

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1897.

NO. 21

## ONLY TODAY.

**Y**ESTERDAY now is part of forever.  
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,  
With glad days and sad days and bad days,  
which never  
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their  
blight,  
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,  
Cannot undo and cannot atone;  
God in his mercy forgive, receive them!  
Only the new days are our own.  
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## A DISGRACE TO BEG MONEY FROM HOME.

"I wouldn't keep it!"

"Yes; I guess not. Because you haven't a chance, that's why," said Indian boy No. 2, as he folded up a ten-dollar bill and stuck it in his vest pocket.

He looked half ashamed as he did so, but tried to put on a bold front.

"Chance!" said the first speaker. "My father probably has as much money as your father, and that is very little, from all that I have heard of your people. Our fathers are both poor, and they have no business to be sending money to such strapping big fellows as we are, and such strapping big fellows as we are ought to be ashamed to BEG money of our parents and friends at home, who are not half so well off as we are in this grand place, with every comfort and convenience at command, and a better opportunity to earn money, when it comes time to go out on farms in the Spring and Summer, than they have."

"I didn't beg," said speaker No. 2, not liking that word. "I simply wrote to my father to send me ten dollars, and here it is; that is all there is to it. I have seen the day when you were not so terribly stuck up about getting a little money from home."

"I know that. Don't mention it! And spend? Why, I have spent more money than I dare to think of, and for what? Nothing

under the sun that I needed. But I have stopped short off. I never send home for money any more. I got ashamed of spending, and somehow I just felt all at once, 'No wonder the Indians never get ahead.' I tell you my employer in the country was a sayer, and I got many good points from him. You know the fellows used to come around to borrow a quarter or a half dollar, and one day, he said to me:

'I wouldn't loan 'em money.'

'Why not?' said I, half provoked at him. 'They are my friends.'

'Well, you make them lazy.'

"I never thought of it in that way before, but since then I have noticed that nearly all boy borrowers are either lazy or are dudes."

"What's the matter with you anyhow? I never heard you go on like this before. What has stirred you up?"

"The manner in which you pulled out that ten-dollar bill for one thing, and then this letter which Captain Pratt handed me has made my blood tingle with shame."

"What letter?"

"Here it is. See for yourself! A Superintendent of a reservation school wrote it to Capt Pratt, and he handed it to me."

"Oh, YOU read it."

"It appears that some fellow has written home for money, and this is what the Superintendent says:

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN: The accompanying letter from \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ I return to you. Permit me to say, your students I believe have a better way of getting hold of money than the people here have. Our Indians are very, very poor this year. Their rations were cut off last July; they raised but little last year, and they have almost nothing to subsist upon. I think your students should try to get along without appealing to their friends here for money."

"What do you think of that any how?" said the reader folding up the letter.

Speaker No. 2 had not a word to say, and turning, walked away.



# THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, & 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.

Orders for the Commencement number of the "Red Man" should be sent in early to insure a copy. Five cents for a single copy.

Five hundred and thirty lunches were put up for the Washington paraders by the kitchen and dining-room force.

The son and daughter of General Boyd, of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, were guests of Miss Senseney on Saturday. Master Fulton subscribed for the HELPER, wishing to keep up with the times on Indian as well as Railroad matters.

The graduating class picture, taken by Mr. Choate pleases all who look at it, especially the members of the class, themselves. It is 8x10, and sold for 30 cents. The same will be sent FREE for 15 HELPER subscriptions, or for 3 "Red Man" subscriptions. By mail 5 cents extra.

The latest we have from our Apache pupils at San Carlos is from Morgan Toprock who was there not long ago. Constant Bread was still at work for Captain Myer. Isaac Cutter was working at the school. Parker West was scouting and Norman Cassadore was working on his farm. Jonas Place died last summer.

A very pleasant letter from Lizzie Glode Sherman, alludes to the little story that was written about her some time ago. She says she remembers well the incident described, and thanks Carlisle that she didn't go back with her Uncle. She is happy in her present home and surroundings.

When the "old timers" see our boys on parade in Washington turn a corner according to the late tactics and not in the old fashioned straight-line wheel, which was once considered the thing, they may think we don't know how, but they may also be like some of our home critics, who do not know what they are talking about.

