

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1895.—

NO. 45.

## COURAGE.

**B**ECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,  
And will not let the bitterness of life  
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond  
Its tumults and its strife.

Because I hold my head above the mist,  
Where the sun shines and the broad breeze blow,  
By every ray and every raindrop kissed  
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?  
No burden to be borne like Christian's pack?  
Think you there are no ready tears to fall  
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,  
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!  
A thousand times more good than I deserve  
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,  
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine:  
Grateful I take His slightest gift; no tears  
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and, when the clouds are  
past,  
One golden day redeems a weary year;  
Patience, I listen, sure that sweet at last  
Will sound His voice of cheer.

—CELIA THAXTER.

## PROFESSOR BAKELESS RELATES INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN AN INTERESTING WAY.

Professor Bakeless, chief of the Carlisle Indian School academic department, has been making a tour of the Indian Teachers' Institutes. The first was held in Sioux City. From there he went to Denver, Colo., to attend the National Educational Convention and thence to Tacoma, Washington, from which point he sent the following:

TO THE AGENT OF THE M. O. T. B. S.

I tremble to think that one of his summer wanderers has failed to pay his respects by letter to our ubiquitous "Old Man." Will he pardon the tardiness when he knows that the weeks have been too full for pen?

You know how the wanderer took the Reading Air Line Snail Express for Allentown,

June 28, and he "got there" a geological age or two after he started, with no adventures on the way except the privilege of hearing two good Lebanon County dames tell in the language of his childhood and in tones as loud as Carlisle girls use on the campus, alas! the secrets of their household—how they did their canning, who was the best pow-wow-er in the neighborhood, etc.

And superstition is found among the Indians, is it?

As the sun set, in the eastern sky he saw one of the most wonderful mirages it was ever his delight to witness. Snowcapped, cloud mountains above, apparently reflected in a glassy sea beneath, with floating islands and a harbor perfect in perspective with its retreating hill, tinted with the brilliant colors of the sinking sun.

Beautiful, real! but it faded, like brightest hopes of youth.

Twelve hours after we were standing on Table Rock listening to the war of the mighty "Thunder of water."

And Howard and Leander were just twelve miles away, and no time to call.

Two hours to see Niagara! Not enough! But the subdued feeling that always comes from the awe inspiring influence of the sublime in nature still lingers. One would not shake it off.

Sunday morning, and Chicago gave her din of welcome, after a rapid run over Canadian soil, and a dive under St. Clair River, through the famous tunnel that our boys and girls must read about.

Four hours in the city enabled us to find a friend whom we had not seen for a year, and recall old times.

Then came the start for Sioux City from the magnificent depot of the Illinois Central—a dream of some architecture realized in granite, marble, iron, carved wood and stained glass.

To Dubuque the way was not new. Illinois' level and uninteresting prairie could not induce us to lay aside an interesting book, but the rolling surface of southern Iowa, "land of

(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, and 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.

---

"My heart thrilled with joy as I opened successively one leaf after another," says Frank Harrington, of Cantonment, in reference to the Carlisle Souvenir he recently received.

We repeat—Will pupils on farms please write the address of their parents or guardians to whom they are required to write monthly letters, IN FULL at the beginning of the letter?

Sticky weather for stamps! 2-cent stamps in amounts less than a dollar are acceptable in payment for subscriptions or souvenir, but please use care in placing them in the letter so that they will not stick together. A little oiled paper makes it right.

One of our returned girls writes concerning the Agent of her people: "I do not see why they sent such a man to us. He is the only Major that ever showed so plain that he uses strong drink. Other Majors here may have drunk but they never showed it."

Put a lot of whites on a reservation, clothe and feed them with the same rations that are issued to the Indians, and you would have a worse set of savages than there are now. They would become greater paupers and a great deal more degraded. —(*The Indian Advocate*).

We hear that there will be five Carlisle workers on the Genoa, Nebraska Indian School force this year—Miss Fisher, Miss McAdam, Miss Kemp, Chauncey Yellowrobe, (Class '95,) and Susie McDougall (Class '95) in the place of Florence Wells, who has been transferred to a school on the Pacific Coast.

