

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL X.

—FRIDAY, AUGUST 2 1895.—

NO. 44.

## THE FARMER.

THE king may rule o'er land and sea,  
The lord may live right royally,  
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,  
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide;  
But this or that, whate'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,  
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,  
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,  
The miner follows the precious leads;  
But this or that, whate'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,  
The teacher do his duty well;  
But men may toil through busy days,  
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;  
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth;  
He's partner with the sky and earth,  
He's partner with the sun and rain,  
And no man loses for his gain;  
And men may rise or men may fall,  
But the farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,  
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;  
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,  
His cattle and corn and all go right;  
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,  
For the farmer he must feed us all.

## FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY.

From the Faroe Islands, Miss Nana Pratt writes a home letter.

Again we have the privilege of excerpting a few interesting experiences from a private letter. Under date of July 12th, she says in part:

"After two days of pitching and tossing for our small vessel and most awful sea-sickness for every one on board, we came in sight of the Faroe Islands yesterday, and into calm waters.

I had tried to be very brave the first day, but was obliged finally to give up and cling to my bed until the rolling and pitching subsided.

The Faroe Islands rise like huge mountains right out of the water, in all sorts of fantastic shapes. They are entirely barren excepting for a bright green grass that covers all

but a few stormy parts, and is in brilliant contrast with the dark blue water.

We skirted the coast for some distance and then went into the small harbor of Trangisvaag, which is but a group of about sixty houses.

We went ashore in a row boat and walked several times through the town.

One old woman smiled upon us and said 'Welcome.' We were delighted and shook hands with her and pointed to our selves while we said 'America.'

This brought another beam of smiles from her, but ended our communications in English.

We afterwards learned that our talk had been purely American, for 'Welcome' is really a Danish word with the same meaning, however, as our English 'Welcome.'

All the natives were at their windows looking curiously at us, and anxious to see how they lived we stopped for a moment in front of one house where after an exchange of smiles, we went in and shook hands with half-a-dozen women who were busily knitting heavy woolen socks.

The room was small with but one window and door. It contained a large iron stove and wooden beds along the wall, one above another as in our steamer.

The people are perfect pictures of health, with flaxen hair, blue eyes and round rosy cheeks.

The women wear gaily colored kerchiefs tied around their heads, small shawls crossed over their shoulders, plain dresses and white aprons, and their homes are spotlessly clean.

Both men and women wear soft leather slippers, or wooden shoes without any protection at the heel, very much indeed like the rain-shoes of the Japanese.

We visited the public school-house, the only stone house in the place, and talked with the school-master—a handsome young Dane,

(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

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR.

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.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Lucie Americanhorse is enjoying her stay at West Falmouth, Mass. She loves the seashore and to ramble upon the beach.

It is reported that Esther Johnson, former pupil of Carlisle and this year's graduate of Chilocco, is dead. We hope the report is false, but it comes straight from the Quapaw agency.

The latest from Capt. Pratt says that he is enjoying the mountain air of Colorado and the fishing. He will spend a few days at Glenwood Hot Springs and then will start for home.

The July *Red Man*, out in a few days, will contain full reports from the Sioux City Convention of Indian school Superintendents and teachers with extracts from most of the addresses made upon the occasion.

Thomas Flynn, one of the printer boys in the country sends for the new souvenir, and says he has a good home and enjoys his work. It will be remembered he lost the end of his fore-finger in the press. His finger is well, but there is no feeling in it. He hopes, however, to be able to stick type next winter.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would like to be a Government mule just long enough to be driven, say once, by a boy who would jerk his mouth while pulling or backing his best. With the use of his heels he would teach that boy a lesson which he would never forget. Indeed the boy would not have brains enough left to forget with.

Mrs. Buzby with whom Jennie Tallchief and Jessie Bluejacket are living, gave a lawn party recently to the Indian girls in the vicinity of Moorestown, N. J. Lavinia Adams writes of the delightful time they had, and how they enjoyed the freedom, the games, and last but not least the delicious refreshments of ice-cream and cake which were spread on a table. So it is not ALL work in the country. Our girls have many such opportunities, given them by these kindly employers.

The last from Mr. Campbell is dated Brown's Valley, Minn., July 26. He expected to start, on the 30th, to Shoshone where he has an appointment. Mrs. Campbell and the children will remain in Brown's Valley for a time. He says: "I have enjoyed myself the past three months and feel rested as I never did before. In 14 years I never had but one vacation."

Last week, Miss Isabella Cornelius, class '92, who is here from the New Britain, Conn. Normal School, spending her vacation, visited the country home she loves so well—the home of Miss Elizabeth D. Edge, Downingtown. She had a delightful time, she says, and brought back with her sweet remembrances from Miss Edge to her friends at Carlisle, in the shape of beautiful bunches of flowers, gathered from her own flower-garden, which is one of the attractions of the cherished spot that so many of our girls will ever carry in memory.

