

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1897.

No. 14

THE INNER LIGHT.

NOT outer bond, but inner light.
Shall keep us quick at duty's call,
Shall hold us to Eternal Right,
Shall lead us to the All-in-all.

O soul, acquaint thee with thy needs,
To-day reconsecrate thy power!
And let our ritual be the deeds
That bless our brothers more and more.

—[JOHN C. LEARNED, in "Christian Register."]

WHAT BECOMES OF THE INDIAN PUPILS WHO ARE EDUCATED?

The following from one, who for scores of years has been intimately acquainted with the Indian on the plains, having been connected with missionary and Government Indian educational work, will be read with interest. Mrs. Platt lived among the Pawnees before the writer was born, and the writer is no child. Mrs. Platt has lived to see two generations of Indians come into the world, and she is as full of interest for the welfare of her red brother to-day, in her advanced years, as she was in her younger and more vigorous days. Mrs. Platt has written much, and talked much and accomplished much through bona fide work and hardship, for the uplifting of the child of the forest and of the plain,—much more than she has or ever will receive credit for. The Pawnees esteem her as their godmother. Go among the Pawnees today, and not one of the older members of the tribe but will speak her name in reverence and inquire affectionately as to her whereabouts. She remembers one of the little Sioux girls who was here at the time she was of our force of workers, and has this to say of her:

TABOR, IOWA, Jan. 5, 1897.

M. O. T. B. S. DEAR SIR:

Believing you are always glad to hear from your children who have long been absent from you and may have drifted beyond the verge of your horizon, I address you to tell of one who went to Carlisle in the very earliest years of the school.

You will surely remember Lizzie Glode, who always marched by your stand with such a strong, firm step, whose cheerful face always

wore a smile for you, and who was always ready to move in obedience to orders.

Perhaps, too, you have not forgotten that she was one who was recommended by our Captain as an assistant in other schools, and that after I left you for Genoa, Nebraska, I asked that she might be sent to aid in preparing food for our pupils there.

She served us very acceptably for nearly two years, when she was married to a young half-breed Ponca, greatly to the disgust of some of her Dakota admirers who had been laggards in seeking the prize.

They went to a home in northern Nebraska, and some two or three years afterwards in writing to me of their prosperity she assured me "We have every thing we want."

Recently—a week or two before Christmas—she sent me a letter asking if I could send something to assist in filling a Christmas tree. I think she had forgotten that I am not called to the office every month to receive pay for services performed, or perhaps she thought one who had been in the Indian service for more than a score of years received a pension, and so would be ready at a minute's notice to respond to the call of her absent children. I will whisper to you that this is not so.

But Lizzie Glode Sherman, who had informed me she had five children must not be disappointed, though as I said to her, I did not know whether to send dolls or pocket-knives, she not having said whether her children are girls or boys. I searched through my treasure stores, thrust my fingers into my depleted purse and seeking the aid of a friend was able to direct a very respectable looking package to Mrs. Lizzie G. Sherman, Alvord, Neb., in response for which I received a fine photograph of her and her family.

She has the same fine physique as of old and is developed into a grand, matronly looking woman.

I am sure, sir, you would be proud to claim her as belonging to your family, and that you would look with admiration on your three grandsons and two granddaughters.

Lizzie says:

"Don't think our children are like Indians; we all speak English. My two oldest go to school and we all attend church."

I have written this to please you, my Old Friend, and to answer those who ask what becomes of the pupils who are educated at Carlisle and other schools after its model.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. E. G. PLATT.

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.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss Marianna 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.

J. H. Lonestar writes that he wishes he could come back to Carlisle.

Falling to advance in a world of progress means falling behind.—[S. S. Times.

Says an Indian worker: When the grace of God is in the heart there is no Indian problem.

We should teach and train Indians as we teach and train our own sons, says an educator.

It takes only ten subscriptions and 2 cents extra for postage to secure one of the Carlisle Indian School Souvenirs free. The booklet is sold at 25 cents cash.

Professor Kinnear, formerly vocal instructor with us but whose residence for the past few months has been San Francisco, writes that he has gone to Santa Ana for a brief sojourn.

Rufus Ricker, writes his thanks to Carlisle for what she has done for him in making him able to hold the position he now has in the Government service at Ft. Totten. He says I am well and happy.

