

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. XIV.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1899.

NUMBER 12

DON'T WORRY.

WHY shadow the beauty of sea or land
With a doubt or a fear?
God holds all the swift-rolling worlds in his
hand,
And sees what no man can as yet under-
stand,—
That out of life here,
With its smile and its tear,
Comes forth into light, from Eternity planned,
The soul of good cheer.
Don't worry:
The end shall appear.
—ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD in
Good News

FROM THE BERMUDAS.

From a private letter from Mrs Pratt to her children, we take the liberty of snatching a few descriptions which we are sure will be of interest to the general reader and of special interest to the many friends of the writer.

She says in part:

I sit by an open window this bright sunny morning, looking out upon a garden carpeted with green grass and rendered charming by a great variety of blooming shrubs; bushes laden with roses; an orange tree, bearing a sour orange, beautiful to look upon but bitter to taste; a tall lemon tree with its green, satiny leaves glistening in the sun—all making a pretty contrast to the bare and heavy branches of the Pride-of-India tree, shorn of its beauty at this season of the year, yet in its very ugliness being suggestive of the beauty of contrast; and a red bird flits from the gracefully bending branches of the Poncienna Reiga, steadying itself upon the strong, leafless limb, chirruping up to me a greeting, which I like to interpret:

"I wish you a Happy New Year."

And then my thoughts flit from this sunny land to one where the chill of winter is felt, and my heart breathes a prayer that the dear ones there may indeed have a happy New Year.

To one who has been "brought up" in a land where dear old Santa Claus comes in his great fur coat with reindeer and sleighbells, while

the beautiful snow covers all the ground, trees and housetops, with the exciting mystery connected with the hanging up of our stockings, or the beautiful anticipations of the Christmas tree, and through the holiday week, the joys of "sledding" and skating, when all these associations have been so woven into our early lives, we find ourselves uncertain about the fitness of Christmas time under the new conditions as we experienced them a week ago—the soft balmy air greeting us from our open window, the breakfast table with its roses just gathered from the garden, the open windows and doors looking out upon the blue waters, of the lovely Hamilton Harbor, all resplendent in the morning sunshine; the greetings from our friends seemed like a joke, and in spite of sunshine and flowers I became quite depressed with a feeling of homesickness, and I could not shake off the weight of it all day.

We walked to church with our gentlemanly host, along a mile of roadway bordered by tall cedars, hedges of oleander bushes almost as tall as the cedars; both cedars and oleanders beautifully effective above the white stone walls.

On one side we had glimpses of high ground up which winding roadways lead to aristocratic looking residences, all white, none more than two stories and many only one, but with broad piazzas very southern in appearance.

We turned to the other side and had lovely peeps of the ocean through the cedars, and soon we had reached the oldest Presbyterian church on this island and said to be the oldest on the Western Hemisphere.

We sat in the pew of President Patton of Princeton College, and where he sat as a boy, perhaps, listening as we did to the story from Scottish lips of our Saviour's birth.

The minister and his wife have since called upon us and we anticipate a pleasant acquaintance.

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

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.

Price—10 cents per year

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

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.

Annie Lewis, who is at Colora, Md., sends a subscription for a friend and adds: "I am getting on nicely. When I return to the school I want a report of my life in the country that I will not be ashamed of."

Josie Morris who is going to school in New Jersey would have us know that she is getting on well. She is enjoying excellent health and is looking forward in happy anticipations to the coming of Miss Shaffner, who is expected there soon.

A letter from Delia Randall, asking for change of address on HELPER, shows that she is going to the Indian School, at Lac du Flambeau, but she does not state in what capacity. Wonder if it is as trained nurse, for she is a capable one, and able to earn from fifteen to twenty dollars a week in the East.

Willie Hazlett, who is now at Colony, Oklahoma, as industrial teacher in the Indian school there, is getting along nicely and wishes to be remembered to all his old acquaintances in this neighborhood.—[Montanian.

William Hazlett is a Carlisle graduate, of class '95.

