

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XII.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1897.

NUMBER 29

## THE WORLD WITHIN.

**I** DO not ask for any crown  
But that which all may win;  
Nor try to conquer any world  
Except the one within.  
Be Thou my guide until I find,  
Led by a tender hand,  
The happy kingdom is myself,  
And dare to take command.

—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

FOR THE INDIAN HELPER.)

## THE JOURNEY OF THE THREE ALASKANS.

About the latter part of September, 1896, I started from home at New Metlakatla for Sitka to get some pupils that were entrusted to my charge. These pupils were coming East to school.

The youngest member of our party was Healy Wolf. He is from Point Barrow, the most northern point in the United States. He is an Eskimo, and has been a pupil at Sitka for six years. Although he comes from a very cold region, yet his stay at Sitka has acclimated him. A boy of quick observation, active, innocent, obedient, Healy seems by no means a mere boy of eleven.

Our next member was Miss Mary R. Kadasan. She is from Chilkat, north of Sitka, in Southeastern Alaska, where she has had some preliminary training. She belongs to the Thlingit tribe, and is about sixteen years of age. She is pleasant in disposition, lady-like, anxious for a Christian education, and having a mind constantly directed toward the welfare of her people.

The third in the group came from New Metlakatla, a few miles from the southeastern extremity of the boundary line. He is a Tsimpshean, and has had some extended experiences in the world. He was too modest to tell his own age.

Such was the party. If we had spoken our own native languages, we would not have understood each other. But we all used the Eng-

lish. Everything was ready when we bade farewell to our friends at Sitka. As the ship was whistling her last salute, we waved our handkerchiefs, and in a short time we passed out of sight. We walked back and forth on the upper deck, and as soon as the supper bell rang, we hurried down to the dining hall where we were assigned our seats for the voyage. At bed-time, after having some music in the Social Hall, and a prayer in my room, we retired to our respective berths.

The first three days of our southward journey from Sitka were spent in Alaska. The ship called at many ports, and we shall never forget that morning when we bade good bye to my mother and friends at home.

Our journey by sea from Alaska, along the coast of British Columbia, down to Puget Sound, was delightful. On two sounds where the ship rolled, we had a little sea sickness, but it did not seriously interfere with our merriment, story telling and a general good time.

When we came to Seattle, Wash., there the other members of the party first saw a large city. As the ship was coming to the wharf, we could hear the bustle of the street cars, wagons, etc., and see the crowd at the landing pier. Healy's eyes were beginning to grow large. The ship fastened her lines when we came ashore, and when we secured our hotel accommodations, we started out for a walk.

Everything was new to Healy. He had heard of these things, but had never seen them before. There is nothing like seeing things as they are, and Healy found that out by experience. On our first walk, his attention would be so fastened to some object in a show window that he would look behind even when he had passed it. In this way he ran into two ladies, and I then had to lead him by the arm.

Leaving Seattle, we came to Tacoma the next day. Here we made some preparations

(Continued on fourth page.)



# 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.

Fred St Cyr has gone to his home at Winnebago Agency, Nebraska. Fred was not well when he came and has not been well, but his friends hope he will soon be better.

Mrs. Campbell sang at the Band concert given in Lander. Her singing was much appreciated there. Mr. Campbell has been confined to his room for several days with a very severe cold.—[The Indian Guide, Shoshone, Wy.]

"Is she a good cook?"

"Yes."

"Is she wasteful? That is, does she throw away things that might be saved with a little care?"

"Sometimes she does."

"As it is my house, I desire the girl who lives with me to do the work as I wish to have it done. Will she do this?"

"Well, no, she wants to have her own way."

"Then I don't want her," and the girl lost a good home where the best of pay was given.

