

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 11

## "I'LL DO WHAT I CAN."

WHO takes this for his motto, "I'll do what I can,"  
Shall better the world as he goes down life's  
hill;  
The willing young heart makes the capable  
man.  
And who does what he can oft can do what he will.  
There's strength in the impulse to help things along.  
And forces undreamed of will come to the aid  
Of one who, though weak, yet believes he is strong.  
And offers himself to the task unafraid.

"I'll do what I can" keeps the progress-machine  
In good working order as centuries roll,  
And civilization would perish, I ween,  
Were not those words written on many a soul.  
They fell the great forests, they furrow the soil,  
They seek new inventions to benefit man;  
They fear no exertion, make pastime of toil—  
Oh, great is earth's debt to "I'll do what I can!"

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## A SPLENDID TALK.

Rarely has the student body and others of our school been so thoroughly entertained and instructed through a plain lecture, as on last Thursday night when Rev. J. C. Loughlin, of Newville, spoke so simply and earnestly regarding his work and the features of the country and people in the part of China where he has been laboring as a missionary for seventeen years.

He had a map and pointed out the location of his particular field, and described the difficulties in getting there.

The extent of China made an impression. It is larger than United States, and over 400,000,000 of people are therein.

In alluding to the natural features of the country, he spoke of the highest mountains in the world, which are there; the immense rivers, the great man-made wall—one of the seven wonders of the world, which has stood 2000 years, is fifteen feet through at the bottom and ten at the top, and so steep as it passes over some of the mountains that it seems to stand on end.

The grand canals and great cities were noted, and he told how railroads and telegraphs

that are working into the country, and how the Chinaman's doctrine of luck vanishes in the face of these up-to-date institutions, which are being forced upon them.

The story was not altogether new, but was told in a manner that impressed.

The characteristics of the Chinaman, and his manner of living, show the great need of missionary work there. Some of the Chinese live like pigs. Their houses have earthen floors and they are over crowded. They are poor and cannot afford to live better.

The Chinaman has brain power, but one of his natural traits is dilatoriness. They have duplicity and are steeped in ways that are dark. They do not consider it such a sin to lie, as to be found out in a lie. They are selfish and will not help each other in distress.

In speaking of the good characteristics of Chinamen he said they are affable, approachable and industrious.

The people of the interior are better than those in the large cities like Canton. If there is work to do the Chinaman will do it. The Chinese Government is corrupt and oppressive, and the wonder is that they are not rebellious all the time.

But China is on the move forward.

They are a great body of people and it will be hard to stop them if they get started in any one direction. China is bound to make its impress upon the world in time.

Superintendent Myers, of Ft. Simcoe, again favors us with subscriptions from his pupils. His gardener, he says, is an Indian and a "mighty good man is he." Would that all friends of the Indian who say that the only good one is a dead one, could read Mr. Myers' words.

Ex-typo, John Webster, who married not long since, and is living away from his people, the Oneidas, writes that he is teaming for a man who is running a city dray and bus line in Walker, Minnesota. He frequently drives the bus from the station to the town.



# 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.

The Red Man, mailed next Monday, the 15th, will contain as leading editorials "The Logic of Missions"; "The Ethnologist and the Indian"; "Passing of the Wild West"; "The Examination Feich," and a column of spirited editorial squabs on the "Advertising of Indian nationality," "The Intermingling of Races," and so forth. There will be a selected poem of merit and an interesting original story from Frances Sparhawk, on 2nd page. Dr. Merrill E. Gates, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, favors this issue with some rich experiences told in an interesting way, of his trip to the Pacific Coast with Major and Mrs. Pratt, last summer and of several Indian reservations visited. There will be a page devoted to selected articles—"Scissors and Paste." Another page of Indian Folk Tales, by our own pupils of the Junior Class, will be an entertaining feature. A page is devoted to "Everyday Doings at Carlisle," and there is a column or so of personals regarding field changes. An article from the pen of ex Agent William Burgess on an "Absurd Misrepresentation" is worthy of note, and there are foot-ball comments on the last notable game played with Berkley, on Christmas Day, as well as other interesting notes and suggestions. Subscription price, fifty cents; Single copy 5 cents. Red Man and HELPER to one address, for a year, 55 cents.

