

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 26.

## PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS ALL.

**G**ENIUS, that power which dazzles mortal eyes, is oft but perseverance in disguise. Continuous effort, of itself, implies, in spite of countless fails, the power to rise. 'Twixt failure and success, the point's so fine. Men sometimes know not when they touch the line. Just when the pearl was waiting one more plunge, How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge! As the tide goes out, it comes clear in; In business, 'tis at turns the wisest win. And oh! how true when shades of doubt dismay, 'Tis often darkest just before the day. A little more persistence, courage, vim! Success will dawn o'er fortune's cloudy rim, Then take this honey for the bitterest cup:— "There is no failure save in giving up, No real fall as long as one still tries, For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise. There's no defeat, in truth, save from within; Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win."

—HENRY AUSTIN.

## A RUN THROUGH THE SCHOOL ROOMS.

Ranks in some of the school rooms are growing thin during these days of approaching vacation, when boys and girls by the hundred are going out to country homes to seek experience and strength of body and mind not to be obtained from books.

Some of the rooms have doubled up, thereby enabling one teacher to do other important work, the one remaining in charge having as many pupils as at any time during the winter.

Our reporter was pleased when she went through the various class-rooms on Monday afternoon to see the pains-taking care in individual drill on elementary sounds, and in other things.

It requires time, patience, ~~plea~~ and skill to sit down with a child and go slowly and carefully over an exercise that is difficult and tedious, and at the same time keep up the child's interest and desire to know.

One little girl could not see the difference between the sounds of "a" in "all" and "o" in "on."

The Man-on-the-band-stand has noticed that there are white people in this section of the country who say "hawt" for "hot," but

we endeavor to teach correct pronunciation, and this little girl was a very willing student.

"Aw! Aw! Aw!" the teacher said slowly.

"O—O—O—O" repeated the child.

"Not quite. Now see my mouth! See? Aw! Aw!"

"O—O—O—O," would come every time, from the throat of the child.

"Put your hand on your cheeks, so, and press a little."

The child did as requested and was delighted at the broad sound that came out, just as her teacher had made it; and her dimpled cheeks and ruby lips in the beaming smile of satisfaction that greeted her teacher told of her delight.

The reporter thought if all our boys and girls were as anxious to learn the exact sounds of this difficult English tongue, and showed so much patience and perseverance in doing as their teachers wished, we would hear better pronunciation than we do now.

Like the boys who are learning to pitch exactly over the plate and to kick goal, Mary tried and tried and tried over and over again until she learned it, then she was ready for a higher step.

The reporter was also pleased with a lesson that was being carried on by one of the pupil teachers. Some of the seven and eight-year-olds were reading original compositions about buds, each holding a tiny bud in his hand. They read with expression so different from some little white children we have heard who sang out their words from a third or fourth reader at a rapid rate not knowing what they were reading about.

In Number 1, the drill on elementary sounds was vigorous and fine, and the students, most of whom were beginning adults, entered into the exercise with spirit as though they enjoyed it. We are sure they are going to learn to enunciate better than some do now in the higher classes.

Continued on last 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.

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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.

An Indian boy looked at his friend askance, last Friday, when he heard a UNIVERSITY student on the field call to another: "I never seen it."

A pleasant letter from Robert DePoe, '97, who is in the Indian service at Siletz, Oregon, speaks of a good deal of sickness they are having. He is looking forward to a transfer to Chemawa. He is studying law in connection with his duties, and hopes some day to come out an attorney-at-law.

Nancy Wheelock, who is taking a course of nursing in the hospital at Waterbury, Connecticut, writes very cheerfully of her duties and the pleasant times she is enjoying when off duty. People seem to take an interest in her and enjoy making her have a good time. She has passed a course in the woman's ward and is now in the men's.

The poem on the first page this week was sent to us by a member of class '92, who is pluckily working her way in one of the largest and most important cities of the United States. She has taken comfort and courage more than once from the sentiment expressed in the poem and thinks perhaps that some of the HELPER readers in various parts of the world may find the same.

Mr. and Mrs. Etnier did not get off on the vessel they expected to take from New York City last Friday. Miss Shaffner—Oh, we forgot—Mrs. Etnier writes that they remained about the steamer offices most of Friday till the vessel sailed at one o'clock, but found it impossible to secure passage. "The crowds going at this time exceed all existing facilities for transportation, and we shall simply have to wait our turn. This makes us very restless. While we are enjoying the stay and making the most of the time, yet with work awaiting us at Ponce we would much prefer getting to the scene of action as soon as possible. We are visiting art galleries and taking short trips. The weather is lovely. I cannot yet realize that I shall not return to you again as one of you. It seems as though I am only to be gone

a little while as I've done so often. I'm almost glad it seems so. It helps to tide me over the season when the sense of separation and loss would be keenest. Carlisle is yet and will remain for a long time to come the old home of my heart. I am glad to enter the new relations and the duties ahead, and am full of purpose to direct all I possess toward the building up of true American life in my future Island home."

