

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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## WORTH WHILE.

**I**T is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows by like a song.  
But the man worth while is the one who will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong;  
For the test of the heart is trouble,  
And it always comes with the years.  
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth  
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent  
When nothing tempts you to stray,  
When without or within no voice of sin  
Is luring your soul away.  
But it's only a negative virtue  
Until it is tried by fire.  
And the life that is worth the honor of earth  
Is the one that resists the desire.  
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## LATEST FROM THE BERMUDAS.

Mrs. Pratt again writes to her children, and we are permitted to see the letter, thus giving her adopted Indian children and her friends another peep at the interesting doings of our absent ones on the little islands of the sea.

PRINCESS HOTEL, HAMILTON, BERMUDA.  
January 10th, 1899.

You will notice that we have moved over to the Princess Hotel, and we are delighted with the change. We are almost opposite our former home—Pickwick.

Hamilton town although lying close to the water's edge has a much milder climate than the country across the bay, owing to its southern exposure. Still the few chilly days we had last week over there were not cold enough for a fire.

I took a drive one of our "cold" (?) afternoons and although we were out three hours, with the exception of a half-hour's call upon some new friends, I was not uncomfortable with my little lace cape and its silk frill about the neck; so you see we do not know much about cold weather here.

I had a good opportunity to practice wheeling when in the country on the other side of the bay, and I hope to take some delightful rides on this side of the Island.

Our room here at the Princess is the southeastern corner one on the sky floor, a most delightful outlook over the bay and town.

Everything that comes into Hamilton Harbor must pass the Princess. There is always a breeze and even when there is a stormy wind it is neither a rough one nor a "clammy" one as we experience at our eastern seacoast resorts.

I believe this is the place to get clear of neuralgia, for my old companion has given me several hints of itself, but a walk or wheel-ride soon drives it away.

Your father has been so busy in his idleness: He walks, rides his wheel, sails and goes fishing, though as yet he has not met with his usual success. There are plenty of fish in the water, but they seem to be too English to be caught by an American.

The sailing is such a complete change from what your father can do at Carlisle, and he is so fond of it, too, that I think it will do him good. His St. Augustine experiences and training in sailing seem not to have been forgotten.

We have met friends of Miss Hyde, and Misses Shaffner and Aekerman whom they met in London, and acquaintances of some of your father's friends, when he was a boy.

The rest of this letter is of a personal nature and not of general interest, but since it came we have seen for the first time Mrs. Pratt's first letter which was written immediately upon their arrival, and which was sent to Denver before the Man-on-the-band-stand got hold of it. As there are some interesting things therein, we will take the liberty of culling notes even at this late date:

"My dear children," says Mrs. Pratt, "If wishes were carrier doves a thousand of them would have been tapping at your windows almost daily, the past week with sweet messages.

(Continued on the Fourth 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 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.

Miss Luzena Chouteau, class '92, is in Washington, taking a special course of study.

Frederick Riggs in the Word-Carrier says that the Indians do not know what laziness is, therefore have no word for it.

Is it not difficult for us to realize these days of cold and snow, that in Australia men and cattle are dying of excessive heat and thirst?

We see by a most business-like letter ordering special copies of the Red Man, that Mr. Hugh Soucea, class '94, is still one of the United States Indian School force at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

This week the shop instructors and industrial teachers are grading their apprentices. Some may be surprised when they see their standing. Inattention and no-thought work keeps a learner back.

The sad news comes from Phoenix, Arizona, of the death of Mrs. Laura Long Cochrane, '95. Mrs. Cochrane was sick only a few days with inflammation of the bowels. She leaves a little baby boy not quite nine months old.

