

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. III.

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THE WHITE CITY'S MISSION.

BY ELLA DARE.

I sit in the midst of a pictured scene—
A vision as fair as a soul's wept dream!
I gaze on its beauty and matchless grace
Till life wears a purer and nobler face.

My spirit uplifted in wordless awe,
The thought of the perfect becomes life's law!

Creative the force, and the art, and skill
That measures in work the true worker's will!

In letters of light I can read right here,
The rulings of life and its message clear!

The infinite paths of the human mind
Are as wide as is space and as unconfined!

The chooser has choice of the paths that wait—
The deed and the doer may fashion fate!

I gaze on the buildings of stately mold.
That stand as the guards of the stores they hold.

Wherever the glance of the eye may rest,
There seems to be centered the truly best!

The column, the crown, and the gilded dome,
Are fitted to fill—each its place alone!

The ancient of age, and the newest yet,
Are wrought into one, and in circles set.

The architect's skill, and the master's art,
Have fashioned and fitted the smallest part.

The grandeur of grouping—the curved outline,
Impresses with strength and a force sublime.

Mosaic, and sculpture, and stuccoed scene,
Are telling to all what life's lessons mean.

The music of waters, the fountain's play,
Are saying to souls what they have to say.

The spirit of whiteness broods over to bless,
And crowns with its promise this vast stateliness!

And greenness and blossoms in gorgeous array
Troop in with their colors to brighten the way!

And each is a part of the purposed plan,
To plant in man's being the best for man!

To show him new paths that are yet untrod—
The infinite paths that are built by God!

The paths that are endless, the paths that lead
Through thoughts of the perfect to perfect
deed! —[*Chicago Inter Ocean*

AT HOME.

After the rush and push and glare and tire
of such gorgeous sightseeing as the World's
Fair presents, what more pleasant than to re-
turn to a beautiful spot such as the Carlisle
Indian School affords, where a population of
only 600 is industriously but quietly working
out a great problem, each in his or her own
fashion.

Already the trip to the City Beautiful seems
but a dream of the past. It is a thing of mem-
ory, but of most blessed memory.

How one's tears come unbidden, and how
one's heart bounds at the thought of the splen-
dor of that vision of the past, and to realize
that the marvel was wrought in America, by
Americans, sets the patriotic soul aflame.

A writer of great note and power says:

"Reconstruct Athens as Pericles saw it!
Restore the Rome of the Cæsars! Renew the
Carthage of Dido! Yet Chicago, the Chicago
of 1893, presents a spectacle that outspend-
ers them all.

Day after day I approach this miracle with
increasing awe. No sooner does any part of
the scene break upon me than I stand rooted.
By an effort I go forward, but in a moment
am again transfixed. And so I loiter and lin-
ger, drinking draft upon draft of this new-
world wine, this nectar distilled from the spir-
it of all-time Art, until the joy rises into com-
plete intoxication."

And so young men and maidens of the In-
dian school, you see it is a most desirable place
to go. If a person who is stupid and indiffer-
ent to things of beauty and art were translat-
ed into that ideal world he might say "It is
not so wonderful after all. What are they
making such a fuss about?"

But to the person who is anxious to see and
learn, even if he can stay but a day and look
at the outside of the buildings, those "count-

(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 A YEAR.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

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.

Ida Bluejacket writes to friends at the school that she is thinking some of returning to Carlisle and bringing with her one or two friends.

Ben Marshall and sister of the Creek Nation called at the Exhibit in Chicago last week. Ben has grown so tall and so stout he was scarcely recognizable. He has become a stock ranchman and deals in trotting-horses, some of which are worth thousands of dollars. He has the air of a prosperous business man.

Samuel Keryte, of Isleta, N. M., shows that he is still alive by renewing his HELPER subscription. We have heard some excellent things about Samuel since he went home. He has been earning good wages at his trade of blacksmithing and is not afraid to do the right even if people do threaten him and try to make life unpleasant for him.

Before their return to school the Carlisle boys of the Episcopal Sunday School, at Newtown met at Mrs. Reeder's and Miss Girton's, and spent a very enjoyable evening at various kinds of amusement, recitations and speeches. Our boys and girls make hosts of friends in the country who spare no pains to give them a good time socially.

Mary Bailey, who it will be remembered visited her home this summer and returned to her Philadelphia home in August misses the little HELPER which failed to put in an appearance last week. She says, "I miss you very much, so will you be sent to me right away and all the time, and you shall be received with a joyful heart."

