

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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## THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

I KNOW there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead  
And mountains of wearisome height,  
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,  
And stretches away to the night.  
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,  
And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the road,  
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by:  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are  
strong,  
Wise, foolish. So am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

—SAM WALTER FOSS.

## A PLUCKY INDIAN FARMER-BOY.

Some of the parents at home are not able to see the benefits to be derived through their children being sent out to work on farms.

They do not see that when a child has been at school for a number of months it is good for his or her health to have change of food and change of air.

They do not see that the individual training in business habits which a boy receives who works by the side of or for an intelligent farmer is of priceless value to the boy, and that it is a practical experience he can get in no other way.

They do not see that it makes a boy independent and manly to work out by himself and for himself, and to receive money for a little bank account of his own.

Most of the parents have full confidence in Carlisle's methods, and are willing for us to do as we see the needs of their children require.

A few boys and girls we cannot give the advantages of country homes, for they are naughty and bad, and need almost constant disciplining.

Others are given advantages in different directions, but when all conditions are favorable, the opportunities afforded in good coun-

try homes are offered to the deserving. They are never forced to go out.

The pupils themselves seize these opportunities with eagerness, and that the school and its ways are appreciated, is shown by these extracts from an Indian boy's letter:

He says:

"DEAR CAPT. PRATT:— I am in good health only this that I received a letter from my father and he says he did not send me here to work but to go to school, and he wants me to go home and work for him; but I don't want to go home. I like my country home, and my patron he is a good man in every way and he likes me also, therefore I do not want to go home, so please let me stay here until my time expires, then I will go back to Carlisle to school. My father has only six acres of land to work and he is well and strong to work himself. I want to stay until I graduate if it is God's will to let me live that long. Therefore, I do not want to go back to the old reservation if you will please help me out of it if possible. So please write to my father and tell him about the matter. Please write soon and let me know, because I am in sorrow over the matter. Your true friend, ———"

## TOO FILTHY FOR ANY USE.

Even tobacco users will agree to what a writer on the Tobacco Habit says below:

He says:

"It is such a filthy habit that rail-road corporations provide special cars for travelers who are SLAVES to the habit, as farmers provide pens for their swine."

## OH, NO! NOT AN INDIAN.

TEACHER: "Now, Johnny, spell needle."

JOHNNY: "N-e-i-d l-e, needle."

TEACHER: "Wrong. There is no 'i' in needle."

JOHNNY: "Well, 'taint a good needle then."

# 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.

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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 the pupils of Chemewa, Oregon, wrote in her uncorrected essay: "The Insertions wont do a thing to that armistice."

According to a western paper, the Cheyenne Indians, of Oklahoma, are indulging in ghost dancing, this Spring. Like all ghost stories, it may be a myth. When the Agent writes us that the statement is true, we will believe it and not before.

Mr. Chas. E. Burton has been changed from the day school at San Jacinto, California, to the position of Supervisor of day schools at the Pueblo and Jicarilla Agency, Santa Fe, N. Mexico. He says by letter that he will like his present position although the day schools of Southern California are hard to beat.

Howard Gansworth, '91, now at Princeton, has a friend in Massachusetts, whom he never saw, and who, in referring to notes of his doings, persists, very much to the satisfaction of the Man-on-the-band-stand, in calling him Howard Gainsworth, with Gains underscored. We trust that he will continue as in the past to gain worth with every added year of life.

They seem to be having rain in abundance at our sister school—Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, judging from the Leader, just received. We have had all of that damp commodity we desire this Spring and some to spare. The prophets predict a hot, dry summer. Let us not be too severe upon the weather gods for the over-abundance of dampness, lest we may sigh later on for the cooling drops which now annoy some people, especially the bicyclers.

A cheerful view of a sad plight: "How are you getting along at the laundry without the usual electric power?" asked one interested. "Oh, very well," was the reply. "The women are ironing collars by hand; the girls are grinding out sheets and spreads with hand-wringers. I am only too thankful that this did not happen during the winter. There is always something to be thankful for," replied the laundress, cheerfully, and the Man-on-the-band-stand learned another lesson.

Miss Rote, whom many of us remember, and who now is identified with the interests of the great Friends' Boarding School at West-town, has been on a recent trip to Boston. She says she noticed while there, that the Bostonians are so very literary that they not only carry books with them, but read as they walk along the streets. She thinks the people up that way are exceedingly cordial, and her party had a royal good time—a "sound" time, we might say, for did she not go by Long Island Sound?

Mr. Joseph Adams left for the Pacific Coast on Wednesday evening, in company with Miss Barr. We hope they will have a pleasant trip across the continent. It will be an entire change of scene and air to the latter, who needs it. Her duties as Nurse in Chief of the hospital are a strain upon nerve and strength. Joseph was in the sophomore class of Dickinson College, but has not been well for the past few months. The War breezes which he will get straight from Manila and the breath from his native Oregon fir trees, will brace him up we are sure, so that he will be able to face the strongest and say "How Dewey do?"

