

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1897.

NUMBER 9

## I CLIMB TO REST.

**S**TILL must I climb if I would rest:  
The bird soars upward to its nest;  
The young leaf on the treetop high  
Cradles itself against the sky.

The streams that seem to hasten down  
Return in clouds the hills to crown;  
The plant arises from its root  
To rock aloft its flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay:  
The great horizons stretch away;  
The very cliffs that wall me round  
Are ladders under higher ground.

To work, to rest, for each a time:  
I toil but I must also climb;  
What soul was ever quite at ease  
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known  
Life that can lift me from my own;  
A loftier level must be won,  
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;  
The breeze invites, the stars befriend;  
All things are beckoning to the best:  
I climb to thee, O God, for rest!

—LUCY LARCOM.

## DR. JACKSON AND KLONDIKE.

Dr. Jackson, of Alaskan fame, is much in demand these Klondike times, for he is the recognized head and front of authority on Alaskan matters.

He has travelled more in that far-away domain and knows more about Alaska's resources and her topography, than any other man living; hence we were greatly favored, on Monday night to hear his stereopticon lecture on Klondike and Alaska.

The audience was composed of townspeople and the members of our school, about one-half of the house being reserved for the former.

Expecting to take the 9:10 train for Pittsburgh the same evening, the speaker was hurried somewhat, but he made every minute valuable as the scenes were passed rapidly

upon the screen, and as he described in an exceedingly interesting manner the wonders and beauties of that country, now the center of attraction of the entire civilized world.

He depicted in all their horrors, dangers and attractions the various routes to the Klondike, but as Alaska in its entirety is one immense gold-field he would advise all seekers for the precious metal not to go to Klondike, for that spot is already over done.

Every stream flowing into Alaska's mighty river—Yukon—carries gold with it, and all the brooks and creeks that empty into the other rivers have the same reputation.

Underneath the trackless forests, down below the fallen trees and stumps buried and grown hard with the ages, there is gold, but who can get it?

The Doctor took the trip up the Yukon to Klondike last summer, in the heat of the gold excitement.

The river is a vast expanse of flowing water, 2600 miles in length. He travelled 1600 miles from its mouth to Dawson City and it is navigable much farther.

Klondike is the name of a small creek which flows into the Yukon, and every gold claim in that immediate vicinity was taken long before the outside world was apprised of the fact that gold exists there in paying quantities.

In describing one of the routes north from Sitka, overland, Dr. Jackson said there were two ways to go over the pass, but if you selected one you would be sure to wish you had taken the other, but he claims that one or the other of those routes is the quickest way to get there at this season, and it is possible to reach Klondike by May or even March, while to go up the Yukon the ice would prevent reaching there before June or July.

Thousands of people are frozen in at the present time on the Yukon River, ten hundred miles from the place they started for.

(Continued on last page.)

# 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.

They had pig, roasted whole, for Thanksgiving dinner at Supt. Campbell's School, in Wyoming.

From uncorrected pupils' items in "Chemawa American" we see that if a girl in the school at Chemawa, Oregon, breaks any dishes, she has to scrub fifty chairs.

Paul Lovejoy writes an interesting letter from his home at Omaha Agency, Nebraska. He remembers most kindly his Carlisle home, and sends greetings to his friends at the school. From the general tone of his letter we judge that he is doing well and keeps occupied with work that pays.

The friends of Annie McMillan will be grieved to learn of her recent death at her home in Michigan. She suffered all summer with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Annie was a pupil of Carlisle for six years, some of which time she lived with Mrs. Standing, whose heart is specially touched at the sad news.

The November number of the "Indian Guide," published at Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, contains the second annual report of Supt. Campbell, which document we have read with special interest, as Mr. Campbell was one with us for many years. From this report we gather that he keeps things on the move and progressing as rapidly as possible under circumstances and conditions oftentimes not the most encouraging.

No brighter little girls ever entered Carlisle than our five Esquimaux who came recently. While they understand little if any English, they use their ears and eyes to good purpose, and manage somehow always to do the right thing at the right time and place. They are models in their care of the many strange things given them for use, and have not yet learned the civilized (?) way of losing things. In lieu of a more appropriate place of keeping their handkerchiefs they tie them to their apron strings. As they came to us with their unpronounceable Esquimaux names, they have now each received English "front names" while their original cognomens will serve as surnames.

## The Boys' Societies.

"What's the matter with the boys' societies?" asked an interested person, who notes they have arrived at an apparent stand still.

"Why! they meet regularly," said one trying to defend them.

"Meet! Yes they meet. But are the meetings lively, and are the members interested in the proceedings each night? Do they absent themselves on very small excuses, and are they at the front with their best efforts, in speech making and other duties?"

"Well, no. Not always," continued the defender. "They seem to need a force back of them to urge and persuade."

"Why should they always depend upon an outside force?" insisted the interested one. "Outside help when freely offered, they should be glad to accept, as they always have done most graciously, and they show good judgment when they ask for all the help they can get, but to wait to be urged by the authorities or by outside interested parties, shows a weakness in mental stamina and push that is deplorable. They are not up to the high standard attained when led by one of another race!"

