



THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI.

—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1895.—

NO. 1.

THAT'S THE WAY.

JUST a little every day,
That's the way!
Seeds in the darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow,
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossoms in a burst;
Slowly-slowly-at the first,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mite by mite.
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power.
Slowly-slowly-hour by hour,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

SLOYD.

"What is Sloyd, do you ask?" said Miss Ericson, our Sloyd instructor to the writer, who, in the Sloyd room was reminding her of the promise in last week's HELPER to answer the question in full. "Sloyd," she continued "is the Finnish system of manual training."

"Then the word is Russian, is it?"

"Oh, no," she replied most emphatically and quite incensed at the thought. "It is of purely Swedish origin and the nearest we can come to the English translation is 'dexterity.' It may be even called 'home industry'."

"Then Sloyd is not confined to wood-work as is frequently supposed."

"No, indeed, although wood is the branch most commonly taught. Sloyd is really work with the hands and with simple tools at spinning, weaving, sewing, knitting, metal-work, etc., etc."

"I observe you teach nothing but wood work here."

"Exactly," replied Miss Ericson in her interesting foreign accent. "The kind of Sloyd practiced at Carlisle school is wood Sloyd."

"Do you propose making little carpenters of the boys under your training?"

"By no means. Sloyd embraces no such

thought. The system is ONLY A MEANS of education, and it is based purely upon pedagogical principles."

"Intended mainly for young children?" interposed the writer.

"Certainly only for those who are young in understanding, as many of our Indian boys and girls are who are not so young in years. It is adapted to the needs of different grades of elementary school work, and it is designed to develop the pupils mentally and physically. To make them quick and accurate in taking directions."

"Its aim then is not special technical training," said the writer.

"Not at all. It is for general development and for the LAYING OF A FOUNDATION for future industrial growth."

"How much ground does Sloyd cover?"

"It is carefully graduated in difficulty from the handling of the simplest tools to the most complete kinds of joinery."

"Do the pupils make complete articles?"

"They make useful little articles from the very beginning. The strength of Sloyd is to advance step by step. The class you see before us to-day have never been in before. Most of them are at work upon flower sticks, which are perhaps the simplest articles that can be constructed. But they must take minute directions and carry them out accurately to make those. I give each a rough piece of wood. He must saw to a line which was previously measured by compass and marking gauge and the stick must be planed to the line. You see they are now doing the work very well, and are extremely interested although it is their first attempt."

Here one little fellow brought up his plane to be adjusted, which Miss Ericson took the pains to show him how to do. She did not do it herself, understand, but carefully explained to him the workings of the blade. Another she discovered planing a little below the line, and hastening to his bench she gently told him why he must not do so, as the line was the only guide he had, and if he did not follow it he would have an unshapely stick.

"You see," said she coming back to the subject, "to make that one little article they must

(Continued on Last Page.)

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THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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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.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Mr. William Noon, of the Hulmeville Advance, paid the school a few days' visit last week. He is much interested in the work of educating Indians, and is acquainted with a number of the Bucks County Indian boys. Mr. St. Cyr was his special friend while here. Mr. Noon went to the case while in the office one day to show the boys that he knew something of the Art Preservative. He had the swing of an expert and won friends among the printers immediately.

"By far the most interesting part of the Government exhibit is that showing the progress of the Indian in the ways of his white brother. There are on every hand illustrations of his attainments in the lines of civilization," says the *Atlanta Constitution*, in an article upon the Cotton States and Industrial Exposition. The Man-on-the-band-stand can but exclaim, How different from the great World's Fair, where folk lore of the Indian and the Indian in his wild state held the most prominent place, while the progress he had made in civilization was displayed in a faulty cramped-up school building erected by the Government in one corner of the grounds, reserved, as it were, from the civilized surroundings of the great exposition. It will be remembered, however, that the Carlisle school exhibit had a place in the midst of the best educational institutions of the land, while hundreds of our pupils visited the Fair paying their own way to and from Chicago. They may be given a like opportunity to visit Atlanta. Who knows?

It will be seen from the interview with Miss Ericson on first page that the object of Sloyd is not to turn out QUANTITIES of work, but to teach foundation principles by having pupils actually do. In our shops, where older pupils work, so much labor is demanded that often times to the detriment of the apprentice he is obliged to stand one side, look on and learn what he can from observation, while the instructor performs a large part of the most difficult work. A carpenter boy is detailed, for instance, to assist a new man from the town who is employed on the irregular roll for a few days, to tide over a rush of outside work. The man does not understand showing. It is

much easier for the man and he accomplishes much more work by having the boy carry boards, put them in position, hand him the square, tools, and run for certain other tools, while he does the sawing and fitting, than it is for him to teach the boy to take the square himself, draw the lines and do the the sawing, perhaps at the risk of bending the saw and sawing through nails or ruining a valuable piece of timber. The real carpenters cannot afford such waste of time and material. It is different in the Sloyd room. There the teacher's business is to TEACH; the waste is small because the articles made are small, and such foundation principles are learned, that cannot help making the boy a handy man, no matter what trade he follows. Miss Ericson is direct from Finland, the seat of Sloyd. Previously to her return to Finland two years ago, she had taught Sloyd in the Milwaukee State Normal School, for four years, and in the Blind Institute. She took a course in the Helsingfors Pedagogical Institute, and another course in this country, so is eminently fitted for the work and understands her business, as all will see, who visit her most interesting department in the school building.

