

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 29.

## A HAPPY DAY.

**I**T IS foolish to fritter our time away  
In vainly seeking a happy day.  
When to lift the burden or carry the load  
Of a troubled friend is the royal road.

When your fellow's down he likely needs  
Just a little lift, not prayers and creeds;  
Not "I told you so," or advice and blame.  
Or, "I've seen men die from a cause the same."

Rather say: "Now, brother, just take good cheer;  
You'll come all right, and never you fear."  
Thus a friendly word will oft relieve  
A heart that trouble has made to grieve.

So whenever you see a "fellow" down  
Just give him a lift as you pass aroun',  
And don't foolishly fritter the chance away  
That will give to you a happy day.

—A. A. NORTH, in *Youth's Advocate*.

## BROAD VIEWS FROM A TRUE MISSIONARY.

### A Happy Little Zuni.

Miss Dissette, who served as a missionary to the Zuni's of New Mexico for many years, is well known in missionary circles. She is now in the Santa Fé Government School.

A few years ago she adopted a little Zuni girl, and sent her to Dorland, N. C., to school.

What broader views than these in a recent letter could there be pronounced?

Miss Dissette says:

I thank you very heartily for the bright, interesting and incisive articles on Indian education which have come to me through your papers for years, and I wish you abundant success in your work of getting the Indian OUT into civilization.

It may interest you to know that my little Zuni girl, Daisy, is still at Dorland, N. C., which is a good school for WHITE girls.

She is beloved by all, Miss Pond writes, and is as happy and contented as if she had been "To the manner born."

Recently her music teacher had her play on the organ for the whole school to sing by, and Daisy says:

"I thought I could not do it, but I found it not so very hard after all."

She is the only Indian girl there and she does not realize that she is an Indian, or in any way different from the others.

[That's the secret.—Ed.]

A recent letter from her to me says: "I am so glad you are not going to stay any longer in Zuni. I think you have done all you can for those people."

The witchcraft disturbance troubled her greatly. She was so afraid something would happen to me. Her letters are brim full of affection and innocent fun, and my heart aches for the hundreds of others in Zuni, who are just as promising, and as children might be just as happy as Daisy, and become useful as women if.....

## THE APRIL EXHIBITION.

"The best we have had for a long time; and wasn't that 'Going through a Prejudice,' good, by Joseph Nash," said one who was leaving Assembly Hall last Thursday evening after the entertainment.

"Yes," said the person to whom she was speaking, "the recitations were all exceptionally clear and full of expression."

The Man-on-the-band-stand thought that these criticisms were good ones and well deserved.

He also liked the band music, the choir singing, the No. 14 singing, the piano duet, "La Retraite Militaire," Bohm, as rendered by Jenny Brown and Rose Poody; and all, in fact.

The number which pleased everybody and called forth the loudest applause was "Sailors Chorus," by the Small Boys' Quartette.

Pupils from No. 9 gave an impressive selection on "A Plea for Peace," ending with a beautiful tableau.

The tableau of the evening—"Justice," from Edward Simmons' Mural Decoration, was very fine.

Each number deserves special mention, but space forbids.



# The Indian Helper

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—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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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.

One of class '95, who signs himself "G", writes a newsy letter from Afton, I. T., where he is at present. He would enlist for the war if he had half a chance.

We see by the Indian News, published at the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian School, that in their Arbor Day demonstrations Miss Fisher's class named a tree Frances E. Willard and Miss McAdam's class named one "Old Glory."

Mr. John Webster, '98, who is farming in Northern Minnesota, says he often thinks of us all as he follows the plow. He has hopes of doing something else besides farming by next Fall, but at present he is enjoying his work and means to "stay with it."

On Saturday, Miss Olafia Johannsdottir, of Reykjavik, Iceland, who has been a guest of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt off and on for the past year, took her departure from the school. She sails tomorrow from Philadelphia with Miss Shaffner. Miss Johannsdottir has been one of the most interesting and interested visitors we ever have had. She came to this country as a delegate to the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention, held last Fall in Canada. She has made a study of our institutions, and returns to her native land feeling that she has been benefitted by her sojourn in the United States and carrying with her the best wishes of hosts of American friends.

In her heart she has a warm place for the Indians. When the band played in her honor, on Saturday, she made a few remarks, regretting her departure, and declaring that she was leaving us with a better feeling than when she came, and trusted that we would follow her with the same good will that we had always shown her.

Miss Johannsdottir may be assured of that. Those who learned to know her at all intimately, or came in contact with her socially will always entertain pleasant memories of their friend from the isle of ice and snow, and the land of true hospitality and progressive education.

Now is the danger time! Those who sit or lie in the damp grass will have to pay for it by suffering. Colds, coughs, consumption, rheumatism and many evils come from such carelessness. It is not smart for a young person to say, "It never hurts me," and it is not true. Prudent people never catch cold in that way.

