

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1895.—

NO. 42.

## FREEDOM.

**I**S TRUE freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts, forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## A VISIT TO THE GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCHOOL AT GENOA, NEBRASKA.

**From One of Carlisle's Old and Faithful Workers and a Pioneer in Indian Mission Work.**

DEAR HELPER:

Those of your readers who were at Carlisle Barracks in '83 will remember I left the work I so much loved there, and went to Genoa, Nebraska, to assist in organizing a school at that place, which our Government ordered should copy as far as possible in its arrangements, those of Carlisle and Hampton.

Genoa was historic ground to me and the building which the school would occupy held many precious memories for me, of a school which I had been privileged years before to gather from the Pawnee villages near by, and teach within its walls.

Being on a visit recently to friends near Genoa and having received a call from the present Superintendent and wife of Genoa Indian School, with an invitation to spend some time with them, I gladly responded to their courtesy.

I wish I could tell how every department of the school has improved yearly since I left it in '86, but if Carlisle had been managed by seven different superintendents during the

three years and more we were there, do you think it could have grown as we saw it do?

This has been the fate of the Genoa School for the past three years, and the gentleman who is now in charge has not had time to grasp the work firmly and set all the machinery in motion as he wishes, neither has he been supplied with funds to repair what has run down during the months of change when no one had time to grow into the work before being replaced by another.

But Superintendent Ross has known Indian work before, and he and his wife, who is matron, seem enthusiastic in their efforts to bring each department of the school into the line of their idea of good working order.

The schoolrooms have been more fortunate than the general Superintendency, in having held their principal teacher over a year, and the day I spent in going from one grade to another, proved to me that Miss Harvey has the personal presence and the scholastic attainments, which command the respect and insure the solid progress of her pupils, and that she has a corps of teachers able and willing to co-operate with her in her work.

Two of the teachers are of Indian descent—one, Miss Wells, an Alaskan and a graduate of Carlisle, class '94.

I was delighted with her ease and self-possession as she stood before her Primaries and led them through a lesson on red and white roses which she held before them. Being late in going to class I did not hear her oral instruction, but the little brown men and women who sat there with arms folded and heads up, looking so bright, each stood as his or her name was called and told in clear tones and good English, some quality of the rose, after which they sang motion songs, and were rewarded by their teacher by being led out for a walk, going toward the Beaver, where the Pawnees used to bathe and water their large

(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, out  
EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it  
some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

**Miss Nana Pratt at Edinburgh.**

From two short letters received just before  
going to press we gather the following:

"Here we are in this beautiful city (Edinburgh) which is a fitting climax to our travels in England and Scotland. It deserves well the fame of being one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The old castle, massive and imposing, stands on the hill to our right while on the other side of us is the Hill of Monuments. The situation of the city is superb, while the fine architecture of the buildings reminds one of the pictures of Athens, and indeed this is called 'the modern Athens.'

This afternoon I went upon Calton Hill and had a magnificent view of the city of the Frith of Forth.

Saturday (July 6) we left New Castle and stopped at Melrose four hours where we visited the ruins of the old Abbey—the most beautiful ruins of Scotland, and drove to Walter Scott's home—Abbotsford.

We have had such delightful weather for our journeyings and Saturday was gloriously bright. The drive of three miles from Melrose to Abbotsford was one constant joy.

Scott's home is all that one could expect: its study quite ideal in its cosiness and walls lined with books, while the other rooms open to visitors are full of charm, and speak eloquently of the love and labor their architect gave them.

Wednesday we sail for Iceland. We do not know just what is before us, only that it is really going to be a much easier trip than we expected. We go direct to the capital, taking only six days for the trip, then we hope to go pretty well over the island on horseback. You can imagine my delight at this prospect. The Good Templars have written a hearty welcome to Miss Ackerman, and they will entertain us at different places.

We will send letters from the boat as soon as we reach Iceland, but after that there will be no way for us to send or receive mail until we return to Scotland on the 15th of September; but no doubt time will fly and you can think of us as enjoying ourselves and storing

up many strange tales to tell you. With 'oceans' of love to you all, etc."

In the last letter, she says as they are about to start:

"We have been entertained all along the way in most delightful homes. Every one has been so kind to us. We are now on the vessel, *Botnia*, which stops at the Faroe Islands to leave the most of her passengers. We are comfortably fixed and anticipate a pleasant voyage. We are prepared for the worst, but hope for the best."

One of our boys in the country was standing near when two men, friends of the hired man drove up.

The two in the buggy had a beer bottle full of the stuff that makes swill tubs of men. They asked their friend, the hired man, to drink with them.

He did so, and then they offered it to the Indian boy.

"No, I thank you," he politely replied.

"Take it," insisted one of the men cordially.

