

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1897.

NUMBER 34

YOUR KINGDOM.

THERE is some place for you to fill,
Some work for you to do,
That no one can or ever will
Do quite as well as you.
It may be close along your way,
Some little, homely duty,
That only waits your touch, your sway,
To blossom into beauty.

Or it may be that daily tasks,
Cheerfully seen and done,
Will lead to greater work that asks
For you, and you alone.
Be brave, whatever it may be,
The little or the great,
To meet and do it perfectly,
And you have conquered Fate.

—PRISCILLA LEONARD.

A TELLING LETTER.

In the early years of the school, a little Indian girl and a little Indian boy came to Carlisle from a great western tribe, along with many other children from the same tribe.

The little boy and girl grew up together at Carlisle.

Each had some outing experience with good families.

In due time they went home, and not many months elapsed before they married.

We have not heard from them often, but a letter full of the interesting life and doings of the struggling young couple was recently received by the little girl's farm mother, and she sent it to the school for friends here to read and enjoy.

The Man-on-the-band-stand got hold of it, and without permission from the author prints it for the good it may do in showing that even in the midst of discouraging surroundings headway may be made in right living if the intention and purpose be kept bright and active:

A Part of the Letter.

"I guess you think I have forgotten to answer your letter, but I have not. I have not been very well, and when I do feel well, I am so busy that I just could not write, so my hus-

band got me a white woman to cook for me, and I have not much to do now.

The doctor told me not to work very much till I got well, so that is why I have time to tell you all I can.

You asked me in your other letter to tell you all about myself, but I did not tell you much.

When ——— and I first started to keep house we lived in a lodge house, which my mother lived in before I went to Carlisle.

It has only one room and I try to get along the best I could in that one room, and didn't had no cooking stove, so I had to cook on the fire place.

[For those who do not know what lodge houses are, the Man-on-the-band-stand who has been in them often will say, they are made mostly of mud and hay. Some of them are large and roomy. The best of them are very comfortable. They are made in circular shape and go up to a peak. The hole at the top for the smoke to go out from the fire in the center is the only place for light and ventilation. There is a long, low and dark passage-way to go through on entering a lodge. The floor is the ground, made hard.]

After two years, my husband had a frame house built, two rooms up stairs and two rooms down stairs besides the dining room and kitchen. So now I have all I need in the house now.

I have carpet on the floor in three rooms and have my bed room fixed up nice as your bed room would look, and my sitting room is nice as any white woman would have, and I have nice yard and garden.

My husband has not got very good stable, but he is talking about having a barn built sometime.

He has some nice work-horses and has four mules, and he has hundred head of hogs, and he makes his own meat; four cows and four calves.

We have about thirty ponys. Some of them are spotted.

I wish sometime you didn't lived very far,

Continued on the 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, but 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.

The exercises at Dickinson College the coming week promise to be very interesting. The baccalaureate sermon by President Reed will be preached on Sunday morning in the Methodist Church, and will be listened to by a large audience.

Clarence Threestars passed through Harrisburg on Thursday on his way back to Pine Ridge, South Dakota from Washington, D. C., where he has been to transact business for the tribe in company with several chiefs. Clarence was one of the first party of pupils who came to Carlisle from the west, and his friends at the school were disappointed that he did not come to Carlisle.

Among the graduates who are doing excellent work the name of Louisa Giesdorff, '96, who is at West Chester Normal, stands out prominently. There is no namby-pamby, don't-know-what-I-want, looseness about Miss Louisa. She KNOWS what she wants, and she is willing to WORK for it. That is what she is doing, and winning at the same time the confidence of her friends and all those interested in her career.

"Stiya" is an interesting story of a returned Indian girl to her home, and is full of thrilling incident founded on fact. It was written by one of our number after a visit to the Pueblo Indians, New Mexico. The book is illustrated, showing how the Indians dress and live in their curious adobe houses. The heroine of the little story is Stiya, and she passed through much trial to live the life she had learned at Carlisle. The book is fifty cents, post paid.