On Monday afternoon, our long looked-for foreign travellers—Miss Shaffner and Miss Nana Pratt, who have been to the land of the mid-night sun, arrived, receiving a warm greeting from officers and pupils of the school. The lane from the school entrance nearly to the Junction was lined with students as the returning party and escort rode from the station in carriages decorated with flags. The band marched in front playing a lively tune while shouts of welcome rent the air and handkerchiefs galore floated in the Icelandic breeze, which it really seemed they had brought with them, for the winds that chilled the backs of the lookers-on were the first wintry blasts of the season. Both travellers look remarkably well, especially Miss Nana who has gained in flesh.

The new members of the band are as follows: Walter LeRoy Kennedy, clarinet; Adam Fox, piccolo; Abram Isaac, clarinet; George Wolfe, alto; Goliath Big Jim, alto-phon; Nic. Hill, cymbals; George Bent, cornet; Ralph Taylor, tenor; Wm. Whitewolf, clarinet; Thomas Marshall, tuba; Willard Gansworth, piccolo. Edward Campeau plays the new contra bass.

The newly elected officers of the Invincible Debating Society are: President, Levi St. Cyr; Vice-President, James Wheelock; Secretary, Timothy Henry; Treasurer, Nicodemus Hill; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jacob Jamison; Reporter, Edward Rogers; Critic, Mr. Spray; Assistant Critic, Dennison Wheelock.

Miss Belinda Archiquette, class '94, is teaching at Tomah, Wisconsin. She is enjoying her work very much, and is happy in it, although there are many little inconveniences she has to suffer on account of lack of Government funds.

"Whoever may discern true ends shall grow pure enough to love them, brave enough to strive for them, and strong enough to reach them, though the road be rough."—Elizabeth B. Browning.

Steam heat!

Wintry blasts.

When is Hallowe'en?

Jack Frost has arrived.

Chrysanthemums are blooming.

The fifth of October, the long journey over, etc.

Miss Ferguson left for her home in the west this week.

The Juniors are said to be taking full strides these days.

Our boys play Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg at foot-ball, tomorrow.

Samuel Miller has entered the printing office, and makes an excellent beginning.

There are great demands upon the store-keeper during this the opening of the school year.

A fourteen-mile ride was taken by the Carlisle Indian school bicycle club last Saturday evening.

"The poetry each week is more than worth the price of the paper."—Subscriber in West Philadelphia.

Many of the school rooms are beginning to look attractive with the usual display of vines and potted plants.

The school-work in each department is advancing with the usual enthusiasm that the beginning month of the year brings.

Miss Hattie Holliday left on Wednesday for Philadelphia where she hopes to take a course in short-hand and type-writing.

Miss Julia Long and friend Miss Hardinger returned to the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, on Monday, where they are engaged in nursing.

Miss Peter who has been doing clerical work for a time has again taken her school-room and gotten things into excellent shape, for a long steady pull.

"This is a better exhibit than anything we saw at the Fair grounds," said one of the visitors last week who had strolled out from the county Fair.

As a step between Sloyd and the regular shops of our school, which have done so much for the upbuilding of Indian handiwork, let us have manual training shops!

A visit from the visiting fire-company of Winchester, was enjoyed by the printers, as, many of them subscribed for the HELPER. They were a fine looking company of men.

"We were all much pleased with the Indian girls who worshipped with us during the summer months, and will be glad to see them again."—Rev. D. E. SHAW, Colera, Md.

Teachers' meetings on Saturday are proving a success. Every one is fresh, rested and ready to take hold instead of being tired out as when these meetings were held after school on Monday evenings.

A man dropping from away up in the region of the clouds, was the attraction about supper time last Friday. He had gone up in a balloon from the Fair grounds, and the descent by means of a parachute was beautiful and wonderful to behold. He landed safely, near the Junction.

Exhibition last night! Too near press time to take notes.

Mrs Bakeless and little John Edwin are once more with us.

Dr. Montezuma has returned from his long western trip among the Indians.

Eighty of our boys with "Uncle Sam" entered the firemen's parade on Friday last, in town.

The band is to have the Y. M. C. A. hall, and the Association goes to 2nd floor of new building.

Thomas Mason, who came in from the country ill with typhoid fever is up and carrying the mail.

Lambert Istone seems to have charge of "Uncle Sam" fire-engine, just at present, and keeps him shining.

Warren Barada, Effie Marmon, Martin King and Martha Washington have gone to their homes in the west.

What teacher, until last Saturday, thought that the pneumatic tires of bicycles were blown up by lung power, and for that reason the wheel was esteemed so healthful?