Mrs. Wasson, wife of Superintendent Wasson of the Chemawa Oregon Indian Industrial School, was here for a brief visit on her way to Washington. At the Sunday evening service she made a few remarks, throughout which was carried the thought, that it was the interest in the work that brought us together. At Chemawa they have good boys and good girls. They wish to make that school as good as any in the service. A week ago Mrs. Wasson was watching the waves of

the great Pacific, and to be here 3,000 miles from that scene seemed like a miracle. All along her journey East she met with kindness, and so to make life's journey pleasant we must be kind one to another. She had never seen our Captain before, but she felt sure that she would be treated kindly because we are ruled by the same Great Captain of all. It is the desire of all true workers to help the Indian youth that they when grown may take their places among the good men and women of our land. It is a great task for a people to rise from a state of ignorance to that of usefulness and importance, but by observing the orders of our Great King, life will be made pleasant. As a last thought, she repeated the familiar little verse:

Kind hearts are the gardens;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the blossoms;
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Chauncey Yellow Robe has full and complete charge of the Carlisle exhibit at the World's Fair. Having been there from the beginning he understands his business, keeping things in creditable order, and having a pleasant word to say to all interested visitors. In a recent letter there is a possible tinge of regret that he could not begin school with his class this Fall, but it is a gratification to him that he is considered competent to shoulder the responsibility of the Exhibit. Among those he mentions as having called recently are Dr. Daniel Dorchester, Superintendent of Indian schools, Mr. J. R. Wise of the Indian Bureau, Washington, D. C., Mr. Bliley, of Weillsville, Pa., an old friend of Captain, Messrs. Wm. O. Belt and Quick of New York City and Mr. Guy Stevick of Denver, Col., on his way to Carlisle. Mr. Belt is the son of ex-Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Fred Wilson secured the first prize for getting HELPER subscribers, having turned in only 151 names to win it. Samuel Dion secured 107 and so won the second prize. Miss Mary J. Shields, of town, secured 99 names and won the third prize. The whole number sent in was 808, so we feel that we have come out of the small end of the horn, this time. Attributing the result to hard times and believing that times are going to brighten, we shall take heart and offer another prize in a few weeks, hoping still to increase our subscription list.

The girl-printers did not lose their dexterity of finger movement at type-setting while out of the office during the month of August working upon girls' uniforms. On Saturday all the uniform makers were rewarded by a ride to Sulphur Springs, using the four-horse coach. On the return trip the tongue broke (the wagon tongue, not a girl's tongue) which made it necessary for the party to walk up some of the hills. This only added to the fun, however, so some of the girls thought.

The Lancaster Sunday School Convention of the A. M. E. Church, about fifty in number visited our school yesterday. Mr. J. A. Johnson, of Bermuda, was a delegate from Philadelphia.

Pay-day, Friday.

Is this Indian summer?

Our school at present is in excellent health.

Kalsomining of teachers' rooms is in order.

Miss Cutter has had her room painted with an oak finish.

Labor Day was observed at the school by a holiday, all around.

Luther Dahah is spending a temporary season in the hospital.

Mr. Vogelbach and wife of Brooklyn, N. Y., were among the visitors this week.

A snake one yard long was found in the grass a little south of the office, this week.

School supplies for the year have arrived and have been delivered to Prof. Bakeless.

Some shops are about depleted of boys, the emergency of out side work having such large demands.

Mrs. Bakeless says the only objection she has to our band is that it does not play enough to suit her.

Miss Lida Standing has entered the Shippenburg Normal to take up the studies preparatory to a life of teaching.

Miss Hamilton is recovering slowly but surely from the serious fall she sustained in the dining-hall a few weeks ago.

Capt. Pratt spent Tuesday in Philadelphia, on business, and yesterday, he and Dr. Montezuma were called to Washington.

Miss Campbell is off on her well-earned vacation. She is spending a part of the time among friends in Pittston, this state.

The welcome bouquet of flowers seen in the chapel these Sundays is due to Mrs. Standing's thoughtful interest and aesthetic taste.

It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to settle some of the points of difference innocently arising these fine evenings on the croquet ground.

Nellie Robertson has returned to her school at the West Chester State Normal, after a very useful summer with us as assistant in the Hospital.

Mr. J. B. Given is off for the West to visit his grandfather, Rev. Dr. Brown, of Holton Kansas. He will take in the World's Fair going or coming.

Mrs. Russell, mother of our Miss Russell, has been visiting the school for a day or two. Mrs. Russell is one of the old patrons of the school who has had our girls in her family.

The present warm turn taken by the weather serves a good purpose for Mr. Weber who is bending all his energies in getting the steam apparatus into apple-pie order for the coming winter.

The teachers are taking turns giving five-minute World's Fair experiences at the opening exercises. Miss Carter began by giving an interesting description of the Court of Honor, and was followed by Miss Cochran, who waxed eloquent upon the beauties of the statuary.

Which society are you going to join?

The Y. M. C. A. is holding frequent and interesting meetings.

The shoe-makers are helping the harness-makers fill an order for thirty-sets of double-harness.

Lunch at noon and dinner at 5:15 is the way the school year begins at the Teachers' Club.

Several of the faculty took a pleasure ride to Doubling Gap on Thursday, it being the last day of vacation.