The pleasures of Decoration Day as a holiday were cut down to a minimum on account of the wind which blew almost a gale the entire morning, interfering with wheeling and out-door sports in general. But the sun shone brightly and there was "glame" in the air, which made every one feel like breathing in as much as possible. A game of ball was played in the morning between a nine composed of boys from the small boys' quarters and a youthful team of white boys from town, resulting in a score of 20 to 8 in favor of the Indian boys. The only game of the morning, however, in which there was any degree of

satisfaction, was tennis on the leeward side of the girls' quarters. In the afternoon the parade in town and the Lafayette-Dickinson ball game claimed the attention of many. Towards evening Mr. Snyder, Mr. Cochran, Misses Cochran, McCook and Weekley cycled to the lower farm, and picniced at a picturesque spot by the old mill.

Jack Standing passed his thirteenth milestone in years, last Saturday, and celebrated the event on Monday afternoon by giving some of his boy friends a party. The guests were Masters Abram and George Bosler, of Carlisle, and Robert, Joe and Harvey McKnight, of Pittsburg, who are visiting at Judge Henderson's. If appearances count, the boys had a rollicking good time. In the evening, two or three of his old girl friends were invited in for a half-hour's chat and finished up the ice-cream and cake that the boys did not eat. Jack received a number of presents, and some came all the way from England, the native home of Mr. and Mrs. Standing. We doubt, however, if anything he received will be more enjoyed than the gift from his father, of a base ball mask, behind which Jack looks quite the professional.

The Carlisle Indian School has again to thank the Associated Press for some free advertising. It has been announced through flaming headlines in the most prominent papers of the land that it was a Carlisle graduate by the name of Stanley, who murdered a sheep herder near the Tongue River Agency, Montana, the other day. No Cheyenne by the name of Stanley or Little Whirlwind, as the Indian name appears in the papers, ever was a student of Carlisle. We have some Cheyenne pupils from that agency who are acquainted with Stanley. One of them, a responsible boy of mature years, says that the Stanley referred to, went for a little while to the Catholic school at the Tongue River Agency, and that he served for a time in Company L, 8th Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Francis C. Marshall. He was dishonorably discharged in 1893, and has since been a worthless character on the reservation.

Nancy Seneca's letters from the Medico-Chirurgical hospital, Philadelphia, where she is taking a course of training to become a nurse, are breezy and interesting. She speaks lightly of the work that others less cheerful might consider unpleasant and difficult. For instance, a little girl was brought in as Nancy was writing, who had been run over by a trolley car. Her arm and leg were broken, her skull was fractured and her eye was nearly knocked out. Nancy is on night duty and the poor little sufferer kept her on the jump, all night. Some nights when the patients are quiet she has to battle with herself to keep awake, yet she dare not sleep for a moment. She often has to compel herself to walk around to keep awake.

"Who is that?" asked a lady passing Metzger College and noticing an Indian girl on the balcony. "O," said one of our teachers, "that is Miss Green, '95. She is a young lady of many colors, and very patriotic. She is always Green, and you see she belongs to the red race; she goes to a white college and dresses in blue."

New Moon.

Roses and plenty of them.

Miss Hench is taking her annual leave.

The "Red Man" combining May and June is mailing.

Miss Hill spent Decoration Day at Chambersburg.

Mrs. Beitzel is visiting her parents at Williams Grove.

We are happy to be able to report that Geo. Suis is better.

Miss Cummins spent Decoration Day in Washington, D C

Mrs. Lininger, of the sewing department, is off on her annual leave of absence.

Miss Nana Pratt is in attendance upon the Bryn Mawr College Commencement.

Mrs. Bakeless and son John are visiting friends in the vicinity of Bloomsburg.

Mr. Ross and Miss Grace Crownshield were guests of Miss Forster one day this week.

Miss Sarah Dohner and sister, of Shippensburg, were interested visitors on Monday.

Mrs. Dandridge is spending part of her annual leave in New York, Philadelphia and at the seashore.

Our flag, in accordance with the custom throughout the land, was at half-mast during a part of Decoration Day.