"No, sir," said the boy, "The rules of our school do not permit of our drinking beer, and besides I do not want it," and he walked away, while the men guzzled and laughed.

Had the boy taken the beer and gotten drunk, it would no doubt have been considered an interesting item for the associated press, and with flaming headlines, such as "Carlisle Indian Drunk," or "Money spent on Indian Education worse than Wasted," would have attracted the attention of thousands, while the manly courage required on the part of the Indian to refuse, under such circumstances, is never spoken of.

It is said there is more base-ball excitement in the town of Carlisle at present than was ever before experienced. On Tuesday there was a parade with band music in honor of a victory, but the next night the victors played a different tune and more of it, for they were defeated by the same team from Chambersburg, from whom they had won their laurels the day before.

Genoa, the scene of Mrs. Platt's article on the 1st page was the 1st Indian school in which the M. O. T. B. S's agent ever taught. That was when the Pawnee Indians were in Nebraska, twenty years ago, and her pupils were little camp Indians. Mrs. Platt had preceded her about thirty years.

The twenty-five cent souvenir, containing over sixty excellent views of the Carlisle Indian school, and the INDIAN HELPER for a year, for THIRTY CENTS! The Russia leather cover is sold for fifty cents. Address HELPER.

A letter from Miss Cutter speaks of a very pleasant visit she has been having in Boston, with her friend Miss Pierce. They have visited many of the historical places of interest of that vicinity.

A bicyclist had fallen and was sullenly wiping the dirt from her person when a lad's squeaky voice piped out: "Say, missus, do that agin, will yer? This fellow didn't see it."

Dog days, these?

Cantaloupes, yum, yum!

Had any huckleberries?

Prof. Bakeless is enjoying Denver.

There is a new drying-room at the laundry.

Mr. Grey, our dairyman, has a new wheel.

Dr. Montezuma is rusticated at Yonkers, N. Y., for his vacation.

Mr. Mason Pratt has been a little under the weather with a severe cold.

Miss Cochran has a new wheel, which she rides with ease and grace.

The mason work on the new end of the gymnasium has begun in earnest.

Miss Paull has gone to her home in Blairsville, this state, for a month.

Among the busiest of people here this summer are the carpenters and they are doing good work.

Mrs. Thompson has returned from New York and New Jersey where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. Pyle and Mrs. Bye, of Wilmington, and Mrs. Chas. A. Bunting, of Steelton, were guests of Mrs. Mason Pratt on Wednesday.

Mr. Hendren has gone from the Bedford Springs summer school to his home in North Carolina.

W. C. Hoag, Ex-President of the Seneca Nation, New York, has been a guest of the school for a few days.

A balcony water-melon party at Mrs. Thompson's Wednesday evening, and how we did miss the Doctor!

Mr. Thompson's house is having an outside side stair-way for the use of Mr. Spray's family, who occupy the second story flat.

There was a lawn-party Saturday night, enjoyed by the whole school. Refreshments were served, consisting of ice-cream, lemonade, and wafers.

A long-distance telephone has been placed in the Administration building. One can now talk with a friend at Chicago as easily as if he were at his side.

Our teachers at Chautauqua are enjoying the rich intellectual treat provided at the summer school there. Each is taking studies specially fitted for her line of work.

If a prize were offered for the best sweeping on the grounds some of the printers would win. The secret is in getting up the dust and dirt without filling the air with the same, and they have learned the secret.

Misses Ely and Burgess spent an enjoyable two days in Columbia County, with their wheels. The roads were in fine condition, and they reveled in rides and mountain scenery. They saw Miss Rote, of Westtown, who was in the same section with her bicycle.

Our cisterns are favorite places of resort for the hard working men and boys on the new building and in the coal bins. We are greatly favored in having such a bountiful supply of excellent, pure water, so much better than ice water and more wholesome than that which comes through the pipes from the creek.

Letters from Mrs. Capt. Pratt, who is visiting the girls in country homes, make favorable mention of the places and doings of the girls.

*First little girl*—I'm so fond of music. I want to play the piano awfully.

*Second little girl*—Well, you do play it awfully.

Miss Paull's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, dropped unexpectedly in upon us one early morning last week, and left on the next train.

We have before us the *Denver Republican*, in which is published quite a lengthy extract from Capt. Pratt's Denver address before the National Teachers' Convention, last week.

Miss Daisy Dixon, whom many of us so well know, writes from Lawrence, Kan.: "Please send me THE HELPER for two years and oblige one who is always interested in Carlisle."

The First Presbyterian Sunday School picnic occurred on Tuesday. Again several of our pupils took part, among others Asher Parker, Henry Redkettle, and Edgar Rickard of the printing force. Mr. Claudy also was in attendance.

Miss Ely requests, when the pupils on farms write their regular home letter which must be sent through her office, that they place the full name and address of parent or guardian at the beginning of their letter, so as to save the trouble of hunting up address in her office.

