

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. V.

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Number 30.

THE ROBIN.

THE robin is the one
That interrupts the morn
With hurried, few, express reports
When March is hardly on.

The robin is the one
That overflows the noon
With her cherubic quantity,
And April but begun.

The robin is the one
That, speechless from her nest,
Submits that home and certainty
And sanctity are best.

—Emily Dickinson.



DR. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER,
President of Hamilton College.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDIAN GIRL.

A sympathetic friend of the Indian woman, one who knows and has studied her at home, says that she likes her, first of all, because she is so womanly. There is no good reason why

education should make her less so; and yet there is a danger that her education, as at present planned, may lead her thoughts and hopes away from the true centre of woman's work and worth—the home.

The Indian girl of the old days was an unmistakable little woman from babyhood up. Her cradle songs were maidens' lullabies; her dress was an exact copy of her mother's; and she imitated the common household tasks in her ingenious play.

She was trained to modesty, silence and reserve according to the strict etiquette of the wild Indian. She was not allowed to look at or to address a young man openly, her own brothers and cousins included; nevertheless her marriage at an early age was a matter of course.

The new education has introduced her to a freedom unheard of in the old days; but it has at the same time so raised her ideals and strengthened her moral nature that she is fortified against temptation.

The danger is that she may become so ambitious, so independent, or so sure of herself that she looks down upon domestic life and thinks it better not to marry.

We cannot be too well educated for wives and mothers, and the best that we can give is not too good for husband and children. Some of the most intellectual and famous women that ever lived have said that all they had accomplished was not worth the kiss of a little child.

Why cannot every girl look forward to a woman's normal career in a home of her own, and make it her first care to be prepared for marriage and motherhood?

It may be necessary for her to support herself until she marries, or in case she should not marry. If so, she will generally find it best to choose a domestic, or distinctly feminine vocation. There is a growing feeling against the filling by women of men's positions in the business world. It has been found that this has a tendency to lower wages and

The Indian Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY
—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School
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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.

Mrs. George, who was Elizabeth Wind, a former pupil of this school and a graduate of the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia, writes Miss Barr that they have just lost their baby, Mildred Barr.

Occasionally we hear from the graduates who have gone out to different parts of the country showing at least that they are alive, and such news is always appreciated, but we would like to hear something more than that.

We are in receipt of a copy of the program for the Indian Teachers' Institute, to be held in Charleston, S. C., July 5th to 13th. It has an attractive look. A fuller mention of the Institute will be given in the June Red Man.

An interesting letter from Isaac Seneca, (1900) informs us that he has a blacksmith shop of his own at his home in New York State, and is doing good business, with sometimes five or six horses waiting their turn to be shod.

We hear from Richard Davis, who was one of our first and foremost students years ago, now a progressive farmer in Oklahoma, that Major and Mrs. Stouch have recently visited the Cheyennes at Washita River and held several councils with the Indians there. Richard says the Indians are greatly pleased with the special interest of Major Stouch, the new agent for the Cheyennes & Arapahoes takes in their behalf, and that he has the confidence of even the bad Indians. For a time Richard had charge of our dairy, and conducted that department in a most satisfactory manner. He expects soon to take the Civil Service examination for Farmer.

Miss Ely noticed a small boy throwing a stone at a robin. The Man-on-the-band-stand does not think that he will stone another very soon.

One of our country boys writes to renew his HELPER, and remarks that if he cannot receive letters, he cannot go for months without getting SOMETHING through the mail.

The Signal, the organ of the New Jersey State School, contains a very pleasant mention of the recent visit of our School Band. The students felt that they were meeting old friends, having become acquainted with us through the HELPER.

As predicted last evening the concert by the Indian Band in Bosler Hall was one of the best ever given here. Every number on the program was rendered in a manner that fully sustained the band's enviable reputation.

—[Carlisle Sentinel

An interesting letter has been received from John Garrick on the U. S. S. Dolphin. He wants his address changed on the HELPER and says: "You see the little paper is just like a letter from a friend, and when I don't receive it, why, I don't feel well." John wishes to be remembered to all his friends at the school. Extracts from his letter will appear with others in the June Red Man. The Dolphin is the official vessel of Mr. Long, the Secretary of the Navy.