Superintendent Rovillus R. Rogers, of the Jamestown Schools, N. Y., has sent us a list of 120 HELPER subscribers. The Jamestown youth have been taking the HELPER in large numbers for many years, and are keeping informed on the doings of the Indians who like themselves are on the rise. Thanks are due to Superintendent Rogers for his thoughtful interest on our behalf as well as for his attention to the welfare of the youth under his charge.

A handsome Souvenir, in brown and gilt cover, the booklet showing views from the Indian Training School at Chemawa, Oregon, has been received by ye editor, compliments of Superintendent Potter. Any one reading the historical sketch of the school in front and then looking over the half-tone plates which follow, can gather a very correct idea of how they look out there. We are greatly obliged for this peep at Chemawa—the largest school on the Pacific coast.

The Youth's Instructor, of January 5th, contains another illustrated article about our school by Maud B. Cummins, who for a short time was one of our corps of helpers. The Youth's Instructor is published at Battle Creek, Michigan, and is full of interesting reading matter for all, and especially for the young.

Our Mr. Hendren, who is now at Pine Ridge, S. D., teaching, sends renewal this week, but modestly says nothing about himself. His friends in the faculty and among the students will be pleased to learn that he is still in the land of the living. But, Boo! It makes us shiver to think of Pine Ridge this cold weather.

"It is quite wonderful how much of interest you manage to put into so small a paper," says an interested subscriber from Chautauqua, N. Y. Another in Palmyra N. J., pleases the Man-on-the-band-stand by calling our students, American boys and girls instead of Indians. Of course, the so-called American Indian is the only true American, and should be called by his proper name, yet we suppose that Columbus' name "Indian" will cling for all time to the native of America, so set are we in old ways and customs. This writer says she was "real glad one of the pupils of Carlisle school—Nettie Pierce—called at my residence and solicited a subscription. Since receiving the HELPER every week I have become acquainted with many of our American boys, for whom I have great admiration. May success crown the efforts of Carlisle, and the HELPER continue to prosper."

Schedule for Gymnasium Classes.

MONDAY.

At 7:35 A. M.—Large Boys.
At 8:30 A. M.—Small Boys.
At 1:10 P. M.—Small Boys.
At 4:00 P. M.—Large Boys.
At 8:00 P. M.—Large Girls.

TUESDAY.

At 7:35 A. M.—Large Girls.
At 8:30 A. M.—Small Girls.
At 1:10 P. M.—Small Girls.
At 4:00 P. M.—Large Girls.
At 8:00 P. M.—Large Boys.

WEDNESDAY.

At 7:35 A. M.—Large Boys.
At 3:15 P. M.—Kindergarten.
At 4:00 P. M.—Large Boys.
At 8:00 P. M.—Large Girls.

THURSDAY.

At 7:35 A. M.—Large Girls.
At 8:30 A. M.—Small Girls.
At 1:10 P. M.—Small Girls.
At 4:00 P. M.—Large Girls.
At 8:00 P. M.—Large Boys.

FRIDAY.

At 7:35 A. M.—Large Boys.
At 8:30 A. M.—Small Boys.
At 1:10 P. M.—Small Boys.
At 3:15 P. M.—Kindergarten.
At 4:00 P. M.—Large Boys.

SATURDAY.

At 8:00 P. M.—Large Boys.

Another touch of arctic weather.

Miss Ives, of Chambersburg, has been a guest of Miss Nana Pratt for a few days.

Russel Whitebear has gone to the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, for treatment.

The public debate between the Susans and the Standards takes place this evening, and an interesting time is anticipated.

Miss Newcomer, who is a new comer among us, spent Sunday among friends and relatives in Shippensburg, whom she had not seen for a long time.

Miss Shaffner's address for the six weeks that she expects to spend among the girls in the country will be 18th and Arch, Care of Y. W. C. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

Charlotte Geisdorff is at the University Hospital, Philadelphia, for special treatment, and it is greatly hoped by her many friends that she may be benefitted.

The athletic field was turned into a skating rink on Saturday last, several boys enjoying the skating over the hard crust of snow and coasting down the steep sides on their skates.