"That's true! I must admit it, but I believe they are making progress and we shall hear from them soon in a public way."

"I'm glad of it, for if the Carlisle Indian can stand side by side with the Big Four in football, he should not be satisfied with a fourth or fifth place where brain power is the test."

Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache in the wilderness of Chicago civilization, writes most hopefully of his struggles to maintain a standing among the other physicians of that great metropolis of the West. If ever a man was solving the Indian problem in a manner to gainsay criticism as to methods, it is this man of learning and good understanding whose ancestors lived and died on the plains or in the mountain fastnesses of Arizona.

What three of our advanced young men were seen to rush by a teacher and two of our young ladies who were caught in a shower, without proffering the use of at least one of their three umbrellas? Gallantry, is thy name Senior?  
T.

I saw an article which is to go in the HELPER this week concerning three Seniors, walking past a teacher and two young ladies one rainy day. I think the three Seniors passed the three ladies without offering their umbrellas in fulfillment of the latest orders regarding boys associating with the lady teachers and ladies of the school. A SENIOR.

LARGE BOYS' QUARTERS, Dec. 5, 1897.

ORDERED: Large Boys are forbidden to visit teachers at teachers' quarters, at any time, without special permission from the Disciplinarian.

By order of Captain Pratt.

W. G. THOMPSON, Disciplinarian.

"Our Young People" for December 11 is an Indian number and contains among other interesting articles one on "Religious Life at the Carlisle Indian School" by Miss Nana Pratt.

Foreman Gansworth is around again after a few days of la gripe.

Colds are in fashion.

Harold Parker is an ambidexter.

Genoa had a turkey Thanksgiving dinner.

Mrs. Dandridge is laid up with Neuralgia.

Miss Campbell is visiting Miss Bender, near Philadelphia.

Ready for Christmas?

It is nice to place a card with your gift. Standingdeer, printer, is ready for orders.

Willard Gansworth and Oscar Davis are helping the printers for a few days.

The Genoa Nebraska Indian School has had a fire which was put out before doing much damage.

Open neck one day, neck dressed with high collar next day; then low-neck the following day, that is the way to catch cold.

Emily Hardt, Josephine Warren, Elizabeth White and Minnie Columb have joined the pamphlet binders in the printing office for a few days.

Mr. James Wheelock, of the Indian School, led the First Presbyterian C. E. Society meeting last night.—[Monday's Carlisle Herald.

Miss Barr accompanied Miss Campbell to Philadelphia, returning Wednesday. She saw Miss Bender, who, she says, is looking remarkably well.

Skates were out for the first last Saturday morning before light, there being a thin sheet of ice on the granolithic walks—a great abundance for the small boy fond of the sport.

Mr. Harris, our instructor in blacksmithing and wagon making, was pierced with a splinter over an inch long. It was very painful, and he went to the hospital where it was skillfully removed from his finger by Ella Rickard.

The sleet and icicle rain of Saturday injured the grass, which is looking brown, too early, from the effects. Each blade of grass was completely ensconced within an icicle, making a campus of diamonds beautiful to see.

George Balenti has only one hand, but he does some of the nicest carving in the sloyd class. He made a prettily carved gavel for the Susan Longstreth Society which was greatly appreciated by the young ladies.

Mr. John B. Bratton, General Agent for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, has favored the printing-office, as well as the other offices on the grounds, with handsome calendars for '98, sent out by the company he represents.

The music examination of the Juniors and Seniors was very creditable for a number of the students, but a very goodly number must work hard to pass the subject. The final examination will be about February. All should use their spare time intelligently. Nos. 9 and 8 will be tested soon, possibly about the 15th of December.

One of the most enjoyable concerts we have experienced in a long time was listened to by our school on Tuesday evening. The Oriental Troubadours—a quartette of colored singers, Tenor, Wm. A. Baynard, Alto, Chas. H. Puggsley, Baritone, Geo. W. Barnett, and Bass, Salem T. Whitney. Rarely have we heard Mr. Whitney's voice excel in range and depth. The plantation melodies were enjoyed the most of all.

Do you play marbles for keeps? That is gambling, and just as wrong as if each marble were a dollar.

The new gallery in the Assembly Hall presented a sweet scene on Monday night, being filled with lasses.

It is easy enough to START debating clubs or other organizations, but it takes skill, patience and tact to keep them growing.

John Edwin Bakeless was out to the concert Tuesday night, his first dissipation. He did not like to sit on "Mamma-dear's" lap for fear those behind him could not see the singers.

On Monday, Mrs. Pratt gave a dinner party to a few friends of Dr. Jackson, in his honor. Among others present were Dr. and Mrs. Norcross, Dr. and Mrs. Prince, and Miss Prince of Carlisle.

On Monday evening Capt. Pratt was startled while at tea by a special yell from a large body of his Indian boys who had gathered stealthily near his door. It was the occasion of the anniversary of his birth.

Walter Marmon and Fred Brushel have been assigned to the school office orderly service. They are very eager to learn and very helpful and industrious, trying hard to fully take the place of the very good hard-workers who were exchanged for them.

