

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

—FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1896.—

NO. 34

## JUNE.



AMONG the twelve months of the year  
That come and go,  
'Mid storm and glow,  
June is the sweetest, drawing near  
When roses blow.

Coming across the cool, green hills,  
So warm, so bright!  
Her step strikes light  
From barren rocks, and makes gay rills  
Laugh into sight.

LUCY LARCOM.

## A JOURNEY TO ALASKA.

**From an Alaska Indian, Graduate of Marietta,  
and Student of Theology in Lane  
Seminary, Cincinnati.**

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Without saying a word about the interesting trip, by rail all the way from Cincinnati, through Chicago and St. Paul, to Seattle, let us take a journey, by steamship, from Seattle to the North Pacific Land of the Mid-night Sun.

The sceneries of the Puget Sound are pretty. We cannot help but be impressed by them. Together with their progress in many ways, the people of Washington are justly proud of their State.

It is about nine o'clock in the evening of Sunday, the 3rd inst., that we leave Port Townsend on the steamship "Mexico." There has been a very strong south-wind, but it lessens towards mid-night.

Slumber deprives us of seeing the lights of Victoria, B. C., when the ship calls at night. Victoria is quite a large city, and very close to it, or annexed to it, is the powerful naval station of Great Britain on the North Pacific Coast,—the station at Esquimalt. It was here at Victoria that some of our people from the north, many years ago, first came into direct contact with modern civilization. Some were benefited by it; others not.

About breakfast time the next morning, we

find ourselves entering the Gulf of Georgia. Our passage is inland, and so we do not expect much sea-sickness. It rains a little, but as we pass by the town of Nanaimo, the day is quite fine.

Nanaimo is a coal town. It supplies nearly every steam vessel with fuel in this region. Our ship had taken aboard from this place 200 tons of coal on her return south five days before.

Our ride in the Gulf of Georgia is nice. The sea is calm, and nearly all of the passengers are on the upper deck. On our left is Vancouver Island; on the right the main land of British Columbia.

Just a word about our passengers. We are 300 in all. Some are from the states east of the Mississippi; others from the western states, and the majority from the Pacific Coast. The larger number are for the gold and silver of Alaska; some for business simply; others for pleasure, and still others for missionary work. There is a variety of taste and culture among them, but we are all Americans.

The sun is sinking behind the mountains on our left when we enter the Strait of Johnstone. The large trees on either shore as we steam along are quite visible. It delights me to see the snow-capped mountains, a rare sight to two of my friends on board from Ohio.

But we cannot see everything, and so after a night's sleep, we are awakened by the sound of dashing waves and the roll of the ship just as we begin to cross the Queen Charlotte Sound, a distance of about 50 miles. This is the only rough part of our ride. At breakfast, less than one-half of us appear at the tables. Somehow we do not just enjoy this "rock in the cradle of the deep," especially when we have not been to sea for over five years.

We pass Queen Charlotte Sound and our ship again takes the inland route. During the

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

# THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

*Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,*  
**BY INDIAN BOYS.**

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

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.

One of class '95, writes from his western home that he frequently dances all night and then sleeps all day, and that he is having a jolly good time. His friends at the school can but feel deeply sorry for him, for he is sure to come to grief, then what?

Miss Fisher writes from Genoa: "Rain, rain, these two weeks past." It is unusually wet in Nebraska, she says, but the farmers are rejoicing in the prospects of heavy crops. On the evening before she wrote, one of their buildings was struck by lightning. The shingles were taken from the roof at one corner and the plastering knocked off inside. In the same letter there were a number of photographs showing views of the school.

At the close of a business letter from Capt. Pratt, dated Pasadena the 18th, he says, "We have had a delightful time here, and I can feel myself improve under the treatment. Joe Grinnell, who has become an expert ornithologist is going with us to Alaska to study the birds there." Joe is the son of Dr. Grinnell who at one time was resident physician at our school. We remember Joe as a lad full of frolic and fun, and it is a little difficult to think of him now as a "tall and handsome young man" that report says he is. They were to be at Seattle by Wednesday.