The school is pained to learn of the death of Isabel Spenser Freeland, of Philadelphia, whose friendship for the Indians and for Carlisle has been attested in her popular parlor talks to ladies upon literary, scientific, historical and social topics, as well as in her social mingling with people in general. It will be remembered that Mrs. Freeland was a guest at our Commencement a few years ago and spoke at the Wednesday evening meeting from the platform. She was a faithful friend to the Carlisle idea and to the Carlisle publications, especially the little HELPER which she took pleasure in introducing to many excellent people, who have been brought into touch with our work. The school, the Indian

and a large circle of near friends mourn her death, while the country loses a noble and lovable character, whose mission was to do good and to lead others to lofty spheres of mental and spiritual attainment.

A very interesting letter from our Apache soldier boy, now in Cuba, has been received. It has been almost a year since he left us to join the army, but he says it seems but a few months. The days are very warm in Cuba, but the nights are cold, requiring more than two blankets to keep warm. He speaks of the flowers, fruits, snakes and poisonous insects, and says he will catch one of the big snakes measuring from 16 to 20 feet in length some of these days, and bring back the skin. There were two Indian boys in his company, one from Philadelphia. That poor boy died. They have inspection every Friday morning, and are obliged to keep clean. They had good Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. He promises to send his picture before long but says it takes five dollars to get a dozen taken. His address is Paul Teenah, "I" Troop, 8th U. S. Cavalry, Puerto Principe, Cuba.

The December Chemawa American, published at the Indian School near Salem, Oregon, contains a number of interesting items and a Christmas Song, by Mrs. Campbell, who, at one time, was musical directress at our school. We see that they have a literary society called the E-telle Reels, named no doubt, in honor of the Superintendent of all Indian Schools, Miss Estelle Reel. Then too we see that the sun has been shining there every day for a week, which appears to be an incident worthy of note in that section of the country. The last fifty words of the paper were these, and they are well worth reading: "The person who will spit upon the floor, or on the stairs, or on the side walk or any place else, where others will be obliged to see it when passing by, is certainly a very low down, coarse and uncultivated being, no matter whether he is white, red or black."

Mrs. Pratt has a letter from a cousin, Mrs. Howard, who lives on a fruit ranch in Southern California. They have just shipped 20 tons of fine peaches, and have quantities of plums and other fruit besides. It will be remembered that this cousin's mother, Mrs. Lucinda Fox, is the aunt Mrs. Pratt visited last summer. She is in her hundredth year, retaining remarkable powers of hearing and seeing. Her eye is clear and penetrating and she is as able to move about as any member of the family. Let us all go to California!

Mr. Richard Heyl, our newly formed Apache friend, who has been for years at work for himself in the Pennsylvania Railroad Shops, at Camden, has written the Major a very appreciative letter since his return to work after a brief holiday visit. He says that Lieutenant-Colonel Heyl has arrived from Porto Rico. His memories of Carlisle are vivid and his good wishes for all whom he met are earnest and sincere.

Miss Hyde of Ware, Mass., who visited the school at the time of the anniversary occasion has been very ill, following the illness and death of her aunt Mrs. William Hyde with whom she made her home. We are glad to be able to report that our esteemed friend is improving.



The days are perceptibly longer.

Mrs. Esther Miller Dagnett, is teaching in No. 4.

Lon Spieche is a drummer that everyone admires.

Mr. Bennett has been butchering at the near farm.

"Because I Love You," appears to be a favorite song.

Miss Richenda Pratt returned to Wilson College, on Monday.

Manager Pew, of New York City, was here this week on business.

Miss Emma Shaner, of Shippensburg, has entered the teaching force.

