

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

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NUMBER 43.

## A PLAIN LITTLE GIRL.

ONCE I knew a little girl,  
Very plain;  
You might try her hair to curl,  
All in vain;  
On her cheek no tint of rose  
Paled and blushed, or sought repose;  
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain  
Came and went,  
As a recompense for pain,  
Angels sent;  
To full many a beauteous thing,  
In the young soul blossoming,  
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,  
Pure and true;  
And in time the homely face  
Lovelier grew:  
With a heavenly radiance bright  
From the soul's reflected light  
Shining through.

Shall I tell you little child,  
Plain and poor,  
If your thoughts are undefiled,  
You are sure  
Of the loveliness of worth;  
And this beauty, not of earth,  
Will endure.

—[ST. NICHOLAS.

## FROM HOOPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, TO CARLISLE.

At mid-night Sunday night, the 18th of July, eight Indian girls and six Indian boys, with several attendants started on horseback from Hoopa Valley, California, for the Indian School, Carlisle.

Why to Carlisle? Are there not Indian schools nearer at hand, where they might have gone to finish the education started at the Government school at home?

Perhaps! But the boys and girls were given their choice by the good Government, and through the influence of a little party which came to Carlisle last year the choice of the larger party was Carlisle.

The names of the party (given last week) are as follows:

Minnie Kane, Lizzie Knudsen, Rose McFarland, Sophia Wiggins, Lillie Ferris, Dora Fritts, Ida Bennet, Juanita Bibancos, Jacob Horne, David Masten, Arnold Smith, George

Ferris, Ulysses Ferris and Wingate Temple. Some of them are Klamaths, who live along the Klamath River.

As before stated, their first night's ride was by horseback, a distance of 33 miles through narrow and dangerous mountain trails. This first night out was the most novel, hazardous and tiresome of the entire journey east.

There were points on the path, where, if the horse had made a misstep, horse and rider would have fallen 1500 feet over a precipice.

At the end of this ride a few of the girls were nearly worn out, but all rested at Eureka, where they arrived after a short morning's ride on the train, and a few minutes' ferrying across Humboldt Bay.

Then an all-night steamer ride on the Pacific Ocean, wherein several were made very sea-sick, brought them to the wharf in San Francisco.

On the evening of the same day, the 21st of July, they boarded the Overland Limited for Chicago and the East.

A nicer appearing, more intelligent and cleaner party of children never set faces eastward for an education. Most excellent travelers they proved. Day and night, day and night, and day and night for five long nights they rode and never a complaint was heard. They were jolly, full of fun, always ladies and gentlemen, reflecting the greatest possible credit upon the instruction received at the Government Boarding School, Hoopa Valley, which institution may well be proud of such samples of its work.

Some had never before been on a railroad train, and yet they travelled as people always accustomed to the ways of the cars.

Three sections and a half—seven berths in all—were secured for them in the tourist sleeping cars, and when bedtime came each night they tumbled into their respective berths as though curtained 4x6x3 bed-rooms had been theirs all their lives. They slept the sleep of

(Continued on last page.)

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# THE INDIAN HELPER

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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.

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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 Indian's Friend" Mrs. Quinton's paper, expresses regret that Mr. Francis E. Leupp has been asked by the Honorable Secretary of the Interior to resign from the Board of Indian Commissioners.

We are informed that Mr. William Moore, '95, was united in marriage to Miss Alice French, (a white lady) on Sunday, July 18th, at his home in Oklahoma. We congratulate the young couple, and wish them all happiness possible.

If the workmen who are enlarging the smokestack for the steam-plant under the printing office do not make the typos deaf with their much hammering on hollow iron it will not be because the printers turn a deaf ear to such trifles. If Bemus' hearing does not become hardened it must be because his ears are pierced, while Redwater is excusable for not hearing anything outside of signals for football.

The Chemawa American says:  
"Don't think because you have been employed in the Indian service for years that you know it all, and that there is nothing new for you to learn. The best, greatest and oldest educators realize that with every day's work, some new lesson, or practical method can be acquired, which will add value and efficiency to one's work. The more we come in contact with the ideas and methods of other thinkers and workers, the better we can unravel our own, throwing away those out of date, and acquiring those which are superior and modern."

