

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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AUGUST, month when everywhere
Music floats upon the air,
From the harps of minstrel gales
Playing down the hills and dales.
August days are guards who keep
Watch while summer lies asleep.

ICELAND AT LAST.

Notwithstanding the underscored injunction in Miss Nana Pratt's last private home letter, "Please do not put my letters in the HELPER," the M. O. T. B. S. takes the liberty of again excerpting portions which are of special interest to many who are following the travellers. Just how he will settle with the author of the letters on her return, at least how she will settle with him, remains to be seen. Until then:

REYKJAVIK, ICELAND, July 20, 1895.

Our goal is reached and we are in Iceland, but, alas, for our preconceived ideas of the country!

Instead of the strange country and people we expected to discover, we find plains, hills and towns that remind us very much of the western part of our own country.

The people received us so cordially and are so intelligent and speak English so well, that again and again we say to ourselves, "Are we really in Iceland?"

We were so wretchedly sea-sick on the voyage that as we approached land, Reykjavik seemed one of the fairest places we had ever seen.

The harbor is picturesque with the hills and rugged, snow-capped mountains shutting it in and casting many tints and lights into the water.

But Reykjavik itself is most uncompromising with the square frame houses and lack of foliage.

There is not a tree to be seen, but parts of the island we have so far explored, with the

sloping hills in the fore-ground and rapidly flowing streams and the mountains beyond are most picturesque.

We are stopping at the Hotel Reykjavik, whose thin walls through which every sound penetrates is another reminder of the primitiveness of our western hotels.

But the people are the charm of the place. They have received us with open arms and we are invited to drink tea, coffee or chocolate with them at all hours, and in this way we learn to know them best, for we see them in their homes.

And then to think that we can chat over our cups in English, is that not delightful?

The Icelanders speak very pure English, even those who have never been off the island.

Of course there is the peasant class whom we do not understand and who do not understand us, but we are told that there is not a native on the island over sixteen years of age who cannot read and write.

Is that not a record for a people to be proud of?

Poets, historians, naturalists and scholars of all subjects abound; this sequestered place seems to have created a race of students.

We have met a number of these scholars and always find in their rooms books of the literature of all countries—Longfellow, Walt Whitman, Lowell and Poe for America; Shakespeare, Byron, etc. for England; Goethe, Schiller and Heine especially for Germany; Homer for Greece, etc., etc.

One charming old poet, with dreamy eye and noble brow read his translation into Icelandic of Longfellow's "Psalm of life," and then one of the gentlemen with us gave a literal translation into English of the first verse:

"Sing not a song that makes sorrow,
Or that Life is anything of a dream,
Know that the soul is dead if she sleeps,
Try to know things as they are!"

Then when we asked him which of the English poets he likes best he said:

"I like Byron best. I mean he stands my heart nearest."

(Continued next week.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

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—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.;

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

The Crow boys who went home this summer have found plenty of work on the irrigating ditch which is going forward on their reservation.

Among the familiar names of teachers present at the Tacoma Indian Teachers' Association as recorded in the *Daily Ledger* of that city, were Miss Mollie V. Gaither, Miss Emma Gutilius and W. J. Nolan.

The large Academic wheel will soon be rolling again. During vacation when it stands still, the spokes go off for a rest and repairs. They are returning one by one. In about a fortnight the school machinery will be oiled and started.

THE INDIAN HELPER for this week contains a letter from Professor Bakeless, of the academic department of the Indian school, written from Tacoma, Washington. The letter is intended principally for the Indians, but it is just as interesting to pale faces. —[*The American Volunteer*, Carlisle.]

A recent letter from Miss Semple, our first and for several years principal of the Academic Department, and who is now with her sister at Ft. Worth, Texas, shows her unabated interest in Carlisle and the progress that the school has made. In regard to the Souvenir she says, "I have spent hours over the views, especially the groups of graduates, and comparing them with my old pictures I can only say, What has God wrought!"