Skating was fine the early part of the week, after a thaw and a freeze-up.

Master Hobart Cook has returned to school at Bustleton, near Philadelphia.

Frank Keiser has returned from Chicago and has entered business college.

The Band went to play at the Scotland Orphan School, up the valley, last evening.

Jason N. Betzinez has left Colony, O. T., and gone to live with his people at Fort Sill.

Ollie Slack who has been in the hospital for several weeks has returned to her school work.

The removing of some old apple-trees to make room for others was a good move on Mr. Bennett's part.

Mr. James Wheelock has returned from his tour with the Dickinson College Orchestra and Glee Club.

Have you seen the full page illustrated article in the San Francisco Examiner, by our old pupil Elijah Brown?

When we are too high and mighty to do our have-to be done work well, it is time for us to receive a few lessons in humility.

As we go to press the sleet is laying a splendid foundation for snow and sleighing Good bye skating for a few days!

A ten minutes' prayer meeting was established last week at the girls' quarters, the girls meeting in Mrs. Dorsett's room immediately after breakfast.

Miss McIntire and Miss Newcomer, visit the Invincibles, tonight; Mr. Hudson and Mr. Snyder, the Standards; Mr. James Wheelock and Mr. Simon, the Susans.

On Saturday last, from three to five, Mrs. Dorsett gave a "thimble" party to a few of the girls. A short story, games and refreshments were the order of the entertainment.

The following officers were elected by the Standards last Friday evening: President, Frank Beaver; Vice President, Herman Niles; Secretary, John Allen; Corresponding Secretary, Frank Teeple; Sargeant-at-arms, George Ferris; Critic, Frank Beale; Musical-manager, Abram Isaac.

Phebe Doxtator and Clara Miller left us on Tuesday for Hatboro. Phebe becomes a member of Mrs. McNair's family and Clara goes to Mrs. Field. On the same morning Lizzie Terrance left for Landenburg to take Lena Schanandoan's place with Mrs. Sharpless, and Tawny Owl went to Mrs. Herr at Moores town, N. J. to take the place of Lousia Cornelius.

Mrs. Livingston, of California, is teaching a new system of dressmaking to our girls.

Leander Gansworth, class '96, belongs to a Glee Club in Booneville, N. Y. where he is at work in a printing office.

Mrs. Dorsett has given Mrs. Wood Allen's "Almost a Woman" to some of the older girls. The question has been asked, "Why not place 'Almost a Man' in the hands of our boys?"

Mr. Reed, from Loomis, Washington, a friend of George Moore, called at the school on Friday last. He was well pleased with all that he saw and said that he would take back a good report.

Miss Botsford, well known at Carlisle, she having been one of our number in years gone by, resigned her position as Superintendent of the Pottawatomie Indian School, Kansas, and is teaching one of the Public Schools in Ft. Dodge, Iowa, where she went in the Fall.

Mr. Charles Dagnett who finished at Eastman's Business College Poughkeepsie, N.Y. returned and has been employed in the Major's office to help get off the quarterly papers. He has now gone on a visiting tour among pupils on farms.

Rev. John Eastman, who was summoned from Washington, D. C. to the bedside of his sick brother, Dr. Eastman, returned to Washington on Tuesday. Both of these gentlemen are cultured Indians.

Miss McAdam who in October lost her youngest brother by yellow fever while he was in charge of the hospital at Key West, is now at her home in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Her brother had not long before been appointed Asst.-Surgeon in the Marine Service, and his death was the second one in the family within four months.

Mrs. Ewbank has been transferred from the Carlisle force to the Indian school at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. She goes as head matron. Mrs. Ewbank has made many good friends in her few months stay at Carlisle, all of whom wish her well.

