

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1896.

NO. 10

**T**HE Purer Life draws nigher  
Every year;  
And its morning star climbs higher  
Every year;  
And earth's hold on us grows slighter,  
And the heavy burden lighter,  
And the dawn immortal brighter.  
Every year.

Beauty lies within ourselves,  
After all, they say;  
And the glad and happy heart  
Makes the happy day.

## OUR ALASKAN INDIAN FRIEND, AT LANE SEMINARY, CINCINNATI, TAKES A TRIP TO SITKA.

Southeastern Alaska is always pleasant during the summer months, that is, if it does not rain too much. We always know when to put on the water proofs and spread the umbrellas, and when to put them away. The climate is mild, and this of course makes travel comfortable.

A trip to Sitka is by sea altogether. We leave New Metlakatla on a steamship, and as we proceed northward, we are impressed with the grandeur of the country. We run through narrow passages, then out again into some open channel or sound. We pass by hundreds of small and large islands, and come in and out of several bays and inlets. The air is invigorating and that seems to help our appetites. We make frequent turns and so our course is varied; but all the time our ship is pushing northward.

Everywhere we look we see stately mountains, and some of them are snow-capped. At a long distance, they look as if they are painted blue, but as we approach them they become green, which is the natural color of the forests covering them. There is something in mountains. They are an emblem of strength and duration. What gigantic elevations are they! The sight of them is uplifting since they point towards the heavens.

But I am reminded of a valuable lesson which is worth our notice here. Each of us has some

mountain to climb, and to do this successfully we must begin at the very foot. As we ascend, we sometimes fall back, either because our feet slip off, being hasty or careless, or because we are discouraged and exhausted. But our duty is to climb; and it matters not whether the ascent is gradual or rapid, as long as it is sure.

Climb with a will with both hands and feet, and remember the words of the scriptures: "Get thee up into the high mountain."

I am glad that the Indians are doing it today.

As we proceed on this journey, we visit several towns and villages such as Ketchikan, Loring, Wrangel, Juneau, Douglas, Killisnoo, Sitka, and others.

At Wrangel we see some strange things. Some of the old remains of heathenism are still to be found here.

The town is situated close to a curved shore, and in front of it is a narrow board walk. Dry-goods and grocery store, a large saw-mill, court house, mission school and church, totem-poles, brewery, etc., greet our eyes.

Wrangel was an important Russian town in the early days, and also during the gold excitement of 1875-77.

It was here that one of our own people from British Columbia first preached the gospel to the Alaskans.

This was followed by a visit from Gen. O. O. Howard in 1875, then Dr. Sheldon Jackson, and then the American missionaries and teachers, who have done much good to the country.

Our next stop will be Juneau and Douglas.

These towns are close to each other, and they are more of American than of native towns. They were both originally founded as mining camps, and as the mining business was flourishing people were attracted to these localities, and so they are today become important in various ways.

The great Treadwell Mill at Douglas is sup-

# THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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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.

TEN subscriptions for the HELPER and two cents extra to pay postage secures free the 25-cent Souvenir containing 60 views of the school including interior and exterior of buildings, workshops, school-rooms, gymnasium, besides the graduating classes, societies, and other groupings, last years' football team and the band stand, where the Man-on-the-band-stand lives.

From The Cincinnati Inquirer: "I notice," said the athletic boarder, "that the Carlisle Indian foot-ball team was very strong in every thing except kicking."

"Well," said Asbury Peppers, "if you will read up in your history a little, you will find that the noble red man has been an unsuccessful kicker ever since the white man took a notion to civilize him out of tent and home."

A recent letter from Chauncey Yellowrobe, Class '95, shows that he is greatly interested in his work at Ft. Shaw, Montana. He has 157 boys divided into three companies and is teaching some forms of military tactics. He realizes that it is cold there with mercury down to 22 below zero, and is afraid he will have to live with an overcoat on his back. Benjamin Caswell, class '92, who is teaching at Belknap, is expecting to pay Chauncey a Christmas visit.

