

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NO. 24.

THE SMILE OF A LITTLE CHILD.

THERE is nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is divine
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul, when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light of the hope of that sweeter world,
Like the dawn, is breaking through.

—[Boston Herald.]

RAISING AND IMPROVING AN ALASKAN HOUSE.

As soon as I got home at New Metlakahtla from Cincinnati, a year ago next May, I at once went to work to improve our house. This house was not a wigwam: but it was one built of red cedar lumber. Under my own supervision, it was built previous to my coming to Ohio in 1891, and was never completed to be of much comfort to our family. So I tried my hands again at the carpenter tools.

I noticed that the middle foundation of the north end of the house has sunk about two inches below the level. So we tried to raise it by means of proper instruments for the purpose. These instruments, according to their construction, are either called jack-screws or hydraulic jacks. On this occasion we used the former.

We laid some very good stones and large thick boards upon which we put these instruments. The house was heavy and could only be raised when these stones and boards were able to bear the pressure. When everything was ready, then we set the instruments in their proper places. Slowly we turned

them, and slowly but surely. It was a heavy work, but at last we succeeded in raising that end of the house to its original level. We raised it, and made it stay where we raised it.

This was done, when we tore down our old kitchen adjoining the main building on the east side. In place of this, we built a much larger and better one that contained a kitchen, dining room, pantry and something else.

With the raising of the house and the erection of an adjoining addition, I also attended to the painting of the building, the fixing of the chimneys, the papering of the sitting and some of the bed rooms, and the better arrangement of the sanitary conditions in and around the house. In fact, while I was in Alaska I endeavored, as far as my means allowed me, to fix up my humble home in such a way as to show my people that the better educated we are the better ought we to know how to fix up a good home, and lead a pure domestic life.

You will find on the walls of our sitting room some views from the States. As the Carlisle Indian School had a lodging in my heart, I was careful to frame quite a number of her photographs. I need not say that these pictures were admired by our people.

With our ten rooms, wall pictures, organ and other musical instruments, the Bible, books and papers, a porch and garden of flowers and berries, chickens, good neighbors, a group of happy faces, etc., we think that we have a comfortable home.

Let me call your attention to the raising of the house. I have often thought that we as workers and advocates of Christianity and civilization are like jack-screws. These instruments are moulded and patented by a certain factory. So are we; and it makes no difference of what educational factory we are, as long as we are of iron and steel, and our purpose is to raise heavy weights. Let us see to it then that we place our instruments on something solid, that we turn them in the right direction, and that we raise our Indian brethren to the common level of Christianity and civilization.

EDWARD MARSDEN.

LANE SEMINARY,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
March 18, 1897.

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.;

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Annie Lockwood is at Albuquerque, New Mexico, in Supt. McCowan's school. She speaks in the highest terms of the Superintendent, and as for herself says she is getting well and strong. Annie has purchased a wheel, and she says she uses it well, that is, she does not allow it to stand idle long at a time.

Isaac Williams, ex-pupil of Carlisle, has been employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad for over four years. He works at the Broad Street station, Philadelphia, riding out and making up trains for different points. He has married and settled down in the City of Brotherly Love. He has a son over two years of age. Surely Isaac is carrying out the Carlisle idea to the best of his ability.

Nancy Seneca, who has gone to the Medico-Chi in Philadelphia to take a course in nursing, writes that as soon as she turned her back upon Carlisle, her troubles began. Of course she meant the responsibilities of life. She realizes that the props have been removed and that her first efforts at walking entirely alone are a little trembly and uncertain. But the Man-on-the-band-stand has no fear for Nancy. His strongest hopes for her lie in the fact that she fears for herself, somewhat. The self-assuring graduate who thinks he knows it all, is the one to expect failures from.

The class picture, which we will print as a supplement to the March "Red Man", from a much larger plate than the one in last week's HELPER, gives as a background a very pleasant corner of the school grounds, showing the band-stand, girls' quarters, society halls and large boys' quarters. Owing to the revision of addresses by some of the visitors from a distance we cannot get the Commencement number out before the beginning of April, but we are doing our best, and it will be an interesting number. Single copy, 5 cents.

The Inter-Ocean in its account of our Commencement makes special mention of the band, in these words: "At noon the band gave a most delightful concert from the band stand, which was highly appreciated. The success of the band is widely known in musical circles, and it well merits the high reputation which it holds."

Death of Rev. James Brown.

The "Topeka Daily Capital" of March 17th notes the death at Holton, Kansas, of James Brown, D. D., the oldest United Presbyterian minister in the United States, he being about eighty-five years of age.

To many of us at Carlisle this item has more than ordinary interest, as aside from the fact that one of our associates has lost a parent, we feel to have sustained a personal loss in the death of one who for years was resident among us, as a member of Dr. Given's household.

While living amongst us and having no regular pastoral duties Dr. Brown was very helpful in the religious services of the School, being a regular attendant at prayer meetings, and always willing to serve in other ways as occasion required, exerting an influence for good among students and employees.