On Monday night, Miss Weekley left Carlisle to take steamer at New York the following morning for Porto Rico, where she has engaged to teach. Miss Weekley's students have parted with a faithful and indefatigable friend and teacher who through her sympathetic manner reached heart as well as head. The school in general will miss her quiet and lady-like presence and ever active spirit of helpfulness. She has been with us six years, coming here from her home in South Carolina. We trust she will find in her new field of labor the comfort and pleasure that comes from enlarged work and usefulness.

During the past week Mr. Outen of 349 Penn Avenue Washington D. C. has been instructing the students in repairing and re-binding old books. He has shown himself an enthusiast in his profession, a capable and skilled workman, and a most efficient instructor. His student helpers in a very short time did creditable work, and accomplished a great deal toward putting their own books in good shape. We heartily commend the gentleman and his work to any school or library which may require his services. One valuable feature of his work is the fact that the custodians of books are taught to take intelligently the "stitch in time" that makes other work unnecessary.

Good-bye, beautiful Wistaria.

Why not form a tennis club, boys?

Dr. Eastman has been in Washington this week.

Miss Miller spent Sunday with friends in Newville.

Croquet seems to be more popular this year than ever.

Did Sidney Burr get that \$50 bill changed? Ask Miss Fly.

The band will play in Gettysburg on Decoration Day.

Mr. Kensler took a flying trip to Philadelphia on Saturday.

Over 600 little chicks have been hatched out at the near farm.

Major Pratt has returned from Philadelphia improved but not well.

John Lufkins, 1900, left for his home in Minnesota on Wednesday.

Miss Richenda Pratt is able to be up and is expected home next Monday.

The monthly exhibition was held last night and the usual program was enjoyed.

Several of the teachers attended the Band concert in Bosler Hall, Tuesday evening.

The choir sang unusually well on Sunday. The solo part was well sustained by the bass voices.

About sixteen of the employees and members of their families have formed a lawn-tennis association. Mr. Elmer Simon is president and Mr. Frank Hudson Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr. Brock, of Dickinson College, is assisting Mr. Thompson in the management of the large boys.

Our school orchestra has been engaged to furnish music at the Metzger College annual reception next week.

It is said that Willie Mt. Pleasant is quite a sprinter, when the cows get after him, as was seen on Sunday morning.

The one commonly called the Man-on-the-band-stand has had to "hold his jaw" this week on account of a painful ear.

Dr. Fox recently performed a successful operation on Agnes Sanderville's eyes. She returned from Philadelphia on Tuesday.

Miss Elizabeth Paull of Blairsville, Pa., sister of our Miss Paull, is at Mrs. Howe's, Hunter's Run, for a season of rest and quiet.

Mr. Standing's address before the student body Saturday night on economy and the lack of common-sense in spending one's all was well received.

Mr. William Vaux of Philadelphia was here on business last Tuesday.

Susie Baker and Laura Eagle returned on Wednesday to their homes at Blair, Montana.

Class 1902 have selected for their colors old rose and white, and for the class motto: "Not finished but just begun."

Mrs. Cook spent Saturday with her son Hobart who is at Bustleton, Philadelphia, attending school, and is well pleased with his class-standing.

Guy Brown has gone to Washington to meet his father. There are several Indian delegations there at present, including the Sissetons and Senecas.

Esanetuch returned this week from a week's visit at Mr. Royer's near Mt. Holly. She will soon join Koklilook, who is with Mrs. Canfield at Ocean City.

The choir serenaded Miss Weekley on Monday night, and among the songs they sang was "Dixie Land," which no doubt will stay in her memory for some time.

Pasquala Anderson makes her country home with Mrs. Carroll Hayes this summer. Pasquala's influence for good will remain with us, and she will have a hearty welcome on her return.

To no one does "Fannie," the Major's hound, give a warmer welcome than Mr. and Mrs. Bennett when they come up from the farm these evenings. That was her old home.

Miss Sara Smith received a very interesting letter from Rose Poodre, 1900, who is at her home in New York state. Miss Poodre is at present helping her mother, but intends going west in the fall, in search of "silver and gold."