A lady friend of the Indian in Cambridge, Mass., says of the HELPER: "This little paper gives me an invigorating interest. I was pleased to read about the 'Kings' Daughters' and the object lesson in voting, and I was warmly interested in the Indians coming to play with the Harvard students. I was told by a Radcliff student, who saw them, that 'they played well,' and I read in the 'Daily Advertiser' of Boston that they had the manners and appearance of 'gentlemen.' This is high praise, for it includes self-possession, forbearance (the 'domestic jewel' as some one calls it), discretion, modesty and dignity of character, and is sure to have a winning effect."

The shops, although not entirely finished, are habitable, and the gymnasium is cleared and again used for its legitimate purpose. The carpenter shop is about where it was before. Over this is Mr. Kemp and his harness makers. Back of the harness-shop, up-stairs,

is Mr. Morrett with his shoe shop. Under him, down stairs, is Mr. Harkness and the tanners. The stairway is between the carpenter and tin shops and is entered from the court. In the other wing, Mr. Snyder comes first with his tailors, back of him is Mr. Norman and the painters, with the stairway between, while Mr. Harris, wagon-maker and blacksmith, occupies about the same position as before. The second floor of this wing is mainly used for sleeping rooms. There is a large store room over the part connecting the two wings. Gradually the inside finishings will be completed, and when done we shall have excellent working apartments, well heated by steam and well lighted.

At Teachers' Meeting last Saturday morning Professor Bakeless gave a forcible but brief address upon the necessity of teachers requiring the best results from pupils. The writing of indecent notes, one or two of which have been recently discovered, must be looked into, and the habits of indifference, and attitudes of ease and inattention at their desks on the part of pupils in the school rooms must be corrected. The fact that a pupil has gotten into bad school-room habits through the carelessness or indifference of some former teacher, is no reason for being slack in discipline. The usual lesson in pedagogics was then taken up. The subject of temperament, the possibility of the Indian having more of the bilious and how to modify and infuse incentive so as to make the strongest student, was ably discussed. The regular study of Guyot's "Earth and Man" filled out the hour profitably.

An honest confession is good for the soul. One of the boys in the country forgot one evening to close the barnyard door, in consequence of which the cows strayed back to the field. The employer who was in the stable at the time, noticed the cows going out and ran after them. The Indian boy was in the house getting ready for supper. The employer called to him, and when he was near enough, (to use the boy's own words) "He said to me kindly, 'Hereafter shut the barnyard door.' For that I got mad. Nobody can get mad for that. I said some words to him and he told me to be quiet and I didn't do it. I kept on talking all the time, and for that reason, Captain, I report myself to you. I am under your care and you can do as you please with me. If something happens I won't say Capt. is a bad man, or Mr. — is a bad man, No! I will be the bad boy. Hereafter it will teach me a lesson."

A lecture by Miss Ben-Oliel, of Jerusalem, before our students and a large number of people from Carlisle, last Friday night was intensely interesting. She is the daughter of a Jew. Her father, Rev. A. Ben-Oliel, was educated for church service—educated a Rabbi, converted to Christianity and now is at the head of the Christian Union Mission in Jerusalem. Miss Ben-Oliel was very much interested in the music rendered by the Indian band, and at her request two war dances were played, which music she claimed carried her back to Palestine. It is very like the Bedouin melodies. Miss Hench of Harrisburg sang, by request, two exceedingly pretty selections.

Beautiful moon!

Good skating last week.

Saturday last was a fine day for cycling.

The song of the stonemason is again heard.

The Standings spent Saturday in Harrisburg.

Take a look at Mars these nights! He is in the eastern sky.

The boys are fencing in a clothes yard back of the new laundry.

Bruce Patterson has a Kodak, and is taking orders for pictures.

Read "Truly a Slave," on last page and answer "Are you one?"

Some are giving the HELPER a year to friends for a Christmas present.

The sash factory at the end of the lane adds business tone to this end of town.