A very busy lawyer of Johnstown, this State, has this to say of the little HELPER: "I confess to devoting the first five minutes of every Saturday morning to the perusal of your cheery little paper, leaving the remainder of my mail untouched until that pleasure is exhausted. Mrs. ——— seizes upon it with equal avidity; so you see you have hungry readers even in this out of the way place."

The Eighteenth Anniversary and Ninth Graduating Exercises of our school will take place on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week. On Tuesday evening, General John Eaton, Ph. D., LL. D., of Washington D. C. will deliver a lecture before the Literary Societies, upon the subject, "My Memories of Lincoln and Grant." General Eaton enjoyed the rare distinction of the personal confidence and friendship of these two great men, and his lecture promises to be one of the most interesting ever delivered at our school. The admission price to this will be 25 cents.

On Wednesday afternoon gymnastics, calisthenics, parade, and inspection of industries will take place. On Wednesday evening at 7:30 there will be addresses in Assembly Hall, by the distinguished visitors present. On Thursday morning between 9 and 11 clock inspection of schools will be the order, and on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock the Commencement Exercises will be held in the Gymnasium. Only those showing invitations or entrance tickets will be admitted to any of the exercises.

Messrs. Snyder and Cochran gave a party to their friends on last Friday evening that WAS a party. Jokes, progressive games and refreshments filled the hours between eight and ten, also the guests to about forty in number. Clarence Whitethunder was around with his camera, when all were seated at the table, and took a flash picture of the scene. There will be a great demand for those pictures, for the tables and the guests were at their best. The waiters, (ye hosts) occupied the end places and show up well. It was a merry evening throughout, and all were sorry when it came time to go home.

Mrs. Amos Hamilton, our Maria Etiva, of the Pueblos, New Mexico, who married Amos Hamilton of the Osages, Oklahoma, and who went with her husband to his people to live, finds the Osages a very kind and nice people, but they are very different from her own people, and thus far are interesting to her. They gave her a warm welcome, and she is happy in her home. They live 25 miles from the agency, on a farm belonging to Amos' father, but will move to Amos' own place as soon as the time is out for the renters who are on the place. Mrs. Hamilton writes a cheerful happy letter, and her many friends at Carlisle rejoice that she has found such pleasant surroundings.

Of the 29 printers, including the mailers, foreman Gansworth and assistant clerk, St. Cyr, only three, the smallest of the lot—Kendall Paul, Bruce Patterson and Arthur Sickles, were left to do the work of Thursday, the heaviest day of the week. But it being the pride of printers to bring the paper out on time though the "heavens fall" our little men have taken on the same spirit, and out came the HELPER with its 25,000 impressions, as usual.

When we do not hear from an old pupil for years, a letter is especially interesting. Mrs. Gruetter, of Kiowa, Kansas, who when here was Ellen Hansell, says she has not heard of or seen many Carlisle returned pupils for ten years. When she last saw Cora Poorbear, she was well, and William Hansell is well. She, herself, has a nice little daughter.



The shops were depleted yesterday. Some of the boys found skating, last Saturday.

Mrs. Annette Suison, now an employee, boards at the club.

Miss Pardoe, of Renova, was a guest of Miss Forster at dinner, Tuesday.

We can fill no more orders for visiting cards until after Commencement.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt of Steelton, and son Dick spent Sunday at the school.

Professor Bakeless took a business trip to Bloomsburg, the early part of the week.

Mr. Samuel Jordan, formerly of our school force, is lying very low with double pneumonia, at his home in town.

Dr. Diven of Carlisle, and friend, Miss McGarvey from a distance were among the visitors on Friday last.

Over 260 pupils went to Washington, but enough remained at home—360—to make two good sized Indian schools.

Mrs. J. W. Henderson, of Philadelphia, with whom some of our girls have lived, visited the school on Wednesday.

Members of class '97 are placing themselves in good situations here and there, some on farms and some in higher schools.

March did not come in very lamb-like, neither altogether like a lion, so it is hard to tell exactly how the month expects to go out.