Dr. Charles Eastman, reported last week as being ill with double pneumonia, was so low last Saturday night that there were almost no hopes of his recovery. He had come through the pneumonia admirably, but the heart action and stomach condition which followed were alarming. His brother, the Rev. John Eastman, who was in Washington, was telegraphed for, and came on Sunday. About the time he arrived, a change for the better took place, and the Doctor is now steadily improving, with every prospect of getting well. At this good news his many friends will rejoice and we trust that no serious back-set will befall him. Dr. Diven and nurse, Miss Barr deserve large credit for their skill and untiring service in his behalf.

Mrs. Dr. Hollowell, of Los Angeles, California, who has done missionary work for the Presbyterian Church among the Mission Indians called on Tuesday. She knew a number of California people we Carlisleians are acquainted with, and the visit was mutually enjoyed. Dr. Hollowell is a woman of great force and thinks that the Carlisle way of bringing the Indians into active life with the people they emulate is right.





ANCIENT MEXICAN CART.

Such cumbersome and unsightly vehicles for transportation as the above, are still used by some of the Indians of the South West on the Sante Fe route to California.

#### INDIAN STOLIDITY NOT ALWAYS STUPIDITY.

The story which has not the faintest shadow of truth to it, started recently by the Detroit Journal, that some Indians "graduates of Government schools," had bound a captive to a stake, and the conventional happy thought struck the man who was to be burned:

"If you burn me the sun will be darkened to-morrow," and the educated Indian's reply:

"You will find, if you calculate the parallax to the forty-third decimal, that the eclipse does not take place until day after to-morrow,"

has its counterpart in an incident told of a Pawnee Indian school boy who was detailed to assist the Agency physician in his office.

The boy continued with the physician for a year but was never heard to utter a word of English.

The doctor thought of course that the Indian understood no English, and he was often inconvenienced by awkward attempts to make his directions plain through the sign language.

His gesticulations seemed to be understood, however, for all duties were satisfactorily performed.

One day, after a busy season with some Indians, the boy sat quietly looking at the labels upon the bottles in the dispensary.

"Doctor!" said he finally.

The startled physician who had been used to quiet when the two were alone, turned toward the unusual sound and said:

"What's the matter?"

"Will you please inform me," said the boy, "why pharmacists label their bottles in Latin?"

About 39 of the Laguna, New Mexico, boys have been working on the railroad in Arizona, writes John Kawi, and he has been among them.

#### MEN WHO SUCCEED AND WHY THEY DO.

Rabbi Joseph Krausopf preached to the young people of his congregation, last Sunday, in Philadelphia, and the Man-on-the-band-stand can but wish that all the peoples of the earth could have heard his stirring words.

"No matter what your future success," he said, "even though it should wholly differ from what you may desire or fancy to-day, prepare for it nevertheless to-day for there are certain principles that are fundamental with every true success, such as,

a healthy body,  
a healthy soul,  
a feeling heart,  
a clean conscience,  
a well-stocked mind,  
a well-trained eye, and ear and hand,  
a well-grounded faith in God,  
and a well-experienced regard for His moral law.

These are the fundamentals of every true success, be it that of a ruler or warrior or scholar, of scientist or merchant or mechanic.

#### THE GOAL BEFORE ONE.

"It is an ideal then, an aim, a GOAL that you must set before you at once, not so much as to what you are to be and do, but that you be and do SOMETHING, that you cultivate those virtues and traits and habits that are essentials."

Our former teacher Mr. Hendren, is still in South Dakota and enjoys the weekly visits of the HELPER, which keeps him and Mrs. Hendren in touch with the work of the school. He sends congratulations on our growth in numbers as well as in every other line. They have been greatly favored with fine weather in Dakota, this fall. Among the redeeming features of the West is its general healthfulness. He says he has entirely regained his health but otherwise he is not specially in love with that part of the country.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters,

My 12, 5, 11, 14, 13 is what some boys like to do to cats.

My 2, 1, 3, 4 is what our football boys do not often have to say.

My 6, 7, 8, 10, 9 are what rude people do not eat with at table even though they have them, and they are made to eat with.

My whole is an instrument more in demand about now by the average Carlisle Indian boy than any other small tools.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Thank yous.