Yesterday morning Miss Ely received the sad news of the death of her brother, Samuel Ely, at his home near Kansas City. Mr. Ely had been in poor health for some time which caused considerable anxiety on the part of his friends, but on Wednesday evening a letter came to Miss Ely saying that her brother was better. This to be followed so soon by a telegram announcing his death was a great shock. Mr. Ely, back in the seventies, was United States Indian Agent for the Pawnees, and previous to that he had lived among the Otoes as post-trader. All through the War of the Rebellion he served as a Captain in the 20th Pennsylvania Cavalry. He has a large circle of friends both East and West who will mourn his loss.

Abram Isaac went home to Michigan on Monday night. We were sorry to see him go, for he was a young man whom everybody esteemed and respected. His health demands a change. Abram will be missed in the band as he is one of the clarinetists. He was quite a musician, playing the violin very well and the guitar. Mr. Gardner rated him as his best carpenter. Some of the finest Carlisle work at the Omaha Exposition was done by Abram. He would rather have stayed, but duty said Go, and he obeyed. The best wishes of every one who knows him attend him on his journeyings.

The following teachers, officers and students went to Mt. Gretna on Tuesday afternoon: Misses Pratt, Cutter, Carter, Cochran, Weekley, Paull, Forster, Ericson, Barclay, Peter, Robertson, Seonia, Hill, Bowersox, McCook, Reasoner, Senseney, Smith, Complainville, Morton, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Gallup, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Messers. Snyder, Frank Cayou, Joe Blackbear, Charles Lowcloud, Misses Lettie Scott, Susan Gibbs, Mamie Ryan, Olive Choteau, besides the band and leader, Mr. Dennison Wheelock. They had a grand, good time and were feasted in true camp style by the soldier boys.

Croquet has taken a new start.

Don't loaf! You might get "crusty."

Tennis is now one of the evening sports.

He that wins by wrong doing is still a loser.

The chess players at the school are Misses Ely and Wood.

Rain prevented the Easton game with Lafayette, on Saturday last.

Captain Pratt has purchased a new horse, which is said to be a fine stepper, and a black beauty.

Miss Wood has a new Keating, over which she is gaining quiet mastery. We just knew she could if she "wood."

They have been passing through a siege of measles and mumps at Hampton, according to Talks and Thoughts.

Miss Ellen Thomas, class '98, left last week for Netawka School, Kansas. Ellen has many friends at Carlisle who wish her well.

Mrs. Gallup of Greenville, New Jersey, is visiting her sister Mrs. Thompson, and is enjoying the wheeling and other gentle sports.

Miss Katherine Williams and Emma Kemp of Wilson College were guests of Miss Richenda Pratt who came home to spend Sunday.

Sunday was a beautiful day, the rain came down softly and quietly nearly all day, affording one an opportunity to remain indoors for quiet meditation.

Old "Monarch" of all the trees on our campus, the Big Walnut, over a hundred years old, is at last waking up, and putting on his Spring suit of green.

David Johnson, with Charles Lowcloud and Hugh Leider as assistants, are looking after the dairy during Mr. Gray's absence on soldier duty for his country.

The Standards will have their farewell meeting on Friday evening. They cordially invite the faculty of the school, the members of the other societies and all interested to be present.

To-morrow, our baseball team will be the guests of the Country Club of Harrisburg and will play the team of which the esteemed friend of the Indians, Mr. Vance McCormick, is the Captain.

Not much prettier sight can be witnessed anywhere than the scene upon the school campus, these lovely evenings, after supper. The girls in their white aprons in contrast with the beautiful green add greatly to its picturesqueness.

The Juniors are organizing as a class, and hope to accomplish much for themselves by so doing. Nothing does so much to unify a class and make its school days tell, as a class organization, and a wise cultivation of lofty class spirit and pride in its attainments and standing. Juniors, we expect great things from you. Show us scholarship, show us loyalty, show us manhood and womanhood as Juniors and you will help Carlisle much and yourselves more.

Strawberries?

The side whispers about the carryings on in the soldiers' camp show up the demoralizing side of war.

Our Sunday service will be in the Y. M. C. A. Hall during the summer months, owing to repairs in Assembly Hall.

Clarinetist J. R. Wheelock received a good musical offer while at Gretna, the other day. We have not heard of his accepting.

Never did trolley bell sound more welcome than Wednesday morning, when after several days' stop for needed repairs, the current was made to operate again. We can't do without the trolley.

No 2 school-room was closed on Tuesday, one division of the same going into No. 1, while the other went forward to No. 3. This was done that Miss Paull could be detailed to hospital service in the absence of the regular nurse.

Assembly Hall is receiving the touches of the artistic painter in wall and ceiling decorations. On account of this, the May school entertainment has been set aside and the daily exercises at the opening of school have been omitted. This gives more time for class work and study.

The friends of Mrs. Greer, of Johnstown, whom so many of us remember as Miss Georgia Bratton were pleased to see her sudden appearance at table on Wednesday evening, a guest of Miss Nana Pratt. Not many of the girls who were here when Mrs. Greer was identified with the girls' quarters are here now, but there are enough of the old friends left to give her a warm welcome.

