

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX

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RULES FOR RIGHT LIVING.

WHEN you think, when you speak, when you read, when you write,
When you walk, when you sing, when you seek for delight,
To be kept from all evil at home and abroad,
Live always as under the eye of the Lord.

Whatever you think, never think what you feel
You would blush in the presence of God to reveal;

Whatever you say, in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not like God to hear.

What ever you read, tho' the page may allure,
Read nothing of which you are perfectly sure
Consternation at once would be seen in your look,
If God should say solemnly, "Show me that book!"

Whatever you write, in haste or with heed,
Write nothing you would not like God to read;
Wherever you go, never go where you fear
God's question being asked you, "What doest thou here?"

Whatever you sing, in the midst of your glees,
Sing nothing that God's listening ear can displease.

Whatever the pastime in which you engage,
For the cheering of youth or the solace of age,
Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink from pursuing,
If God should look down and say, "What are you doing?"

THE LARGEST HOP FIELD IN THE WORLD.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Aug. 29th, 1894.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

Yesterday I had the opportunity of riding through an extensive hop field, said to be the largest in the world.

This particular field is situated at Wheat-

land, California, and covers many acres. I did not learn the number.

Can you imagine millions of wire clothes lines, miles in length and running side by side a foot or two apart, over a wide stretch of country, the lines just high enough overhead to make one sit in a half bent position while driving under them on a buckboard through a portion of the field that has been cleared of vines by the pickers?

Such is the network that covers these fields.

To these wires are attached strings for the vines to run on.

When it comes time to gather hops, people turn out from all the country round to pick them.

In this field there were 2000 pickers at work, each receiving one cent a pound.

It takes a great many hops to make a pound and they are gathered into large gunny sacks and weighed and then taken to the hop kiln near by for drying and shipment.

One of the kilns at Wheatland is the largest kiln in the world.

I took an inhabitant's word for this, but I did not learn the capacity of the kiln.

It is interesting to observe the different modes of living adopted by the hop pickers for the short season they are engaged in the business.

Some tent regularly, others live under and in their wagons, while others erect temporary shades of pieces of canvas and gunny sacks, making almost a city of curious, ragged and many shaped abodes.

The pickers have high fun as well as hard work.

What is done with the hops in the end?

The writer is afraid that the extract of many a Wheatland hop finds its way into the beer glass, which grave subject we will leave for the 10,000 readers of the HELPER to dwell upon and try to remedy.

Your chief clerk,

M. B.

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, Manager.

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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 Shaffner returned Saturday from Delphi, Indiana, where she has been spending her vacation with Miss Cory, who formerly taught here. Miss Cory is teaching there and still retains a warm interest in Carlisle and the work. While there, Miss Shaffner made an address by special invitation before the Carroll County Teachers' Institute on Carlisle methods, which was very favorably received. She also spoke in the Presbyterian church at Monticello, Ind., The photographs excited great interest. Delphi being the former home of Capt. Pratt, the people of that vicinity are naturally interested in the school. Miss Shaffner brought with her as a contribution from the friends of Miss Cory eleven sets (full years) of the *Harper* and *Century* magazines for the Girls' Library and several generous packages of selected pieces for fancy work, for which the girls desire to return thanks.

A nine of our boys who were out for the summer in the vicinity of Edgewood, had quite a successful career. At last reports they had played ten games with a number of strong teams, winning every one by good scores. The nine was made up of as follows: Siceni Nori, p; William Lone Wolf and Johnson Spencer, c; David Turkey, lb; Roger Silas, 2b; Abram Hill, 3b; Joe Harris, ss; George Martin, lf; Clark Gregg, cf; Jonas Metoxen, rf; substitutes, Samuel Gruett, Francis Goulche, Ben Duxtator, Albert Hensley and Ezra Ricker; umpire, Anthony Austin.

Florence Wells, class '94, returned from the country last week. She has secured an appointment as teacher at the Government Indian School, Genoa, Nebr., having passed the Civil Service examination successfully. She left for that place Monday evening, with the best wishes of all her friends for her success in her chosen work.

We learn that a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Marshall at White Cloud, Kan., on the 23rd of August. The drouth there has been very severe, and water had to be carried for both man and beast.

Miss Burgess returned Wednesday afternoon from California, where she has been spending her vacation with her parents. She stopped on her way back at the Omaha Agency, Nebraska, and brought with her Margarite Provost, Gertrude Snerman, Edmund Sherman, Walter Davis and Mitchell Baradie, all of the Omaha tribe and all new pupils. Nettie Fremont intended to come at the same time with her sister, but the serious illness of her mother prevented her leaving at this time. She expects to come later. Mr. Levi St. Cyr, the worthy foreman of the printing office, came with the party, after a month's vacation spent at his home at the Winnebago Agency, Nebr.