Diphtheric sore throat is around. We cannot be too careful about taking cold.

Is that Venus which shines so brilliantly in the west, soon after sunset? Ask your teacher.

A new telephone connecting the near farm graces the hall of the administration building.

The predicted blizzard did not come. Perhaps it got scared at the Indians and turned out to sea.

December Entertainment by the Academic Department is in progress as we go to press Thursday evening.

The son of our Mr. Harris, Mr. John V. Harris, of Carlisle, who is clerk in the Merchants National Bank, was married last Thursday morning.

Mr. John Steele, of Carlisle, is out again going over the institution clocks and putting them in good repair. No one can "steel" time when he is around.

So as to give place to the lecture on Jerusalem last Friday evening, and so as not to lose a meeting, the societies held their sessions on Thursday evening, last week.

Dr. Daniel amputated the left middle finger of George Sheehy, for malignant disease, last Thursday, in the hospital. The operation was successful and the patient is doing well.

If the societies were up to date like those of the outside world, each would have a press committee, at least a person appointed to furnish brief notes of the most important happenings of their meetings, for publication.

A friend of the Indian in Philadelphia says of the HELPER: "The paper has been brimful of interest lately; it is really wonderful how well it is kept up to its high standard. Busy woman as I am, I read it through each week, and find it pays to do so."

As an expression of her appreciation of the playing of football done by our boys on Thanksgiving Day with Brown University in New York City, which game Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sage witnessed, Mrs. Sage sent special greetings to the boys and a handsome necktie to each player. Capt. Pierce was honored with the school colors she wore at the game. The boys of the team appreciate most highly the friendship of so good and distinguished a woman as Mrs. Sage.

A new pupil, aged no years, has arrived at the Carlisle Indian School—the first born son of Mr. and Mrs. Dennison Wheelock.

On Monday, Dr. Daniel operated for Pterygium, and on Wednesday took off a tuberculous ulcer from the face of one of the girls.

The Anthony residence on North College Street, was entered by a burglar on Tuesday night. Miss Clara Anthony bravely attacked the man and downed him, but he was too strong for her, and got away. She discovered him too soon for him to secure much. House breaking just now in Carlisle is becoming too frequent for the peace of the community.

The other day the Man-on-the-band-stand in one of his flittings through the schoolrooms stopped for a moment to listen to Amelia Clark's conversation group. The wee tots made merry music with their prattle about a picture held by the teacher, all of which was ingeniously called out by hints, suggestions and questions. THAT'S the way to teach.

As we go to press a wedding is in progress in the Assembly Room, Girls' Quarters, the contracting parties, Amos Hamilton, of the Osage people, and Marie Etiva, of the Pueblos. A fuller description of the occurrence will be given next week. Both students have been with us for several years, and the Man-on-the-band-stand entertains for them only the best wishes for a long and happy life together.

Not long since an invitation was extended to some of the Invincibles and Standards by one of the Susans, to visit their society. When the invited guests arrived, however, they were informed that the Susans were not ready to entertain them, and decided not to have a meeting that evening. It is hoped that the Susans will not be so disappointed when they make their visit to either of the two societies among the boys. INVITED GUEST.

It was thought that the Thanksgiving game of football, on Manhattan Field, N. Y. City, with Brown University, would close the season for our team, but at the urgent invitation of the Press Club of Chicago, a game has been arranged with the University of Wisconsin to be played under Electric Light in Chicago's great Colosseum on Saturday, December 19th. Our boys are well rested and ready for the contest. They are looking forward in pleasant anticipations of a good trip throughout, as the Press Club offers every inducement and comfort, and promises a fair, clean and gentlemanly game.

On Saturday evening, between eight and ten o'clock, the faculty spent a very happy two-hours at the residence of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, having been invited by the latter to do honor to the anniversary of Captain's birth. As a memento of the occasion, a jardiniere of roses, representing in number the years of Captain's life, had been placed by the teachers and officers upon a table in the center of the parlor. A very interesting and entertaining feature of the evening was a game, (new to most of those present) in which authors of books were guessed from objective rebuses. Miss Quinn won the prize for guessing the most. After refreshments and some singing the party dispersed filled with pleasant thoughts of the evening's pleasures.

