

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, JULY 26 1895.—

NO. 43



HE heavier cross, the heartier prayer;  
The bruised herbs most fragrant are;  
If wind and sky were always fair,  
The sailor would not watch the star,  
And David's songs had ne'er been sung  
If grief his heart had never wrung.



WETHER you climb, delve or burrow,  
Do each thing completely; always be thorough.  
Slipshod expedients avoid as a snare;  
Perform every task with painstaking care.  
Negligent methods won't bear the world's test.  
Give it, unstinting, always your best,  
Whether you labor with head or with hand,  
Writing a book or tilling the land.

## A BOOK THAT THE INDIAN MOST NEEDS.

There is a book called EXPERIENCE, of which the man in civilization, by the side of whom the Carlisle Indian boy works, is the author.

This book is of much more importance than many of the books that the Indian boy studies in school.

It is a book that every one of us must get down into and thoroughly understand before we can hope to amount to anything in this world.

It is a book which if read only in an Indian camp can never benefit us.

It is a book which if one attempts to read anywhere NEAR an Indian camp he will fail to understand.

It is a book that can never be carried to the Indian.

It is a book that the idle Indian hates.

It is a book that the sensible Indian whether he be educated or not, (and there are many uneducated Indians who are sensible,) is sorry that he never had the opportunity to read when young.

It is a book that no one can read to another person.

Each one must read from this book of experience HIMSELF. He cannot read it with eyes alone, but by DOING he may become

acquainted with the contents of its wonderful pages.

It is THE ONLY book that can ever lift up the Indian, and yet there are people, many of them, who would hinder the Indian in every way possible from getting hold of this book.

There were speeches made at the Indian Teachers' Institute held at Sioux City, Iowa, during the first week of this month which show that some of the friends of the Indians are their worst enemies.

They would not encourage the Indian to learn anything above herding cattle, stock-raising and a little farming. One speaker said, "I am convinced that most of the handicrafts practiced among the whites would not be practicable to the average young Indian," when the truth is, there is not a single handicraft practiced among the whites that the young Indian cannot and does not make thoroughly practicable to himself.

Boys, girls! Do you believe such nonsense about yourselves as is quoted in the above paragraph?

If such would-be friends who are your enemies do not encourage you to get out where you may learn from this book of experience, and if the Government would keep you together so as to handle you easily, and would fence you in from the people who write this book of experience, break away by your own effort, and like the Japanese find a country and a people with whom you may live and absorb the experience that enlarges, that makes men, that SAVES!

### Who knows what this riddle is?

Three-fifths of  $\frac{1}{4}$  of three-fifths of 5 score,  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  of 2 sixes divided by 4,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{2}{3}$  of 6 more than 4 threes,  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  of 8 dozen; add 8 if you please.

The initials of these

When joined you will spy  
A thing which this moment  
Is under your eye.

The answer is in the heading.



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# THE INDIAN HELPER

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PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

**BY INDIAN BOYS.**

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, and 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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The tailors' goose is never roasted, and yet they always have a fire.

The Chautauqua ladies took an excursion trip to Niagara Falls on Saturday last. Miss Carter writes that their class is getting on finely in Geology, and that they have field excursions very frequently. They met Matthew Johnson at the Falls, and he was pleased to be their escort for the day.

Mr. Norman's daughter Miss May Norman, was married yesterday to Mr. Bottomley, of Carlisle. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. G. Ganss, in the St. Patrick's Church. Mr. Bottomley is an Englishman by birth but the happy couple will make their home in Carlisle. The bridal party left for Atlantic City soon after the wedding.

The wall on the new end of the gymnasium is going up rapidly, now standing six feet including foundation. The pipes for carrying off the waste from the bath are arranged and the joists on the first floor are down. There will be no door in front, but a fine archway. The center of the arch is to be a marble key-stone, with an appropriate inscription.

The local paper of Millville, this state, gave a little notice of the visit of Misses Ely and Burgess to that neighborhood last week. The Bloomsburg papers pining for an original item put it thus:

Henry Rote, of Millville, has two Indian girls from the Carlisle Indian Training School for the summer. Both the dusky maidens ride bicycles and receive great admiration from the citizens of that town.

In the list of teachers enrolled at the Sioux City Convention of Indian Teachers held the first week in July, we see the following names familiar to all Carlisle workers: Clara C. McAdam, Mrs. Laura Lutkins, Emily E. Peake, class '93, teacher at White Earth, Minn., Florence Wells, class '94, a teacher at Genoa, Ida LaChapelle, class '95, teacher at Santee, Nebraska, besides Prof. Bakeless who went as a delegate from Carlisle.