Miss L. W. Ronaldson of New York City, and Miss Anna Dawson, Field Matron at Ft. Berthold South Dakota, arrive as we go to press, and are interested in the sights of the school.

Mr. Norman has a new varnishing room, which fills a long felt want in his painting department. He now can do a nice piece of work, and put it in a close, dark room out of the dust, until thoroughly dry.

That was a heavy snow to shovel last Friday morning, but we can take one satisfaction, the cleaner we keep our walks the less likelihood there is of sickness. A regiment of boys soon clears the walks, whereas it seems an endless and hopeless task to a few.

Director Wheelock, of the band, is getting up something that will be entertaining in the way of music, and of a different order from anything we have ever had before. If prepared we will hear from the band to-morrow night, if not, we will wait until they are ready.

Miss Wood has been under the weather for a few days but is again on her feet. La Grippe seems to be no respecter of persons, or things, even attacking the timber of our school. Miss Cutter had premonitions of an attack but was able to grip the monster and come off conqueror while on duty.

Dorothy D. Naiches who since she quit school has been living at Steelton with Mrs. Mason Pratt left this week for Oklahoma to live with her Indian people. Dorothy has many excellent qualities, and it is to be hoped that she will land among friends who will find them out and help to make life pleasant for her out there. Her many friends at Carlisle and Steelton wish her well.

The following officers were elected in the Standard Literary Society last Friday evening: President, Joseph Gouge; Vice President, John Garrick; Recording Secretary, Corbett Lawyer; Corresponding Secretary, Edwin Smith; Treasurer, Eugene Warren; Critic, Geo. Hazlett; Ass't. Critic, Frank Beale; Sgt-at-Arms, Edw. Willing; Editor, Jacob Horne; and Manager of Musical Department, Abram Isaac.

On Tuesday Mrs. Dandridge took a flying trip to Philadelphia on business.

Mrs. Standing is rapidly recovering from La Grippe, and took her first sleigh ride on Wednesday.

These days of good sledding are when the country school in bob-sleds cometh to see their red brothers.

There seems to be a great run on the new books in the library. It is said that some of the pupils do not know how to take care of good books. We have not this from head quarters, but it has been observed by "Ye Observer" that several fine and expensive books have been soiled and mutilated by careless handling on the part of pupils. The Man-on-the-band-stand has only to say on this point that we will learn in this as in everything else. Only a dunderhead would do anything to spoil the looks of a book, and we are fast getting out of the dunderhead age into a more cultivated and refined studentage of the school.

Mr. Weber has perhaps the most exposing work of any of the mechanics employed at the school, but did any one ever see him take hold of a job, however disagreeable and difficult, that he did not go at it with all his heart, mind and strength, showing active interest at every turn of the hand until the job was satisfactorily done? Down in the dirt, up to his elbows in freezing water, in ditches or on the highest pinnacle of the smoke stack, under buildings, inside of hot boilers, repairing electric wires or seeking out the stoppage of some drain or sewer pipe—laborious and naturally distasteful labor, yet the worker always ready, willing and in a good humor and always an example of perseverance and pluck to the boys so fortunate as to be detailed to work with him. There are other plucky men on our force, but a bad breakage in the water-pipe on Tuesday, causing Mr. Weber to work in water up to his elbows until he was numb, attracted the special attention of the Man-on-the-band-stand, and yet he heard not a word of complaint.

One of the most delightful sights that we have to gaze upon these days is the skating pond, out of the work and school periods. Even at the noon hour, when there is but a half hour for play the pond is full of happy boys and girls who make the most of a little time. Only a minute's walk from any of the quarters and less than a quarter of a minute to a boy on the run, the pond is convenient to those wishing to employ their odd moments at this exhilarating sport. Unlike many boys and girls that the Man-on-the-band-stand has seen, ours do not skate to the last minute, to report at school or work late, but scores and scores may be seen taking off skates fully five or ten minutes before the work and school bell rings, in time to make themselves presentable. All in the school rooms must be tidily dressed and in the work-shops they must have on work clothing. Rosy cheeked girls, and skating-boys with tousled heads and red noses, clear-eyed and quick brained, returning to school and work are greatly admired by the Man-on-the-band-stand who loves to see his boys and girls enjoy play when they have earned the right.