Helen Brooks, Inter-Collegiate Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association, of Pennsylvania again visited the school on Wednesday.

The snow has entirely disappeared and the grass is beginning to show green spots. The notes of the robin have been heard, and surely Spring approacheth.

As we go to press Thursday noon the weather is magnificent, and we can but hope that the day is as fine in Washington for the inaugural ceremonies.

Mrs. Jennings, of Lafayette, Indiana, and Mrs. Allen, of St. Louis, sisters of Mrs. Pratt, are here at the present writing, having just arrived. They expect to remain but a short time.

A new feature has been introduced by the Susans. Out-siders who are willing to take part will be placed on the Friday evening programs. SUSAN REPORTER.

The weather did not permit of any outside drill, to speak of, for the inaugural parade, but having a large gymnasium the battalion was handled with ease indoors.

Pennington Powell, who went home not long since to Idaho, says he has gathered quite a herd of cattle through his own earnings, and he hopes some day to stand in such a position that Carlisle will be proud of him.

Dr. Alice Seabrook, of Philadelphia, spent an hour in town with her friends, the Misses Anthony, last Thursday, on her way back from Emmitsburg where she had been called to see a brother who was ill. Dr. Seabrook reports that Dr. Helen Lord is quite ill at present at the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia. These two ladies are well known among us, having been once of us.

Baby Wheelock is getting so fat he can scarcely laugh.

The band now is up to the high water mark of excellent playing again, after a lapse of a few months on account of new recruits.

We have a number of letters from graduates expressing regrets that they will not be able to answer in person the invitations to our Commencement.

Mr. Robinson and Miss Flora Sourbeck, of Pittsburg, are guests of Miss Nellie Robertson. Mr. Robinson is a great uncle of Samuel Brown, one of our pupils.

Some of the girls in the country think they have early breakfasts, but yesterday morning our cooks provided breakfast for the Inaugural Paraders, 260 strong, at two o'clock in the morning.

Everybody is delighted to see Miss Bowersox looking her usual good health. She is not on duty, as she has not entirely recovered her strength, but is gaining both strength and flesh rapidly.

Capt. Smead, Mrs. John Hayes and daughter of Carlisle escorted distinguished friends from a distance through the school on Wednesday, and all were much interested in what they saw and heard.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, and guests Mrs. Guy Stevick, Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. Allen attended the inaugural ceremonies. The others of the party from the school in addition to the battalion were Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Barr, Mr. Kensler, Mr. Norman, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Dandridge and Mr. Snyder.

Mr. John Claudy's horse attached to his grocery wagon stepped off, Wednesday, and Fred Tibbetts, the least orderly of the offices, caught him. The horse had slackened speed somewhat as he was going up grade, and Fred had the good sense to go quietly and take hold of the bridle.

The Carlisle Fortnightly Club, of which Mrs. R. H. Pratt is President, met at her residence on Monday evening, when Miss Jackson of Metzger College read a paper on "Dante and his Times". Mrs. Senseney, mother of our Miss Senseney, and president of the Chambersburg Fortnightly, was a guest of the evening.

Joseph B. Harris, class '89, who has been living in Bucks County for several years, came in on a visit, and took one of the snare drums for the inaugural parade. Joe was a born drummer, sure, for there is something satisfying in the roll he gives to those sticks on a drum head.

A last look of the battalion in line, carrying implements of industry, and headed by the band which played thrilling old-fashioned tunes made the hearts of even the oldest Carlisle swell with pride. The boys will make a good name for the Indian in Washington; that, the Man-on-the-band-stand is sure of.

On Tuesday, Edward Marsden, of Alaska, arrived from Cincinnati, to accompany our battalion to Washington, as cornetist. We are sorry he will not be able to remain over until Commencement, but he cannot without sacrificing too much in his studies at Lane Seminary, where he is taking a Theological course.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Wine is a mocker.



## WAS THERE EVER AN INDIAN MARTYR TO TRUTH?

Whether the story as related by Mrs. Caswell, in "Our Life Among the Iroquois Indians," be true or not, the lesson illustrates the kind of pluck necessary for the Indian of to day, if he would not be burned alive by the floods of fire-water that are now let loose upon him by unscrupulous white men.