Miss Bourassa, who is attending summer school at Bay View, Mich., writes that while we were wilting with the heat of July days they were wearing winter clothing. It must be that she has telegraphed some of that lake weather here, for this week we have been obliged to don heavier clothing. She mentions having seen William Petoskey and wife, who called upon her. William did not look natural but finally she discovered it was a mustache which changed his appearance. "O, those mustaches," she exclaims. Miss Bourassa says that William and Jane are loyal to Carlisle.

Susie Reed has gone to her long home. She has been an acute sufferer for three weeks with consumption of the bowels, but has not been well ever since she came to us from Alabama, where with the other Apache prisoners she had her home. Two or three summers she has spent in a country home, which seemed to build her up each year, but this summer she began to run down soon after she went out, and was obliged to come in. All through her illness she has been very patient and was conscious to the last, when she passed quietly away last Monday night, at mid-night.

The largest Indian Sunday School class that we know anything about in a school otherwise composed of white children, is found in Newtown, taught by Miss Fannie Rubinkam. So great is the interest kept up that the boys on farms for miles around attend. Now, the Man-on-the-band-stand is pleased, of course, at this good news from Bucks County, brought in by Mr. Spray, but what he would most like to see in all of these Sunday Schools which Indians attend is not INDIAN CLASSES, which make reservations of Indians in the Sunday School room, but Indians scattered and lost in all of the other classes of the school. Our boys and girls came east TO GET AWAY FROM the reservation, and no better missionary work could be done by our Sunday Schools who kindly look after large numbers of our students, than for the individual classes each to invite an Indian to become a member.

Lawn sprinkling!

Pay day, Wednesday.

Read "Don't 52," with special care.

Alberta Gansworth has gone to her home in New York.

Mr. Jos. Jordan and boys are repairing the granolithic walks.

The goods for the Atlanta exhibit are on their way to that place.

Miss Jessie Woodward was a guest of Miss Worthington on Saturday.

Miss Barr is on her way to Boston and to points farther east, for a month's leave.

Mr. Spray ran in from his country rounds among the Indian boys to spend Sunday at home.

Mr. J. B. Given manipulated the stereopticon for Prof. Durell at Williams Grove, last Friday night.

Jacob Jamison pitched for the Mt. Holly team in the game with Gettysburg at the latter place, on Tuesday.

Rev. Noll of the Reformed Church of Carlisle, and family, were guests of Mrs. Worthington, Thursday evening.

Miss Hill, who has been our instrumental music teacher for a year, left for Chambersburg on Wednesday evening.

The Song of the Farmer on first page was printed in the columns of the HELPER once before. We print again by request.

Miss Hench's vacation is o'er, and she has returned to mother the girls during the absence of Miss Campbell and Miss Shaffner.

Such a bike as we saw at the hospital this week! The hospital is just the place, however, to send sickly machines of any kind.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has a letter from Prof. Bakeless, Tacoma, Washington, which we will publish next week.

Mr. Snyder has received his new wheel for which he has been anxiously looking for several weeks. It is a nineteen pounder.

Mr. and Mrs. Weber and baby Albert are off on their annual leave. They will spend most of their time at their old home in Reading.

On Tuesday, Miss Lida Standing attended the 5th annual reunion of the students of the Shippensburg Normal School at Williams Grove.

Miss Marion Johnson of Waterloo, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Johnson, of Steelton were guests of Mrs. Mason Pratt on Wednesday.

Miss Richenda Pratt came unexpectedly home from the sea-shore last Saturday owing to the illness of Mrs. Super in whose family she was a guest.

Antoine Denomie, father of Annie and uncle of Joseph Denomie arrived on Saturday evening on his way home from Washington, D. C. He left the next day.

Miss Campbell has left for her vacation. She goes first to Lancaster, and will visit friends in Pittston and elsewhere before her return. On Wednesday evening she gave a water-melon treat to her large family of girls, and an enjoyable feast it was.

Elige Crow is carrying a broken finger in a sling, the result of a coal-house accident.

Mrs. Standing, Jack and Miss Lida, Mrs. Mason Pratt, Sarah, Dick, Roxana and Marion spent Saturday at the lower farm on the banks of the Conodoguinet, picnicing.

Miss Miles has returned from her vacation, with the tan of New England's sun and wind upon her cheeks, looking rested and well, ready for another year's hard pull.

The Miners and Printers have been having some exciting games of ball recently, the latter usually getting beaten. On Monday evening the Printers did their best and managed to play a tie game.

Miss Cook who has been here arranging the Atlanta Indian exhibit for the Interior Department, left for Washington, on Friday last. Miss Cook is a wheel-woman, and enjoys everything enjoyable.

Notice the quick movements of the men who are laying the wall of the new end of the gymnasium! It does not take them all day to put a brick in place. "WORK when you work," is the lesson those men teach. The joists for the second floor are going down as we go to press.

