

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIV

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1898.

NUMBER 1.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again.
No matter which way I turn,
I always find, in the Book of Life,
Some lessons I have to learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadows flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing falling us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lessons we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat;
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

FROM OHIO TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

By an Educated Alaskan Indian.

It was on the 8th of last June that I bade farewell to my Cincinnati friends, and left that day to return home in Alaska after an absence of several years.

Ohio has been the scene of my seven years' struggle, and it is not without some reason that I have learned to love that State.

Some missionary appointments delayed me in Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota. However, in due time I took at St. Paul a Canadian Pacific tourist sleeper and journeyed westward.

The trip across the continent was most delightful.

The plains, the rivers, the Indians, the mounted police, the majestic mountains, all combined to make the ride interesting.

I was fortunate to fall in with the company of Mr. Reed from Michigan who was on his way to Dawson City to establish the Young Men's Christian Association work. We both spent many hours together talking over the situation.

He is a young man of determined character

and one who will make the very best of his opportunities wherever he may go.

The scenery along the road afforded us time for the frequent use of our cameras.

On the 17th we reached Seattle, Wash.

Seattle was at that time very noisy. The gold seekers from the different parts of the country nearly all took their departure for Klondike from this place. Ever since the fever started, Seattle has been reaping a rich harvest

From Seattle I proceeded south to San Francisco by steam-ship. Unfortunately, I had not been to sea for some years, so in common with many of our female passengers I was rather "forced to be in an uncomfortable situation," as a cultured lady expressed it. In plain words I was sea-sick. But we got over it soon, and how delighted we were when we entered the famous Golden Gate of the Pacific.

At that time some of the Phillipine expeditions were fitted out. Everywhere we went in the city we met with soldiers. There were thousands of them camping around, and all this added to the activity and noise of that great Californian metropolis.

Chinatown?

Yes, I did not miss it.

I could not very well control my risibles when a lady overhearing me speak in English asked me to interpret for her while trying to bargain with an old Chinaman.

I declined to do so, insinuating that the Asiatic did not look intelligent; that I had not studied his language and that I was not an inhabitant of Chinatown.

While in San Francisco the news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet came. The streets were crowded with thousands of people, and the bulletin boards were watched with great anxiety.

Fruits are very cheap in San Francisco.

One day I bought from a street vender five cents worth of oranges. To my surprise he

(Continued on last page.)

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

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.

Colonel LeRoy Brown

There are readers of the HELPER who will remember in the first days of Carlisle how Major Pratt had the assistance of another army officer for four months or more at the very beginning. This officer was then returned to his regiment, and later for a time was Indian Agent at the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota. He is now Colonel of the Fourth Tennessee Volunteer Infantry. A letter just received from him advises that he has succeeded in working his regiment up to a good state of development and efficiency and that he has not lost a man from sickness. Never had a man in the division hospital and very few in the regimental hospital. To systematic and hard work he attributes these splendid results. Such conditions are remarkable. Colonel Brown organized his regiment in April. Over 1,200 men, through six months of summer and not one death, and none sufficiently ill to go to the division hospital is a record to be made note of. Three cheers for Colonel Brown!

The Football boys who went to Albany had a grand time in addition to winning the game with Williams College, 17 to 6. It is said that a costly fumble lost them at least 12 points. Moral: Don't fumble! The weather was very disagreeable and the wind almost exasperating. The attendance was very small. The 17 points were gained in less than 15 minutes in the second half. Williams men, after the game, individually complimented our boys for their clean and gentlemanly playing. While in Albany, they visited the High School and witnessed the weekly public exercises. Hudson and Cayon were called upon for addresses and responded briefly. Each one of the company had the honor of shaking hands with Governor Black, who said his mind was in sympathy with our reputation as football players. They took in the Capitol, which is perhaps the handsomest and most expensive building of its kind in this country. They went to the penitentiary but soon got out. They visited the Mayor of Albany, who treated them royally, and sent

special officers with them to investigate the fire department and State Armory. They had an evening musicale with Mr Thompson's people, and the Albany Argus treated them to the Opera, giving them four private boxes. On Sunday in New York they went over the Cruiser Yale and have come back almost too full for utterance.

The subject of Sunday evening's service was Taming the Tongue. Major Pratt led the meeting, and after the lesson gave the sayings of a number of wise philosophers about the tongue. Mr. Beitzel and others made remarks. The thought that the tongue could not be tamed seemed depressing, when Mr. Standing asked to have the text read again, and called attention to the fact that the wording was not that "the tongue cannot be tamed" but that "no man" can tame it, and then came the encouraging thought that (through the help of a Higher Power we would be able to control the unruly member. The thought was appreciated.

Supt. Noble of the Ft. Yates, N. D., Indian school in his letter transmitting subscriptions said: "For the month of September our enrollment exceeded that of the corresponding month last year by 88½ per cent; the average attendance, by nearly 140 per cent. This has been accomplished without the school policeman having to go for a single one. We happily regard the increasing interest of the parents in the work of our school, and feel that our well-kept gardens, methods of caring for stock, etc., exerts a very favorable influence over them, located as they are here, far from white civilization.