The game with the Lock Haven Normal School on Tuesday resulted in favor of the Indians by a score of 13 to 9.

Sarah, Dick, Roxanna and Marion Pratt, of Steelton, brought their papa and mamma over for a Decoration Day visit.

Mrs. Rumsport's daughter Mrs. Alice Lindsay and her two little daughters, Grace and Helen have been visitors for a few days.

Quite a number of old balls were given to some of the small boys, and it is needless to say that they were received with gladness.

Miss Nana Pratt took her holiday on Monday instead of Saturday, and went wheeling with a party at Chambersburg. She was a guest of Miss Kennedy.

When Mrs. Thomas was in Washington recently, she saw and held in her lap little Zintka Lanuni, about whom there was a story printed in last week's HELPER.

All who wish to see a thing of beauty should take a look at Melissa Green's herbarium, completed this week as a part of the course she is taking at Metzger College.

Joe and Lucy Americanhorse went home with their father Chief Americanhorse last week. It is hoped they will come back to school, as their education is but begun.

The American History Club has covered United States history from the formation of the Constitution to the Civil War. The General History Club has been working at French history.

Mrs. Daniel has returned from Washington, having had a delightful time she claims. Washington is at its best, now, as far as nature goes—roses in profusion, and the odor of flowers fills the air.

Score one for the Indian! Clark Smith, class '97 was chosen umpire for the critical Lafayette-Dickinson game, Saturday. Clark is getting an excellent reputation for impartial, cool-headed umpiring.

Miss Lampson rides a Columbia. So a little bird from Grand Junction, Colo. proclaims.

1,809 books from the reference library have been used by the students and others since September. Does not this show the good of such a library?

Senator J. C. Campbell of Derry Station, Pittsburg, Pa., was among the interested visitors on Wednesday. He subscribed for both the "Red Man" and the INDIAN HELPER.

Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Smith, of the West Chester Normal School, were on the grounds on Decoration Day. Miss Robertson, class '90, Carlisle, and class '96, West Chester, escorted them through the buildings.

Cheery notes come from Miss Quinn occasionally. She is enjoying her life again at Washington, but has a warm place in her heart for her little pupils at Carlisle, and for the place itself. Miss Quinn always liked it here.

Dahnola Jessan has returned from the country, and the printers rejoice in having an extra good hand to help them through with the summer's work. He may not be heavy enough for a first class farmer, but he is just the right size and weight for a typo.

Didn't the wind on Decoration Day make you think of Kansas and Nebraska? How often on such a fair day as Saturday the winds over those western plains make one mad in the vain effort to hold body and clothing together, when out for a walk or a ride.

It was only a joke. Miss Ericson did not sell her wheel. She only felt like it for about five minutes one day, but Sloyd principles have conquered. She has passed the hypnotic stage, and now sails off with "the rest of 'em," like a bird on the wing.

The talks at the opening exercises of the school this week have been on "The World's Advance during Queen Victoria's Reign," Miss Nellie Robertson; "Salt and Pepper," Miss Mary Bailey Seonia; "Lime and Lime Burning," Professor Bakeless; and "Art Student Life in New York City" Miss Forster.

Mr. James Stuart, of Idaho, the husband of Harriet Elder Stuart, who recently visited the school, was here last week. He left Idaho very soon after his wife and party with Julia Jonas' remains arrived. He had business in Washington, and on his return home stopped off at Carlisle. Mr. Stuart brought with him from Washington, a phonograph, which interested our students, and no doubt will be a great source of amusement and pleasure to the uneducated Indians of his tribe, as well as to those educated, if they have never seen one before.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt spent Saturday in Washington, the Captain having been summoned again before the Special Committee of the Senate to make inquiry into the Civil Service. An account of the meeting was published in several papers the next day. Capt. and Mrs. Pratt on Sunday were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sage, in New York City and on Monday attended the Battle Monument celebration at West Point. Before returning to Carlisle they visited Philadelphia and attended the Bryn Mawr College Commencement exercises.

