

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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JUNE.



NEST time, best time,
Days have longer grown;
Leaf time, brief time,
Make it all your own;
Berry-time and cherry-time,
Songs of bird and bee:
Oh! of all the gay times,
June's the time for me!

Just let the croakers pass along,
Their talk is but as chaff,
While strength is in the playful words,
That stir the lightsome laugh.
And so, since shadows form of life
By far the greater half,
Our fervent blessings let us give
To those who make us laugh.

BE COURAGEOUS.

Shot a Bear.

The longer I am in contact with Indian life, the more I see their need of courage.

True courage is a rare virtue. It is not possessed by many people of any nationality. I mean every day, individual courage, that meets hourly and daily obstacles and overcomes them.

It is the sense that says, No! when tobacco, whiskey, or other seductive influence is suggested. It is the convictions of one's honest opinions; it is that subtle, wavering, glimmering, fluctuating condition that when allowed to steady itself, always settles down on the side of right and duty.

It is the spirit that tells us to do "right, if the Heavens fall," and let the consequences be what they may.

There are thousands of specimens of courageous people who have adorned this world's history. Christ, Gallileo, Columbus, Harvey, Jenner, Washington, Morse, Lincoln; these, and others had their adversaries, their antagonists, but they were courageous, and immortality is their reward.

It is hard to be courageous in everything. We must let some things slack. We cannot assume to rectify everything that comes un-

der our notice, but all of us can mark a point, individualize a subject and become an authority on it.

I cannot elucidate the virtue of courage better than to tell the students of Carlisle Indian School, a story in which I was one of the principal actors.

It was on a cold November day, in 1892. I was alone amid the snows and glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, in Montana.

I was hunting mountain sheep, when suddenly I smelt a strange, rank smell. Looking to the windward carefully, I saw a grizzly bear digging in the earth.

I had not lost any bear, I was not hunting bear. I was all alone. I did not want to see any bear, but there the bear was, and there I was.

So, something had to be sacrificed.

The bear did not see me, so I had the opportunity of reflection. I crouched and viewed the monster leisurely, for a few minutes, and made up my mind.

The decision was this: I will fight you and kill you if I can. If I don't kill you, you will kill me, and with that inspiration I blazed away at the animal's heart.

The shot was correct.

The heart was perforated, and the beast lay dead at my feet.

At the critical moment I felt that should I decline the engagement, I would forever afterward have the consciousness of knowing that I was a coward.

Others would never know it; but that bear, and the Almighty and myself would know it, and with this stimulant to my courage, I opened the battle.

The robe, the gun, and the man are here with you.

Z. T. DANIEL, M. D.
School Physician.

At this time of year in Alaska, at Sitka, one can see to read without a light until after ten o'clock at night.

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.

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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.

The funeral of Mr. John E. Pollinger occurred last Friday from his late residence on Louthier Street. Mr. Pollinger was a few years the Indian School farm superintendent.

Miss Adelia Lowe has gone to her home in Lander, Wyo. She received an appointment as teacher at the Fort Peck School but for some reason or other she did not accept it.—[*The Indian Guide*.]

There are three Indian youths in our valley this summer, fine young fellows giving satisfaction to their employers, contented, and always in their places in Sunday School and church services.—[*The Bloomsburg Daily*.]

Miss Flora Campbell, class '94, is on her way to Alaska from Seattle, with Dr. Jackson, Capt. Pratt and Miss Nana. Miss Flora is taking an active interest in missionary work, and has in the last 3 mos. addressed numerous audiences on behalf of her people—the natives of Alaska. She now has a position at the Government school at Sitka.

Emily E. Peake, class '93, says: "I am sure it would be a great pleasure to look upon the beautiful surroundings of what was once my dear old home when I was a student at Carlisle. I look back to those days with pleasant recollections, yet I do not regret that they are over, because now I am earning my own livelihood (thanks to Carlisle's training) and am getting such experience as will be valuable to me through life."

Rheumatism has not yet relaxed its painful grip on Mr. Given, who is deprived of it of taking any part in the festivities and triumphs of Commencement Week at Lehigh. His Class Supper misses one of its toast speakers in his absence, and each day he misses some event of a lifetime, marking, as it does, the close of a college career. We are glad to know that in this great disappointment, "Every one is very kind and sympathetic, as the beautiful flowers in his room can testify." His mother will remain with him until he is able to come home, which we hope will be before very long, though present indications do not encourage the hope.

Captain and Miss Nana.