John Kennedy, once a pupil with us, writes from Browning, Montana, that he has missed the HELPER very much since its discontinuance. He sent renewal, and hopes every one at Carlisle had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Dr. Montezuma says that Chicago is a good reservation to solve the Indian question. He is proud of the Indians there now taking special courses of study, among others, Misses Johnson and Hicks. "It is grand to see such progressive girls," he says, and he is pleased that Delia Randall is following her profession of nursing at the Lac du Flambeau school and that Emily Peake, '93, has fitted herself by special study in Chicago, to take the position of clerk at the Oneida Boarding school, Wisconsin. Miss Chouteau, class '92, now in Washington, spent several years in Chicago in business for herself and in special study. If there are progressive lines in any direction Dr. Montezuma will find them to walk there in. His motto is and always has been the "Standard" motto of our school—"En Avant."

## The Debate.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society met defeat bravely last Friday night in the public debate with their Standard brothers, upon the question, Resolved, That the United States acted generously toward Spain in the late treaty of peace. The audience was eager for the intellectual combat. In nearly every question that has been discussed publicly the Susans have come off victorious, but on Friday night the handsome banner of the Standards, bearing their motto "En Avant," must have been their mascot, for as soon as the glittering letters were seen under the electric light there was anxiety depicted on the faces of the Susans and on all who wished for them the honor of former years, but on the countenances of their opponents there was a determination indescribable which said, "Now or never."

The orchestra of nine or ten pieces made a lively opening by playing Fontaine March, (Althouse). President Gouge of the Standards said in his introductory remarks that all knew that the Susans boasted that they had never been conquered, but if he looked upon them as an unconquerable foe he did not show it in his speech. He made a gentlemanly address, at the close of which Dennison Wheelock was called upon to preside over the debate. The orchestra played the Pagoda March, the president appointed the Judges—Miss Dawson, of North Dakota, Mr. Reed and Mr. Watts of Carlisle, and the debate was on.

Space forbids giving the full text of the well prepared speeches. Frank Beale was the first on the affirmative; and was followed by Pasaquala Anderson on the negative then John Garrick on the affirmative and Amelia Clark on the negative. Susie Yupe was the last regular speaker on the negative and Jacob Horne for the affirmative; then came the rebuttal by the affirmative and the negative. With one exception the speeches showed thoughtful painstaking care in preparation and the audience was perceptibly moved with the thrilling eloquence and earnestness. A number of times the speakers were obliged to wait for applause to cease. While the judges were out the orchestra again played, and President Wheelock filled in the time with timely remarks on the question. Now the door opens! The speaker breaks off in the middle of a sentence and the audience waits in breathless expectancy. Had the girls or the boys won? Miss Dawson, who was chairman, reported in clear and well chosen words complimenting both sides for their excellent addresses, but in the opinion of the committee the Standards had the weight of argument. Then such a shouting as went up from that "En Avant" side of the house. The Man-on-the-band-stand wondered if Major and Mrs. Pratt heard the applause away down in Bermuda. All shared in the good feeling except the Susans who sat demurely by looking crestfallen and beaten.

A double quartette composed of Susans and Standards sang a very pretty good-night song, and the audience was dismissed, all leaving with a better idea of the peace treaty than they ever had had before.

The January school exhibition was putting on its last finishing touches last night as we went to press.



Miss Ericson spent Sunday with friends in Harrisburg and Steelton.

Miss Senseney attended the wedding of Miss Kennedy in Chambersburg on Tuesday.

Mrs. Butler spent part of Saturday and Sunday in Washington.

Miss Barclay to be in fashion had a touch of La Grippe. She is teaching No. 11 for a few days.

Miss Mary G. Hilton, of Oak Hill was a guest of ye Fortnightly hostesses, for all Monday night.

George Moore and our other Chemawa boys have been interested in the Chemawa Souvenir.

Professor J. G. Cope, of the Bloomsburg Normal School was a guest of Professor and Mrs. Bakeless on Sunday.

Professor Wilbur of the Bloomsburg Normal who has a son in Dickinson College, dined with Professor and Mrs. Bakeless on Monday.

On Tuesday, at the opening exercises of school, Mrs. Sawyer presented Schumann, the composer, and played several exquisite selections from his writings.