Alfred Powlass, Oneida, who is a pupil of Hampton visited the school last week, on his way south from Massachusetts where he has been spending the summer.

Miss Worthington has started her art class for the year. The room has been arranged in good shape and her old pupils have taken hold, but the new class is not fully organized.

Vocal and instrumental music are under way and the pupils are doing nicely. Prof. Kiuneer is a teacher in every sense of the word while Mrs. Sawyer has her piano pupils well in hand.

Mrs. Dick, wife of President Dick of Metzger College, Katharine Jane Wiest, Professor of Latin, and several of the young ladies of college were out on Friday last, viewing the shops and school rooms.

Miss Hamilton gave a very interesting discourse before the school at the opening exercises on Wednesday morning. She spoke of "Education, its three tools—English language, Voice and Memory."

Sarah Smith, Nettie Buckles, Lillie Payne and Mary Miller are the new pupil teachers, who with Adelia Lowe, Cynthia Webster, Cora Snyder and Louisa Giesdorf of the old class make a fine "double quartette" of Normalites.

The Doctor and hospital corps are kept busy attending those who are ill. Indian boys and girls the same as the youth of all other races will through carelessness take colds, they will eat things they ought not to eat and do things they ought not to do, and thus make business for nurses and doctors, but the number is kept down to a minimum through skill and watchfulness.

The Standards were the first to open the season's festivities by giving a sociable, on Saturday evening, at which refreshments were for sale for the benefit of the society. Everything was done up in true Standard style, and there was not a penny's worth of anything left at the close. In a cake walk, Mr. Frank Cayou and lady, Miss Julia Long, won the prize of a handsome cake for the most graceful marching.

(From First Page.)

learn the use of a carpenter's bench, a plane, a saw, a mallet, a marking gauge, a vise, sand-paper, etc., and learn to follow accurately the directions given. That's the main point."

"Do you not find old fogies who look lightly upon the system?"

"O yes," she laughed, "there are old fogies everywhere. The old people are harder to teach than the young, and I sometimes get tired of explaining to people who seem determined not to see. Because we do not turn out fancy cabinets, tables, stands, chairs, miniature houses and barns all at once, they pronounce the system valueless, when the main object is to develop general dexterity of the hand."

A CHAMPION OF THE FRIENDS.

Several of the small boys had gathered in the clothing room, on a Saturday morning recently, to exchange soiled clothing for clean.

Many of them having just returned from country homes, the conversation naturally fell to points about their respective places.

"O, I had a good place," one was saying.

Another exclaimed: "My people very kind, but, O, my, lots work, get up *early*," etc., etc.

Then they had something to say about the peculiarities of the Quakers, among whom most of them had lived. They were indulging in nothing disrespectful, but the "thee" and "thou" language seemed to amuse them, in imitation of which, many an audible smile was produced.

When a laugh of unusual loudness occurred, one little fellow with gently closed hand stepped up to the principal speaker and shaking it in his face said:

"Look here! Don't thee say anything against the Quakers!"

The same boy is the one, who, as soon as he returned, inquired if there was any Quaker church in Carlisle.

"No," said the Matron. "I believe not, but if you wish you may take your chair out in the assembly room and sit in quiet meditation."

We are afraid that our would-be little Friend is not a very good Friend after all, for the Man-on-the-band-stand has learned that he spent every cent he earned in the country this summer, and even spent money he did not have. He borrowed money to spend for things he did not really need.

Friends, as a rule, are more saving than that.

My son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.

A LITTLE TOUCH OF HAZING PROMPTLY CHECKED.

"Mrs. G——" asked one of the interesting little new comers who sleeps in a wide single bed with another small boy. "May I have another bed?"

"Why, no, J——, what's the matter with YOUR bed?"

"That boy, he waits till I'm asleep then he gets under the bed and bucks me out."

It is plain to be seen how such a feat could be accomplished with the soft woven-wire mattresses in use in the small boys' quarters, but the culprit who played the practical joke soon found out that he was getting "civilized" a little too fast, and that it did not pay.

HE WAS HIT.

"Boo-hoo!" cried one of the little boys as he approached the matron's door rubbing his eyes and sobbing as though his heart would break. "So-and-so killed me."

"That's too bad" said the matron kindly taking the child by the arm, and bending over him asked: "Where did he hurt you? Let me see!"

(More sobs) "He hit me r—ri—right in the stomach-ache."

The many students from the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., who have been summering on farms in this vicinity, will return to school life on Saturday next. By their quiet, gentlemanly behavior these young red men have made many friends in our midst, who wish them success in whatever profession they may pursue in the future.—[*Delaware Valley Advance*.]

Half work very frequently brings half results. Think of this several times a day.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 8, 9, 5, 3 is what some people would rather do than walk.

My 10, 9, 11 is what a cat may get.

My 2, 9, 6, 7 is the marrow or vital part of a thing.

My 4, 3, 1, 11 is the home of bird.

My whole is what too many Indian boys and girls are on the road to become, and it is a road that will always keep them poor and dependent.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Educating the Indians.