Many of us remember Mr. Hudelson, although he was with us as a teacher a but short time. Since he left he has married and they have a little "Vista," who came to a very welcome home. All will be interested in the way the following is put, hence we print his letter almost in full. He says: "The nicest subscriber you have is Vista M. Hudelson, and she asks me to have her subscription extended one year. She can write herself and often writes letters, but she is busy just now singing for her cousin. We think her a treasure. Worth her weight in gold? Her weight in gold wouldn't buy her little finger nail. Scarcely a lock of her hair. No, sir ee! The HELPER is helping her to a deeper interest in the Indian and your work. It also keeps alive all the interest her papa ever had in the Noble Red Man. We would have enjoyed a run over to Commencement very much, but circumstances, you know. Our Commencement next month."

So many changes at Carlisle since I have seen any of you! Miss Hamilton's death was a shock to me. In her death the Indian lost a true friend and the world a noble woman. I can scarcely believe that Mr. Claudy has been called away from earth."

What of the race? asked our reporter of one of the party who went last Saturday to Philadelphia to take a hand in the Relay Racing for championship, at the University of Pennsylvania. His reply was substantially as follows: There were seven of us—4 runners. Mr. Mahoney, one of the students of the University met us at the station and showed us every courtesy during our stay in the city. An audience of about 5,000 people had assembled at Franklin Field to witness one of the greatest athletic events of the century. Representatives from nearly 90 schools and colleges were donning running suits and appearing with pride in their respective college colors when we arrived. The colleges were divided into groups of four each, making twenty different groups or classes. Each team consisted of four men, each of whom ran a quarter of a mile, the four aggregating a mile. At a signal, one from each team started, and as he finished the quarter mile tagged the next runner from his team who stood in position to start. This man on the completion of his quarter touched the next runner of his team, and so on; the team whose fourth runner finished first was the victor. Our team was entered in the one mile championship race which came last and in which the greatest interest was centered. It was won by Harvard in the phenomenal time of 3 minutes and 23 seconds—six seconds faster time than was made last year. Our team came out last, in the time of three minutes 31 seconds, with which we are satisfied, as it is considered most excellent time. When allowance is made for the poor facilities we have for practice and the fact that it is our first attempt it demonstrates that with a good track we can turn out fast runners.

For a clear, intensely interesting and easily understood review of the Turko Greek situation, our students should all read the Pathfinder of April 24. The writer of the article has traveled over that classic ground, now the scene of devastation and death. Read it boys! Read it girls! Read it thoughtfully with map before you, and thus get an intelligent idea of what is going on in Greece and the causes of the war. In the same issue appears an interview with Honorable Secretary of Agriculture Wilson which is full of encouragement for farmers.

"Visitors Hand Book," is a good name for our souvenir given by an interested subscriber who sent the cash for one. They are sold for 25 cents cash. For TEN subscriptions for the HELPER and 2 cents extra for postage one will be sent FREE.

At an entertainment given on Wednesday evening at the Parish House of the St. John's Church of Carlisle, Margaret LaMere, Myron Moses, Mary Moon, Annie Gesis and Frank Cajune took parts in the three plays that were enacted.

"Is he a skillful workman?" "Yes, reasonably so." "Well, is he careful of his tools and the material he uses?"

"No, I am sorry to say he is not." "Then I don't want him," and so an Indian boy lost a good job. Men who hire help cannot afford to have a careless workman around.

Hold on to the pennies, the dollars will take care of themselves.

Indian  
Relay Race  
1897  
3:31



Dusty roads.

Good-bye mountain fires.

A beautiful spell of weather.

James Wheelock has a new Cleveland.

A coolish snap after the warm weather of Sunday!

Miss Hulme is contemplating buying a Waverly.

Saturday and Sunday were the warmest days so far.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

The leaves this week are at their freshest and prettiest.

Miss Rosa Bourassa is at the Will's Eye Hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Thompson has been called home to Albany by the illness of her father.

A new board walk has been laid from the teachers' quarters cistern to the central walk.

The band concerts given on the band stand in the past two weeks have been very enjoyable.

Hon. W. A. Jones, of Wisconsin, is the newly appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

When questions are asked requiring an answer by letter, two cents must accompany the letter for return postage.