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posed to be the largest gold mill of its kind in the world.

It runs day and night all the year round, and it employs many hundreds of men.

You walk through the big establishment, and you think that they are grinding coffee on a very large scale.

The ore is blasted and taken from the mountain and is ground to powder by 300 large steel stamps, which are operated by steam and water power.

This ground ore is washed by a complicated process, after which it is ready for smelting, when the valuable mineral is finally separated from other minerals.

The monthly output of this mill is estimated all the way from \$70,000, to \$100,000, and sometimes more. The whole plant is exceedingly interesting.

Leaving Juneau and Douglas we come to Glacier Bay. Although we can go farther north to Chilkat than this; yet this is usually the most northern point the excursion steamers reach during summer.

This is a scene that excites admiration and wonder, and those who have studied it in connection with science more than I do, simply burst with the exclamation, "It is grand!"

But we hasten on to Sitka which is directly south of Glacier Bay.

The approach to the Alaskan capital is through narrow straits; and when the whistle is blown there is a stir in town.

The lines are fastened and the gangway is put forth to the wharf, when we go ashore.

Here and there we come across an old acquaintance.

The sights are somewhat familiar, but we notice a few changes.

The ship remains here for 24 hours, when she resumes her course southward. In our next correspondence we shall have a look at Sitka and its noted Industrial School.

EDWARD MARSDEN.

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When Charlie Buck wrote from Browning, Montana, on the 10th of November, he said they had two feet of snow and that the cow men were rather down in the mouth. From newspaper accounts they have had more snow in that vicinity since. We have not yet had enough of the feathery whiteness to cover the ground, and the parade is still a beautiful green.

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One of the country Indian boys writes: "I have a lovely teacher out here, and I am learning faster than when I was at the school."

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Elmer Redeyes, a former Carlisle boy, we learn through Dr. Daniel, is chore boy for the Pine Ridge Agency, S. D., hospital.

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## TRULY A SLAVE.

Everything that lifts the mind out of absorption in the petty details of monotonous, necessary cares is a liberating agent, says "The Christian Register."

It is possible to turn at once from the crowd of trifles that perplex and harass us, and enter a large world of ideas; and no man is more truly a slave than he who, in an hour or two of blessed leisure, knows nothing better than to let his thoughts continue in the bonds by which he fancies he is imprisoned.

More than this: it is not necessary to wait for the hour of leisure, in order to free one's self from the chains that hinder.

The free soul is free, even in the midst of accepted drudgery and restrictions.

Only ourselves can lead us captive.

"Do you think," said Epictetus, "freedom to be something great and noble and valuable?"

Is it possible, then, that he who acquires anything so great and valuable should be of an abject spirit?"

"In short, if you see a man wailing, complaining, unprosperous, call him a slave, even in purple."

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The old workers at Carlisle who remember Rose Howell and Susie Gray will be sorry to learn through a letter from the former that Susie has died leaving two little boys. She married Rose's brother George, who now has a position at the Ponca School as head farmer. Rose says she herself is not very well, but her friends here hope that after the rest she is expecting to take from her duties as assistant matron at the Pawnee school, she will pick up her usual strength. She desires to be especially remembered by the King's Daughters Circle to which she belonged when a student with us.

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"The little words are the bothersome ones—the hooks and buttons that hold the other words trim and snug," says a farm mother about the language of an Indian boy in her charge.

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"THE INDIAN HELPER is a paper of good instruction," says a subscriber in Des Moines, Iowa.

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### Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters  
You will soon find 1, 8, 9.  
Girls keep yourselves 2, 7, 8, 9.  
We must keep from 5, 7, 2.  
If we would enter 1, 2—  
To the home of the 3, 4, 5, 6.  
My whole, the Indians relieved from the

WHITE MAN.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Tobacco is dangerous.