Siceni Nori, (class '94,) now a Dickinson College Prep. is spending the summer in the country working his way on a farm. He says he is enjoying his vacation and that the work has been very pleasant and instructive to him. "To work with such pleasant people," he says, "one feels that he has done and is doing very little to pay back the motherly and fatherly attention they have bestowed upon me. I like my work. I like my home and I can justly say this is only my second Carlisle. Mr. H. is a new farm father having taken me as his first adopted Indian son, and I do not always make a good son."

Dr. Montezuma came in unexpectedly from New York on Friday night just as the acting-head nurse, Miss Wind, was giving a little watermelon treat to some friends on the hospital balcony. A figure was seen at the cistern and all exclaimed "Doctor! There is the Doctor!" and "Ah, too late for water-melon! etc." He drank quietly and walked off without so much as "How d'ye do?" Then there was a shout of laughter. They had made a mistake. It was some one else, and all were mortified at calling so familiarly to a stranger. The party soon broke up, but on passing out the walk one looked around, and there stood the Doctor in the glare of the electric light with a huge piece of his favorite fruit, eating for all it was worth. The laugh was on the party the second time. The Apache had deceived them well. It is needless to say he received a warm welcome.

Be it known that the fellow, Wah Hooche, who says he is an Indian from the Carlisle school, and who is working upon the feelings of the people of Georgia and swindling them out of their money is a fraud of the worst type. We never had a pupil by that name. A friend writes that he is working upon the feelings of the Negro population. He gains access to the pulpit and by his Indian costume, club and long hair amuses the people and thus secures their money. He will no doubt soon discover that that sort of business does not pay.

Mrs. Pratt ran in from her country trip among the girls to spend Sunday. She says she has found very few discouraging conditions but many to encourage. Most of the girls are doing remarkably well. At the home of Mrs. Russell, Liberty Grove, she was warmly received. Mrs. Russell has had in the past few years fourteen Indian girls, and says she has never had to turn a key against them. She has, without exception, found them honest, faithful and upright. She places confidence in them and they do not abuse it.

We take the following interesting item from *Isafold*, a paper published in Iceland, but as no interpreter was sent along, each reader will be obliged to get out of it what he or she can:

"Hun hefir sjer til adtodar 2 ungrur adrar, Miss Ruth Shaffner, sem er handitari hennar, og Miss Nana Pratt sem hradritara."

As a futher sample of the language in which the paper is printed, here is one of many words of about the same length—

"ullarverksmittjulantaka."

Fine specimens of lace made by the Indian women of White Earth, Minn., and sent by Miss Sybil Carter to Atlanta to go along with the Indian exhibit, reached here this week. They have been examined with much interest and passed upon as something extraordinary.

A very sad letter has been received from Miss Eva Johnson (class '89), relative to the death of her sister Esther. She was ill only four days, and before that had been planning her year's work at Chilocco.

"THE HELPER is the best paper published for the money."—SUBSCRIBER.

Corn on the cob is a popular dish.

Miss Hill has returned for a few days.

This is the last month for the oysters' vacation.

The stay-at-homes have had a busy summer.

Refreshing showers have brought up the grass wonderfully.

The family carriage is out in its new summer dress of shiny black.

Simon Standingdeer, printer, is rustivating at the lower farm for a change.

Mrs. Dandridge is spending a short vacation at Bedford Springs and Pittsburg.

Edgar Rickard, printer, has been spending a day or two in the potato patch at Oak Hill, for a change.

Miss Quinn left for Washington on Tuesday morning, where she intends spending the most of her vacation.

Applications to enter as pupils are coming in from the western reservations. Those who wish to get in this year had better apply soon.

Prof. Bakeless arrived on Wednesday. He has been taking an extensive tour through the West as his letters this week and last indicate.

Mr. Spray came in Saturday from his country trip among the boys on farms. He has finished up the eastern section and is doing the northern part of the state this week.

The embroidered mats sent in from Downingtown to go to the Atlanta exhibition are beauties. Lizzie Hill and Leila Cornelius must be adepts in that line.

