

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1895.—

NO. 35

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.



We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
On our upward way;

We should love with a life-time's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should sleep, not for dreams, but fresher power,
To be and to do.

We should hold our wearied or wayward wills
To the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should hush our murmurs of discontent
At a life's defeat;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moment in weak regret,
If the days were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work and to pray;
To be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

HAMPTON.

Within sight of the historic waters of Hampton Roads, two and a half miles from old Point Comfort, (Fortress Monroe) and but a few miles from the mouth of the famous James River stands the celebrated institution of learning known as the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, which soon after the war was opened for the Negro, with the lamented General S. C. Armstrong as Principal, and ten years later for the Indian on Capt. Pratt's earnest solicitation.

Housed within its walls and under its protecting care and instruction are between six and seven hundred students some five or six hundred of whom are Negro, or according to the more recently accepted appellation for this foreign element of color, Afro-American; the rest are Indians, who in the same sense might be designated as Americo-Americans in contradistinction to us foreign usurpers, known as Americans.

It became the privilege and pleasure of a small party of Carlisle teachers and officers to

attend the Twenty-seventh Anniversary exercises of Hampton, which occurred on Thursday, the twenty-third of May.

Five hours by train from Carlisle to Washington, and an all-night ride by palace steamer down the Potomac and the Chesapeake to Old Point was the period consumed in travel to this interesting spot, and to some of the party who had not before experienced the swell of the choppy Chesapeake, at the horse-shoe turn where white caps from old Atlantic rush at high tide between Capes Charles and Henry to greet and cavort with the wavelets of the bay and the surging current of the wide mouthed James, it was not the least sensational part of the journey.

The night on the bay was rough and stormy and the clouds in the morning did not cease their weeping, so that umbrellas and water-proofs were brought into use as way was made from the landing across the wharf to the electric car.

John Baptiste, Carlisle graduate of class '93, and Samuel Baskin, of the Sioux tribe, were the detailed escort of the party from the wharf to Miss Folsom's cosy office on the school grounds, where the lady herself, cordially greeted the travellers.

On viewing the grounds and all the sights thereon, they were found to possess the dimensions of a miniature World's Fair, and not unlike the lake front of the great exposition in appearance. Facing an arm of the bay known as Hampton Creek, a beautiful clear sheet of water on which all sorts of crafts from the oar-boat and sailing yacht to the side-wheeled steamer of considerable size were plying, stood the principal buildings, among which are Winona Lodge, or Indian girls' Home, Girls' Cottage for the colored girls, Virginia Hall, Library, Memorial Chapel, Academic Hall and the great Huntington Industrial works. There are above fifty buildings in all, which accommodate daily nearly

(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

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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mail matter.

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Nellie Barada enjoys her country home. She says, "I have a very nice place and am trying to learn all I can."

Lydia Gardiner writes: "Yesterday (May 21) our school closed with an indoor picnic. We had recitations, dialogues, readings, singing and Geography on sides. Although the rain fell steadily and visitors were few, we had a good time and ended with cake and lemonade."

Miss Emma Johnson, who for a short time was a Carlisle student but now is of Lincoln Institution, Phila., writes that she expects to spend the summer in Moorestown. She feels at home in the country and likes the place very much. She gives to her letter a toothsome ending by saying "I must now go and pick some strawberries for supper."

Trade certificates were awarded to graduates from shops this year for the first at Hampton. Two carpenters, a printer, a machinist, a dressmaker, and a tailor received such certificates. They are given to apprentices who work all day for ten hours from three to five years. Such workmen go to school in the evening from two to three hours.

The teachers from Carlisle who visited Hampton last week met and talked with a number of Indians who have friends here, and saw some who have been students of Carlisle, among others John Baptiste, '93, and Katherine Patterson. The latter has been ill with something like the grip, and John is under treatment. The latter is learning the printers' trade.

A long and interesting letter from Dennison Wheelock who with his wife is sojourning for a few weeks' vacation at his home in Oneida, shows up conditions and situations not altogether the brightest for the Indians' future. His friends will be glad to learn that he is on the improve as far as health is concerned. He speaks well of the returned Carlisle students who he says in the main are doing very well.

One of the King's Daughters and a graduate of Carlisle is employed at a Government school in her old home surroundings. She says: "Always remember I am doing the very best I can. I cannot always be faultless, for there is no one without sin, but you cannot imagine how much I need your sympathy. I have been tempted with all the temptations of a reservation. I have fallen before many but some I have been able to resist. No one can imagine how hard it is only those who have experienced it. I am glad to say my people all treat me well. Every where I go I am treated very kindly. I like to work at this school and the employees are all very nice to me."

Thomas Jackson, the Alaskan student who left for his home a few weeks since, arrived safely in San Francisco. He is going from there to Unalaska, which is one of the Islands in the point of land at the extreme western point of our continent and nearly 2000 miles west of his home at Ft. Wrangel. When he was here he was 3000 miles East of his home and now he sails by his birth place and will land nearly 2000 miles west. He says he will have an opportunity of writing only once a year. He thinks of Carlisle and his friends here and is very grateful for what the school has done for him.