A few of the students were allowed to go to Harrisburg yesterday to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Carlisle's plan is to give full personal liberty to students in so far as it is practicable. The hope in giving this liberty was that those who should witness the disgraceful exhibition of the so-called savagery of their kin, would have intelligence enough to see that the whole thing is only a bold scheme to get money out of portraying in an exaggerated and distorted manner the lowest and most degraded side of the Indian nature. Only the SAVAGE in the Indian does Buffalo Bill care to keep constantly before the public gaze, and it is only the SAVAGE in the Indian that a

certain ignorant, excitable element of society pays fifty cents and a dollar a seat to go see. Carlisle tries to bury the SAVAGE that the MAN in the Indian may be seen. Those who cannot see how such shows keep alive the little spark that the world delights to call savage, and how encouragement of the same injures the cause of Indian education, must truly be blind.

On Friday morning, July 23rd, at Ogden, Utah, Miss Burgess saw Edwin Schanandore, '89, Levi Levering, '90, and Chauncey Yellowrobe, '95. Miss Ericson and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were also there, all in attendance upon the Indian Teachers' Institute. An enjoyable Carlisle re-union during the half-hour's wait of the Overland Limited might have been arranged had the dates of the Association been remembered. The young men used well the time in asking questions about Carlisle and their friends here. In the report of Thursday's proceedings of the Convention, given by the Ogden Daily "Tribune," mention was made of Levi Levering and Edwin Schanandore entering with spirit into the discussion of the question: "Indian employees in the Indian Schools." Through private correspondence we learn that Mr. Schanandore made quite a hit in favor of the Indian. In the same paper favorable mention was made of a paper presented by Miss Ericson on "Sloyd."

News from absent ones is always interesting. Annie Lockwood has been transferred from the Albuquerque Indian School, New Mexico, to the Phoenix School, Arizona, as dining room matron. She is loud in her praise of her new place of work. She says she is no longer the delicate person she was last April, but is growing well and strong. Laura Long, class '95, is also at Phoenix. She is now Mrs. Cochran, and is assistant seamstress. Alice Leeds is also there as boys' matron. They have plenty of honey, watermelons and grapes, and Phoenix is a beautiful spot in their eyes. The school owns a large farm on which are raised peaches, dates, figs, besides cereals. Miss Annie does not say how desperately hot it is there in summer. We are glad she likes the place and trust that the climate may continue to agree with her, and the others.

Some of the Alaskans and Californians who never before heard thunder were terrified on Wednesday evening when one of the most terrific thunder storms of the season was raging. The electric lights went out and for about five minutes we were enveloped by electricity from the heavens, while the peals of thunder were rapid and almost deafening. The small boys were as quiet as little lambs, and when the worst was over were entertained by story-telling until time to go to bed. Two hard storms a day are quite enough for the Man-on-the-band-stand.

While in San Francisco, Miss Burgess called on Mr. Jordan's son, who is connected with the Post Office department of that great city. She found him in a happy home with charming wife and beautiful babe. The Afro Americans of San Francisco stand on equal footing with the rest of the inhabitants. There is little if any race prejudice as far as business interests go, and in social circles very little is seen

Mr. Snyder is off on his annual leave. The days are growing perceptibly shorter. Vacation days will soon be over. Make the most of them.

Mr. Hendren is helping Mr. Beitzel on his Quarterly returns.

Mrs. R. S. Randall, of Newville, visited the school on Wednesday.

Football talk has begun although there is no action these warm days.

Mr. J. H. Burns, of Wilmington, was a guest of Mrs. Given on Tuesday.

Bruce Patterson, typo, is back from his farm home, looking well and in good spirits.

Professor Bakeless is expected in this week, from his country round among the boys.

Mr. Dennison Wheelock led the open air service Sunday evening, in front of the bandstand.

The new pupils have been treated to rides to the lower farm and elsewhere to help fill in the time.