The story goes:

After much personal work and months of prayer and patience, a group of young Indians, who had been especially uproarious and wild, came into the church and signed the pledge to give up tobacco and fire-water. To them the taking of the pledge meant the abandonment of all vice, and living a clean life.

One of these young converts was induced to join a company of white men to go "rafting" on the Alleghany River. The raftsmen were freely addicted to liquor, and soon noticed that the Indian never tasted it.

"Why not?" they asked him.

"Me belong to temperance society," was the laconic reply. "Me promise not drink. Me keep promise."

The raftsmen laughed him to scorn.

"We'll soon teach you, you miserable red-skin, how much such a promise is worth."

These brutal fellows tempted the poor man day and night in vain. They held liquor under his nose; they threw it in his face. He would not yield. They then resolved to conquer his will. So one day they handed him a glass of whiskey, and when he declined it they pushed him into the river. The Indian swam to the edge of the raft, and begged his tormentors to let him come aboard.

"Yes," was the reply, "if you will drink the whiskey."

The Indian shook his head. "Me no break promise," said he.

Then the men pushed him away from the edge of the raft. He was getting exhausted and sank; but rising he clutched the raft convulsively.

"Will you drink it?" came the last demand.

"No break promise," gasped the Indian.

"Me cannot."

Then the brutes unloosed his fingers for the last time. The Indian sank, and rose no more.

The young convert was as much a martyr to the truth in this nineteenth century as any one of the famous Christians in the third. He was faithful unto death.

## THE INDIAN SCHOOL BATTALION OFF FOR WASHINGTON.

The very gratifying announcement of the coming of the Indian students from the Carlisle School was received by Civic Chairman Warner this morning from Capt. R. H. Pratt of the 10th Cavalry, Superintendent of the school. Capt. Pratt states that the battalion will leave Carlisle at 3 a. m. March 4, reaching here at 7 a. m. The boys will leave at 7 in the evening of inauguration day.

The battalion will be equipped somewhat in

the way it was at the parade of the opening ceremonies of the world's fair at Chicago.

They will carry the implements and products of industry, and will be divided into four companies and eight platoons, each platoon composed of 12 files, 24 cadets, with a right and left guide, commander and file closer for each platoon in addition. They will carry the school banner and the national flag, and be headed by the school band of 50 pieces. Mr. W. G. Thorpson, the school disciplinarian, will be in command. The entire strength of the battalion will be 262.

—[Washington Star, Feb. 17.]

## A LETTER FROM DONALD CAMPBELL.

The following letter from the little son of Mr. Campbell, who for many years was of the Carlisle faculty, will be read with interest by the many who remember Donald and Herbert as they "use to was," among the small boys on the grounds.

He says:

"Enclosed please find ten cents for a year's subscription to the HELPER.

I am away from home now and I miss it. I wrote to Mamma and told her that Carlisle news was never tiresome.

I am at present in the University of Wyoming at Laramie.

It is as far East as I got this winter, but I am satisfied, because I like the West, and the University is first class although not as large as some of the Eastern Universities.

Herb. is with me. The West is all right. It don't rain, rain, rain here all the time, and yet we don't go thirsty.

The altitude is over 9,000 feet. I'll admit it gets colder here than in Pennsylvania, but we don't mind it as much because it is so much drier.

It was about 40° below zero on Thanksgiving. I rode all the time while at Washakie, and find it quite inconvenient to walk now.

I enjoyed the 150 mile drive from Washakie to Rawlins although it was in January.

My! I suppose if I were to walk into the school grounds at Carlisle, nearly all of the teachers and pupils would say, "Who's that?"

I would like to see the new gym.

I will close with the best regards to the old Carlisleers.

Remaining Yours Very Truly,  
DONALD P. CAMPBELL.

## Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 4, 2, 3 was a metal much talked of, during the McKinley campaign.

Potatoes planted must 10, 9, 11 before they grow.

Most of our Indians come from the 1, 5, 7, 11.

To go on a 12, 8, 6, 5, 5 is a bad business.

My whole is something that the Carlisle Indian boys are obliged to give up just now, although it is with regrets.

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