The Carlisle Herald had this to say about the band in the parade last week when the whole town turned out to see the soldiers off for Mt. Gretna: "When the parade neared the station the Indian Band played John Philip Sousa's famous "Stars and Stripes" march, and it never sounded more beautiful. Just before the train pulled out the same band played the "Star Spangled Banner." Never before has that noble selection had such a depth of thrilling patriotism as when so ably played by Prof. Wheelock's skilled musicians this morning."

In the exhibit of Indian student work that has been shipped to Omaha for the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, there is a display of Sloyd articles which deserves special mention. It is from Superintendent A. H. Viets' school, among the Cheyennes of Oklahoma. He has worked up a very creditable showing with few appliances. Our teacher, Miss Ericson, whose heart is in Sloyd and who wishes the system of training were more largely introduced into Indian schools, examined the Cheyenne work carefully, and thinks that much might be accomplished in all schools not fitted out with a complete line of tools, if more of the spirit manifested by Supt. Viets in overcoming obstacles, were shown.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, of Washington, D. C., gave the student body a few words of encouragement on Thursday evening last, after the entertainment. She said it was always a great pleasure to look into the bright faces of the Carlisle students. She was greatly interested in the program, and in thought was carried over a road which she has been studying for many years,—the history of the race that lived upon this continent long before any of her own people came here. As she listened to the declamations and recitations of the boys and girls, young men and young women throughout the exercises, and thought how they had gathered here from the North, the South, the East and the West, she could but go back in history and see how it was long ago; how ignorant and isolated the Indians of that day were, grouped in tribes, each speaking a separate language, and how difficult it was for them to speak together. In that connection she could but think of how much the English tongue was doing for the Indians of to-day and what a power it was giving to them. The music furnished by the students impressed her greatly. Miss Fletcher has made a scientific study of Indian songs, having transcribed thousands, so that they can be reproduced. The student body of our school to-day is far in advance of the groups she used to look upon 14, 15 and 16 years ago when she came to see us. We have to-day a richness of opportunity. She would have us remember that life comes with two hands, one bearing rich treasures, and one temptations. Her remarks were listened to with closest attention.



We play Lafayette College at Easton, tomorrow.

The electric stone crusher on the athletic field is active.

The monthly sociable in the gymnasium, last Saturday night, was enjoyed as usual.

Missess Johannsdottir and Shaffner take the Steam Ship Rhymland from Philadelphia.

Quite a party of girls and teachers took to the mountains on Saturday, and brought back wild-flowers galore.

It is almost dangerous, now, to wear our school colors—red and old gold, so near do they come to the Spanish yellow and red.

Assistant Superintendent A. J. Standing is off for a few day's rest. He will visit Philadelphia and Washington before his return.

Who was the young Indian maiden of the culinary department that served spinach to her boarders, as lettuce is served, without cooking.

Mrs. Reasoner, of Elgin, Ill., is visiting Mrs. Given. She is a sister of the lamented Dr. Given, who served our school as physician for a number of years.

Robert Hallet was the recipient of a package from home which more than satisfied his sweet tooth. He had maple-sugar and maple-sugar and some to spare. Robert has a Kodak.

Ladies' bicycles, with handle bars adorned in temperance white and suffrage yellow are surely *fin de siecle*. If the riders could only vote, what wonderful reforms the world would behold, (?)

Mrs. Bakeless and John Edwin are sojourning at the home of Mrs. Bakeless' parents in Milroy. John writes letters to his papa in a new kind of shorthand which means chocolate caramels.

Miss Shaffner sails for Liverpool, England, tomorrow, from Philadelphia. She intends to be absent only a few weeks. She goes mainly for the sea voyage, hoping to be benefited in health.

Mr. Norman has lost a small pocket book which he values highly. If the person finding it will return the book he is welcome to the cash found therein, which was enough to buy a good many sticks of candy.

The band gave a patriotic concert on the band-stand, on Wednesday evening, there being no study hour. The stand lighted by electricity, the arc-lights on the green campus now redolent in its first freshness, the promenading and grouping of enraptured listeners made a scene for a picture.

Last month, the ungraded class of printers, as practice work, turned out a little booklet entitled "From a Log Cabin to the Presidents Cabinet," or "How General Alger, without a Dollar, Worked his way from a Poor Boy to the Top." A copy was sent to each of the Indian boys and girls in country homes. By mistake the envelopes were addressed to patrons, who will understand after reading this, that the books were meant for our pupils in their charge. We have received from patrons, letters of thanks containing kindly words of interest and appreciation in regard to the book.

35 girls left for country homes yesterday. This is the second exodus of girls for the year. Now we have on farms, 520 pupils in all. Before the summer passes there will be over 600 out in good homes, leaving about 248 at the school. We have on the rolls to-day, 848 pupils, 396 girls, 452 boys. During the winter months we usually run about 600 pupils present and over 200 out.

The printers had a "picnic" on Wednesday, when the electric current took a rest of a few hours. The large cylinder press was run by hand, each taking turns of about a minute. The girls came in for their share, and enjoyed the fun as much as any, while papers were delivered from the fly almost as rapidly as by electricity. The exercise did us all good, if it did make us puff.