At a meeting of the Invincibles, last Friday evening the following officers were elected: President, Caleb Sickles; Vice-President, John Webster; Secretary, Edwin Moore; Treasurer, Isaac Seneca; Reporter, Jonas Metoxen; Sergeant-at-arms, Simon Standingdeer; Critic, Edward Rodgers; Assistant Critic, Mitchell Barada.

What is the new gallery like? asks some one who has not seen it. The east and west walls of the rear end of Assembly Hall have been securely girded by huge iron beam weighing tons. With this for principal support a balcony has been constructed which will seat several hundred people, thus enlarging the capacity of the room, while the girder serves to strengthen the building.

The new officers for the Susan Longstreth Literary Society for the second term are: President, Cynthia Webster; Vice-President, Dahney George; Recording Secretary, Sarah Flynn; Corresponding Secretary, Martha Sickles; Treasurer, Cora Cornelius; Marshall, Ollie Choteau; Reporter, Minnie Finley; Critic, Pasquala Anderson; Assistant Critic, Sara Smith; Pianist, Ida Swallow.

Shinny in the mud, seems to be the favorite pastime for some of our boys, and the M. O. T. B. S. wonders if they would show such reckless regard for good shoes, uniform trousers, etc., if obliged to buy their own! Wilful waste is sure to bring woeful want. We hope that these boys who now waste and damage their clothing will not have to suffer for clothing when far away from the Carlisle School.

On Monday at the opening exercises of the School Miss Weekley gave a talk upon "The Ocean Cables." On Tuesday, Professor Carter gave a very helpful address, before he took his departure for Washington, and Miss Cochran read a story—"The Eighth Commandment." On Wednesday, Mr. Standing presented the salient points of the President's Message in an understandable manner.

(Continued from first page.)

The steamers with their freight of human beings are stuck in the ice, and there is much hardship now suffered by the venturers who were guaranteed an open passage to the El Dorado, before the stream became ice locked.

We wish we could reproduce the scenes and the talk of Dr. Jackson in full, but all who heard the lecture on Monday night will agree that they prefer visiting Klondike at this season of the year through the stereopticon, than to take the very best route he could picture.

Come again, Dr. Jackson! We like such talks, and they lessen the malady in some of us, called Klondicitis.

### ARE WE LIARS?

Dr. Talmage says:

There are a thousand ways of telling a lie. A man's whole life may be a falsehood, and yet never with his lips may he falsify once.

There is a way of uttering a falsehood by look, by manner, as well as by lip.

There are persons who are guilty of dishonesty of speech and then afterwards say "maybe," calling it a white lie when no lie is that color.

The whitest lie ever told was as black as perdition.

There are those so given to dishonesty in speech that they do not know when they are lying.

With some it is an acquired sin, and with others it is a natural infirmity.

There are those whom you will recognize as born liars.

Their whole life, from cradle to grave, is filled up with vice of speech.

Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases and are a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina.

### THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN.

At a temperance meeting where several related their experiences, a humorous Irishman who spoke was acknowledged to be the chief speaker.

He had on a pair of fine new boots.

Said he: "A week after I signed the pledge, I met an old friend, and he says, 'Them's a fine pair of boots you have on.'

'They are,' says I, 'and by the same token 'twas the saloon-keeper who gave them to me.'

'That was generous of him,' says he.

'It was,' says I, 'but I made a bargain with him. He was to keep his drink and I was to keep my money. My money bought me these fine boots. I got the best of the bargain, and I'm going to stick to it.'"

### NOT A NEW STORY BUT NEVER OLD.

The Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General of Canada, was present at some sports held on the ice of the St. Lawrence.

Though wrapped in furs he felt the cold acutely, and was astonished to see an ancient Indian meandering around barefooted, enveloped only in a blanket.

He asked the Indian how he managed to bear such a temperature when he had so little on.

"Why you no cover face?" inquired the Indian.

The Marquis replied that no one ever did so, and that he was accustomed to have his face naked from birth.

"Good," rejoined the Prairie King, "me all face," and walked away.

### INDIAN PREFERRED.

The Indians of Alaska, who were educated at the Mission Schools are the best packers of provision and goods over the mountain passes leading to the gold fields, and they are preferred to other workmen.

Some have made as high as \$40 a day, according to Dr. Jackson's statements.

Countess of Malmesbury says: "Do not choke up the machine of your unhappy digestion with rubbish, which not only does you no good but actually poisons your system. The object of eating is not simply to affect a temporary gratification to the palate, but to nourish and support the frame."

"I am a reader of your little paper," says W. C. of Massachusetts "and always find something of interest in the same every week. I wish it could be read by every child in the land, so that they might grow up to know our Indian friends better and take a kindly interest in them."

All work, is sacred; in all true work, were it but true handlabor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.—Carlyle.

### Enigma.

A plant: 9 letters.

3, 8, 4, token of assent.

1, 7, 5, to come to an end.

9, 2, 7, 6, to fasten.

Change "O vain cat" to something we all like.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Football season.