Those who became intimate with Dr. Brown soon learned to respect him as a man of strong convictions; full of interest in what was passing around him; able to let go of long cherished associations when he thought new conditions required change; but withal of genial qualities, thoroughly companionable and full of anecdote. In matters where principle was at stake he was a veritable John Knox in act and speech.

The world is the better for his life. We who knew him are the better for his example, and now that his work is ended and life's record closed, we thank God for the lessons taught, and take new courage for future duties and burdens as they come to each one of us.

A. J. STANDING.

As many are interested to know who are in the new Senior class, (class '98) we give the names which are as follows: Chauncey Archiquette, Ralph Armstrong, Clarence Butler, Jacob Buckheart, Mitchell Barada, Cora Cornelius, Frank Cajune, Little Complainville, Joseph Blackbear, Etta Catolst, Sara Flynn, Anna George, Lottie Horn, Robert Hudson, Loveta Halfown, Jacob Jameson, Frank James, John Lemieux, Corbett Lawyer, Annie Morton, Rienzi Moore, David McFarland, Kamie Owl, Nellie O'Dell, Edward Peterson, Clara Price, Asher Parker, Edythe Pierce, Martha Sickles, Caleb Sickles, Ella Thomas, Ralph Taylor, Perry Tsamawa, Wilson Welch, John Webster. Next week we will publish the names of the Juniors.

"The Indian Leader" is the name of a new paper born at the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. It bears a wide-awake, hopeful name and is interesting in its make-up. May "The Indian Leader" ever prove a true leader in leading the Indian out from his past, into the light, liberty and opportunity of United States citizenship!

A letter from Louis Mishler says he and Charlie arrived home safely and that he has a prospect of a position as soon as the snow departs. It is his intention to save this summer's earnings for College in the fall.

FREE for ten subscriptions and 2 cents extra for postage. What? The souvenir of the school containing 60 views. Or, the booklet will be sent for 25 cents, post paid.

Wasps.

Singing birds.

Budding trees.

It was the equinoctial storm, sure.

The angle-worm ambleth over the sidewalks.

The days are beginning to be longer than the nights.

The lawn is putting on its freshest and most welcome green.

Frank Hudson, (class '96) is Acting Assistant Disciplinarian.

Sun-shine, snow-squalls, thunder-storms and all sorts of weather!

There is pathos in the notes of the robin these early Spring days.

The second thunder-storm of the season struck us before daylight, Wednesday morning.

Our basket-ball team left yesterday afternoon to play the Germantown Y. M. C. A. team.

Carrie Cornelius turns out bread these days "fit for the gods"—light and white and absolutely sweet.

Miss Nana Pratt and Miss Senseney spent Tuesday night in Chambersburg, guests of Miss Kennedy.

The organ accompaniment for the choir singing last Sunday was an agreeable change from the piano, although the piano is the best standby.

Soon after noon last Saturday a tremendous peal of thunder startled the natives hereabouts. It was the first of the season and was well seasoned at that.

Mr. and Mrs. Beitzel have disposed of their home in Carlisle and will take up their abode with us at the school. They will occupy the room vacated by Miss Lampson.

Didn't the choir sing well on Sunday? Their voices coming from the new gallery in the back part of the hall sound much better than from the floor on a level with the rest of the audience.

A number of our school faculty attended the St. Paul Oratorio at Harrisburg, last Thursday evening. Mrs. Laura DeRussy Berry, recently of us, performed a conspicuous part and sang with her usual charming effect.

As we go to press on Thursday afternoon an "At Home," is in progress at Mrs. Pratt's, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Guy LeRoy Stevick, of Denver and her sister Mrs. Jennings, of Lafayette, Indiana, who are visiting with Capt. and Mrs. Pratt.

Mrs. Sawyer with piano and the Wheelock Brothers with cornet and clarinet played a new and very pretty march on Sunday afternoon for the pupils to march out by. It is Mr. Dennison Wheelock's own composition, to the time of which the line kept beautiful step.

While Rev. Mr. Wile's talks on Sunday afternoons are all good and seem specially adapted to the needs of the school, in his sermon last Sunday afternoon he excelled himself in graphically expounding that part of Paul's message to the Corinthians wherein he illustrates the great truth that our life is like unto a race.

March must be getting ready in all this flurry of wind and snow to go out like a lamb.

We have had warm Spring weather, but at this writing the wind has changed to the North and the air is cold and raw.

Through Father Ganss, Maggie Trombly has left Carlisle and entered St. Elizabeth's Convent, Cornwells, Pa. Her purpose is to get a musical education.

The Young Men's Christian Association of our school have a flower mission, and weekly contribute bouquets to the hospital, which are greatly appreciated by the "shut-ins."

Master LeRoy Stevick is just a little better content with his temporary nurse, Lucy Ramona, than with anybody else. Lucy is very fond of her charge, and knows just exactly how.

Simon Standingdeer is receiving considerable praise for his excellent work on visiting cards. An order for 650 (13 different packs) which came from Massachusetts, he did in a few hours. The cards are Tiffany and up to date in size. 25 for ten cents; by mail 12 cents.