The *Bryson City Times* gives an account of a visit paid the Eastern Cherokee Training school, of which Mr. Thos. W. Potter formerly employed here, is the Superintendent. It speaks of the great improvements made in the buildings and other departments, and compliments him for the executive ability which is bringing this school up to a higher standard. The number of pupils is double the quota allowed by the department, which is especially gratifying in view of the fact that it has been difficult to get the attendance required. We congratulate Mr. Potter upon the success he has attained.

Day before yesterday being the Anniversary of the writing of the Star Spangled Banner, Prof. Bakeless in his timely manner of keeping our pupils posted in points of history, presented before the school the story of the battle of North Point, while Miss Linnie Thompson sang two stanzas of the beautiful national song begun by its memorable author, Francis Scott Key during the bombardment of the Fort, 80 years ago.

The Y. M. C. A. hall looks quite fine since the recent improvements. A large screen has been placed in front of the door, new curtains have been put up and the floor has been painted. The first meeting since it has been repaired was held last evening.

Dickinson College opened yesterday and our three preparatory students, Benjamin Caswell, Joseph Adams and Howard Gausworth, have resumed their studies there.

Now that chill breath of autumn is felt, the steam plant will begin its nine months' siege and the merry rattle of the steam pipe will be heard once more.

Katie Grindrod, class '89, writes that she has been very busy in her profession, that of trained nurse, and expects to be for some time.

A fine Brussels carpet for the Girls' Sitting Room is the gift of Mrs George Kelly, of Hillside, Pa., for which we return many thanks.

The east wing of the girls' quarters will be used as music rooms, and piano lessons and practice will take place there.

A new set of relief maps have been furnished the schools which will be quite an addition in the teaching of geography.

Cool!

The leaves are beginning to fall.

Fruit has been plentiful this year.

Soon time to call in the straw hat.

Ice cream now takes a back seat.

The festive oyster is now in it.

Blankets feel good these cool nights.

Miss Pavill's room is undergoing repairs.

Mrs. Worthington is slowly improving.

The base of the flag pole has been repainted.

Football practice will be started in earnest next week.

The dining room tables are having new tops put on them.

Miss Hailman went to Washington over Sunday to see her niece.

Lillie Complainville, Nez Perce, of Idaho, has entered the school.

Bemos Pierce made a punt kick of 139 feet in practice the other evening.

Allie Mullins left Wednesday evening for her home in the state of Washington.

Anthony Austin takes Alexander Upshaw's place as janitor at the school building.

Mr. C. Raymond Bowen, of Harrisburg, took a look at the school Wednesday evening.

Louisa LaChapelle and Cynthia Webster returned from the sea shore Wednesday evening.

Mr. Standing is on his vacation and with Mrs. Standing and Jack is rustivating at Asbury Park.

Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda have returned from Denver, where they were visiting Mrs. Stevick.

The hot, sultry weather of last week has given way to the cool and bracing air since the recent heavy rains.

Spencer Smith, who went to his New York home on account of the death of his father, has returned to the school.

Mr. Samuel Jordan has been in Reading for several days, attending the sessions of the District Lodge of colored Odd Fellows.

Mrs. William Holvey, of West Pittston, state lecturer of the W. C. T. U., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson on Tuesday. She is an aunt of Mrs. Thompson.

Mr. S. G. Washabaugh, of Williamsport, Pa., and wife, were among the visitors Monday. Mr. Washabaugh is connected with the United Press and was especially interested in the printing office.

Alex Upshaw, the faithful janitor of the school building, started Tuesday afternoon for his home at Crow Agency, Mout. He has not been home for six years. He expects to return after a short visit.

Mrs. Standing presented the printers with a basket of fine grapes of her own raising. The way in which they disappeared showed that they were appreciated and Mrs. Standing has our hearty thanks for the treat.

Mrs. Theodore Porter, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Mr. William T. Meck, of Kokomo, Ind., were among the visitors the past week. They are subscribers to our paper and were very much interested in what they saw.

James Perry has gone to Philadelphia to have his eyes treated.

Mr. Deavor, one of last year's teachers, spent a few hours at the school Monday.

Mr. Wheelock knows how to meet friends at Harrisburg. Did you ever get left, Dennison?

A number of the boys attended the Episcopal Sunday School festival in town Wednesday evening.

The club parlor has become quite musical. Violin, cornet, piano and vocal music is discoursed there daily.

Two goat teams from town created quite a flutter of excitement among the little folks Wednesday evening.

Miss Shaffner went to Philadelphia yesterday to look after the girls who are coming in from the country today.

Mr. Mason was in Philadelphia for several days this week, attending the sessions of the American Cemetery Superintendents' Association.