Great is our grief in being obliged to report that the news of the death of Esther Johnson given last week is true. Only a few weeks ago she graduated from the Chilocco Indian School, Oklahoma, and went to her home to secure pupils for the school, expecting to return. B. F. T. in the *Arkansas City Daily Traveller* has this to say of the cheery young girl whom so many of us will ever remember: "Hundreds who visited our commencement at Chilocco on the 26th of last month, will

remember Esther's graduating oration, entitled, 'No Morning Lasts a Whole Day.' They will also remember the beautiful song she rendered so nicely, 'Good-bye.' Esther was a bright and loving girl, her every day life reminded us of that beautiful song she so much loved to sing, 'Light hearted, whole hearted, kind hearted and true.' We shall miss her in our class room, in our Sabbath school and in our social circle, for there she had many admirers."

Adelia Lowe says she is having a grand time at the sea-shore. "It is a great pleasure to have such a chance as this once in your life," she says, and then adds: "I am grateful for the kind and good family I am placed with. They are doing everything that I would enjoy. I do appreciate their treatment, but the only thing I can do at present is to do my each day's duty faithfully and in that way show my happiness for being with them and having a delightful summer. While on the beach I met Miss L. A. Bender. She looked so well and healthy. Also Miss L. Jacobs, our seamstress, with her lady friends. Rev. H. B. Wile, of Carlisle, is here at Asbury Park. He preaches on Sunday and I wish to hear him preach once again and may have the chance yet. Every time I go to the beach I look across the ocean to see if Miss Shaffner and Miss Nana are facing this way. We are living in square tents and I do think its fun."

William Tivis in his letter acknowledging the receipt of the Carlisle Souvenir, says of the HELPER:

"The HELPER is a great friend to me. It comes to me every week to tell me what is going on at the school and it also tells the news from the other side of the great ocean. It seems so wonderful that this friend of mine has so many other friends." He says he is very well at present, that White Wolf has received his sight again and is walking around without the aid of any one. The Comanches, in the neighborhood of his place, are having excellent crops except oats. A great many of the Ft Sill Comanches have no crops. He says he does not try to do much but farming and expects to break some new land very soon.

Ella Rickert is assisting the teacher in a day school at Ft. Berthold, N. D. She says the children are given lunch at noon and it is too much for the lady to do. We judge Ella is helping her out for the sake of the home it affords. "I could not afford to have nothing to do," she says, "so I got into this as quickly as I could. Beside that I want a nice clean home." The wheat and oats crop in that region are a failure having been destroyed by hail, but the Indians are busy haying. They are improving every year, and many of them are Christians. They hold prayer meetings and she says it is so "touching to hear them pray the Lord to give them wisdom and understanding, and they pray for every school boy and girl, that they may be able to teach them."

A letter from Mrs. Platt, Tabor, Iowa, says that Miss Fisher was there for a little visit, previous to her going to Genoa.

Almost a cyclone, Sunday.

The shops are getting their yearly wash of blue-gray-drab.

Jacob Jamison and Hayes George have gone to their respective homes.

Joseph Martinez has gone to Blairsville to visit his old teacher, Miss Paull.

Miss Quinn is laid up with a bruised foot and she did not get it from a bicycle, either.

Miss Nellie Robertson is having temporary charge of the small boys, until Mrs. Given's return.

Mr. Snyder, instructor in tailoring, left last night for Lock Haven, where he will spend a part of his vacation.

Levi St. Cyr, class '91, and foreman of the printing-office, is taking a little trip through Bucks county on his wheel.

Mr. Standing says the caps worn by the young ladies and gentlemen at the select social the other evening were very *captivating*.

The girls' quarters are receiving a fresh coat of paint. It is a tremendous building and requires quantities of dressing, as well as the occupants thereof.

The farm boy who wrote the Enigma on last page has not learned to spell the name of a very important vegetable that grows on a farm, but we thank him for the Enigma all the same.