Those who remember Mr. and Mrs. Wasson, formerly of the Chemawa Indian Industrial School in Oregon, and their visit to this school, will be pleased to learn that Mr. Wasson is now Principal of a school in Elmira, New York.

Louisa Geisdorf received as a Christmas present the tuition of the Spring term of school at the West Chester Normal over which she is greatly rejoiced. She is enjoying her stay at West Chester, and trusts that nothing will interfere with her acquiring the entire course.

Your vest is made of heavy cloth and lined? Yes. It were better to go without a vest altogether than to wear one one day and throw it off the next. REGULAR habits; REGULAR living; REGULAR sleeping and dressing and eating are what keep the body well and strong.

The following officers were elected by the Invincible Literary Society for the ensuing term: President, Frank Cajone; Vice President, Edward Rogers; Secretary, Henry Redkettle; Treasurer, Jonas Mitchell; Reporter, Joseph Blackbear; Sergeant-at-Arms, I-aac Seneca; Critic, H. W. Spray; Assistant Critic, James Wheelock.

The reception and banquet given by the football team to their young lady friends and to the members of the band and their young lady friends, as well as to a select few from the faculty and others, last Saturday evening was delightfully out of the usual line of sociables at the school. The reception proper was held in Gymnasium Hall. The band played a few choice selections in better time and tune than usual, owing, no doubt, to the fact that two or three of the discordant players have been eliminated. Games and chit-chat amused and entertained until near the hour of 8:30, when all were invited to the Y. M. C. A. Hall, up stairs, where covers were laid for 130 guests.

The unique arrangement of tables in a double headed Gothic T (I); the trimmings of the room in bunting and evergreens; the brilliant lights and other attractions made a pretty scene. On the wall facing the door was the season's football score, written in large characters on canvas and framed in evergreens and bunting. Over the centre in grand complacency perched the football of '96, looking down with pride upon the following score which had made it famous:

		INDIANS
Dickinson	6	23
Duquesne	0	18
Princeton	22	6
Yale	12	6
Harvard	4	0
Pennsylvania	21	0
Cincinnati	0	23
State	5	43
Brown	24	12
Wisconsin	8	18

Total 102 164

Under the central "electrotier" was suspended the new ball for '97, somewhat smaller and differing a little in shape from its predecessor. To the imagination of the M. O. T. B. S. the ball of '97 bore an expectant look, which was answered by the confident glances of the players of '97, which said, "With better coaching and more practice we shall make a better record with you than with the old ball, which we honor this night."

The banquet was ample but not extravagant, each course plainly displaying Mr. Dandridge's expert touch. The viands were served by young men, whom no one would dream had not experienced long years at the business, so observant, fleet of foot and skilful were they in handling great trays of dishes.

Wit, humor, jokes and merry laughter, as appetizing punctuation marks and pauses between the courses, were indulged in by the guests until the last course—caté noir, after which toasts were in order. Toast master, Delos Lonewolf made a brief address apropos to the occasion, followed by Capt. Pratt. Mr. Standing was called upon, and Dennison Wheelock, and Mr. Thompson, spoke. The intellectual repast was closed by a few remarks from Capt. Pierce, and soon the company dispersed.

We have now an interesting photograph of an Indian family showing two children and the mother in the dress they wear in their camp home. This will be forwarded for five HELPER subscriptions, and two cents extra to pay postage.

Snow squalls.

Good-bye skating.

Skating has been thin.

John Edwitt enjoys trolley riding.

Mr. Kensler is a little under the weather.

Edgar Rickard is taking a rest on account of his eyes.

Miss Hench is visiting girls in country homes and country schools.

Miss Shaffner has been mother all alone in the girls' quarters this week.

Laziness, indifference and carelessness kills more people than hard work does.

The gravel being placed upon the new stone roadway to town will improve the drive greatly.

Mrs. Senseney of Chambersburg, was a guest, on Sunday, of her daughter, Miss Senseney, the new vocal instructor.

John Webster and sisters, Cynthia and Delia, have been made very sorrowful over the sad news of the death of their mother, at their home in Oneida, Wisconsin.

If boys' coats were made to go over the head like sweaters there would not be so many colds and coughs as when the coat is allowed to fly open to show a pretty necktie or a fine shirt front.