Miss Campbell's trunk appears to be on a foreign tour. It has been lost, strayed or stolen since the first of the month, and she has almost given up all hope of ever seeing it again.

Lizzie Stands, who was taken sick while out in the country, was brought back Tuesday afternoon by Delia Randell who went to nurse her. Miss Campbell went to Harrisburg to meet them.

The band gave a delightful concert Monday evening on the band stand, the first since its rest. It is needless to say how much we enjoyed it, for we never seem to tire of hearing the boys play.

Mr. Warren S. Herman and wife, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., visited the school the other day. Mr. Herman is connected with the Eastman Business College and is an old friend of Harry Kopay and Mr. Claudy.

Cynthia Webster, George Warren, William Hazlett, Samuel Sixkiller and Clark Gregg have been promoted to the Senior class and Louisa LaChapelle, William Leighton, Timothy Henry, Spencer Smith, Frank Cayou and Harry Hutchinson to the Junior class.

Mr. and Mrs. Levant Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., and their daughter, Mrs. Henry Penfield and her three children of Chicago, are the guests of Capt. Pratt. Mr. Mason is a brother of Mrs. Pratt, and is well known to most of us having visited here a number of times.

After spending the summer here, part of which time he was in charge of the tailor shop, Harry Kopay, class '91, returned yesterday to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he will continue his studies at the Eastman College. Harry is a good fellow and we are sorry to lose him.

The quarters are bustling in anticipation of the returning out pupils. One hundred and five girls come in today and one hundred and thirty nine boys tomorrow. About one hundred and fifty five pupils will remain out for the winter. A number of transfers have been made and a few will go out to take the place of those coming in.

YOUNG MAN, DON'T DRIFT.

There is not a more melancholy spectacle than a young man standing on the threshold of life without any definite purpose before him.

If he has had the advantage of a college education his plight is more harrowing, for then he is like a ship well equipped, but without a captain or a pilot and adrift on the sea.

He is subject to be buffeted by every passing inclination, and is bound sooner or later, to be a wreck

Under the pressure of present economic conditions the majority of young men are compelled to earn a livelihood and must take the first opportunity that opens.

That such should be the case is not to be deplored, but, in the interest of the young man, the reverse, for it is better to be engaged in any honorable occupation, no matter how unsuitable it may appear, than to drift helplessly doing nothing.

Occupation tends to stir the energies, to stimulate comparisons, and promote ambitions.

While devoting himself conscientiously and energetically to the work in hand he should remember that there is no law to compel him to remain in that occupation, providing it is distasteful or unsuitable.

In this age of specialism every occupation is but a technical training in some particular department.

The demands of employment upon his energies will enable him to analyze his abilities and adaptabilities, and discover wherein his natural or educational bent lies.

If he has chosen the vocation to which he is adapted he will strive to excel; if not, he will speedily seek employment along another line.

There are too many young men of good parts who "Loaf" the best years of their lives doing nothing, or pursue some emergency employment in a slipshod manner, waiting for some merciful providence to show them what they are fitted for.

They are predestined to disappointment.

A man is not a puppet, but a responsible being, and has been endowed with the faculty of discretion, in order that he may use it properly, both in his own advantage and to that of his fellowmen.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

I asked a cobbler once how long it took him to become a good shoemaker. He answered promptly, "Six years, and then you must travel." That cobbler had an artist-soul.

I told a friend the story, and he asked his cobbler the same question, how long does it take to become a good shoemaker? "All your life, sir." That was still better—a Michael Angelo of shoes!

Mr. Maydole, the hammer-maker of Central New York, was an artist. "Yes," said he to Mr. Paton. "I have made hammers here for twenty-eight years." "Well, then, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time." "No, sir," was the answer; "I never made a pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer in the United States."

Daniel Morell, once president of the Cambria rail works in Pittsburg, which employed seven thousand men, was an artist, and trained artists. "What is the secret of such a development of business as this?" asked the visitor. "We have no secret," was the answer; "we always try to beat our last batch of rails. That's all the secret we have, and we don't care who knows it."—*Selected.*

Discontent is like ink poured into water, which fills the whole fountain full of blackness. It casts a cloud over the mind, and renders it more occupied about the evil which disquiets it than about the means of removing it.—*Feltham.*

Happy those who, knowing they are subject to certain changes, are prepared and armed for either fortune; a rare principle, and with much labor learned in wisdom's school.—*Massinger.*

Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 5, 4, 7 is a metal out of which many useful articles are made.

My 3, 6, 9, 10 is the comparative of little.

My 1, 2, 8, 5 is a maker of rhymes.

My whole is something that smooths one's pathway in life.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Save your pennies.

SPECIAL

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada.

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