One of the Indian boys returning from his country home to the school was detained on the way because the limit of his railroad ticket had expired. Conductors would not honor it and had to telegraph for orders. They finally took it up and the boy was sent on his way rejoicing.

"Why, Jonathan," said the one who met him on his arrival. "What is the matter? We expected you last night. You had a ticket all right?"

"Yes, I had," replied the boy, "but it would not work."

Nettie Buckles is another one who enjoys her country home. She pays a high tribute to the cooking class teacher at the school by saying, "It was there that I learned to bake biscuits and sponge cake and I am glad that I did for now I can do that work while Mrs. — is doing something else. I have baked cake five times and biscuits twice, since I came and I have learned to make molasses cake here. We have a library and there are plenty of books to read and also papers."

The game of ball with Lehigh University resulted very satisfactorily for the Carlisle Indian boys. It was a ten inning game and Hutchinson's home run in the tenth inning won it for us by a score of 3 to 4. The yells in honor of the victory which rent the air immediately after the message was received last Saturday afternoon were deafening, but highly enjoyed.

"These Indians are called citizens," says a Carlisle graduate in a recent letter from his place of employment in the west. "They have equal rights with the white man and still they are drawing weekly rations from the Government and keep up their Indian dances. Whiskey is ruining them! Oh, it is sad to see some of these helpless Indians who are called citizens of the United States."

Keep cool!

A hot wave.

Get out the palm-leaf!

April showers in May, last Sunday.

Much of the time yesterday was spent in hunting the shade.

Miss Hill has gone to Chambersburg to visit friends.

On Saturday our team plays Lafayette at Easton.

Dickinson College Commencement week begins on Sunday.

Croquet is waxing warm. Doctor and Miss Ely are the principals.

A fire drill to test the new hose was given last Saturday afternoon.

Miss Paull's sister, Miss Elizabeth Paull, was her guest for a few days.

The trimming of the trees in entrance avenue improves that part of the grounds.

Mr. Snyder and friend witnessed the Decoration Day celebration at Gettysburg.

Jack Standing has a nice garden and supplies a select few with fresh vegetables.

This week Miss Bowersox entertained Mrs. Landis a former school mate and teacher of Steelton schools.

Twenty-seven boys and girls go to country homes this week for the summer. The number now out is 451.

Miss Folsom and Louise Armstrong, of Hampton, expect to spend the summer among the Indians of Dakota.

Benjamin Caswell is in charge of the Large Boys' Quarters during the absence of Mr. Thompson on his vacation.

The flag was placed at half-mast to pay respect to the late Secretary of State, Hon. W. Q. Gresham, who died on Monday.

The opening of the Kickapoo reservation to settlement last week was the cause of great excitement in Northeastern Kansas.

The Agassiz society, with its leader, Prof. Bakeless, spent yesterday, tramping in the woods and among the wild flowers of South Mountain.

At the present writing our boys have arranged to play two games at York, Decoration Day, but returns will come too late for this week's issue.

Arrangements are made for the band and a company of boys to join the town parade on Decoration Day. We go to press too early to give particulars.

By a slip of the tongue, one of the teachers in her address before the students at morning exercises had a comet discovered by an eminent astronomer with a microscope.

Miss Luckenbach is again at her post of duty at the cashier's desk for pupils' accounts, after a pleasant vacation and rest of a few weeks among friends.

Miss Nana Pratt and Miss Shaffner sail tomorrow for Liverpool by steamer Campania. After taking in the sights of old England and attending the world's W. C. T. U. Convention they will visit Scotland and Ireland and go to Iceland before returning to the U. S.

Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge, of Philadelphia, who are travelling by carriage, visited the school yesterday.

Decoration day interferes with HELPER. When a holiday comes on Thursday it strikes the printing-office hard. Subscribers will get their papers a day late this week.

It will be gratifying to many of our readers who know the Carlisle pupils referred to in Miss Reeside's letter to hear such good words about them. Every one mentioned in her letter was at one time a pupil of our school.

Jason Betzinez writes for the *Red Man* to be sent him to his country home and says, "I am well and happy and could never be better. Indeed this is a very nice place. And Jonah my little farm cousin is doing well."

On Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, with their four children and Mr. and Mrs. Stevick of Denver with their three, gave to Captain's household a small regiment of grandchildren. Times were lively but highly enjoyed.

Dr. S. S. Risley, of the Wills Eye Hospital, Philadelphia, in company with Dr. Bishop of Carlisle was one of the visitors of last week. Dr. Risley is an eminent oculist and has operated on a number of our pupils at various times.

The ball team which has constituted itself a battalion on account of large numbers played the printers on Friday and won by a score of 29 to 6. Those of the battalion who do not play make things lively by yelling, and the fun is said to be great. They have a banner and march to and from the grounds in military style.