Friday's game with Syracuse University, was not marked with that "unadulterated excitement and sustained interest" which characterizes some games. The fact is, Syracuse won by a score of 9 to 2. Our boys played what is called a "headless" game and made costly blunders. Syracuse had first innings and scored 2, then our boys took the bat and scored 1. The next inning of Syracuse amounted to naught for them, and they treated us to the same kind of a round little figure. And they gave us 6 of those little capital O's before another score was made in the 8th inning, then Hudson saved the day. In the meantime the visitors piled up 3, 3, and 1 in the 3rd, 4th and 5th innings respectively. In the last 4 innings we gave the visitors a whole feast of goose eggs, which they did not relish. Our northern brothers were gentlemen, and if they ever come this way again we shall give them a warm welcome—maybe too warm.

It is very pleasurable to hear the band playing, but most of the hearers perhaps do not know of the hard work required on the part of instructors and members of the organization to keep up a ready supply of good music suitable for all times and occasions. The band is now practicing Wagner's Overture—Tannhauser, some of the parts of which are very difficult. Step into the band room some day when one of the sections is practicing, and see the painstaking care and great labor entailed to reach a state of perfection satisfactory to the leader; then we may appreciate the music even more than we do. There is intense earnestness on the part of each learner, which accounts for the excellent results attained.

Ex-Governor Sheakley of Alaska ate trout with Major Pratt on Wednesday evening. At a gathering of the students soon after, the Governor gave a very practical talk full of common sense and wisdom. "Soap is the great civilizer." Cleanliness is next to Godliness." "Teachers cannot 'learn' the pupil, the pupil must learn for himself," were some of the key notes; and he did not say a word about educating the Indian to go BACK. His whole thought was that the young people before him should gain that which would make them responsible and helpful men and women for life in any part of the world.

Miss Luzena Choteau, class '92, has a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C. We are proud of our boys and girls who branch out from the Indian Service, and earn a comfortable competency among the very people whose business traits and mannerisms they have emulated. It takes courage to do so and more than some have. It is the easier way to drift back home and be satisfied with what comes, but there is no growth in that.

We need rain.



Trout fishing!  
Flower beds!  
Straw hats are manifest.

Mr. Thompson has a new chainless Spaulding.

Didn't Johnson catch some pretty flies last Friday?

Miss Seonia spent a day or two in Philadelphia last week.

Mrs. Bakeless and John have gone home to Milroy for a visit.

Now is the time when the new spring suit putteth in an appearance.

Donald McIntosh is trying the case again after a long vacation from the printing force.

Professor Bakeless took a run of a few hours to see his father at Shamokin Dam on Saturday.

Extemporaneous speech? and knew before hand what his subject was to be? Is that honest?

Mr. Thompson was regularly taken in by the Standards on Friday night, and has been appointed critic.

Miss Minnie Kurtz, of Mifflinburg and Miss Margaret Forster, of Harrisburg were guests of Miss Forster on Monday.

A little daughter has come to live with Mr. and Mrs. George Foulk, at their home in the northeast part of the grounds.

Ground has been broken at east end of school building for the new annex. There is to be an addition to the west end also.

Mrs. Pratt has given the student body at the opening exercises of school, two very interesting talks on the Bermudas, recently.

To-night, Miss Paull, Miss Robertson, Invincibles; Miss Luckenbach, Miss Smith, Standards; Miss Miles, Miss Peter, Susans.

Reuben Tapios who has been lingering for some time with consumption was buried on Friday, thereby casting a gloom over the school.

Miguel Maxey whose mind became deranged was taken to the Government Hospital in Washington last week. He has been a great charge to those at our hospital.

Mr. Throop the stereopticon lecturer entertained the student body and a few guests from town with pictures illustrating Ben Hur, and scenes of the late war, on Monday night.

Miss Helen Harmon, of Mt. Holly Springs, a schoolmate of Miss Standing, chaperoned a straw-ride of pupils from her school and others in Holly to the Indian School, on Monday.

J. Jennings Gouge, class '99, writes from Iron River, Wisconsin, to please send the HELPER; that he is well and happy, and that he hopes all his friends at the school will not forget him.

Miss Senseney's visit to Baltimore last week was for the purpose of hearing Mme. Nordica and Mme. Schumann-Heink, the De Reszke brothers and other artists in Lohengrin. She also heard Madame Eames, Sig. Companari, M. Saleza and M. Plancon and other noted singers in Faust. Since her return it has been quite difficult to hold her down to the ordinary things of life.

On Tuesday evening a number of the teachers and officers attended the great Oratorio of the Redemption by Gounod, in Harrisburg, given by two hundred of the best singers of our Capital City.

Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, the eminent blind pianist and Mr. Ferdinand Dewey the composer, both of Boston, were guests of Miss Senseney last Saturday. The latter is related to Admiral Dewey.

Thomas Marshall is down with a malignant form of the measles. He got the disease through a letter from home where two of his family have died recently of measles. The case is completely isolated, and we do not fear any epidemic.

It was a listless game played between the first and second team on Monday afternoon, but on Tuesday evening it was not so slow when the second team won. The first thing we know, the first shall be last and the last first if we do not watch out.