That man or woman has a high order of courage who can cheerfully wear old clothes until new ones can be paid for.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society held its final meeting for the year last week after a most successful year's work.

Mr. Rumsport and grandson Carl Lindsay, of Huntingdon, were guests of the teachers' food mother, Mrs. Rumsport, last week.

Miss Ely sent some arbutus to South Carolina which we hear arrived as fresh as when it started. There is something in knowing how.

Miss Bonifant, the new assistant seamstress, who was recently appointed by the Civil Service authorities has left for her home in Virginia.

The Invincible Literary Society held its last meeting for the term on last Friday evening. The time was mostly spent in the discussion of the next year's work.

An art club under Miss Forster's direction has been started and the history of art will be studied. It is sure to prove very interesting to those who are members.

Clarence Whitethunder, class '97, has received the appointment of Assistant Industrial Teacher at Wild Rice River, Minn. He came in from the country the early part of the week and remained a day or two.

Miss Shaffner addressed a Harrisburg audience on Tuesday evening, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall of that city. Linnie Thompson sang and Elizabeth Walker recited at the meeting.

Good Old Dickinson is solving the race problem in substantial shape. In the student body, says the Daily Herald of Carlisle, there are representatives of the American Indians, Japanese, Russian, Jews, Armenians and the colored race.

Julia Given is married, so we hear.

Scott's maxim was: "Never to be doing nothing."

The manner in which we spend our FREE time will determine our future.

Are those digger Indians who are getting out the dandelion roots about the campus?

Harold Parker is in Washington with his father Quannah Parker, chief of the Comanche Indians.

Mrs Otto Wells of Oneida, Wisconsin, has joined her husband at the Rainy Mountain School, Anadarko, Oklahoma.

Condemned property went like a flash at the public sale of same on Saturday last. Mr. Kensler, auctioneer, made it go.

ASSUME a business air if you have it not, might be good advice for some few who work so lazily that work is ashamed to own them.

The pupils in the dining-hall on Wednesday at supper were charmingly entertained for a few moments by the singing of Mr. and Mrs. Senft, of Philadelphia.

A dewdrop like unto a spray went riding on a wheel; till spray did spy a mile away, a rider toward him steal, then, spray and wheel and do-drop all, upon the railroad track did sprawl.

Mrs. Ege of North Hanover has been a frequent caller this week on business connected with the Church entertainment last Wednesday evening in town, in which some of our pupils took part.

On Easter Sunday there came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Delos K. Lonewolf, in their home at Anadarko, a little daughter. Delos says by letter dated the 20th, the baby and Ida are doing very nicely.

Fleety Payne writes from her home in the Indian Territory that Lillie is teaching school; Ben Green is also teaching; Thomas Tygar, Pearl and Mamie Bluejacket are going to school. She herself is housekeeping and taking lessons in cooking.

The walk in front of the boys' quarters came up against Miss Senseney's index finger the other day as she was riding. The finger was entirely out of joint, standing at right angles with the other fingers, when she first saw it, but she is now able to beat time as usual, and does not mean to give up the wheel.

The speakers on Thursday night last at the March entertainment were Mattie Parker, David Tyndall, Elizabeth Walker, Elnora Jamison, Phebe Brown, May Jackson, Nettie Buckles, Wilson Welsh, Simon Beard and Ella Romero. There were class exercises, singing and band music all worthy of mention. The tableaux, especially "Spring Advances," displayed the usual artistic merit, and the stage was trimmed in Greek designs.

Who is the best mathematician among the workmen of our school? Carpenter Henry Gardner, who deftly ADZ comfort to the riders of the "tired" steeds; SUBTRACTS the geometrical humps from the bridges across the spring and race on the new way to town, and thus DIVIDES the strain until it comes out even, all of which MULTIPLIES the expressions of gratitude, and makes the SUM one big "Thank you, ye beneFACTOR of the human race."