William Paisano, a long time ago pupil of Carlisle, but who has always kept up his interest in the school, writes that the Pueblos are having good crops this year. The failure of last year has produced famine in some of the villages. He says he had just returned from Zuni, where he had gone with some grain. That village is famine stricken. Those who have sheep have only mutton to eat, and those who have no sheep, he found eating weeds and grass. "I hope they will have plenty to eat this year," he says, "for I have seen they have nice fields. I cannot tell all how I pitied the women and children there." In his own village, he says many have suffered recently through the breaking of a large pond they had constructed for irrigation purposes. A flood came and washed it out. But he says, the wheat was saved from being dried and they will go to work and repair damages. It will be remembered that William married Mary Perry, whose picture figures so prominently in the contrast group of three Pueblos, hundreds of which we have distributed throughout the country in the past eight or nine years. Mary is still living, and from all accounts they have a happy home.

Miss Ellen Collins, of New York City, in sending for one of the new Souvenirs containing views of the Carlisle school, says: "I wish to send it to England. It seems to me that perhaps the role, so to speak, of our country is this of educating and amalgamating the races. When I look at your school and the equally interesting one at Tuskegee, Alabama, we see this work in progress. There are valuable characteristics in all races probably; the highest man may be the American, not the Anglo-Saxon, but one who combines the finest elements of all human characters. It will be a good while before he comes, but we are working for a future far advanced beyond our position, don't you think so?"

The Souvenir of the school, with over sixty views of our buildings, grounds, interiors of shops, sleeping-rooms and industrial departments is becoming quite popular. The Russia leather, which is sold for fifty cents, seems to go faster than the 25-cent paper covered book. Both are fine, and differ only in cover. They will be forwarded to any address in the United States or Canada, post paid. For ten subscriptions to the HELPER we will forward the 25 cent book FREE; or for THIRTY CENTS we will forward the HELPER for a year, and the book to any address as above stated.

Our correspondent at Winnebago, Nebraska, says that the country never looked better with crops than it does this year. West of there, however, prospects are not so good. The whiskey-smugglers of the Omaha and Winnebago reservation are called "boot-leggers" and it keeps the police on the watch to regulate the boot-legging business. An Indian woman died recently from the effects of drinking the mixture of drugs called by the dealers "hard cider." This case, our correspondent saw for himself, and he has heard of five others who died from drinking the vile stuff.



Harvest apples!  
Lawu sprinkling!  
Trilby is the name of the hospital cat.

George Shelafu has returned from the country.

The school Herdic is out in a dress of yellow.

The evergreen trees planted arbor day have nearly all died.

There is a great deal of soul poured into the bugle calls these nights.

The sudden storm of Saturday last was frightful to look at, but did very little damage here.

Mrs. Thomas has returned from Michigan, and is again on duty, after a very pleasant vacation.

Miss Wind, of the hospital force, has returned from her visit among friends in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

Teachers' rooms are being renovated—painted and freshened up for next year; that is, those that need it.

Mrs. Standing, Miss Lida and Jack, Miss Elizabeth Win and Mrs. Thompson spent a day at Gettysburg on Wednesday.

The tin-shop is under the management of Samuel Tilden in the absence of Mr. Harkness who as a member of the National Guard is attending the encampment at Mt. Gretna.

Dennison Wheelock and James Flannery with their cornets went to Mt. Gretna, on Saturday to help the Chautauquans along with Indian day. They played solos and duets for the entertainment of a large audience. Encores were frequent.

A favorite place of resort for the Indian boys, especially during harvest-apple time, is the Hiltons, at The Oaks, on the hill. They are very generous with their fruit, and others than their Indian friends at the school are frequently favored with baskets of the luscious article.

Milton Kline, Mr. Morrett's little nephew, is here on a visit from Girard College, where he is a student. Master Kline is a wee mite of a boy but he says he likes Girard College better than Carlisle. He certainly looks as though he had the best of care.

The most pleasant social event that has occurred for many a day with us was a reception given in honor of Miss Cook of the Indian Office by Mr. and Mrs. Standing in their cosy little home. Games and social chat were the order of the evening; refreshments were served, and the party dispersed at an early hour.

Miss Emily S. Cook, of the Indian Office, Washington, D. C., is with us making up the Indian exhibit for the Interior Department for the coming Exposition at Atlanta. The exhibit comprises school and industrial work from all of the prominent Indian schools in the service. The carpenter boys of the Carlisle school made the fine, large oak cases in which all the work will be under glass cover. The display as tastefully arranged by Miss Cook will give a most creditable showing for the capability of the Indian. She has had to assist her, Miss Hill, of our music department, and Misses Cora Snyder and Flora Campbell, pupils, besides Mr. Standing.

No letter from Miss Nana Pratt this week.

Miss Miles is now in Maine, among friends.

One of the University students who will attract attention is Miss Rose Bourassa, a cultivated and refined young Indian woman. She is a graduate of and instructor in the Government school at Carlisle, Pa.—[*Bay View Assembly Record*].

Annie Gesis is enjoying life at Buzzards Bay. She says "We are in a nice big cottage by the shore. We do not know what heat means since we came here, for there is always a cool breeze from the bay. It is sometimes most too cold to go without coats in the evenings. My letter would be too long if I should tell about our journey on Long Island Sound."