The Indian "war" is over. Like all such wars in recent years the facts were greatly exaggerated. A little common sense and proper treatment of the Indians would have avoided the trouble. The Indians are not the unreasonable beings that many persons believe. —[Phila. Press, Oct. 19.

Chauncey Yellowrobe, late Assistant Disciplinarian at Carlisle, likes his new position at Ft. Lewis, Colorado. Dr. Breen, Superintendent, believes in giving the Indian a chance. He has an unusual proportion of Indian employees.

Although no official notice has been received we have it very straight that Martha Sickles, '98, was to have been married this week, at Oneida, to James Cornelius, formerly a Carlisle student, and an industrious worthy young man.

Football Schedule.

Oct. 22, Yale at New Haven.
Oct. 29, Harvard at Cambridge.
Nov. 5, Dickinson at Carlisle.
Nov. 12, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
Nov. 19, University of Illinois at Chicago.
Game with Bloomsburg, Sept. 24th, WON; score, 43 0.
Game with Susquehanna, Oct. 1, WON; score, 48-0.
Game with Cornell, Oct. 8, LOST; score, 23-6.
Game with Williams, Oct. 15, WON; score 17-6.

We play Yale, to-morrow. Oh, My!
Pot-pie day has been changed from Thursday to Saturday.

The English papers from No. 6 were creditable, this week. Keep on!

Did ever rain come down faster and in heavier sheets than on Tuesday night?

The Juniors still keep up their interesting and practical work in Civil Government.

Dahney George greeted the Wilson College students on Monday evening in a neat little speech.

The Susans are going to discuss whether Lee was a greater general than Grant, this evening.

The Standards to-night will decide whether or not freedom of speech in Congress should be limited.

"Old Glory" as rendered by Jacob Horne sends a tingle of patriotism through all his listeners, doesn't it?

Miss Williams of Williams Grove, and friend Miss Roberta Barr of Tyrone, were Mr. Beitzel's guests to dinner on Thursday evening.

The Enigma, this week, is from Alice Edge, Downingtown, who says "I want my two dear Indian sisters Fannie and Alice to guess it."

Tables and stools have been placed in No. 12, so that the Seniors may more nearly do individual laboratory work in physics and botany.

The detailed guests for the Invincibles to-night, are Messrs. Beitzel and Ralston; Standards, Mrs. Sawyer, Miss Barclay; Susans, Misses Carter and Burgess.

Mr. J. Frost has been around nipping plants, etc. Indeed, it is said that we have had a few flakes of snow, but the M. O. T. B. S. did not happen to have on his glasses about that time.

Corbett Lawyer, '99, seems to be plant-man. He has filled nearly all the boxes, and the Reading-room, Y. M. C. A. hall and other places will have window gardens, this winter as last.

Mr. F. W. Kasebier, 201st Regiment N. Y., was Miss Simmon's guest on Thursday evening. Mr. Kasebier's mother is the artist at whose lovely home in New York City, Miss Simmons was a guest for a few weeks this summer.

Many of the papers from No. 9, this week, bore evidence of neat, thoughtful workers there. Ten or a dozen are still of the careless kind, and must tone up at once, if the writers expect to keep their places or to advance.

One dozen beautiful little books—a scientific series published by D. Appleton & Co., have been placed upon the shelves of the library. They are called The Library of Useful Stories, and are intensely interesting and very instructive.

The Invincibles will debate this evening: Resolved, That a Carlisle Indian Student can do more for the uplifting of his people by going back to them than by going among white people.

Sarah Pratt, of Steelton, who is visiting Carlisle, devotes a part of her time each day with her Indian friends in Miss Ericson's sloyd room working with tools as they do. Some of the little Indian girls are among Sarah's best friends.

On Lafayette Day, Wednesday Oct. 19, Miss Cutter gave a very interesting talk on the career of this noble and generous French Nobleman. On Tuesday, Prof. Bakeless gave a short account of Lafayette's imprisonment at Olmutz, Austria.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, the distinguished traveler, Superintendent of the Anti-Opium Department of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, arrives as we go to press. Miss Ackerman has been here before and was warmly welcomed.

The singing classes under Miss Senseney's instruction are making strides in reading music. Many of the pupils are gaining confidence and show it by letting out their voices. We have not had such hearty, well-rounded singing for a long time as on Monday night when the young ladies from Wilson College, Chambersburg, were present.

On Monday of last week Miss Barclay gave a talk before the school at the opening exercises on The origin and growth of the theatre. On Tuesday, Miss Bowersox presented a review of the Dreyfus Case; and on Wednesday Mrs. Sawyer rendered two beautiful selections on the piano.

The school has received from Henry Disston & Sons, Phila., several copies of their comprehensive Hand-Book for Lumbermen, with a treatise on the Construction of Saws and How to keep them in order. The book is full of useful information about saws and interesting to all who may chance to look through its pages.