The last letters from the northern travellers were written at Seattle June 1st, just before setting sail on the City of Top-ka. Miss Nana says in part: "Several missionaries coming down on this trip report that they had a delightful voyage and that this is the month to go to Alaska; and as the skies here are clear now we have every prospect of a pleasant voyage. The scenery from San Francisco here is most wonderfully grand, and we feasted our eyes upon it. Mt. Shasta was the most purely beautiful sight I have ever beheld, and the snow tipped range of the lower mountains presented many a lovely picture. I enjoyed Portland very much, and there again we saw other marvelously beautiful mountains. Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood glittered in the sunlight. Papa and I climbed the tower of the Oregonian building, and then went out to the Heights to look down upon the picturesque city and off to the snowy mountains. Tacoma appeals to me as more homelike than either Portland or Seattle; while Seattle is the most bustling with business. This city is ideally surrounded with beautiful scenery. From the hill tops in the city—the city is built on seven hills—one sees on one side Puget Sound with the Olympic or Coast Range skirting its opposite bank, and lovely Lake Washington with the Cascade or Rocky Mountains reflected in her waters on the other side, and towering Mt. Ranier, the pride of the people, to the south. The people seem to appreciate what nature has done for them, and never tire of showing their 'environment.' Don't you think they ought to be good?"

When Capt. and Miss Nana were in Los Angeles, they called upon and were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of the celebrated discoverer, patriot and General, John C. Fremont. From a letter of thanks to Capt. Pratt for some Indian literature, we take the liberty of excerpting a few passages, which Captain has not yet seen. She says: "Rarely have I had so very acceptable a visit as from you; it was fresh and yet so linked on to many a dear memory, that I was fitted to understand much of the patience and weariness of mind as well as the authority and hope, and certainty of duty done, which upholds you." In the folds of the letter were hidden a little California flower, and on the margin were these words: "From the flowers put daily before the General's portrait. How he would value your good work!"

Remember, the striking feature of the present fifty dollar offer is that whoever works for it will get pay for his or her services. After the first twenty-five names are sent in to insure you as belonging to the list of contestants, every one may retain 2 cents on each subscription. Strike the summer picnic grounds and other places of public assembly and a large number of subscriptions may be secured without much effort.

Miss Angel de Cora, who graduates from Smith College this month, is a Winnebago Indian, and a graduate of Hampton. She has friends here, among them Mr. St. Cyr, who received handsomely engraved invitations to attend the Commencement exercises.

Miss Lida Standing spent Sunday at home. Miss Irene Daniel is fast becoming master of the silent stud.

Miss Richenda Pratt has returned home from school in Philadelphia.

Strawberries are on the wane. They have been very fine and abundant.

Whooping cough is around, and little John Edwin Bakeless has caught it.

Inside and balcony repairs of the various quarters are going steadily on.

Butter twice a day now for the students, and it is fine golden butter at that.

Never were kinder and more thoughtful conductors than those on the Carlisle trolley line.

We are fortunate in having a native Alaskan in Alaska to favor us with an occasional letter.

The Hanover game last Saturday was a *turn* over for the Indians. Our boys were defeated 13 to 3.

Dickinson College Commencement brought numerous visitors to the town and to the Indian School.

Miss Hench claims that she is mother-in-law to the little boys in Mrs. Given's absence, not a step-mother.

There was no school on Wednesday, that the teachers might attend the Commencement exercises of Dickinson College.

Several bushels of cherries were brought up from the lower farm on Wednesday afternoon, and the feast was enjoyed by the students.

Robert Blaine Anderson is the name of the little baby who came to live with Mrs. Bessie Patterson Anderson, at Washington, recently.

The ugly, jagged rocks in various parts of the grounds are being worked out to feed the insatiable appetite of that eternally whizzing stone crusher.

The bear-robe that Dr. Daniel speaks about in his story on the first page, lies in the front room of his dwelling-house and is an interesting curiosity.

Master Fred Humer, of Carlisle, and his friend, Wilmer Lauffman, of Appollo, were visitors at the school on Wednesday and took a wide-awake interest in all that they saw.

Introduce our little paper into your summer boarding house. While sitting on the balcony and fanning himself the summer boarder might like to help the HELPER solve the Indian question.

United States Customs Officer J. E. Leich, of Niagara Falls was an interested visitor this week. He gave a few moment's talk in Miss Mosher's school-room on custom office duties and civil service.

If you do not wish to enter the contest for fifty dollars, help some friend get the prize. You will not only be helping your friend, but you will be doing a good missionary act by helping the HELPER help.

The double funeral of Peter Howe and Fred Senasche occurred on Friday last, Rev. Dr. Norcross officiating. Both boys died of consumption of the lungs, probably inherited, and they were patient, hopeful sufferers to the last.

Miss Lottie Snyder, sister of our accomplished young tailor Mr. Elmer Snyder, Miss Ellen Everhart and Miss Julia E. Sloan, have been visiting the school this week. They are a jolly trio warmly welcomed by the social members of the faculty.

A very few have entered the fifty-dollar contest up to date. There is a big chance for some one, but lose no time! Begin at once! Two-cent stamps are acceptable for amounts LESS THAN A DOLLAR. When the amount is more than a dollar use paper money.

Miss Clara Anthony and friends were out from town Monday viewing her old stamping ground. The shops are slim at this season of outdoor work, and we are happy to say that the hospital, where Miss Anthony used to reign in one of the departments, is slim too. There are no sick at present.

When Katie Metoxen came in from the country last Friday evening, to make preparations for going home, she said she met Isaac Williams at the Broad Street station. We have not heard from Isaac for some time. It appears that he is married and is living in the East somewhere.