So while the boys and girls on the reservation have to learn of Buzzard's Bay and Long Island Sound by seeing a little speck on the map in their geographies, Annie is right there; but please remember, Carlisle boys and girls, there are would-be friends of yours who would KEEP YOU ON the reservation all your lives and have you learn only by looking at little specks of things and by hearing descriptions. Annie will be broader in mind, larger in thought, healthier in body and in every way improved when she gets back, and she is willing to WORK for these benefits. Every one of our boys and girls out from the school this summer and those at the school are receiving benefits and gaining experience which it would be impossible for them to get on the reservation or in a school anywhere near their reservation.

Our last Sunday evening meeting was put into the hands of the young men who had attended the Northfield Conference and the Christian Endeavor Convention, held in Boston two weeks ago. Delos Lonewolf presided. Alex Upshaw told what he saw in Boston, and his interesting account proved that he had been fully alive to the historic interest of the place. Plainly, no youth in the land ever ascended Bunker Hill Monument with a heart more full of national pride in the deeds which it commemorates, or from its summit swept with his eye the wide horizon with a deeper thrill of patriotism than did this true American. Harvard University made him wish himself there, and reminders of "our great men" in tablet and statue, were an inspiration to him. David McFarland told something about the Convention and Delos Lonewolf dwelt particularly on the wonderful power and personality of Mr. Moody, to which the first speaker had also referred and with which they seemed to be deeply impressed. Miss Cook, of the Indian Office, Washington, D. C., being present, was called upon for a few words. She briefly expressed her interest in what she had heard during the evening and in what she had seen during the few days she has been a "fellow-worker in the shops." Miss Cook is arranging the work sent by Indian schools for the Atlanta Exhibition, and, seeing in these products of their skill proofs of boys and girls' advancement in education, she quoted for their encouragement the proverb:

"Where duty is, power to do is also given, and the hands of the faithful God will strengthen."



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FROM A CARLISLE BOY WHO MADE  
SERIOUS MISTAKES WHILE  
WITH US.

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Through the kindness of one of the printers we are permitted to take a few extracts from a letter which fills the Man-on-the-band-stand with hope. We will not give names but the author of the letter has taken a new start in life and deserves much credit, for his manliness and noble effort. He says to his boy friend, and he never expected it would be published:

"I suppose everything about that place is quiet, now that vacation has come and the majority of the students are out in the country.

I have always hated to write back to Carlisle somehow or other. I expect it is because I made such a bad record.

I was expected by most there to come home and go to the dogs, but I have kept my promise with Captain and braced up like a man, faced all the temptations and resisted all.

I am now working in a large store as book-keeper and Assistant-Postmaster. As the post-office is right in the store and connected with it I am able to keep my work going all the time.

That is what a chap like me can do when he tries. I have been working here ever since my return from Carlisle.

I believe it made me the more determined to get along well, to leave as I did. I wanted to show that I could get along without the assistance of the Government.

I don't consider a person who has to be cared for by the Government, who has to depend on the school there to find him work, any kind of a man at all.

When a student is a graduate of that school he ought to be able to find his own living. If he can't, then I don't believe the schooling has done him a bit of good.

I can thank Carlisle for what it has done for me, because it has done worlds of good to me.

I can say that from the bottom of my heart, and other people who have known me here can testify to the same.

You can see that I had some interest in Carlisle, because I sent for the INDIAN HELPER, to see how people and things were getting along there.

When I made up my mind to be a man, I made it up for good—"to quit you like a man," all my wickedness and vice and stand the

contest of the battle of life alone, and win it if there was the least chance of it.

I only wish I could come back there once more to make the place a short visit, and I may some day.

I had to pay my own way to Carlisle and back, out of my own pocket, and I don't regret it a bit either."

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SELF-CONTROL.

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We must control ourselves or the light will be put out.

Do some of you think to gain self-control is easy? If you think so, you had better make a real effort at it.

Do some of you think it is hard?

Remember God works with and in him who tries to be right and do right. Then in your exercise of self-control have a good supply of patience.

You have seen how sometimes those who have succeeded in gaining control of themselves are impatient with others who lack in this respect.

Persons may obtain this mastery of themselves by heroic effort or it may be they lack temptation.

A horse that runs away does not always prove that it is strong: on the contrary it often proves that the driver is weak.—[*The Catholic Youth.*]

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DON'T!

48. DON'T give a false coloring to your statements. Truthfulness is largely a matter of habit. Where very few people would deceive or lie maliciously, many become wholly untrustworthy on account of their habit of exaggeration and false coloring.

49. DON'T interrupt! To cut one short in the middle of his story is unpardonable.

50. DON'T, when at a card-table (of course this means author cards) moisten your thumb and fingers at your lips in order to facilitate the dealing of the cards. This common habit is very vulgar.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Watermelon treat.

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