The happiest family anywhere around is that belonging to Gray Hound Fannie. Eight little puppies came to live with her this week. The cunning little things have aroused great interest and curiosity. Fannie came from Montana with Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, this Spring, and is a full-blooded gray hound.

The small boys and the use-to-be small boys who are now in the large boys' quarters have interesting games of ball these evenings on the south ground. It is nip and tuck as to who will stand in the lead at the end of the month. Willard Gansworth pitches for the first named and Charles Cusick and Peter Alexander for the latter.

"What is that?" asked a stranger who was passing Major's house one day this week he being attracted by the large round stone from Cannon Ball River, Montana, which Major had brought and placed as an ornament and interesting object of curiosity, in front of his house. "That? I don't know," replied the countryman, "unless it is an ostrich egg."

Sarah Bernhardt, the famous actress says that to train her voice she adopted measures like those accorded to Demosthenes. "All day long," she says, "I kept a rubber ball in my mouth so as to be able to open it wide enough, and when alone in my room I did nothing for hours together but repeat 'ti di, ti di, ti di.'" Would it not be well to order a car-load of rubber-balls at once for the use of our boys and girls who cannot open their mouths wide enough to enunciate distinctly?

Miss Booth, who in the early days of Carlisle taught young Indian "ideas how to shoot," in one of our school rooms, has resigned her position at Hampton, Va., where she has been for the past nine years. Miss Booth was an important spoke in Hampton's wheel. She contributed an occasional article for the Southern Workmen, and was interested in charitable works outside of the school among the negroes. This in addition to her regular duties as teacher of a very important branch of industry. She now retires from work, and goes to live with her mother, Mrs. Booth, in a pleasant cottage home of their own in Sag Harbor, Long Island.



Continued from first page.

In No. 2, all were intent upon a reading lesson, studying new words and pronunciation with the aid of the teacher. They were determined to know the lesson before they read it.

No. 5 pupils were dividing States up into counties, townships, cities, towns, boroughs and villages. They were animated and gave intelligent answers.

In No. 6 they were taking journeys to different parts of the world from Boston. They had the whole earth in front of them, in the shape of a large globe. They were to carry with them appropriate articles for the natives. For instance, they thought it not wise to take ice to Alaska nor furs to Cuba.

No. 7 pupils had just finished a lesson, and were studying.

In No. 8, a singing class was being conducted. The do, ra, me, fa, sols were produced in good tone and time.

In No. 9, Hiawatha was undergoing an analytical interpretation preparatory to intelligent reading.

In No. 10, they were in the depths of Jackson's Administration.

In No. 11, a class in book-keeping was balancing accounts and making very neat looking ledger pages.

And in No. 12, the future nineteen hundreds, the class was separated into two groups, one part drawing buds and twigs from nature, and the other solving problems in Algebra. Think of it! Indians studying Algebra! They were getting out into line the knotty plusses and minuses with the a b c's, the x-squares and y-cubes, in a way that non-plused the reporter and scared her into a desire to be minus.

In no room were the pupils dull and listless, and the reporter felt so repaid for the time spent, that she is inclined to go the rounds again someday.

#### IT PAYS TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Why?

Because one cannot tell the smallest kind of a falsehood without being found out.

Somehow, somewhere, sometime when it will hurt the most, TRUTH will out.

We cannot try to deceive without being discovered.

We may think that our tracks are well covered and nobody knows that we did this mean thing, but it comes out somehow, sometime, somewhere.

Then what happens?

It is astonishing how ONE little dishonest act hangs to a person for years and years.

We lose friends when we try to cheat and deceive and tell small lies.

People shun us and we wonder what is the matter. We try to make them think we are good and true, but we cannot, and failure in everything we try to do is our lot.

People who are not square may seem to succeed for a time, but in the end they fail and are disgraced.

It PAYS to tell the truth.

#### AN ACT RELATING TO INDIAN MEDICINE MEN AND THE MESCAL BEAN.

Since the publication of last week's article about the Mescal Bean, headed "Another Habit that Kills," we have received the law pertaining to it, approved March 11th by Governor Barnes, of Oklahoma:

##### The Law.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Oklahoma:

Section 2 That it shall be unlawful for any person to introduce on any Indian Reservation or Indian Allotment situated within the Territory, or to have in possession, barter, sell give or otherwise dispose of, any "Mescal Bean," or the product of any such drug, to any allotted Indian in this Territory; provided, that nothing in this act shall prevent its use by any physician authorized under existing laws to practice his profession in this Territory.

Section 3. Any person who shall violate the provisions of this Act in this territory, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be fined in a sum not less than twenty-five dollars, or be confined in the county jail for not more than six months, or be assessed both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

##### Enigma.

From an Indian Agency teacher in the west whose pupils have been interested in the HELPER Enigmas, we get the following:

I am made of 11 letters.

My 5, 10, 3, 9 is a shelter for useful animals.

My 6, 7, 8 is becoming a rare animal.

My 11, 3, 10, 4, 4 is the name of the superintendent of the most successful Indian School.

My 1, 2, 6 met a terrible reverse at Santiago.

My whole is the name of an Indian agency out west.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: April showers.