Virginia Eastman and her baby brother Ohiyesa were photographed last week by Mr. Choate, and as they are not able to read, it may not make them vain for some years to come to say that they are as pretty as pretty can be and make a beautiful picture.

The history class of which Miss Weekley was a member tendered her a reception on Monday evening just before her departure. Her friends were invited to the art room and two hours of merriment were enjoyed until the time came to say good-bye, when hearts more sad than glad.

Our baseball team was defeated Wednesday by the Lebanon Valley College team, 8 to 4. The visitors played very well but our team played the poorest game they have played this year. Leroy, Miller and Pierce did especially poor work.

make it more difficult for a man to support a family.

Some of the Indian girls are becoming trained nurses; others are entering the Indian service as teachers and matrons. These are womanly occupations. As a rule, however, those who follow them must be homeless. Boarding-house or institution life is not good for a woman. It is unnatural, and it does not tend to the fullest development of her womanly nature.

There is a neglected field into which many of our educated Indian girls might do well to enter; and that is the field of domestic service. Let them enter into and dignify it. It only needs a class of trained and intelligent workers to make house service at least as dignified and honorable a calling as trained nursing. It may not be as well paid—in money—but given a good home with some privileges a girl who is paid \$12 a month is quite as well off as one who earns twice or three times that amount and is obliged to pay for her room rent and board and lose much time between engagements.

It has been my observation that almost all Indian girls love children and have much natural tact and patience in their management. The position of child's nurse is usually a pleasant one. The nurse has a good room, comfortable meals, light work and is necessarily thrown much with the family. If she be a refined young woman, with some kindergarten training or able to act as nursery governess, her salary and position are much improved. There are many, many homes in need of just such help. Think seriously of it, girls.

LAZY AS A BEAVER.

A writer in *Forest and Stream* declares that a visit to a beaver-village shattered some of his long-cherished opinions.

He had always heard beavers praised as models of industry, and he found that they were shirks. Worse still, not a beaver could he discover that used his tail as a trowel in building. It was hard indeed to see the early teachings of school and text-book so disproved. Nevertheless, he found his visit to the beaver settlement, near one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts, very interesting.

This northern country is completely covered with a network of lakes and rivers, and with a canoe it is possible to travel anywhere.

At length we reached a little lake, on whose

shores we landed. Near us was a small clearing, and toward this we quietly advanced. From its appearance one would have supposed that a gang of woodchoppers had recently been engaged here. Creeping quietly forward we caught sight of the rising village. Some of the houses were finished, while others were nearly so. A few of the beavers were leisurely building with poplar sticks and mud, but the majority appeared to be taking a holiday.

The houses are dome-shaped, and may have served as models for the huts of the Eskimos farther north. More interesting than the houses were the beavers themselves, ranging in size from the ten-pound kitten to the full-grown adult, which would probably weigh fifty pounds or more.

The tail of the beaver is about one foot long and is well adapted to its use as a rudder. The feet are well worth notice, the front ones being small and flexible and the hind ones closely webbed.

The incisors are important to the beaver, for it is with these that he cuts the material for food, his hut, and the dam if there be one. His food in winter consists of the bark of the birch, poplar or willow, which he has stored up during the summer and autumn. In summer he feasts on the young shoots and the juicy root-stalks of the many water-plants that surround his home.

Altogether he is a social and contented little animal. He has furnished the Hudson Bay Company with thousands of dollars, moralists with many valuable illustrations, and Canada itself with a national emblem.

Apples are scarce, and the mouth of the small-boy watereth for the green stomach-acher.

What a pathetic tune doth a machine sing that needeth oil! and WHAT a workman who will run it right along not hearing its pathetic cries!

"The best illustration of mingled hope and fear is a lazy man looking for work."—[Ashland Press.]

Enigma.

I am made of twelve letters.
My 8, 9, 11, 10, is well pleased with himself.
My 7, 9, 4, 2, is a narrow path.
My 5, 12, 11, 7, is a device to catch the wind.
My 10, 11, 1, is sometimes given by Jack Frost.
My 7, 11, 8, 2, is what we should do and allow others to do.
My whole is the name of a great State.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Dandelions.