One souvenir FREE for ten subscriptions or renewals, but DON'T FORGET the two-cents extra for postage. The little book contains 60 photographic views of our buildings, inside and out, the graduating classes, and pupils in their rooms. It is like a visit to the school to look through one of these little books for the first time. 25 cents cash will also secure one, postpaid.

For a visit to the Chilocco Indian school, Oklahoma, secure one of the handsome little booklets just published by Charles Dagenett, of class '91, Carlisle. The publisher is now a teacher of Chilocco, and sells the book for the good of Chilocco and for the Indian cause in general. Address him Chilocco, Via, Arkansas City, Kansas, and send a quarter and two cents besides for the postage. Buy it and see what a western school is like!

As we stepped into the kitchen on Tuesday evening Mr. Dandridge and his boys were dishing up the supper. Such bowls of milk-toast, such platters of meat, such radishes, such butter as graced the side table and such loaves of bread as had been turned in by the Indian baker boys! Why it was a fit supper to serve to any king. We were glad to hear that the students have plenty of most excellent milk. There is no more nourishing and strength giving food than good milk. EAT it, don't drink it, and when possible have it heated first.

The school as a body and many friends in particular sympathized deeply with Mr. Kensler in his sore bereavement of the past week. On Saturday last, Mrs. Kensler, after a most trying illness of two years, died, at their home on Penn street. On Monday afternoon the funeral services were held, Rev. Mr. Wile, of the First Lutheran Church officiating. The pall-bearers were Mr. Kensler's co-workers at the school—Messrs. Harris, Gardner, Morrett and Weber. Offerings of flowers by the faculty were placed upon the casket. One son and four daughters, the youngest of whom is 13 years, are the children who mourn a mother's loss.

GRAND SUMMER OFFER.

FIFTY DOLLARS cash will be given to the person sending us the largest number of NEW 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.

ALASKA.

By a Native Alaskan.

Let us take a bird's-eye view of Alaska as a separate country—a country before and after the purchase of 1867.

Alaska is about thirteen times the size of Pennsylvania, while on the other hand, its population is only about one one-hundredth that of the latter.

The northern part is very cold; the southern part very mild. Along this coast the winter days are short, while during summer they are long.

It is inhabited by some six different native peoples. From time immemorial these peoples had their own customs, laws, governments and beliefs, until in recent years when they were assimilated by the advent of civilization.

The Russian Government, by right of discovery, possessed this country for about 126 years. Although the natural resources of the country were not developed all this time, yet a vast amount of wealth was transferred from here to Russia, partly through just trade with the natives and partly through lust, robbery and blood-shed.

The Greek Catholic Church was founded in many of the large towns, and there were no schools established for the natives.

The capital was first located on one of the Aleutian islands, but it was transferred to Baranoff Island in the southeastern part.

When the purchase was made in 1867, the North Pacific division of the United States army took control. The Government would have done better by establishing a good and better system of laws which the natives needed so very much. However the natives rejoiced when the American Flag, for the first time, was unfurled to the Alaskan breeze.

When the transfer was made, the people of

the United States thought it was a great folly of which Mr. Seward, an able and far-sighted statesman, seemed to be the object of ridicule. This question was asked repeatedly: "What are we going to do with this needless refrigerator?"

Since then, we have learned better, and we always learn better by practical experience. According to the census of 1890, this country has paid for itself twelve times its original cost. In other words, it has returned to the United States that much, and yet the resources, at this late date, are hardly developed.

It is no longer a folly. "But," to quote to you from my speeches in Boston and Philadelphia last year, "it is a country of timber for the ship-yards and household furniture; good and hard stone for building purposes; fish for the dining-room table; reindeer raising for the new profitable industry; furs for the winter clothing; gold and silver for the national wealth; various other valuable minerals for various uses; lofty mountains, grand and majestic scenery for our delight; good and rich soil for the full development of the Irish potatoes; fields of research for the scientists and scholars, and peoples, patriotic native peoples, for the Christian Churches, the institutions of learning, and the legislative and commercial houses!"

Words will not fully express our sincere gratitude for the noted Americans who have done all for our good. The names of General Howard, Gen. John Eaton, and Dr. Sheldon Jackson are well known in this country. We also remember those who have come here to lay down their noble lives for our enlightenment.

In answer to an old question, let me say to you dear friends in education, that out of the depths of heathenism we have come, and will come. However straining the circumstances however limited the means, and however numerous the obstacles, we are bound to come, and must come, or else we live a heathen's life, do a heathen's work and die a heathen's death!

EDWARD MARSDEN.

NEW METLAKAHTLA,
ALASKA, U. S. A.
May 28, 1896.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.
My 2, 4, 9, 11 is a weed.
My 2, 10, 8, 7 is a band of iron for a wheel.
My 6, 4, 2 is an animal resembling a bird.
My 1, 4, 5 is an instrument to cut wood.
My 12, 2, 4, 3 is a luminous heavenly body.
My whole is something which Indians and most everybody relish. SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Fine weather.