Miss Annie Moore has returned from New York City, where she took a special short course in Kindergarten music, and will visit her aunt, Mrs. Given, for a few days before going to her field of work in the west.

The following shows an understanding of the subject quite equal to some of our own bright (?) answers. Teacher: "What is the equator?" Pupil (confidently): "An imaginary lion running around the earth."

Miss Ronaldson, of New York City, and Miss Dawson, of Ft. Berthold, N. Dak., who visited the school this week, left on the late train Saturday night for New York and Trenton.

Miss Wood, by going to work sooner than she ought, gave the grip a chance to take a new grip and was sent to bed with the struggle. We are happy to be able to report at this writing that she is again nearly able to resume her duties.

Some one asks again, Who is that Man-on-the-band-stand? And we have but to reply again that the Man-on-the-band-stand is the NEWS personified. The band-stand which is in the centre of the grounds from which all that goes on may be seen and heard, is his home. He stays there forever but is not seen.

Little Robert Keokuk has been a hospital shut-in for a few weeks, on account of a gathering under his knee. The M. O. T. B. S. is glad to learn how brave Robert is about having his leg dressed, and how rapidly he is improving. It will be remembered that Robert is the grandson of the famous chief Keokuk after whom the thriving and beautiful city of Keokuk, Iowa, was named.

At no time do we make so much of minutes as when there is good skating on the pond. If we would with the same spirit fill in every available minute in climbing education's hill, and make ourselves as sharp in class recitation as we make our skates, how rapidly we would grow! Why do we sharpen our skates? "So we will not slip sideways," says a skater. There is more danger in slipping backward in the class. Let us sharpen our wits!

The Carlisle Fortnightly Literary Club met in the Teacher's Club parlor on Monday evening, on invitation of Misses Cutter and Burgess.

Miss Nana Pratt was a guest at the wedding of Miss Kennedy, daughter of President Kennedy of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, Chambersburg, on Tuesday.

On Wednesday, Miss Forster gave an excellent talk before the school at the opening exercises, the Congressional Library, which she visited during the holidays, being her topic.

Mr. Sowerby and Mr. J. Wheelock will attend the Invincibles this evening. Mr. Blackbear and some one in Miss Simmons' place the Standards, and Mr. Snyder and Mr. S. Cyr the Susans.

Miss Mable Benedict recently resigned her position as teacher at the Osage Indian School, Oklahoma, and on her way to her home in Washington D. C. stopped off to see our school and the Hoopa Valley children whom she taught, year before last, in California. They were delighted to see their good friend. Miss Benedict had much to say about the workings of the schools on the reservations where she has taught. She was fond of her work and of the children.

The entertainment spoken of last week which Director Wheelock, of the band, was preparing, came off on Saturday evening in the gymnasium. We will not attempt to describe it, as it is to be repeated, and we would not take from it, its uniqueness. That it was one of the best entertainments, all musical, that the school has experienced is saying very little. There were serious and pathetic scenes, grace and poetry of action, military precision, and most extravagant mirth-provoking performances as the music proceeded in charming strains.

Henry Ward Beecher once said to his son that "any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he STOPS ALL LEAKS and is not in a hurry. The art of making one's fortune is to SPEND NOTHING." Some of the Indians not only spend all they have but all they can worry out of their friends. Always willing to borrow, but very forgetful about paying back! Such people are called shiftless, and dishonest. If you make two cents a day, the way to do is to live on one, and put the other away where it will grow. ONE CENT! Many a fortune was begun on one cent. Save your trolley fares! It looks ridiculous to see people in good health riding on the trolley car when they have not enough money in the world to buy a pair of shoes, and not a cent in bank. Perhaps the money they are spending was begged from home where comforts were denied poor father and mother, to send a worthless boy at school what he begged for. It has a shiftless look to spend money riding in a trolley car when the weather is good and time is not precious, even if you have a good many cents in the bank. For every cent of money whether we earn it or beg it, spent in a way that is not right and wise we will have to suffer sometime. Let us save our PENNIES until we have enough with which to do something useful for ourselves and for the world in which we live.