Miss Carter came in from Chautauqua on Tuesday evening. She left to-day for Stockbridge, Mass., for the rest of her vacation. Miss Hamilton who was with her at Chautauqua will remain there for a time. Miss Bowersox who was also of the party has gone to her home this state, while Miss Botsford, of the Cherokee School who was one of them, has gone to Iowa and other points in the west to visit friends.

"Dr. Wind" sounds very well, eh? When Miss Barr was out the other evening for a few moments a stranger entered with a severe cut to be dressed. As there was no one else to do it, Miss Wind brought into use her professional training. At the close of the operation she was addressed and thanked as "Dr." Nobody heard it but the Man-on-the-band-stand, and no one else saw how proud she was of the title.

In a school where the rule is "Tobacco, no pay" it certainly does not PAY to use the stuff. These vacation times when we are obliged to work by the side of men with pipes and large quids in their mouths, it is hard for those of us who have always been accustomed to use it at home, to deny ourselves here. But we can do it, and at the same time show to the users of the weed that if they choose to be SLAVES, we prefer to be MASTERS. The few boys who are too weak to control themselves will of course receive a little help in the matter. Look at the two words "MASTER," "SLAVE"! The Man-on-the-band-stand pities the slave. He honors the master.

Miss Cochran has gone to her home in Millertown for a vacation. She claims that her experience as office clerk during the month of July, in bending over Carlisle school property returns and doing close figure work on other departmental papers, has given her more practical arithmetical problems for her school-room next year than she learned in previous years when in attendance upon Summer school. She has her wheel with her at home, and will enjoy life generally.

(Continued From First Page)

who has one hundred children from fifty different families under his care.

The Danish Government pays him his salary of \$250 per year, and on this he supports his family of six.

The children are required to go to school between the ages of 7 and 14.

He then took us to the small Lutheran Church, with its uncompromising wooden benches and altar, very much like that of the Episcopal Church.

The people are all fishers and export great quantities of dried fish and fresh halibut and haddock.

We are now in the harbor of Thorshavn, the capital of the Faroe Islands. The sun shines brightly and all about us are the mountain islands, while the sea-gulls sweep in majestic curves over the water.

Thorshavn is rather more pretentious than Trangisvaag, and has a crude looking fort with the Danish flag floating over it. There the Governor appointed by the Danish Government lives.

We shall go ashore after breakfast, and in anticipation of mailing this letter there I am now hurriedly writing.

I have had my first introduction to Iceland, in having to take the only vacant berth on board in the ladies' cabin where there are three other women, all Icelanders.

One, a young lady, understands English, and we have become good friends.

She has been in Copenhagen at school for two years, and has been in France the last two years. She is now going home to be married.

Her father was the Governor of Iceland, but died last year. Elin Havstein, for that is her name, is very pretty and has a most musical voice. Her mother, with sweet motherly face, and her girl friend are the other two in the cabin.

Most of the fellow passengers are Danes and they keep up a Babel constantly. Miss Ackerman dryly remarked that she wished she could have lived about the time of the building of the Tower, she surely would have made a big effort to have prevented all this confusion. Will send you a letter from Iceland next week."

#### **A Spider Never Gives up the Ship.**

Never be discouraged by trifles.

If a spider breaks his thread twenty times he will mend it as many.

Perseverance and patience will accomplish wonders.

#### **NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EARNESTNESS.**

"There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness," says Charles Dickens.

One may have a large stock of fine talents, he may have good judgment, with a backing of wide experience, but how little does all this avail without heartiness, earnestness, unwavering resolve, and enthusiasm!

God gives us the machinery for accomplishing his work, but we must fill the boiler with water, and build the fire under it.

The world can shift along with substitutes here and there, but for hearty interest, earnestness, zeal, there is no substitute.

—[Sunday School Times.

#### **Our Troubles.**

"Do you know," said John Wesley to a despondent person, "why a cow looks over a wall?"

And then he answered and applied his own conundrum:

"Because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them."

#### **MORE DON'TS!**

51. Don't fail in proper attention to elderly people. Nothing shows a better heart, or a nicer sense of true politeness than kindly attention to those advanced in years, yet be careful not to make your attention too pronounced.

52. Don't sit in the chair at the business desk of another, and never THINK of occupying the chair at the desk of your superior officer! Who would think, for instance, of sitting in Capt. Pratt's desk chair when he leaves it but for a short time? Show the same respect to the chair of every business or private desk.

53. Don't in entering or leaving a room with ladies, go before them! Ladies should always go first.

#### **Enigma of 18 Letters.**

My 2, 4, 7, 17 is what cross dogs do.

My 11, 18, 1, 16 is used to catch rats.

My 12, 9, 5, 6, 10 is not heavy nor dark.

My 14, 13, 15, 3, 8 is a precious substance found in oysters.

My whole is what many readers think of the INDIAN HELPER. SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLE: Nose.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year FREE will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada.

For FIVE subscriptions to the HELPER a choice from an interesting set of twenty-cent photographs will be sent FREE. Send for a list of Interesting Photographs which we give as premiums for subscriptions.