There were promotions all along the line last week in the Academic Department. Some were left behind for good reasons. They may jump a grade or two when promotions are again in order; but others were left because they were too indolent to study as hard as they should, and they are the complainers.

Walter Annallo, ex-pupil of Carlisle, and Eunice Paisano, sister of Frank Paisano, were married at the home of the bride's parents in Laguna, New Mexico, on the 4th of March. They were married by the Rev. M. Bercovitz. We get this information through Walter's niece, Effie Marmon, who says he has made a very good choice of a wife.

Have you noticed that Healey Wolf, our little Esquimaux, never fails to keep step to the music in line of march? It does not matter to him whether the time be slow or fast, he makes it his business to accommodate his little legs to the music, and sometimes he is obliged to overreach several inches. There is nothing lazy about Healey.

Mrs. Morton of Baltimore, who was with us during part of the winter, has lost her daughter Eloise, by death. It is said that she was a young girl of uncommon beauty both of person and character. She has been in declining health for the past year. Mrs. Morton has the sincere sympathy of her Carlisle friends, in this her great bereavement.

Over 300 pupils have already asked to go to the country. Country outing is not intended for those pupils only who do not speak English fluently. Some who speak English the best and have learned to work before they came to Carlisle need more than some others a few months in the country alone with a good family. They may have gotten into habits of work that must be corrected, and which can only be corrected by the individual training received in a family. Then, too, the change of food and air and the chance to gain independence and to earn some money, are of more value to the average Indian boy or girl than can be estimated.

AT THE DINING HALL.

On Thursday morning of Commencement Week, among the visitors at breakfast to see 600 young Indians eat, was Mr. Bradford, of the Indian office, who was invited to say a word after the scripture reading by Miss Miles.

He said in substance, that the pupils of Carlisle ought to settle the Indian question if each one did all he or she could. There are so many tribes from all over the country represented here that no one can tell the influence they might have in lifting up to citizenship their entire race.

"Not long ago" said he, "I spoke to a large collection of High School children. I held in one hand an acorn and in the other a piece of oak from old Fort Ti, in northern New York—the last piece of wood from that famous fortress which was said to have cost four millions of dollars.

"This acorn has a power of God in it. It is life. No man could create such a thing.

"If put in the ground under certain circumstances it will grow and become a huge oak tree, and year after year will produce quantities of acorns for squirrels to feed upon, give shelter to cattle in hot summer days and a nesting place for birds.

"It will go on reproducing itself for ages.

"Its timber may enter into homes or furniture and last for hundreds of years, or into rafters in some church amid which the praises of God will sound from worshippers for generations.

"Yet if this acorn does not bestir itself, does not grow, it will only be an acorn forever; and will even after awhile lose the power to become an oak.

"Now children, which are you going to be, an ACORN or an OAK? Are you going to be somebody in life and influence others, or are you simply going to eat and drink and be merry?

"It remains with you, each, to decide."

NOT SO MUCH OF A GRANNY, AFTER ALL.

Master Goodsense and Master Little sense, both Indian boys, were walking along the path and enjoying the soft breezes of a beautiful Spring day this week. They hardly knew what to do with themselves they were so happy.

"O, come on, let's play mumble peg," said Master Little sense.

"Where?"

"Here is a good place."

"What, there in that wet grass?"

"Yes. What's the matter with you? The grass isn't wet?"

"Why it only rained this morning," said Master Goodsense.

"What of that? It has all dried off. Besides there is not enough grass to be wet."

"No, but the ground is very damp. But, go ahead! I'll try it for a minute or two."

After the boys had been playing for about five minutes, Master Goodsense jumped up and rubbed himself saying, "That's enough. I'm not going to play any more."

"Why not?"

"Because I feel that dampness through my pantaloons. I tell you it isn't safe for a fellow to sit in a place like that. He might take a cold he would never get over."

"Oh! A cold! You are always talking about a cold. You're a regular old granny."

"That's all right. I'm on the side of common sense, anyway. Did you ever see Capt. Pratt sitting down on the wet ground?"

"No. Of course not."

"There you are. He knows better. I've seen him in the summer, though, when the ground was dry, rolling over the grass, playing with his grandchildren."

"So have I."

"When the ground is dry, it does no harm. Did you ever see Mr. Standing, lying or sitting on the damp ground?"

"No."

"Did you ever see Mr. Thompson?"

"No."

"Did you ever see the Doctor?"

"No."

"Did you ever see anybody with good sense, do it?"

"Well, no, I suppose not."

"All right. I'm satisfied then to be a granny, if Capt. Pratt, Mr. Standing, Mr. Thompson, the Doctor and all other sensible people are grannies. Next July, when the ground is warm and dry, I will play with you."

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

We could not see without my 9, 7, 11.

Every Carlisle boy hopes sometime to 10, 2, 5, 11.

A good way to cook an oyster is to 8, 12, 7 it.

To win in a race, a racer must 6, 3, 4.

It is no use to 1, 6, 7 over spilt milk.

My whole is what is striking the Carlisle Indian boys and girls hard about this time.

A Chicago subscriber says: "I have learned more of the Indians and their life through the HELPER than I ever before knew. I mean the good side of them."