Frank Shively having resigned as janitor of the school-rooms, Michael Couture was appointed to take his place. Michael goes in with the reputation of being thorough in his work.

Lydia Gardner and Emma Anderson, the present office girls for the Administration Building are good hunters—hunters for dirt and dust, and they are not afraid of corners and by-places not seen by everybody.

Those Indians who grow beards are ridiculed by the others. An Indian girl married a half-breed who wore a moustache, and her brother would have nothing to do with him saying: "He is only a goat"—[Progress.

The Susans through the HELPER, decline the challenge for a debate, that has been extended to them by the Invincibles, because they know that neither they nor the Invincibles are able to discuss publicly any question to their credit without preparation.

Fred Penn of the Osage Agency, Oklahoma, who went to his home some time since, writes that he has recovered his health and has married a white young lady whose name he does not mention. He expresses himself as very grateful for what Carlisle has done for him.

The school is now practicing on the singing of three beautiful graces for morning, noon and evening meals. The words were written by the celebrated poetess, Edna Dean Proctor, and the music by William G. Fischer, Philadelphia's eminent musician, especially for the Carlisle Indian Industrial School.

Mrs. Whelan, who for a time served in our hospital, has recently become Mrs. J. M. Cupp. The card making the announcement is from Emporia, Kansas. On the back we find these words: "Mary H. Whelan, resigned from the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 1st, 1896; was reappointed in the service, December 26, '96, and for the love of the work has accepted the appointment."

Mr. Wm. R. Claudy, formerly of our printing-office force but now proprietor of a grocery on Hanover Street, has been ill for several days, but we are pleased to learn that he is improving.

Dr. Daniel attended the meeting of the Cumberland County Medical Society at Mechanicsburg, Tuesday evening, and was elected a representative to the State Medical Society, which convenes in Pittsburg in May.

The waiters at the football banquet have no doubt learned a lesson. When a person sits back with a very innocent and indifferent manner it is not because he has not been served to icecream, but he has eaten up all he had, and wants more.

The Doylestown Democrat mentions Abram C. Hill and Charles Corson, two students of the Carlisle Indian School, as having played a cornet duet at the Sunday School Christmas festival, held at Newtown, in St. Luke's, P. E. Church and Parish Building.

The Standard Literary Society elected the following officers at their last meeting: President, Edward Peterson; Vice President, David McFarland; Secretary, Thomas Flynn; Treasurer, Paul Hayne; Editor, Albert Nash; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ralph Taylor; Critic, Thomas Marshall; Assistant Critic, Frank Jones.

In our next issue, or in some future number, the writer may give a thrilling little experience she had on the plains with Lizzie Glode and her fierce looking uncle, who tried to intimidate the child into going back to Indian life after she had started on her way to Carlisle for a second term—the same Lizzie of whom Mrs. Platt writes on 1st page.

The Indian on the plains who never saw a collar and never had on a shirt or trousers, stands a much better chance of keeping well, even in cold winter weather, than the school boy, who one day dresses with high collar, coat buttoned up and vest on, and the next day wears no collar, nor vest, and allows his coat to blow open in a lazy shiftless manner.

We congratulate Brother Hall, Superintendent of the Indian School at Phoenix, Arizona, as having the swarthiest, stockiest looking team in the football field. The attention of the football critics is invited to the fact that this team is probably nearer an all-American team than any other in the field, Carlisle not excepted. The proof of this is a fine photograph of the team just received, which can be seen in our office.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society has elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Alice Parker; Vice-President, Sara Williams; Recording-Secretary, Martha Sickles; Corresponding-Secretary, Annie Kowuni; Treasurer, Amelia Clark; Reporter, Mary Miller; Marshal, Sara Smith; Critic, Melissa Green; Assistant-Critic, Olive Miller; Pianist, Edith Smith.

The Man on-the-band stand is glad that the Susans had the good taste to refuse the challenge for an impromptu public debate. Such practice is excellent in the societies when there are no visitors present, but it is a great bore sometimes for invited guests to have to sit and listen to a lot of twaddle, which might have been made good through previous preparation. Only educated experts can presume to speak entertainingly off-hand.