Continued from the first page.

I would like to give you one of the spotted pony.

I have twenty chickens, and I am going try to raise good many this year. I have some ducks, too. I think they are nice to have.

I have a Bible, and I have read what you told me to see.

We live only three miles from the town, but I am sorry to tell you I do not go to church, but still I do not forget what you have teach A—— and I about Christ, and I tell my children about Him.

My oldest child goes to school to Agency school. She was 9 years old the 26th of this month. She is learning fast, I think, and she like to go to school.

I thank you for the pictures of the Carlisle school buildings you sent me. After I see them it made me wish I was a girl again so I could go back to school to Carlisle and over to your home.

You have sent me the INDIAN HELPER and I am very glad to get it.

I will sent you some money some time. So you can sent me some flower plants. My husband and children are fond of flowers.

My husband has the place we live under cultivation. He has forty acres of wheat. It is coming up nice and pretty.

Well this is all for this time. Your Friend,

A SURPRISE.

Every one rather looked for a poor entertainment last Thursday night.

Why?

Well, for one reason, so many of our pupils have gone out for the summer, and it is hard for teachers and pupils to keep up the enthusiasm of the winter to the very end of the year. It is especially hard when such a combination of diseases as the country fever, baseball fever, home fever and general Spring fever strikes a school all at once.

But the entertainment for May, which is the last for this year was not a poor one, on the contrary it was a very good exhibition.

The band was a little harsh, owing to the absence of some ten or twelve of the best instruments and their players. Lily St Cyr spoke well. The school sang "The Boat Song" fairly well. Nicholas Pena showed excellent training in the expression he gave to his recitation "We Boys." "June Concert and Song" by Julia Jarvis and pupils of No. 13 was very pleasing, one noticeable feature being the excellent time they kept. Nellie Orme was earnest in her rendition of "Smiles." "The Flower Song" by the choir

was enjoyed, it being different from the usual part singing, as all sang in unison, the girls and boys voices blending very sweetly. After the Flower Song there was a very appropriate tableau—May Pole, in which a number of small boys and girls gaily dressed posed in artistic attitudes around a May Pole, each holding a bright ribbon suspended from the top of the pole. They did not move so much as an eye-winker, and the picture was beautiful. Samuel Miller's subject was "The Constitution," and he spoke in a manly, emphatic manner. Linnie Thompson and Edythe Pierce played Gillet's "Echoes of the Ball," very sweetly upon the piano.

The three No. 1. boys—William Wolf, John Smith and Stephen Pesueh, made a noble attempt at a recitation, and although it was at times a little uncertain as to the language they were speaking they received well deserved applause. Joseph Schildt and Samuel Pontiac, recited a dialogue on Farming, and a new quartette of boys sang, "Tinker's Song" which was encored. Louis Trombla declaimed upon "The Necessity of Government." Miss Cochran gave a very interesting description of Bryant's Poem "Sella," which was afterwards illustrated by three wonderfully realistic tableaux, one of which represented "Sella," and a water nymph on the bottom of the sea. The dark-blue mosquito netting, in the meshes of which were paper fishes answered very well for water and it did not require a great stretch of the imagination to make us think we were looking through deep water into the bottom of the sea. The best speakers of the evening were Dahney George, upon "Andre and Hale," and Martha Sickles, who recited Edna Dean Procter's, "The Garden After the Rain."

NO WHISKEY—NO POLICE.

A prominent newspaper says that for years there has been no lawyer in the town of Boxford, Mass., a place of about a thousand or more inhabitants.

The one lone policeman was discharged last week.

The town is said to be in an excellent financial condition.

There are no saloons in the place.

Lawyers and policemen are always the accompaniment of saloons.

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 7, 9, 6 is a shooting iron.

My 4, 5, 8 is worn on the head by some old people.

My 2, 3, 10 some of the Indian girls do in the sewing room.

My 10, 9, 1, 2 is the amount of money some people would like to have.

My whole is what some of the Indian ball players work harder at when playing than they do at the game itself.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Indian.