(Continued from the First Page.)

First, they would tell of our comfortable voyage—no storm, no swelling waves of sufficient force to toss our small boat, striking terror to timid souls, not to mention that organ which is so essential but so emotional under such circumstances.

Instead, the message would have been that our ship sailed on with no disturbance—a steady push ahead—making good speed.

On Friday we were in the Gulf Stream. (They sailed from New York on Thursday the 15th of December). The sun shone and the sea seemed to be only rippling in merriment, as we, happy hearted, walked the upper deck, or contentedly sat with new friends exchanging our best old jokes for theirs, equally good and old.

But we were not destined to pass the day without a sensation, for soon a sail was sighted, and all glasses were turned toward the interesting object which lay directly in our course.

Our ship's captain noticed a flag of distress waving from the tall mast of the vessel.

We were soon in speaking distance, and a voice came over the glistening sea:

'We are starving! Help us!'

It was beautiful to see how our ship circled around and lay off to the windward side.

A boat from the distressed ship was loosened and rowed to our ship's side, where in readiness were fresh beef, salt meats, bread and boxes of crackers, canned stuffs and what made the sailors laugh—packages of tobacco, all lowered into their boat until it would hold no more.

The captain of the starving crew looked worn, thin and haggard, as he related how they were driven out to sea from anchor, near Portsmouth, during the great storm of Nov. 27th, 31 days ago.

They had been 48 hours without food, and worse still, they knew not where they were.

The vessel was from Philadelphia and a coast sailing vessel.

On Saturday morning we were awakened by a rough sea, which dashed its waves against our ship in not a very gentle manner, and as we lifted our eyes to the stormy clouds above us, we declared; 'To-day is not yesterday' and questioned the desirability of going to breakfast, but being 'heap brave' we breakfasted with a few companions.

After an hour or two the sky cleared.

Towards noon we were about out of the storm and land was in sight.

After luncheon and our bags packed, we went to the upper deck and looked upon the loveliest islands I ever saw.

Our ship wound its way in through a narrow channel, safely guided by a trusty pilot who came out into the open sea to direct our way.

If rest, change and quiet is what we need, we have found all three in these lovely islands.

What impresses us most at first is, How wonderfully clean everything is! The houses are all white, gleaming like white marble; even the roofs glisten like smooth white marble.

All fresh water to be obtained is by the rain-falls; consequently something besides beauty is considered in the cleanliness of the house-tops.

The cottage at which we are stopping is approached from the bay by row-boats, which carry you to the foot of a grassy lawn.

You ascend stone steps and enter the grounds which are enclosed by a white wall; up a few more stone steps and you stand upon a broad piazza from which you can look out upon one of the most enchanting pictures of water and sky and life across the way, a busy but not a noisy town.

Our place is named Pickwick, and the house has no back door, we might say, for while we thought ourselves entering the front way when we came by water, we find as we cross the hall and parlor we walk out upon another piazza, and a little walk leads to a gateway which opens out upon the highway.

The grounds are most unconventional in arrangement, green grass, flowering shrubs, bushes laden with beautiful large roses, tall cedars, orange, lemon, palm and many plants that we do not see at home outside of the botanical gardens, and of which I cannot yet give the names.

Bermuda is called 'The Land of the Lily and the Rose.'

I am not certain that I am quite awake. I find myself questioning: When did I leave snow and sleet and chilly winds, hurry and bustle, the sound of the steam whistle, the busy trolley cars, and all else that rushes us on beyond our strength, to come to this quiet, sunny land with no smoke, no microbes, no malaria, no hurry, no special work, but instead the odor of sweet smelling flowers, and balmy and enchanting views."

#### Enigma.

I am made of 5 letters.

My 3, 4 is part of a laugh.

My 3, 1, 5 is a word in horse language.

My 3, 1, 2 is for the head.

My whole is what most of the boys at the Carlisle school dislike very much at this season of the year.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Massachusetts.