Friday was the fifteenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Standing's wedding, and the day was made memorable by presents and reminiscences.

The summer numbers of the HELPER are usually valuable on account of letters of travel from various members of the faculty. We have another from Professor Bakeless which will appear next week.

Walter LeRoy Kennedy of the printing force has gone to his home in New York State for a ten days' visit. He has taken advantage of the Niagara excursion from Harrisburg, which left yesterday.

Learn the names of the streets of the town you live in! Where is High Street, Carlisle? Where is Hanover Street? Where is East Street, and Bedford and Penn? Shame if you have been here two or three months and don't know!

**THE OFFER OF THE NEW 25-cent SOUVENIR** containing over 61 views of the school and of Indian pupils in their country homes is the largest offer we ever made for **TEN SUBSCRIPTIONS**. Put in an extra two-cent stamp to pay postage!

The masons are fast getting up the brick-work on the second story of the gymnasium. It begins to look like a building. The light brick between the projecting columns of dark, produce a very artistic effect. The arch-way is a new and striking feature.

Stewart Hazlett is an enterprising Indian youth of twelve summers. He is a regular subscriber for a Philadelphia daily and is one who cannot wait for the HELPER until it is all printed, but comes and asks for the outside, which he reads while the inside is going in type. When not on duty as orderly, or engaged in some wholesome game he is generally found over a book or paper or digging in waste baskets for old stamps.

It is even fashionable to be intelligent now-a-days.

Nancy Seneca was detailed to go to the bedside of Fred Hare, who was lying ill with typhoid fever in the country. He has been removed to a Trenton hospital, and his condition is reported as favorable.

Miss Campbell returned last Friday noon very suddenly having received the news on her arrival at Lancaster of the death of her Aunt in Pittston. She faced about, stopped here between trains and went direct to the latter place.

Miss Taylor and Mrs. Kling, who have charge of the teachers' club, are enjoying the new extension to their quarters. The dining-room floor has been freshly painted and things generally have a comfortable, home-like air which corresponds with the excellent cooking and delicate desserts the sisters are preparing these days.

Several of the pupils on farms are purchasing souvenirs to give to their farm fathers and mothers before returning to the school in the fall. One states his wish in this wise: "I would like to have one sent to me charged in the bank, (his bank account at the school), although I haven't any money in it but I expect to have some, because I have worked hard for it, sweated for it and passed sleepless hours of being so tired. I wish to present it to these kind folks of mine before returning to the school."

One of the largest excursions ever known to start from Carlisle went to Bay Ridge, Maryland, on Saturday last. It is estimated that about 1000 people from this vicinity were transported to that popular resort. The court house bell rang up the excursionists for an early start, and there was an extra market on Friday evening to accommodate the travelers. Master Walter Gardner was the only one of our printing force to take advantage of the low rates, and he claims that he had a fine time.

Have we a single fault that we do not master? It may be eating too much, or eating or drinking even a little of what we should not; it may be getting angry when we should control ourselves; it may be idling our time away when we should be reading; it may be talking about people in an unpleasant way. If we do anything we **KNOW WE SHOULD NOT DO**, be it little or big, openly or in secret, then let us keep our mouths shut over other people's faults. **SELF-control** is the main thing we should strive for.

An exceedingly pleasant event was a social gathering of perhaps thirty or forty young ladies and gentlemen in the S. L. L. Society rooms last Friday evening. Misses Flora Campbell, Lucy Cloud, Sarah Williams, and Susie McDougall were the principal actors while all the young ladies did their part toward the entertainment. Jaunty paper caps trimmed in various colors were provided all the guests, and trimmings to match matched the partners for the evening. The promenades, the music provided by Messrs. Brown and Isaac with violin, piano and guitar, the games, the delicious refreshments, and last but not least the cake-walk in which Jos. Martinez and lady, Miss Ida Wheelock, won the prize, all contributed toward making an evening long to be remembered.

(Continued From First Page)

beauty," the domain of "Mondamin, the Corn King," was too inviting in its freshness and fertility to pass without a constant gaze from the window, first of one side of the cars and then the other.