OUR INDIAN FRIEND HAS VARIED EXPERIENCES.

On the Steamer "Maria G. Haaven."

After I had traveled in the other sections of Southeastern Alaska for some time last summer, and on my return home at New Metlakahla the middle of July, I applied for a position as an assistant engineer on the steamer "Maria G. Haaven."

This steamer belongs to the Cannery at New Metlakahla, and her regular work is to carry salmon from the different fishing stations many miles away, and to bring them to New Metlakahla to be packed. She is a small vessel of about twenty tons burden, and her machinery consists of a steam boiler, a single expansion engine, and many other things. She is authorized by law to carry a certain number of regular crew, to run within certain limits under such and such a steam pressure per square inch, to carry a row boat and preservers, and such like.

The first thing we do before we start on a trip is to load the vessel with fuel, and this fuel is of spruce trees cut into cords, two of which we generally take on for the journey.

While the boat is being loaded with wood, we see to it that the tanks are filled with fresh water, that the boiler is fired and the machinery is in good condition, and that every thing necessary for the trip is provided.

All of this done, at a specified time the Captain blows the first whistle and notifies the engineer to be ready.

When everything is ready, a second whistle is blown and the lines are "let go." The Captain then rings the large bell of the engine room, and the engineer grasps the handle of the engine, opens the throttle valve and slowly the machinery that drives the propeller turns.

When all is "clear aft" the Captain rings the small bell, and the vessel commences to run at full speed.

As we are steaming out from the port, the Captain gives a farewell salute of three whistles, and often some of the crew also whistle "The girl I left behind me."

The Master or Captain has control of the whole vessel. He guides her course with the aid of a helm, compass and chart, and buoys on the sea. The other necessary helps are the barometer, sounding line, seaman's glass, and side and head lights.

Next to the Captain is the pilot whose sole duty, since he has a good knowledge of the whole region, is to steer the vessel aright at any time and in any emergency. On this small boat he has other duties to perform.

Next comes the regular authorized engineer

who attends to the machinery and keeps it in constant repair and good order. He looks after the hull of the boat and estimates the fuel and water to be taken on.

Then follows the assistant engineer who builds the fire, drives the engine, oils the machinery, feeds the boiler, cleans the boiler tubes, keeps the lamps in good condition, and sometimes has something to do in the culinary department.

Let us remember that on a local vessel of this kind the crew perform many other duties that are not regularly assigned to them on large vessels. The Captain or pilot sometimes does the cooking, while the engineer or the assistant engineer steers the vessel; and frequently they all become deck-hands; and regularly once in twenty-four hours, all coal-shovelers.

We usually leave New Metlakahla about two o'clock in the afternoon, and return about ten or eleven the next day, making a journey of over one hundred miles. As we run from one station to another, we are loaded with salmon, and when there are more than we can safely carry, we put them into a large boat and tow it to the cannery.

The ordinary rate at which our steamer runs is about seven miles an hour and when there is a fair wind we utilize it by unfurling the sails. When night comes on we put up the side lights which consist of the green and red, and also a head light which is hauled up the fore-mast. On our return to the cannery we have the salmon discharged, and in three hours we are ready for another trip. These trips for three weeks were pleasant to me, for not only did they enlarge my knowledge of steam boat machinery, but they gave me such physical refreshment as I used to long for in my educational career.

More or less our individual lives are like the steam vessels. Before we let the lines go, we must be carefully loaded with fuel and other needful things, and these things are to be had from the various institutions of learning.

There is a tendency among us to hurry in our preparation; but we cannot afford to dump a few chunks of wood into the boat and rush off. By all means let us remain where we are, and load our vessels well, fill our side and head lights with good oil, see that our chart and compass are well made, and after which let us try our inexperienced hands at the helm and sail towards our individual destinations.

EDWARD MARSDEN.

LANE SEMINARY,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
December 23, 1896.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 12, 5, 6 is to make tired by too much talk.

My 13, 2 is a pronoun.

My 13, 9, 10, 8 is less than a whole.

My 3, 9, 5 is strife.

My 1, 7, 4 is a venomous serpent.

My 15, 14, 11, 13 is a small body of water in Scotland.

My whole is the admonition of a 12-year-old subscriber to all Indian and white boys.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Carlisle Indian School.