard pell-mell. She says, however, that only two very small articles were broken, which she regards as simply marvellous. The ceiling in the sitting-room and kitchen will have to come off and seventy-five dollars worth of repairs made when the house will be as good as new.

Mr. and Mrs. Bushman wish to return thanks to the Indian school boys and employees for working so heroically to save the handsome residence and their furniture and also to thank the neighbors who so kindly assisted.

Forty-two boys and girls have gone to country homes in the past week leaving behind many others who are impatient for their turn. Country going becomes more popular with our pupils each succeeding year. We have some fifty or sixty little girls and perhaps some little boys who are not able to earn a great deal but who would be very handy about a farm and could easily earn their passage to and from a nice home in the country. They would be greatly benefitted by a little change of three or four months and would like very much to try a hand at driving the cows to pasture, the geese to water, the chickens to bed, etc., etc.

A note from Martha Napawat, class '94, author of the memorable essay, "Put yourself in my place," says she is in camp, and having a rather hard time trying to make herself understood. She has forgotten much of her native language. She says with considerable assurance however, "Have no fear about me. Trust me and I will be all right." We shall trust her and hope at the same time that she will soon be with us again to go higher in her studies or to fit herself professionally for a long life of usefulness.

An old friend of the Carlisle school, and one with whom some of our most hopeful pupils have lived—Mrs. Elizabeth Rich, of Columbia County, died on the 21st. of April. A tender, loving mother, kind, generous, thoughtful and wise, she was greatly beloved by all who knew her. The community in which she lived and the Carlisle school lose a steadfast friend in the decease of this good woman.

We learn by letter direct from Ft. Defiance that the HELPER made an error two weeks ago in stating that Stailey Norcross is not in the tailor-shop at the Navajoe Agency boarding school. He has the position of tailor and is said to be a good and willing young man, but the writer says "I believe as they do at Carlisle that it is best for all the boys there to go out and 'paddle their own canoe' along with their white cousins, instead of returning to the agencies to work among their people."

Philip Lavatta mashed his fingers badly in the printing press on Wednesday. He went directly to the hospital where the wound was dressed and he is now doing as well as can be expected. He will lose the use of his fingers only for a short time.

Pay day Monday.

Miss Russell is on the sick list.

Miss Bender is off on a five months' leave.

The electric light company has placed a private line from the works to the school.

Who knows the name of the new society of which Leander Gausworth is the president?

The monthly "flop over" of afternoon pupils to morning school was made on Tuesday.

The story promised for this week will have to go over to next issue on account of lack of space.

Mrs. J. A. Stranahan, of Mercer, was a guest of Miss Luckenbach for a day or two this week.

The Hamiltons, Miss Cannon and Mrs. Miller took in the battle field of Gettysburg last Saturday.

Hard tennis courts are being made at the north end of the dining-hall, which is a fine place for them.

Mrs. Marshall has resigned as matron of the dining hall, and Miss Anthony is filling the place for a time.

Mrs. Hamilton has gone to visit her sister in Northville, N. Y., and will probably be gone for several months.

Clement Naodlada is the first Apache to join our printers corps. This is bound to make a corpse of the Indian in him.

A package of pretty silk pieces has been received from Mrs. Israel H. Johnson, Jr., and the little girls are happy as well as grateful.

Mr. and Mr. Standing and Jack spent Friday afternoon in Shippensburg visiting Miss Lida who is attending the State Normal School at that place.

Little "Tharah" Pratt says she doesn't want to go to "Stheelton" to see her mamma, but she will send a letter if we want her to. Sarah likes Carlisle.

Misses Carter and Bowersox took their girls for a little tramp over to the cave on Saturday afternoon, and enjoyed a warm but very pleasant time.

The HELPER was a day late to some of our subscribers last week, on account of Arbor Day Holiday striking our working force on our principal mailing day.

Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Miss Cannon and 33 girls spent a very happy holiday afternoon among the flowers on the mountain side at Mt. Holly, last Friday.

Capt. Pratt and Mrs. Pratt at this writing are in Washington. Mrs. Pratt on her way visited Miss Richenda who is attending boarding school, near Baltimore.

Mrs. Kelley of Hillside, who has been a guest of the school for a few weeks left for her home on Friday last. She formed many close friends among the girls and faculty who were sorry to see her leave.

It is rumored that some of the fair sex were out early Tuesday morning to bathe their complexion in the first dew of a May morning, so that they will not hereafter be troubled with freckles. O, M(a)y!

An interesting game of ball is expected tonight between some of the members of the faculty, including Dr. Montezuma, and the team known as the printers.

The fellow who is SMART enough to break the tobacco rule has not much "stuff" in him if he is afraid to OWN to his smartness and take the consequences.

The drive from entrance to back of office is being straightened and bedded and the foot-path made in good shape by Mr. Weber and his boys. This when complete will be a very great improvement.

Miss Stella M. Cannon, formerly Principal in the Chemawa Indian School, Ore., has been visiting Carlisle for a few days. The pupils from that section have much enjoyed the news she brought them from home. She has made friends of all who have met her, and departing is followed by the regrets of all that she could not stay longer with us.

The "Young Americans" or the 3rd nine, composed of the following players, defeated the "Juveniles" by a score of 14 to 7 on Arbor Day. Ben. A. Horse, Capt., and p; Amos Hamilton, c; Chas. Bictosewah, 1st b; David Hodgson, 2nd b; Henry Old Eagle, 3rd b; Spencer Smith, s. s.; Hugh Leider, r. f.; Andrew Duck, c. f.; Chas. Cusick, l. f.; Manager, Stephen Smith.