Last Saturday afternoon our base ball team played the Dickinson College team on their Athletic Field. The game was called at three o'clock with Mr. Ford in the Umpire's box. Jamison was in the pitcher's box for our team and Williams for Dickinson.

Our boys kept the lead for several innings when by a few costly errors on our part Dickinson tied the score. In the fourth inning Johnson Spencer broke his thumb and Jonas Mitchell replaced him behind the bat, William Johnson (substitute) going to third. It was anybody's game to the last, Dickinson scored four runs in the last inning and won—score 13 to 9. Several times our team threatened to leave the field because of the one-sided decisions of the umpire against us. In the latter part of the game, Clark Smith acted as a second umpire and gave the greatest satisfaction.

## GRAND SUMMER OFFER.

**FIFTY DOLLARS** cash will be given to the person sending us the largest number of subscriptions before

NOVEMBER 1st, 1896.

**Begin immediately!** These long summer days when picnics and excursions are in the wind, and summer boarders have plenty of money, is just the time to make a bold strike. A hundred subscriptions may be obtained in a day at a picnic if you go about it in a business way.

Ask every body you meet to take the INDIAN HELPER printed by INDIANS at the United States Government School at Carlisle. Tell them the little paper is full of interesting stories of Indians in camp and Indians in school.

Send in the names as fast as you get them. THE MONEY MUST ALWAYS ACCOMPANY the names.

That you need not work for nothing should you not be so fortunate as to win the prize, keep for yourself two cents on every subscription you send after you have sent TWENTY-FIVE names at full price.

For amounts less than a dollar two-cent U. S. postage stamps are acceptable.

What better chance to earn fifty dollars does the average person want? This offer is intended for old and young of all races. Renewals do not count unless the name has been stricken from our books. That is, extension of time does not count.

The last Academic entertainment for the present school year occurred last Thursday evening. The striking features of the occasion were the two tableaux—A Japanese orchestra, very artistic in Japanese effect, and A cold wave, in which the lover was kneeling at the feet of a fair, pretty maid, who with disdainful wave of the hand and with face turned from him produced a scene well understood; "Sheridan's ride," delivered by Dahnola Jessan, Miss Weekley's pupil; "Work with a will," by William Ratley, Mr. Jackson's pupil; a symphony by class '97, in which experiments of sound were made with pleasing effect, the philosophy of vibrations was discussed by the class, and tunes on glasses filled with water, steam pipes and suspended flower-pots were played; the cornet solo by James Flannery, and a fine duet by Flannery and Wheelock. In addition to these, Dora Moses, Chester Paisano, Clara Mohawk, Johnson Owl, Stewart Hazlett and George L. Wolfe, each spoke well, and the little pupils from Nos. 13 and 14 sang a chorus which pleased the audience. Nos. 7 and 8 pupils recited some "Gems of thought," from their places in the audience, making a pleasing change. Edith Smith played "March Hongroise," by Delieux. Everybody enjoys Edith's playing. Rosalie Doctor rendered Lichner's "Tyrolenne." Moses Carson was a little stage struck, but looked very happy even in his failure. The choir singing was exceptionally good and the entire evening was fraught with instructive amusement. When we all learn to speak as distinctly as William Ratley did, we will have taken a long step in advance. We must get the mush out of our mouths. Better have a recitation three words long, and those words distinctly heard, than to recite a whole page in mushy, muffled tones, that cannot be heard. This applies to the pupils of the higher grades, some of whom could not be understood last Thursday night.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Base-ball.

Tame robins!

Connors is a lightning mail carrier.

Miss Hench has a new Remington wheel.

Decoration Day, to-morrow, and a holiday.

These fine morning rains make the grass laugh.

William Lufkins, class '95, is in Washington, D. C.

Samuel Gruett has gone home to Michigan to spend his vacation.

The Juniors treated themselves to a party last Friday night. Very select, very.

Miss Ericson has a few rare old Russian stamps for sale. Address HELPER.

Another large party to the country, next week. How splendid to be wanted!