Mr. W. B. Beitzel makes frequent visits to William's Grove, where Mrs. Beitzel is with her parents. She is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendren have taken the quarters formerly occupied by Mr. Spray's family, the flat over Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.

Miss Miles has returned from Chautauqua. We fear she took her lessons there too much at heart to be as much benefitted physically by the change as she should have been.

Miss Luckenbach departed yesterday on her annual leave. She expects to visit the Cutter sisters at Amherst, Massachusetts, and Northfield before her return.

Enos Pego is making a desperate effort to get on top of the weather which has kept him under for a few weeks, and he is succeeding. He is doing it by working a little each day.

Messrs. Ray Bradford and Field Parsons of Washington, D. C., are guests of Capt. Pratt. The young men are school-mates and are studying the Indian question while taking in the sights.

A huge owl is on exhibition in Mr. Norman's paint shop. The bird was captured at the lower farm by one of the boys, and will make an interesting study for natural history students. Good care will be given him.

The news of the death of Mr. Hugh Beaver, College Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the State of Pennsylvania, came upon our school with a shock, on Tuesday evening, and cast a gloom over the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Beaver had taken an active interest in the school Association and was regarded by our boys with tenderest esteem and affection. His loss will be deeply mourned.

Did you subscribe about this time last year for the HELPER? If so you will get an expiration notice in your paper. We hope you are sufficiently interested to continue taking the little letter. If too busy to write us, just enclose five 2-cent stamps with your name and address and write only one word, "RENEW-AL," we will understand. The Man-on-the-bandstand hopes that every one of the 5,000 new subscribers received last fall will continue. Having made friends, he desires to keep them.

Water-melon, lemon-ade and ice-cream treats are the fashion.

In sending in subscriptions please state whether the money is for renewal or for a new subscription.

We are asked to give the address of Chief Joseph through the HELPER. It is Colville Agency, Miles P. O., Washington.

Poor Fancy! She lies on the door-mat and dreams of Jack and the rest of the Standing family, who are enjoying the sea-breezes at Atlantic City. The family cat has disappeared altogether.

Some of the new boys have already selected the trades they are going to learn and have gone to work with a will. They have found that the best way to ward off homesickness is to keep busy.

We see by the Associated Press that Quanah Parker, father of several of the Parker children with us, was murdered and robbed on Wednesday, in the South West country. At this writing we have not the particulars of the horrible deed. The report is denied in a later paper.

Misses Mary Bailey, Gertrude Simmons and Nellie Robertson departed for the West on Tuesday and Wednesday. Miss Bailey goes to Laguna, New Mexico, Miss Simmons to Yankton, Dakota, and Miss Robertson, to Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.

Who is Miss Ely's assistant these busy vacation days, when her clerks are away? Healey Wolfe, the smallest if not the youngest orderly. He has a very "clerkified" air as he sits perched on high stool with pen in hand addressing letters, papers and doing such desk work as he can.

When we want a good water-melon we do not have to go west for it for we have West right with us, and he dares to be a Daniel. It was Daniel West who gave the printers a treat this week, which they much appreciated, as was shown by the way they went into the melon head and ears.

Mr. John Given, who has been with relatives in Elgin, Illinois, for some time, is now with his mother Mrs. Given, at the school. He reports that his brother Mr. J. B. Given, who has been suffering with the rheumatism for a year, is slowly improving. Mr. James is now in Oklahoma, which climate appears to agree with him. John is looking well and will be a great addition to the circle of young folks, who keep things lively hereabouts.

Miss Cochran, looking browned and several pounds heavier than her usual self, dropped in upon us last Friday, fresh from Martha's Vineyard, where she, Misses Carter and Weekley have been attending summer school. The two latter had their wheels with them, but Miss Cochran has decided that the pleasure derived from the rides did not compensate for the trouble in getting the wheels across New York City. Part of the trip was taken by boat, and at one point many became sea-sick, but she reports that Miss Carter was an exception. The latter ate some chicken which did not exactly agree with her, but as for sea-sickness that was out of the question. The sea-bathing was enjoyed by all. As for the benefits derived from the school, we shall get that later, no doubt.