Frank Cayou, Albert Nash, Frank Campeau and Chas. Cusick came back from Philadelphia, after the relay races last Saturday, each with a handsome gold watch, and carrying a silk banner. On the watches are engraved these words: "University of Pennsylvania Annual Relay Races, 1898. Worcester Poly. Institute, Brooklyn Poly. Institute, Western University of Pennsylvania, Carlisle Indian School, Washington and Jefferson." There were about 75 schools and colleges represented. Our boys were placed in the class with the institutions above named. They ran well and came off victorious; hence the watches.

The members of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society gave a farewell entertainment in their society hall last Friday evening. The East half of the hall was filled with guests. There were recitations, singing, piano solos and duets, and a debate. The sentiments at roll-call were especially fine. That the young ladies have had a successful year was evidenced in the ability displayed to give a pleasant evening to invited guests, without having infringed upon the time of teachers and others to drill and prepare them. The Man-on-the-band-stand remembers well when for all such entertainments there was much leaning upon outside helps. While there is vast room for improvement, the Susans are to be congratulated upon their present ability and independence.

She arose at 5 o'clock, and leisurely dressed for market. A glance from the window showed the trolley car waiting. What! so soon? A hundred yards to gain! Could she do it? Down stairs and out the door she dashed! She ran and called and motioned. Yes, the conductor saw her. She would not be left, so slackening her speed recovered her breath. At last! The car reached, she mounted the step exultingly and on seating herself thanked the conductor for waiting. A moment or two passed and having fanned herself sufficiently cool with the basket handle she asked: "Are you not a little ahead of time? I thought you must be." "Yes, we are," replied the motor man. "We have been on this spot since 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon." "Power gone?" "Yes." "Well" said Miss Ely, "I have a little left," and off she walked, with baskets and buckets dangling on her arm, congratulating herself that there were other forces in the world besides electricity that would carry one a mile. She got there!



## WAR.

The following inspiration from one of our number who signs himself "Veteran", contains more truth than poetry.

He says:

In these piping times of war, it gives one who has been through battles in Civil as well as in Indian wars, food for thought.

It is surprising to find oneself surrounded by so much wisdom.

Such sentiments as:

"The President should have done this."

"Why doesn't the Navy do that?"

"What is the matter with the Army?"

"Cowards!"

"Blockheads! etc., etc.," meet one on every hand.

Those making the loudest noise pin flags on their lapels and Hurrah for the United States, crying "We can whip the world."

Really the amount of nerve, patriotism and bravery displayed is surprising.

Now let me tell these would be HEROES at HOME, the greatest statesmen and warriors of this or any other nation are men of very quiet, thoughtful dispositions.

Moltke, the great German; Grant, our superb hero, are noble examples.

Don't you lose any sleep over this war matter!

Your President knows all about war and will direct matters without your valuable suggestions.

Your Commanders in the Army and Navy are old warriors, who possibly will be able without your important advice to lead their forces.

But if you are really as patriotic as your loud voice proclaims, you may quickly walk up to a recruiting officer and offer your valuable life and service, who, if he finds you physically, morally and mentally sound, will enter your name upon a roll that will possibly at some future time make a HERO of you.

VETERAN.

## TOO MUCH ANNUITY.

The Nes Perce Indians of Idaho are dying off very fast, and should the death rate of the last three years continue they will soon disappear. In 1895 there were on the rolls 2,069 names, this year the number is 1,672, showing a decrease of 397 in three years. They will soon receive their sixth payment due them for lands purchased by the government, it amounts to \$167,109.58. Each Indian will receive \$99.94.—[The Indian News.

Who doubts the truth of the heading we put to the above clipping?

## THE UNLAUGHABLE INDIAN MADE HIS FELLOW STUDENTS MORE THAN SMILE.

That the Indian does not joke and laugh, is one of those erratic notions that some white people have who know nothing of the real character of the Red Man.

The Indian is just like the rest of us, in most particulars.

As a race, he may carry a more serious look than the average white person, and it is certain that his self-control at times when others lose their dignity in hilarious shouting or give open evidence of grief, is worthy of emulation.

But the Indian has a quiet way of joking, and the race is by no means marked as one which never laughs.

The other day, Photographer Choate, of High Street, was arranging a group of Indian boys and girls in his studio to be photographed, and in the selection of those to take a front position some wag proposed that only the good-looking should sit front.

As one of the boys who had been selected was arranging himself in proper position, another in the rear noticed the sign:

"All negatives shall be paid for in advance," and read it aloud.

"Then, I'll take the affirmative," was the quick reply of the young debater who had served several times this year as a chief disputant in a public debate.

It is needless to say that the point was seen and a shout followed.

## WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

C. T. M., of Hackensack, N. J. wants to know:

What is the difference between a sailor and a boy watching a ship.

One sails the seas, and the other sees the sails.

### Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 11, 5, 4 is a good kind of oyster to eat.

My 8, 9, 3 is the name of the mother of the human race.

My 7, 6, 10, 3 is what Cuba must be.

My 4, 6, 5, 1, 2 is what Spain just now is feeling toward the United States.

My whole is a disease that is striking some of our older boys hard.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Pitching quoits.