The Senior Class room has been adorned with four large and beautiful photographs tastefully framed. They are "The City of Florence," "The Palazzo Vecchio," "The Cathedral, Giotto's Tower," and "Jewelers, Bridge." Miss Cutter and her class of '99 are very thankful to the generous giver, who is an esteemed friend of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, and of the school. The pictures cannot but prove most helpful to all who study them.

Professor Bakeless visited the schools of Pittsburg and vicinity on Monday and Tuesday. He found a great deal of excellent up-to-date work and gained many valuable and suggestive hints and helps. The school people were very cordial, courteous and helpful to him throughout his visits, and he comes back even more enthusiastic in school affairs than before he went. To those who know the professor, that means a great deal.

Our Mr. Joseph Jordan is the Captain of a colored company in town recently organized, whose services have been offered for our country and who having been accepted by the Governor are awaiting orders. Mr. Jordan is an old soldier, having served in the War of the Rebellion under the lamented General Armstrong, founder of the Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va. When the General was breveted from Colonel to General he became Mr. Jordan's Brigade Commander. The latter was First Sergeant of Co. B., 127th Regiment U. S. C. T.

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## AN INDIAN BOY'S WAY OF THROW- ING OFF HIS BURDEN.

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As the Man-on-the-band-stand stood watching some Indian boys, the other day, pitching quoit, he noticed that every now and then two of the boys would carry between the pegs the other two on their backs.

"Why do they do that?" he asked one standing near.

"Oh, that is a part of the game," said the by-stander, "The side that loses has to carry the other side."

But there was one strong, boy who never carried anyone.

Why not?

Did he always win?

No.

He was no better pitcher than the others, but this is the way he managed:

When his side lost the game, this boy would take his position quietly for one on the opposing side to climb upon his back.

Then the rider, clutching his arms around the human pony's neck and his legs around the body, would call, "Get ep!" but in a second he would land on the ground.

"I don't think that is fair," said the Man-on-the-band-stand.

"Certainly it is fair. If the fellow cannot stick on he does not deserve the ride," said the by-stander.

Attempt after attempt was made, but had the winning boy tried to mount and ride a Texas broncho or a Mexican mustang he would not have landed on the ground the more certainly.

And finally he would give up, leaving the burden bearer free to walk or to prance snorting and with head in air to his post, for another game.

"There!" said the M. O. T. B. S., taking a sudden inspiration and a lesson. "That is the way to get rid of unnecessary burdens."

"But there are some burdens that we cannot get rid of, and we are told to bear one another's burdens," said the by-stander.

"Very true. There are enough of that kind, but more than half of the burdens we bear are either unnecessary or imaginary, and may be satisfactorily disposed of, if we take that Indian-mustang method."

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## THE ONEIDAS IN THE LAST WAR. "HE GO—ME GO."

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A recent number of the Milwaukee Sentinel has this to say:

In connection with the visit of several Oneida Indians to this city and their wish to

enter the army and fight the Spaniards, Harold Galpin tells interesting anecdotes about the behavior of some of the same tribe who were in his company in the Twenty-first Wisconsin Volunteers.

The Oneidas made the best of soldiers, but it was found to be the best policy to distribute them among the whites, as when they were together they would not be so subservient to military discipline as when scattered about.

When they went into action they fought well, but if they were sent out on skirmish work their every wish was gratified.

Running through the woods with a yell, they fought with all the vim and effectiveness of their ancestors, and proved valuable.

At first there was some difficulty in making the red men obey orders, and when a sub-officer gave them an order they would hunt up the superior and make sure that the order was all right. On one occasion a volunteer was wanted from each company for some dangerous vedette work and the head Indian was the first of his company to volunteer.

Each of the other Indians at once stepped forward and refused to return to the ranks, "He go, me go," and they all went.

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## OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

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In response to a notice that the time for which he subscribed had expired, Mr. J. A. L. of Quakertown, N. J., gives these encouraging words on the Indian outlook:

"I do not wish it (the HELPER) discontinued after so many years familiarity with its pages.

The outlook for a favorable solution of the good cause, grows brighter as the years roll by, and I hope that in the not distant future, these 'savages,' so called in the past, and their descendants, may participate in the counsils of our nation, and peace and unity prevail.

May the line that has separated the two races be obliterated, and 'Indian massacres,' and unjust Government laws, be only recorded in history, dark spots to be obliterated by justice and fair dealing in the years to come."

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## Enigma.

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I am made of 21 letters.

My 9, 7, 6, 20 some cats suffer from.

My 12, 11, 13 is what most people would rather be than to be driven.

My 10, 8, 5 is pleasant in water on a hot July day.

My 14, 21, 19, 18 is what nearly all fleshy people would like to become.

My 3, 1, 2, 20 is what many ladies are getting new about this time.

My 4, 17, 15, 18 is a fierce animal.

My 16, 17, 18 is a part of a fish.

My whole is what most of the Carlisle boys are feverishly waiting for.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The war fever.