Sioux City was the destination, where the workers in the Indian Service from the states and territories of the North West were to assemble in an Institute.

The city, scattered for miles over hill and valley, was suggestive of a young Chicago, possibly her daughter drifted off and lost during the night of her great fire.

A beautiful city; true somewhat scattered, yet bearing evidence of the intelligence and enterprise of its inhabitants and also some signs of that bane of too many western towns, the "boomer," the capitalist "speculator." The city has suffered from this class, but is recovering.

Sioux City lies on the Missouri and Sioux rivers, on the extreme western boundary of the States.

Its chief industry is pork packing. Its fine churches, Y. M. C. A. building, public buildings, business blocks, private residences all indicate wealth, intelligence, refinement and enterprise.

The school-buildings deserve special mention, for they are exceptionally fine as to size, plan and construction.

It was our pleasure through the courtesy of Superintendent Kratz, President Hiles and Secretary Webb of the City School Board to make the round of the city in a carriage to visit about a dozen of them.

The city high school building is next to the Durfee Memorial Building at Fall River, Mass., the finest it has been our privilege to witness anywhere.

It is of brown stone, in style suggestive in parts of a castle of the Middle Ages, with its towers and buttresses.

The fitting of the interior in marble and tiling, plate glass, paneled ceilings and electric light, suggested the "Palace of the Caesars" or the grandeur of Louis XIV.

It suggests that "Demos is King," and we feel glad that Demos shows his good sense in making his palaces school houses.

The laboratories, business department, language department, etc., are well equipped. The heating and ventilating of the building are perfect.

But we wonder! We forget that it was Indian Teachers' Conference we are to attend.

The first familiar face we meet is that of our genial Superintendent of Indian Schools, Dr. Hailman. He gives us a warm and cordial greeting, and we go to the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. building where the meetings are to be held.

Here the students—former employes of Carlisle, and our many western friends soon make themselves known, and we feel glad to be in Sioux City.

Among the first to greet us is our Miss McAdam, now of Genoa School, bubbling over with inquiries about Carlisle friends.

Then imagine the thrill of pleasure as we meet a perfect phalanx of glad familiar faces in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Campbell, Ida Warren, Emily Peake, Ida LaChapelle,

Florence Wells, all with reports of their successes and pleasure in the work.

We felt proud of old Carlisle as the various Superintendents and Principal Teachers told of the success of our Indian girls, and how they were trying to be growing, reading, studying teachers.

And we heard such good, encouraging words for our Chauncey, that we felt sorry not to see him, and take him by the hand with a word of encouragement.

Yes, this all made our hearts beat with thankfulness that Carlisle exists, that she fights her fights, and that she does her work well.

May the dear, old institution be blessed still more in her work until there is not an Indian left in our borders who has not become a man and woman—a citizen!

We are getting too wordy. This institute was a success in every particular.

Among the papers whose contents will ring in my mind for a lifetime are those of Bishop Hare on "Moral Concepts of Indian Children," and Mrs. Lukins, Matron from Haskell, on "Matron's Work." More anon.

### DON'T!

54. Don't stare at people, or laugh at any peculiarity of manner or dress. Don't point at persons or objects as you pass along the street or when in a company of people.

55. Don't spit upon the pavement or walk. Spit to one side. Men who eject great streams of tobacco juice upon the side-walk, or on the floors of public vehicles ought to be driven out of civilized society.

56. Don't stand before hotels or stores and stare at passers by. This is a most idle and insolent habit, and too frequently practiced in country villages, greatly to the annoyance of persons who are obliged to be on the street.

### An Enigma From One of Our Indian Farmer Boys in Bucks County.

I am made of 14 letters:

My 8, 12, 14 is what a dog does to bury a bone.

My 1, 9, 11 is a little hog.

My 10, 4, 3, 7 is a passage way.

My 13, 6, 5 is a word of negation.

My 2 is often used in surprise.

My whole is a backache job.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Bright little paper.

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.