Mrs. Standing, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Lida and Master Jack Standing spent Tuesday at Pine Grove, and declared they had plenty of room as well as a delightful time.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is having his big hat (at least the roof to his stand) painted and it is a slippery dangerous place to handle the brush, going up as it does into a peak.

If those able bodied Indian boys who keep the brick-layers supplied from the general pile cannot ride a bicycle they certainly have the art of driving a unicycle down to perfection.

Miss Jennie Ericson, of Finland, is with us, having landed in this country but a few days ago. She will have charge of Sloyd this year, which promises to be an interesting feature of the school.

Mrs. Given returned on Wednesday evening, looking improved after her vacation in Kansas. Johnny did not come with her. She reports that her father, Rev. Dr. Brown, is not very well.

Dr. Montezuma and Dennison Wheelock departed for the West on Monday evening. They will visit various reservations, and bring to Carlisle those pupils who wish to come, that is, if they are worthy subjects and pass the physical examination.

Miss Tillie Groome of Carlisle, teacher of art at the West Chester Normal School and instructor at the Glens Falls Summer School, and friend were here on Monday. They called upon Miss Nellie Robertson, class '96, of West Chester, who is spending her vacation with us.

Capt. Pratt has returned from his Western trip in the mountains of Colorado. He has been where winter clothing was necessary to keep comfortable and where they have had snow storms while we were sweltering.

Miss Hamilton is back from Chautauqua. She is charmed with the place and its intellectual atmosphere. She seems bubbling over with inspiration and declares that she has imbibed enough to last a year, but is going back next year if she lives.

Miss Hench's sisters Miss Mary and Miss Elizabeth and their mother Mrs. Hench spent Tuesday afternoon at the school. The little tots at the girls' quarters, of which Miss Hench is at present acting matron, would be delighted if Miss Elizabeth could come often and cut out paper dolls for them.

The pile of new brick is growing beautifully less while the wall of the new end of the gymnasium is growing beautifully high. The joists on third floor are down and the wall is far above the second floor window casings. And what is it for? All for the health and growth of our boys and girls. The pupils take special pride in this building, many of them having contributed some of their earnings toward its erection.

Mr. Standing has had a brief but interesting outing as well as deserved rest. On Tuesday, while his family were enjoying the breezes among the pines in the South Mountain waiting for every train to bring papa, he was resting at Carlisle Junction, within six miles of the school waiting for a train which had gone. Our Assistant Superintendent does not often get left, but it is a legitimate use of the term to say that on Tuesday he did.

Mr. Claudy is sticking type these days of outing for the Indian apprentice. Out of 21 printers at the close of term, 17 left for their homes or for the country while the regular work of the office must go on as usual. The places of some have been filled with green hands and the farmers will be back in September, when we shall be able to take care of 10,000 more subscribers for the HELPER and Red Man.

Why is it that John Leslie is so popular? Because he is the most *taking* man on the grounds. Many of the pictures in the Carlisle souvenir were his originally. Sixty one pictures for 25 cents! For ten subscriptions for the INDIAN HELPER we will send the Souvenir FREE. This is altogether the BEST OFFER ever made from this office. Some of the pictures which required thirty subscriptions to get are in this book. They are clear cut and fully described.

There is no necessity of the rising Indians dying young, if after they learn the way they will go in it. We cannot endure lying in the wet grass, using tobacco or strong drink, and we cannot stand other bad practices. Let us stop them all and live. The world be athletes have to take great care of their bodies, and if we wish to be strong we must find out the laws of health and observe them.

57. Don't stop your lady acquaintances on the street if you wish to speak to them; turn and walk by their side, and leave them with raised hat when you have done.

OUR PROF. BAKELESS AT OMAHA AND DENVER.

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

A rapid spin of four hours between magnificent fields of corn and ripening grain brought us to Omaha, a city so thoroughly scattered that it leaves the impression to the visitor of an effort on the part of the builders to appropriate the entire Mississippi valley for Nebraska's metropolis.