(Continued from first page.)

for a journey across the continent. During the latter part of the day, and on my return to the hotel from a business walk, Miss Kadashan told me that Healy was lost. While she was taking a nap, Healy slipped out of the house and could nowhere be seen. I at once looked him up, but could not find him. For nearly an hour we searched and inquired for him without any result. Just as I was about to notify the authorities, Healy turned in from the back yard of the hotel where he had been playing with some American boys. Miss Kadashan, and I grasped him and we rejoiced to find the lost boy!

Before we started at ten o'clock in the evening, we called at the Puyallup Indian School. The address that I delivered at their evening service was appreciated. Had we the leisure time we would have made a longer visit and learned more of their good work.

At the appointed hour, we boarded the train which soon carried us away from the Pacific Coast toward the Rocky Mountains. Although Healy tried to show his courage, yet he had some suspicion about the safeness of "the long box on the wheels." We however retired with a perfect confidence in Him who cared for us. When we woke up the next day, we were refreshed and found ourselves nearing the eastern border of Washington State.

Our daily experiences on the train from Tacoma to Chicago were delightful. The senior member of the party acted as an elder brother, cook, adviser, treasurer and a kind of an encyclopedia to the other two. The mountains and valleys, lowlands, rivers, towns and cities, that we passed were all objects of interest to the party.

In Chicago we spent one whole day in seeing the sights and visiting some friends. By this time the other members of the party were somewhat accustomed to the excitement of the streets. When ever we came to a show window, Healy offered to buy something, and if we had conceded to his wishes, we would have had a car load of toys at the end of the whole trip.

Leaving Chicago, we arrived in Cincinnati, and on the same day, Healy and myself attended a large missionary meeting where I gave an address. The missionary ladies of Cincinnati fell in love with Healy, and I feared that they would take him away from me. Our friends here were glad to meet us, and we spent some time in visiting the places of interest.

Arrangements were made and after being here four days, Miss Kadashan went to Ro-

chester, N. Y. and Healy and myself to Carlisle. Miss Kadashan is now at Genesee, N. Y. pursuing her studies and is making very commendable progress. As to Healy, "he makes it his business to accommodate his little legs to the music" in the line of march, and is getting on nicely at Carlisle.

Thus the whole journey was completed. We became so attached to each other that we hated to part. Our company on the way varied much, and we were fortunate to be with kind American travelers. To Mr. and Mrs. Bense of Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. Wilbur and Mrs. Elliot of Philadelphia, Pa., and to Dr. Jordan of Leland Stanford University, Cal., we especially owe a sincere debt of gratitude.

I had some misunderstandings to correct on the way. On the ship, a lady passenger remarked that she liked the pretty looks of my "little son Healy."

At Tacoma, on being asked my name and address, an hotel clerk registered us as "Mr. Marsden and family."

On the train I was asked "how old" my sister was, and in Chicago an old friend who thought that I went home to get married, shouted to us:

"Hello Mr. and Mrs. Marsden! I am glad to see you!"

"It was with some embarrassment, or rather with an inward feeling of amusement, that I suppressed these mistakes.

So the party broke up, and one went to New York, one to Pennsylvania, and the other to his former studies in Ohio. Let us say to you, O, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, that you have within you some of the valuable treasures of your sister country. We have entrusted you with these precious souls, knowing that you are able to train them up in the way in which they should walk and from which they should not depart. See to it that they receive their proper equipment. By doing this you shall have accomplished a noble deed to your needy sister Territory, and strengthened the bond of love, liberty and patriotism between you and the extreme Great West.

EDWARD MARSDEN

LANE SEMINARY,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.  
April 21, 1897.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 9, 3, 6, 4 we do to a letter before posting it.

My 2, 5, 6, 1 comes from the sun.

My 7, 8, 9, 1 is an article worn by boys.

My whole have made more progress this week at the Carlisle school than during any previous week the entire year through.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Fat copy.