Miss Rebecca Miller, age 5, has been visiting her aunt Miss Paull, for the past fortnight. Her mamma, Mrs. Miller, who is Miss Paull's sister arrived the latter part of the week. They left for their home near Pittsburg on Wednesday. Miss Rebecca will not forget Misses Irene, Sarah and Ida for a long time and the Man-on-the-band-stand cannot tell how much her little friends miss Rebecca.

The exercises on Arbor Day passed off most creditably. After listening to an interesting program consisting of singing, declamations, address by Mr. Standing, etc., in Chapel Hall, each class planted a tree or two with appropriate ceremonies. During the art-class planting, a side remark was made to the effect that it was their teacher's first attempt at husbandry, but we are not sure enough about that to report it as absolutely true. The shops each planted a tree the day before.

We thought that the band was to be silent during the absence of several of its members and leader—Mr. Wheelock, but we are gratified to see that those who are left still discourse very creditable music. Simeon George is at the head and does not fail to bring out pleasing results with his baton. On Friday, and once during the week the remnant of the band favored us from the band-stand, receiving hearty applause after each cheery selection.

The regular monthly exhibition occurred on Friday night and was pronounced by all to be a success. Did you noticed how much louder most of the participants spoke? The Man-on-the-band-stand rejoiced at that. An occasional original essay or declamation would be refreshing. This will come next year possibly. The "farm outing" is breaking in upon the choir, absence of heavy bass being most notable. The voices blended nicely, however, in the Friday night's singing.

(Continued From the First Page.)

the only thing for young Indians who have acquired the qualities of work, who can hoe and plow, who can make harness; young Indian girls and women who can sew and iron (not those who can play the piano,) is to strike out and do what they can.

I do not care how little it is.

I would have more respect for you young men, every one of you, if after you have finished the Carlisle course I should see you on the streets blacking boots, than I would if you went BACK.

THERE MUST BE A BREAK!

It must be shown that the Indian is a man who can hold his place **AMONG MEN.**

It is not the desire to see father and mother, brother or sister that should take possession of you or govern you, but it should be the desire to be a **MAN.** That above everything else should fill you.

The currents are against us.

There seems to be an intention to get rid of the Indians, by keeping them together until they rot. (Laughter.)

Amusing as it may seem, that is a fact.

One of our young men wanted to go into the Navy. That is the right spirit.

Go *any* place that will carry you on, and on and ON.

Go by steamship; if you can't get a steamship, go by railroad! If you can't go that way get a good horse team! If you can't get a good horse team, get a mule team or get an ox team, and if you can't get these **WALK,** but **GO ON!**

Any of you who wishes to do something and will *strike out*, can do it. It requires the 'strike out' that is all.

(Here the whole school repeated the motto "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.")

Yes, you have to be **ALIVE** and **AWAKE** and **ON GUARD** all the time. I want to see the Indian outside of the reservations as individual men standing up for their rights and becoming citizens.

Character is built up not by having everything smooth and helpful about us, but by having difficulties to contend with. When we are knocked down, we must get up again, and every time rise stronger. Work is the greatest blessing not only to ourselves but to those dependent upon us.

I did not think of making such a speech when I came over here to-night, but this is the boiled down quintessence of what has come to me through all these years of work.

These are the living facts of the Carlisle school."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Trout fishing.

A NATURAL ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

That our Indian boys and girls do not always catch the full sense of an English expression, sometimes comes to light long after the occasion which called forth the expressions.

For instance a teacher had for weeks been drilling her bright class of Indian boys and girls in such questions as "3 chairs and 4 chairs are how many chairs?" and the answers coming rapidly and intelligently, she did not dream that a wrong association of ideas could occur in such a simple exercise.

One day, however, one of the class asked a question showing plainly that he had thought of "hominy," a part of his weekly ration, every time the words "how many" were used.

He no doubt thought the chairs were made of dried hominy and painted.

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.

Upon one occasion some years since the song "Going back to Dixie" was rendered very impressively by one of the teachers in the school chapel.

It will be remembered that the words "Oh, my heart turns back to Dixie," occur in the chorus and naturally were repeated several times.

A few days after the rendition one of the Indian girls, evidently having enjoyed the singing to her full satisfaction, shyed timidly and affectionately to the side of the teacher and said:

"Please again, you sing Omaha; I like it, very nice."

It was then evident that the first three words—"Oh, my heart," carried the girl back to her home midst the wierd scenes of the Omaha dance, the then most popular dance of the wild Sioux and Omaha Indians, and with which she was but too recently familiar.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 8, 10, 7 is a table drink.

My 3, 2, 5 is the way lions like their meat.

My 1, 7, 11 is where many men went to, during the rebellion.

My 9, 6, 4 is what some handkerchiefs have around the edge.

My whole is what the Carlisle Indian boys and girls are beginning to plan for.

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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MISS NANCY CORNELIUS, ONEIDA.

Entered the United States Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., Nov. 25, 1885. Remained three years, then entered the Hartford, Connecticut, School of Nursing from which she graduated with honor in 1890. Since then she has been practicing her profession in the best New England families. Her quiet demeanor and patient, skilful practice has won and is continually winning for her a most enviable reputation, and she is constantly in demand, at the biggest pay received by her profession.