There are indications of considerable wealth in this city if beauty of location and compactness of form do not impress one. A fine Federal building is being erected here to grace the city's principal street, and a handsome structure—the high school building crowns an eminence, but we have no time to gather up the disjointed fragments of an over ambitious western city. The train is panting to be gone to Denver, the "Queen of the plains," the "Pride of the Rockies," the richest gem of all the city settings in Columbia's fair crown.

Train after train overloaded with eastern wisdom, educational experts, are dashing across the prairies to attend the National Educational Association.

Truly "the pedagogue was abroad in the land," and the school "ma'am" too, and a brighter, more vivacious, more energetic type than thronged Denver for a week or ten days is hard to find in any other calling.

One old, gray, glum bachelor (evidently) muttered half to himself, half to your wanderer "Never saw so many homely women together in my life."

"Nor so much real noble woman-hood, and they compare very favorably in looks with the men in attendance," was the reply.

"Ya-as" he said, and subsided, we trust until he finds a wife to create a little sunshine in his heart.

Let the 'school ma'am' alone, she is building stronger and surer than our statesman. We believe it. Readers do not you?

Well, eighteen hours over the plains on the B. and M. R. R. R., through acres of sun flowers, poppies and scores of other flowers as beautiful as they were strange, we reached our destination just five hours behind time, because of the heavy section of Pullmans that preceded our train.

What puffing and snorting and groaning it did take to get those New York educators into Denver!

But they "got there," and educationally the Empire State always does.

What a scene at the Union depot that Sunday morning!

From 9,000 to 12,000 tourists swooping down unexpectedly, in part at least, upon the railroad officials.

Trunks and valises, grips and telescopes multiplying by hundreds and thousands, until the baggage men lost their heads, and all were piled in inextricable confusion in stacks hundreds of feet long, twenty feet high, with hardly room to move about, and still they

came with each incoming train—trunks, trunks, trunks.

To add to this carnival of delight of the "baggage fiend," by scores and hundreds in travel stained garments stood the fair maidens (and not a few males, don't mention it) pleading with hackmen to "save them, save them!"—their wardrobes, their treasures laid up upon earth where moth and dust and "baggage fiend" do corrupt and put in danger "sleeve, gusset and seam."

At the end of two days, order was restored, and the female portion of the vast audience that attended the educational meetings gradually lost that look of unutterable agony as each one rescued her precious belongings and lugged them off to her hotel.

Shipwrecks, floods and cyclones, we may endure, but deliver us, ye guards of the traveling public, from a baggage blockade!

The deliberation of the National Educational Association began.

How I wish every reader of the HELPER had been able to see, to hear, to meet, those noble men and women who are building so strong, so lofty and so sure for the next generation of American citizens!

With such thinking, with such broad, generous, patriotic planning, with such fraternality and unanimity of purpose, with such earnest seeking after truth and truth only among our nation's educators, America is safe.

In the new and unique Manual Training High School building before the Industrial Section of the National Educational Association (N. E. A.) our Captain read a paper on "Industrial Education for the Indian."

It was clear, logical and to the point and brought about an earnest discussion.

The school buildings and public buildings of Denver are exceptionally fine.

In two of the high school buildings unusually fine educational exhibits were found.

Through the kindness of Miss Nana R. Taggart, student of the North Denver High School, our Carlisle boys and girls may hope to see some of this work and compare it with their own.

What a beautiful city Denver is!

But the time has come to leave, and away to the southward over the Rio Grande R. R. with the "Rockies" on our right beyond Pueblo, and then due west through the "Royal Gorge" or Canon of the Arkansas where the mighty mountain walls frown upon our moving train from hundreds of feet above, and threaten to crush us, and the torrents of the Arkansas rush by with a sullen roar of displeasure at man's boldness in entering these mountain fastnesses.

Sunday noon brought us to Salt Lake City, tired and ready for the rest and quiet that a Mormon Sabbath has to give.

Enigma of 13 letters.

My 13, 3, 6, 5 is a part of a chain.

My 10, 7, 8, 9, 12 is in the whole sum of.

My 1, 11, 2, 4, is to mend holes in stockings.

My whole is good advice to anybody especially to the Indians. SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Potato digging.