The song of the stone crusher is heard the first thing in the morning and the last in the evening.

Mrs. Daniel, Miss Weekley and Miss Silcott have been on the sick list, but at the present writing are mending.

Send for sample copies if you wish to canvass for subscriptions. We will send all you wish for such purposes.

The name of the winner of the Dollar Rebus prize will be given next week, together with the correct answer of the Rebus.

Miss Shaffner is spending Sunday in Bendersville, looking after the girls in the new country field just over the South mountain.

John Edwin Bakeless has a new word. He says "foot-ball", which coming out of season is a sure sign he is going to be a professional player.

Through an oversight the score was omitted in the item last week, about the game between the Pennsylvania College and our boys, who beat them 4 to 1.

The May and June number of the *Red Man* will be combined owing to the fact that so many of our hands have gone to country homes for the summer.

One of the interesting talks before the school recently was a discourse by Miss Ericson on Russia. Did any one hear her say that she loved that country?

Levi St Cyr, who visited Hampton last week, was taken ill while there and has not been well since his return Saturday night, but is around and is on the mend.

Among the visitors of the week was Rev. Okamoto, of Japan. Mr. Okamoto has worked his way up to the position he occupies through many difficulties.

Jacob Jamison is doing some star pitching and Clark Smith some excellent umpiring these days. Both have level heads on the field, and it takes more than the average "yeller" to rattle them in the least.

There will be a chance to-morrow evening for the young ladies to extend leap-year courtesies to their gentlemen friends by treating them to strawberry ice cream, on sale in the gymnasium; also for the young gentlemen to extend their every-year courtesy by treating the ladies to some of the same. It will go like wild-fire, and the funds are to go toward paying the expenses of sending some of the girls to the Northfield School for Bible Study.

It does not take long for a person to find out that it never pays to speak ill or lightly of the place wherein he obtained his education.

Those relief maps here on trial, are the finest ever seen in this part of the country. They combine the physical and political features in such a way as to make the study of geography and history intensely interesting.

The lightning flew around almost too lively for a time yesterday in the printing-office, to be altogether pleasant. We shut off the manufactured lightning for a few moments until the worst of the storm passed.

The High school team came out last Saturday to play with the third team, but as there is no third team, a picked nine met them and defeated them by a score of 16 to 2. The High school boys played well, but not well enough to play with the Indians. B. B. R.

The small boys call their team the Union Reserves. They won the game on Wednesday evening with some town boys who are not much larger than grass-hoppers. It is great fun to watch the little ones play. They put on all the agony of the older boys, and are close imitators.

Miriam Dahnasaht, Apache, was buried last Saturday. Miriam has been a patient sufferer for many months. Happy even in her illness, she always greeted her friends with a smile. Her disease was tuberculosis of the lungs. Miriam esteemed Dr. Norcross, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Carlisle, as a great friend, and he officiated at the funeral services.

Patrick Henry, the small boys' quarters' pet cat, is a very great pet. Last Sunday afternoon he followed his care-taker to the chapel and waited outside until she appeared, and then followed her home. Some one ventured the remark that the cat had been to church, when the suggestion was offered that he was learning his "cat-echism."

A small number of subscriptions may win the Fifty dollar prize. Everybody try! Remember, the money must accompany the names. After twenty-five names have been sent in, then keep for your work 2 cents on every subscription. An enterprising person could make money even at that rate, and then if the fifty-dollars are won in the bargain, how fine that will be!

Miss Luckenbach returned from Hampton on Wednesday evening. She gives a very happy account of her visit there and of the treatment she experienced. Their Commencement exercises were, as usual, very interesting and inspiring. A few distinguished visitors from a distance were present and many friends of the institution in the near vicinity were in attendance upon the occasion.

Walter LeRoy Kennedy, class '96, has been doing some work in the Erie Canning Company since his return. He is now working the homestead, but means to strike out from the reservation as soon as planting is done. He intends going to Buffalo to seek work. His mother, whose kindly face we so well remember since she was here on a visit Commencement time, has been very ill, and we are glad to learn through Walter's letter that she has about recovered.