The Gettysburg trip was a success, notwithstanding the wind blew almost a gale nearly all day. The bicyclers had a hard time in rounding some of the knolls, but all hands seemed to enjoy the outing more than words can express. There were about 150 in the company, with Assistant-Superintendent A. J. Standing in charge.

Miss Shaffner claims to have had a very enjoyable and profitable time at the W. C. T. U. Convention held at Reading. It was one of the largest ever held in the State, which is evidence of the growth of the temperance movement. Miss Shaffner was an official representative of Cumberland County. She heard Rev. Anna Shaw, Clara Hoffman and others speak.

Dr. Martin, President of Wilson College, Chambersburg, several of his faculty and three coach loads of young lady students visited our school Monday evening on their return from Gettysburg. Our boys and girls entertained them in Assembly Hall by recitations, songs and music from piano and band, and they in return entertained us with singing and piano music. The occasion was enjoyable all around.

Dr. Lord of Englewood, N. J., surprised her old friends at Carlisle, by dropping suddenly in upon us on Wednesday evening between trains. It will be remembered that five years ago Miss Lord was a teacher with us, since which time she has taken the medical course at the Woman's Medical College, Phila., and is now in charge of the flourishing hospital at Englewood, N. J. She received a warm welcome here, and the only regret expressed was that she could not stay longer.

(Continued from first Page)

gave me six large ones. I stood right there and succeeded in making use of two, and as my hands and pockets were already full of other things, I returned the other four to the seller.

He at first refused to take them back, but I gave them to him telling him to sell them again or give them to some poor fellow that might come along.

Leaving San Francisco, I returned to Seattle, and, after three days, took another steamer bound for Alaska.

EDWARD MARSDEN.

SAXMAN, ALASKA,

October 1, 1898.

A THRIVING INDIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

We have been privileged to see the Constitution and By-Laws of the Iroquois Temperance League of New York State.

The closing clause of the Preamble reads thus:

Whereas, We are fully persuaded that intemperance is the greatest evil which threatens our nations; therefore, we, the Six Nations, consisting of the Tuscaroras, Mohawks, Cayugas, Oneidas, Onondagos, and Senecas, of the United States, have mutually agreed to form ourselves into a temperance society, to be known as the Iroquois Temperance League.

If there is any field on the face of the globe for the temperance movement it is among the Indians who are fast being burned out of existence by firewater, so appropriately named by the Indians.

We understand that the Iroquois League is a thriving temperance organization, doing a grand work among the New York Indians; also that they are increasing in numbers.

The movement must be pushed with energy toward their less fortunate brothers on the frontier.

It is there that "Fire-water" of the cheapest, vilest and most destructive brand, is being poured into the Indians daily, and in such quantities that if not very soon stopped by some mighty force will consume the race.

What! Burn them up all at once?

No, in a more torturous way, by slow degrees.

The fathers and mothers of to-day, who drink, are becoming diseased, and their children will have weak and sickly bodies, full of scrofula and incurable diseases, and will lead wretched lives of suffering and distress.

The all-important question to-day does not seem to be Can the Indian be civilized?

But—

Who is going to beat in the race towards a

helpless and defenseless people, the firm of Rum, Immorality and Co., or Industry, Common Sense and Co.?

The situation from the Indian side is terrible to contemplate.

We have heard good people from the western field recently speak of the Indian outlook with deepest anxiety and with awful forebodings.

What is to be done?

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is what the Indians are doing to save themselves.

God helps them who help themselves.

If they can be made to see for themselves the danger of their present situation and if they will meet the fiendish glare and slimy grin of the Rum Monster who is insidiously eating into the vitals of the best and brightest of their tribes, and if they, like the Iroquois League of N. Y., will band themselves to fight, with sword and shot, if need be, this crouching, sneaking enemy, they will come off victorious.

But the best way of all is for the Indian to come out and join the Temperance Organizations of our civilized land, and unite their strength with those of their more experienced and hardy white brothers and sisters, before whose onward march the monster Rum is bound to yield.

To save the remnant of the Indians from destruction, however, there must be immediate action of all interested Indians and interested friends of the Indians.

Move!

Bring out the children!

The schools outside of the reservations (WHITE SCHOOLS, the farther from home the better; or Indian schools, if need be, till fitted for white schools) will take care of them.

No children of this day and age, thanks to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, can go through the public schools without learning in the hygienic lessons, now national, of the evil effects of intoxicating liquors on the system.

SEND OUT your youth!

KEEP out the foe!

Receive the truth!

Then you will grow.

Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 8, 9, 8, 10, 12 is a book we all should read.

My 2, 5, 10 is sometimes caught instead of a fish.

My 6, 7, 9, 4, 11 is the best part of an orange.

My 1, 3 is the abbreviation of one of the original 13 states of our Union.

My whole is something which all Carlisle boys and girls would like to see very soon.

"WOODSIDE COTTAGE."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Taking up plants.