Mr. Geo. A. Weber and wife, of Reading, spent several days recently with their son Harry at the school.

The thunder showers of Tuesday night were quite gentle in this region, and the rain gave vegetation another good drink.

The gymnasium is fast assuming the regular uniform color of the other buildings under the deft brush of Mr. Jordan, our old-time Mr. Jordan's brother.

David Abraham has returned from his vacation trip home and is given a new instrument in the band which tries his powers of blowing. It is a haut-bois and reminds one of Midway Plaisance.

Dr. Montezuma called at the printing office and wanted to know if any of the Satans were in. Of course it was his polite way of asking for the devil, which every printing office has legitimate use for.

Mr. Marshall, who has been on a tour through New Mexico in the interests of Carlisle and the Indian cause in general, returned Sunday evening. He brought with him two boys to enter as pupils.

Corn for ensilage is being cut. One of the specimen stalks which have occupied a position by the office-door for several days would compare favorably with the finest Kansas corn.

Mr. Wile preached one of his stirring sermons, Sunday afternoon. He has been having a rest for a few weeks and comes back to us with his old vigor of expression which stirs the souls of all who listen.

The band went to Mt. Alto yesterday, to give a concert. Everytime the band goes on a trip, it strips the printing-office of ten excellent printers, but we are glad to be thus inconvenienced in a good cause.

The hours for school have been added unto. The first bell in the morning now rings at 8:15 and closes for the noon hour at 11:45. The first bell for the afternoon session rings at one o'clock and the bell for closing at 4:30. There are to be four studyhours a week.

School began on Monday. The farm boys and girls will be in about the middle of the month. Miss Phillips has her old room, No. 1; Mr. Deavor, who is now ill, will have No. 2; Miss Cochran, No. 3; Mr. Drum, No. 4; Miss Carter, No. 5; Miss Weist, No. 6; Mr. Marshall, No. 7; Miss McAdam, No. 8; Miss Botsford, No. 10; Miss Paull, No. 9; Mr. Hudelson, No. 11; Miss Cutter, No. 12; Miss Bowersox, the Normal Department.

Continued from the First Page.

less domes and minarets, those miles of colonnades and arcades, those myriad groups of heroic modeling, that wondrous color-scheme" the lake, and breathe the exhilarating air, Oh, how it up lifts and inspires!

Go see it!

Everybody go!

Go if you have to walk!

Go if you have to go hungry!

Go!

Have no peace of mind till you find yourself there in the midst of that splendor, drinking in the inspiration of its wonders.

The journey home was uneventful, and so endeth an experience of a life time.

AN ONEIDA INDIAN GIRL ENJOYING A SULPHUR SPRINGS EXPERIENCE.

Martha Doxtator has been living with some kind people at Richfield Springs, N. Y.

She says: "It has done me a great deal of good and I am very glad I had the chance to come here. The sulphur baths do a great deal for people who are suffering with rheumatism and people are in the bath house nearly every day taking these sulphur baths.

Some people drink the sulphur water cold and some drink it hot. It is very helpful to some and others cannot drink it.

One sulphur spring is in the bath house and the other is out in the park which is right there and the park is very pleasant to sit in.

The band plays in the morning.

I think Richfield Springs is just a lovely place to live and for summer resort for everybody."

TRYING TO ABSTAIN.

A young man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong.

"Oh, there's no danger it's a mere notion. I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it tomorrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there's no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter. "Have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other one. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I feel that I shall be, before I shall have conquered. My eyes were open to an imminent peril

when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again."—*New York Ledger*.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR: "Have you seen anything of Turkey?"

Country Woman: "Land sakes, no. We're livin' on the chicken I put up in our lunch when we left home."

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 5, 2, 3, 11 is where many of our boys go on Saturdays.

My 1, 10, 4 is a loud stunning noise.

My 14, 6, 7 is a convulsive cry.

My 8, 9, 12, 13 is what a wise person does with his eyes.

My whole is how every Carlisle boy and girl here just now is getting.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Hard study.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscriptions for the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache contrast, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra. Cash price 60 cents for the two.

(This is the most popular photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced pappoose in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo. of Piegan Chiefs. Cash price 20 cents each.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boudoir combination showing all our prominent buildings. Cash price 25 cents.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and another of the same pupils, three years after, showing marked and interesting contrast. Or a contrast of a Navajoboy on arrival and a few years after. Cash price 20 cents each.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5-cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly Or, 8x10 photo. of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo. of graduating classes choice '89, '90, '91, '92, '93. Or, 8x10 photo of buildings. Cash price 60 cents for school, 30 cents for 8x10's.

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6½x8½ and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Phila. Cash price 20 and 25 cents.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13x16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest price premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75c. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces Boudoir-size for 7 sub. subscription, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

Without accompanying extra for postage, premium will not be sent.

For **The Red Man**, an 8-page periodical containing a summary to all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon the subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year or twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.