(Continued from First Page.)

Surrounding the church is an interesting old grave-yard—many of the graves very old, but few having names attached, only numbers which correspond with numbered names in the church archives.

We have had several long carriage drives and many short wheel rides. The roads are smooth and hard, but there are hills to climb, and "I am not as young as I used to be."

We have crossed the bay many times in a row boat, but I do not enjoy the small sail boat. Your father has sailed about the bay and fished some.

Two days ago we drove to the town of St. George, which lies at the northwestern point, fourteen miles from here.

St. George was once the chief town, but from its position, it was considered unsuitable for the capital.

Hamilton which was more centrally located was chosen, although I am told St. George has the best harbor.

It is a curious old place and there is a quaint picturesqueness about it. The streets are so narrow that as we drove through one I thought we were merely making a "short-cut" to the Barracks, where we were going, and as we passed a party of boys, they backed up against the wall so that we would not drive over their toes.

A few of the streets have been widened.

After calling upon the Commanding Officer of the Barracks we returned to the little town, ate our dinner at a hotel built in 1633, took a snapshot at one of the little streets, entered the carriage and turned toward Hamilton, promising ourselves the pleasure of another visit to the curious Spanish-like town.

While we were climbing toward one of the forts we sighted our ship—the Trinidad, sailing steadily toward Hamilton Harbor, and being confident there would be messages for us we were anxious to hasten our return, but there is a trying wait of several hours after the steamer arrives before we get our letters.

As the days go by and the little journeys are taken each day I become more and more impressed with the fact that we are resting upon a very small bit of land almost in the centre of a great ocean. The greatest width of Bermuda is a mile and a half, many places not more than a half-mile wide and even less in many other places, until there is scarcely a thread of land or coral rock as it stretches out into coral reefs, and while we ponder upon the smallness of this island we remember, too, that it is the farthest from any other land of any known island; but it is a staunch little bit of land, founded on a rock, inhabited by a sterling people, and we hope to gather strength while we sojourn on Bermuda Island.

ITEMS FROM THE HASKELL LEADER: ABOUT PEOPLE WE KNOW.

The Haskell Leader is again full of news and is neatly printed.

The following items are about those who have sometime been connected with our school:

"Miss Kemp went home for the holidays—Miss Mosher visited her father and mother in Wichita on Christmas.

Samuel Townsend, foreman of the Leader office, visited with friends in St. Louis, last week.

Mitchell Barada can tell you the correct time now. He and his friend received ice watches from home on Christmas." The Man-on-the-band-stand is afraid they will melt, but guesses that the "n" fell off of the word nice in the process of printing and so turned the watches into ice.

There are interesting items in every issue of this Leader. It comes twice a month, is a little larger than the HELPER, and is only fifteen cents a year. Send your subscription to Miss Ball, Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, and keep informed as to what is going on at our big sister school of the West.

ENJOY THEIR COUNTRY SCHOOL.

We get many letters from Indian pupils who are going to country schools, which tell of their pleasures and progress at school:

A recent letter from Asenoth Bishop who is at Mt. Holly, N. J. says she has been promoted to another building and grade and that she will have to study much harder. She had a pleasant Christmas.

Minerva Mitten, at Rancocas, writes that she is getting along finely in school.

She sits with Margaret Provost, who seems also to be getting on nicely.

And adds:

"I am so glad to say that we have a very nice teacher. I guess I can say that we had just as good time on Christmas as they had at Carlisle. On Friday before Christmas we had an entertainment in the school building in which several of us took part."

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 1, 8, 6, 3 is an Indian found at Carlisle.

My 9, 7, 2, 4, 9 this Indian can eat.

My 1, 5, 9 is a nick-name sometimes given to this Indian.

My whole was an Indian Chief. A friend of the Indian. Subscriber.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.: Valley View.