Alex. Upshaw has returned from Boston where he has been attending the Christian Endeavor Convention. He cannot find words to express the amount of pleasure he has had and knowledge gained in his brief stay at the "hub," Alex. thinks he would like to live always in Boston.

Lying at full length in the grass is very pleasant these warm evenings after the sun has made the ground warm and safe to lie upon, BUT to sprawl out in the WET grass immediately after a rain, is tempting disease, because we are doing what we KNOW we should not do.

The Methodists had a glorious day yesterday for their picnic at Pine Grove. A number of our students were in attendance, among the rest, Foreman St. Cyr, '91, Miss Susie McDougal, '95, and Dahnola Jassan of the printing-office. Miss Hill and Mrs. Dennison Wheelock also were in attendance. It was just the kind of day to hunt for a wooded retreat in the mountains.

One of the most dangerous pieces of work at the school is the painting of our smoke stack which stands 100 feet in air, but Mr. Weber fearlessly does it each year. He looked like a four-year-old boy when at the top of the stack, on Tuesday. He sat in a sort of swing arranged on pulleys, and painted as Bemus Pierce lowered him gradually at command. It was a responsible place for Bemus, for if he had made a false motion, or in any way lost his grasp, it would have been the last of Mr. Weber, whose life literally hung by a thread in the hands of an Indian for several hours. But Bemus proved faithful to his trust and the perilous job was finished safely.

(Continued From First Page.)

herds of horses, their villages being on the opposite bank.

The new dining hall is spacious and pleasant and is in charge of one of the first pupils brought from Rosebud at the organization of the school—Miss Rose Cordier.

Everything was orderly and nice and the dinner plenteous and of a good variety.

A nicely finished chapel is above the dining-room where services are held on the Sabbath and also on week day evenings for the pupils and employes.

Miss Harvey, the principal, conducted the services the evening of my visit, and assisted by a select choir they were solemn and impressive. At their close Superintendent Ross invited his guest to speak and she was happy to accept, as she wished to compare the Then with the Now, for the comfort and help of those who labor today and feel they undergo many privations.

Glimpses of years ago were given when there were no white settlements in Nebraska, and the speaker had gathered a school under Government auspices at a Mission Station near by where the nearest post-office was three hundred miles away; of being driven out by the Sioux; the incoming of the Mormons to found Genoa, their retreat towards Salt Lake to give place to the Pawnees, who having made a new treaty with the Government wished to return to their old home; of the gathering of another school which moved with the Pawnees to their new home in the Indian Territory and then years after the founding of the present school in the building the Pawnee School had vacated.

Four of the original last school listened to the story, after which it was announced by Superintendent Ross that in honor of the occasion a reception would be held.

It was only necessary to note the quiet manner in which he made the announcement and the quick noiseless movement of the pupils as they rose at the word of command, took up their chairs with which the chapel is seated, and placed them in position around the wall, leaving space for promenade in the centre, to be convinced that Superintendent Ross has secured to himself the fundamental principle of success, that of immediate obedience.

After a very pleasant hour of converse with the employes and being introduced to many of the young men and women of the school, on being conducted to the guest chamber I found myself in the room I had chosen years before for my occupancy, and then

came new excitement in the rush of memories of other days, and sleep was slow in bringing Rest to my pillow.

It came at last and I was refreshed ready to complete the round of visits to shops, hospital and dormitories.

One of the last rooms to enter was that of the assistant matron who was one of the earlier pupils who came to school—Miss Ada Rice. She sat in a pleasant corner room furnished nicely, looking very satisfied, as well she might with the completion of her morning's work in inspecting the girls' dormitories which were in nice order.

Here being called to ride with a friend, I left with bright hopes that at last Genoa Indian School may grow to be more and more like those of which it was designed to be a copy—Carlisle and Hampton.

MRS. E. G. PLATT.

TABOR, IOWA, July 10, 1895.

George Connor writes from his country home: "I have one of the best country homes in Bucks County and I think one of the best Bucks County farmers, therefore when I reach my western home I will farm in Bucks County style. It isn't any trouble to run a farm and have a nice looking farm if a person knows how to manage. He must study head-work and get the best advantage that he possibly can, also it requires a great deal of courage and muscle."

#### DON'T

46. talk over-loud in conversation.
47. Don't whisper in company.
48. Don't talk about yourself or your own affairs.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.  
My 13, 2, 5 we should be deaf without.  
The ground is 1, 7, 11 after a rain.  
Farmers grease their wagons with my 15, 14, 12.  
Twenty hundred weight make my 3, 9, 10.  
A drink made with my 8, 4, 6, 9, 10 is good.  
My whole is what the Indian boys and girls at Carlisle would not seriously object to if it came any time between now and September.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Hard work.

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