(Continued from the First Page.)

day, Tuesday, we pass by many islands, inlets, capes and sounds. We make many turns, but all the while we are going north. The sea-gulls fly close to us, and occasionally we see a fin-back whale and some porpoises. There is a constant change of scenery all along, and this is much to the pleasure of the passengers.

The night again overtakes us before we pass the Princess Royal Island, and very early the next day, Wednesday, I come up on deck to see the old country of my people.

We are still in British Columbia and our location at this time is about 54° north latitude and 130° west longitude. Almost every island and mountain on our either side is familiar to me. This is the old country of the Tsimpshean nation, once the "Terror of the North Pacific Coast." I cannot see the other towns, but Old Metlakahtla comes into full view.

Can it be possible that this is my birth-place, and where I was made a Christian and taught the trades, or some of them, that I now own? We shall speak of this interesting town in our next communication.

In a few hours we enter the southern boundary of Alaska. We do not call at Fort Tongas, and after crossing the Dixon Entrance, we, for the first time since leaving Washington State, drop anchor at the Mary Island Custom House. It rains quite much and this reminds me of Alaska. The Captain goes ashore and after an hours' stay, we steam off to Cape Fox, where the ship discharges several tons of freight.

Leaving Cape Fox, and just after eight o'clock in the evening New Metlakahtla is sighted! This is my home. As I see the spires of some of the public buildings, and the lights of the town a few minutes later, there is a mingling of joy and sorrow in me.

My people have already known that I was coming. Will they receive me as a brother, or as a stranger? The following is the answer:

As soon as the ship calls at the wharf, the brass band begins to discourse some music, among the pieces played is the "High School Cadet." I step on the wharf and how we grasp the hand of each other! I hasten in through the crowd with my brother-in-law. We step very lively up to the house. Just as I enter the open door of our humble home, mother and sister both shed tears. Our meeting is somewhat pathetic, since two of my younger sisters have gone to the better home on high. After an absence of over five years, what a change here!

This ends our journey. Later we shall see

what we can find to interest us here and elsewhere in this part of the great domain of the American Republic. I am now over 3000 miles from Cincinnati; 550 from Seattle, and about 300 south of Sitka, our Capital. The continuous journey in all occupied about seven days.

EDWARD MARSDEN.

NEW METLAKAHTLA,

ALASKA, U. S. A.

May 9, 1896.

#### HOW TO MAKE LIFE A SUCCESS.

Years ago when the American Indians, the Red Men, roamed at will through the American forests, when they hunted the beasts of the forests, when the Indian warriors and chiefs led their braves into battle, then success was not as we count success to-day.

Then success was made possible through physical strength, through the strength of individuals. To-day success is attained through mental strength, through knowledge, for "Knowledge is Power."

"To you American Indian boys let me say:

Do not be narrow minded. Be broad minded. Be liberal.

Learn all you can about everything you hear, see or read about.

Be earnest, sincere, determined and energetic.

Be enthusiastic and hopeful.

Help others, do not hinder.

Share your success and pleasures with others. Be ever honest for "Honesty is the best policy."

Always pay strict attention to details, to small matters.

Do this and you will train yourself to accomplish greater and more difficult undertakings.

Let our American "Stars and Stripes" ever be your flag.

Stand up for it, defend and protect it and know that the Flag is the Banner of the greatest Nation on the face of the earth.

"A MAN AMONG MEN."

PHILADELPHIA, May 20th., 1896.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 20 letters.

My 1, 7, 14 is a measure of weight.

My 20, 3, 13, 9, 2 is something that everybody must taste of.

My 10, 5, 19, 15 is a very important member of the body.

My 4, 7, 17, 10 is destructive to woolen garments.

My 6, 11, 18, 9 is how we should keep ourselves.

My 12, 5, 1, 10, is a luxury on a warm summer day.

My 16, 18, 8, 15 and 16, 7, 20, 13 are used in manufacture of glass.

My whole is a name which appears in every issue of this paper.

LANCASTER SUBSCRIBER.