David R. Hill, the Indian speaker at Hampton Commencement exercises, in his address upon "The outlook for the New York Indians" said that he believed the time would come when the New York Indians will ask to be admitted to citizenship. When much is done for the Indian it takes away the necessity for the Indian doing for himself.

Mrs. Jane Miller of Carlisle, called yesterday to pay her HELPER subscription, and reminded us of her association with Amelia Haswell, whose death at Laguna, N. M., was recorded a few weeks ago in these columns. Amelia lived with Mrs. Miller for a time. She paid the child a high tribute and had with her a blank book in which Amelia had copied from memory some choice sentiments and bits of poetry. Mrs. Miller, when asked if she was fond of Amelia, said earnestly, "Yes I am fond of them all."

"Why does Mr. So-and-so, say after nearly every sentence he utters, 'Don't you know?' It is 'Don't you know?' and 'Don't you know?' and 'Don't you know?' all the time with him," said a person to another.

"Oh, I don't know," was the indifferent reply. "It is one of those careless habits of conversation that some people have, but remember the adage about people who live in glass houses! I know a boy who can scarcely speak without saying 'damn' or 'hell'. These faults in talk come with lazy, sluggish minds, too LAZY to think of a more sensible word," continued the last speaker, more earnestly than at first and the Man-on-the-band-stand heard it all although the conversation did not occur on the school grounds.

(Continued from the First Page.)

1,000 students and workers including the Whittier Day School scholars who attend the model school.

The object of the institution is "to train young men and women to teach self-support and better living to Negro and Indian races of the country." Hence each pupil is taught some handicraft, along with the academic instruction.

The most of Wednesday morning was spent in visiting the industrial departments of the school. The Huntington Industrial works, including a steam saw-mill, carpenter shops, technical shops and blacksmith shops, came first in order. Here the party was taken in charge by a graduate of the works and the full process of making a board from the log was witnessed and explained. Large rafts of logs were in the creek.

"Where do the logs come from?" was asked.

"They are rafted here from the pine forest of the Dismal Swamp," was the intelligent reply.

Then a great lumberly log was seen to walk itself up an inclined plane to its own slaughter-house. Very little machinery was visible, so that it seemed to possess intelligence as it moved, but great grapping hooks had fastened their fangs in the sides of the inanimate object which was drawn by them to a set of rollers, forced on to a carriage where two men were operating large lever-hooks which threw the log in position for the saw. By the time the party had arrived at the head of the stairway, the log they had seen going up the inclined plane was no more a log but a pile of boards rolling in turn to various positions where circular saws trimmed and sliced them into uniform size, then onto other rollers where they were carried down to the lumber yard to be stacked for seasoning or worked up into useful articles of furniture.

For the rest of the Hampton story, some 2000 words in all we refer our readers to the May number of the "RED MAN" which will be out in a few days.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

Miss Reeside, who is one of the Baptist missionaries at Immanuel Mission, Oklahoma, says by letter, of some of our returned pupils: "A few weeks ago, Julia (Julia Given) Miss Ballew and I made a short trip among the Cheyenne Indians. We held meeting at several camps and found their condition most pitiful.

Hubble Big Horse, a former Carlisle student, interpreted for us. Although he has been home so long he still has an excellent

command of English, which shows how thorough the Carlisle teaching is. He seemed to be quite proud to show us his house and pasture and plowed field.

We gave Nannie Davis quite a surprise by calling on her. Although she was not expecting company her pretty little house was neat and clean. She says Richard is so busy she does not see much of him. She is greatly interested in his work and was delighted to tell us that he had induced three Indians who had never done any work to go upon their claims and plow.

Martha Napawat, '94, is still at the Government school and doing well.

Ned Brace paid us a visit lately. Julia got out her Carlisle hymn-book and we had quite a choir with Ned's powerful bass. He is working for the Government, he says. We hear only good of him."

DON'T!!!

The last consecutive number of Don'ts was 27.

28. Don't walk with a slouching, slovenly gait. Walk erectly and firmly, not stiffly; walk with ease, but still with dignity. Don't walk with toes in, nor drag your feet along.

29. Don't carry your hands in your pockets.

30. Don't chew or nurse your tooth-pick in public. Don't use a tooth-pick, except for a moment, to remove some obstacle; and don't have the habit of sucking your teeth.

Enigma.

Jeff Davis, a Piute Indian of the Nevada Agency, Nevada, sends us the following:

I am made of 15 letters.

My 1, 13, 4, 11, 8 is something the speaker of the House uses to preserve order.

My 12, 9, 14, 15 is something we should never do with our money.

My 7, 3, 10, 5, 2 should be on a wagon during the summer.

My 2, 3, 4, 11, 6 is what a croquet ball becomes when it has gone through all the arches.

My whole is the name of the best "Great Father" we Indians ever had.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Enthusiasm.

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