(Continued from first page.)

the just, and each morning awoke with a freshness that bespoke the best of health and spirits.

Marked attention all along the line was given these Indian boys and girls. Their conduct and general appearance were commented upon. When asked to sing they responded with a will and spontaneity refreshing to hear, and that should put to shame the average white girl in her teens, so full of excuses and affected blushes.

The Hoopa Valley Indians, all told, number less than 500 and live in a narrow strip of country between the Coast Range and the ocean, in Northern California. Capt. Wm. E. Dougherty, U. S. A., is their agent, and is doing what he can to aid them. The writer found him to be most obliging, thoughtful and courteous.

There are almost inaccessible mountains on the north of the reservation, mountains on the east, mountains on the south, and the great Pacific's waters on the west.

Their world was of necessity very small. Many of their people were born and have died there, never having seen the outside country; so who can estimate the broadening of mind and soul that such an outing as this will be to these children.

Six thousand miles of travel from and to their homes and an experience such as Carlisle can give them through her outing and her opportunities for association will prove more to them than they will ever be conscious of.

### EXPERIENCES OF AN ALASKAN STUDENT.

Number 3.

#### DESTROYS GOOD FLOWERS BY MISTAKE.

Soon after Marietta College closed for a vacation, in 1891, Mrs. Ewing (in whose good home three other students and myself stayed) left on a trip to northern Ohio. The students also went away, leaving Mr. Ewing, a man of advanced years, and myself to keep the house.

To say that we had a nice time together is but a faint expression of that experience. Mr. Ewing did the cooking, we the eating, and I the dish-washing. While Mrs. Ewing was at home, we had chicken on the table once in a long while; but when her husband was at the head of the cooking department, we had it once in three days.

There were other duties assigned me besides sweeping, bed-making, dish-washing, etc. One task was to keep the flower beds in the yard in good order—keep them free from weeds.

Now I humbly confess that flowers were to me at that time all flowers, and whatever did

not give the appearance of a flower was a weed. The flowers were to be kept and watered regularly, the weeds pulled and thrown away.

One morning, after breakfast and the chores were done, I went out on the usual flower-bed inspection. To my surprise a lot of weeds were coming up from one of the beds. They were already two, three and four inches high. What else could I do but to perform my duty. So one by one the weeds were rooted up and thrown over the fence into the alley.

That noon on my return home from the College building, Mr. Ewing said that some one, in our absence had robbed some of Mrs. Ewing's good flowers, and that if the robber was caught he should be given a whipping. On further inquiry, the matter was all clear to me, and how my heart was beating. But I would not cross the kind-hearted but indignant friend right there and then, so I waited until he cooled off later in the day, when the facts of the case were made known to him.

We of course fell into a laugh that greatly aided our digestion at supper.

The situation was this, there were some flowers in a number of pots in the house over which Mr. Ewing had care. These were to be planted out in the garden at a certain time, and this was done without my knowledge. The plants that morning looked like weeds to me, hence the action upon them. Whether I had studied Botany and Logic or not, why didn't I stop to think that weeds could not grow three or four inches inside of fifteen hours, and grow in orderly rows that they did? I have learned a little better about flowers. In other words, I have learned, or am trying to learn, not to jump too quickly at conclusions.

EDWARD MARSDEN.

### HOW A CARLISLE PUPIL WAS MADE TO DANCE.

A Pueblo trader relates to a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat the following:

A young man, just from Carlisle, was ordered to dance, and declined, representing that he had graduated at school, had learned a trade, and was now an American, and Americans did not dance that way. Thereupon the governor arrested him, tied him to a tree, and ordered him beaten, and beaten he was—nearly to death. He danced after that.

#### Enigma.

I am made this week of 12 letters.

The Indian boys make cups and pans of my 5, 6, 8

The brightest part of the 24 hours is my 9, 2, 11.

My 1, 4, 8 is the front of an army.

Before a Carlisle boy or girl goes to town or outside of the grounds he must get my 12, 10, 8, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8.

My whole are fast vanishing at the Carlisle Indian School, and some of the students do not care how fast they go.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Field Sports.