

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1895.—

NO. 38

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.



God wants the boys, the merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys;
God wants the boys, with all their joys—
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave He'd have them be,
Fighting for truth and purity;
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls;
God wants to make the girls His pearls—
And so reflect His holy face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful the world may be,
And filled with love and purity;
God wants the girls.

WORD FROM THE OCEAN TRAVELLERS.

The first word has arrived from Misses Nana Pratt and Shaffner, who left for England and Iceland, June 1st., and although Miss Nana says the letter is "just (the word just underscored) for you home folks," the Man-on-the-band-stand had the privilege of reading it and now takes the liberty of snatching a brief synopsis, feeling confident that the writer will not object and knowing that the many readers of the HELPER will be interested to hear about the passage over the great Atlantic. The letter was dated Thursday the 6th.

Miss Nana says:

"DEAR PAPA, MAMA AND CHENDA:

You were to have a journalistic letter of the voyage which would give you the moods and tenses each day, and I was to have been well read in English history by this time; but, alas, though this is the sixth day on the passage, it is but the beginning of my letter writing and history reading. I am indeed having the 'complete rest' you wished for me. I have done nothing but sit in my steamer chair all day long, preferring even to stay there sometimes to going into the cabin for my meals.

Of course I have been seasick. We both have, but much of it has been due, I think, to the close quarters. You have been through this, however, and know what it is.

I have enjoyed the strange, new life, the great steamer and most of all the glorious ocean.

How we have plowed through the waters!

Our smallest record was 483 miles the second day, and the greatest, 518 miles the last twenty-four hours, for which we use 500 tons of coal each day.

To-day we are passing through the 'mill-pond.'

The sea is without a ripple almost, and only moves with powerful swells of latent power as if in great breathings. We have had, however, choppy and rolling seas, and our boat has been tossed from side to side.

Yesterday we had quite a rain-storm with heavy fog. Every-one was forced to go below excepting some half-a-dozen people who preferred the drenching to the crowded cabins. We sat like so many chickens along the side of the cabin while the rain splashed in upon us and the boat rocked. Fortunately I had so far recovered from the pangs of sea-sickness as to begin to enjoy the motion. To-day I am thoroughly enjoying it.

It is said that fast boats always rock, and the Campania, you know, has broken the record, going west, while her sister, the Lucania, has made the best record going east. The sailors, however, tell us, that they have never known the boat to rock so, and say it is the rolling sea.

We are taking the southern route and Sunday was really oppressively hot. Sunday night, however, we turned north and since then we have had cool, even cold weather. The sky has generally been overcast, with little patches of blue here and there. I wish you could have seen the magnificent moonlight the other night. The sky was heavy

(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, cut
EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR.

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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.

A NEW BOOK, (and a delightful little book it is,) of 64 pages and 61 photographic views of the Carlisle school, has just been received from the publishing house in Philadelphia. The plates are of the finest, and the best quality of heavy enameled paper is used while the printing is done by a first class house. A glance through this little book and a study of its excellent pictures is the next thing to a visit to the largest and oldest Govt. Indian Industrial school in the United States, and as a Souvenir for those who have been a part of the school and learned to love the place, its value cannot be estimated.

The views as one turns over the pages are as follows:

First there is a cover, artistically designed, showing a contrast scene between civilization and savagery, a bow and quiver and tent in the foreground and an uneducated youth in his blanket, long hair and eaglefeather stuck in his scalplock, as he came to Carlisle, is in the back ground. A picture of the same boy transformed by education into a manly young man, and a graduate of '95 is also shown. His bright intelligent countenance beams out from behind the folds of the flag of our nation, while in the foreground is a civilized home. Then follows in order Entrance Avenue; The Campus; Administration Building; Girls' Quarters; Indian Girls' Room; School Building; School-room Interior; Art Class; Pupil Teachers; A Music Room; The Choir; Graduating classes '89, '90, '91, '92, '93, '94, and '95; (the faces are necessarily small but each face is distinct, and has printed underneath the name and tribe); Guard-house; Dining Hall Building; Interior of Dining Hall; Pupils' Kitchen; Small Boys' Quarters; Campus in Winter; Boiler House; Large Boys' Quarters; Gymnasium Interior; Football Team of '94; Skating on Conodoguinet; School Band; Group of Apaches; Old walnut Tree; World's Fair Exhibit; Work-shop Building; Carpenter Shop Interior; Shoe Shop Interior; Harness Shop Interior; Tin Shop Interior; Tailor Shop Interior; Blacksmith Shop Interior, (two views); Printing Office Interior, (two views); Group of Printers; Ironing Room; Sewing Room; Hospital

Building; The farm House; Y. M. C. A. Hall; Standard Debating Society; Invincible Society; Susan Longstreth Literary Society; Base Ball Team; Assembly Hall; Indian Boys in the Country, (6 views on one page); Indian Girls in the Country, (4 views on one page); Some Carlisle Indian Girls in Country Homes, (4 views in one plate); A country Sabbath School; Six of the Indian girls who are Professional Nurses.

This book in paper cover will be sold for 25 cents, postage paid; in Russia leather, 60 cts., postage paid. We offer the 25-ct. copy and the INDIAN HELPER for a year to any address in the United States and Canada, for THIRTY CENTS. Or, for ONE SUBSCRIPTION to the *Red Man* and five subscriptions to the HELPER in one order, we will forward the 25-cent book FREE.

37. DON'T be over-familiar. It sometimes makes a good friend angry to be struck on the back in the too familiar way some people have.

38 DON'T bolt into your friend's room without notice, however intimate you may be.

39. DON'T pick up letters, accounts or any piece of paper with writing on, that happens to be lying on a table or desk, and NEVER look over your friend's shoulder when he is reading or writing.

Annie Gesis, whose country home is at Westtown, shows her love for the place in the following words: "No one can imagine how happy I did feel when I got back here, for old Westtown seems like a home to me for I was here for nearly three years. I am just as happy out here as any one can be." Lucie Americanhorse, who is at the same place, says: "I never was to as pretty a place as Westtown. We do not miss Carlisle for there is a big school here and we are staying with one of the teachers."

Handsomely gotten up programs for the Second Graduating Exercises of the Chilocco Indian School, Oklahoma, for June 26, have been received. There are six in class '95, and among the names we see that of Esther Johnson, a former Carlisle pupil. Carlisle wishes for her younger sister school a happy and successful occasion.

We hear in a round-about way that Miss Fisher, who was formerly Principal of our Educational Department but for the past year or two has been at Albuquerque, New Mexico, Government Training School, has been transferred to the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian School.

Mr. Campbell and family who have been at Browns Valley, Dakota, for a time since they left Sisseton Agency, will probably go to Shoshone, Wyo., Mr. Campbell having received an appointment in the Indian Service at that place.

Twenty Indian boys and girls, so far, have learned the little verse contained in Dr. Brown's letter of last week, and have requested the HELPER to be sent to friends.

Mr. O. W. Kurtz, Superintendent of the Minerva, Ohio, Schools, was among the visitors of the week.

Dusty roads.

School closes to-day.

Warm and very dry.

Miss Barr has a new bicycle.

Three important Don'ts this week.

The new trees are crying for drink.

Miss Laura Bird, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Spray.

Mr. Harvey, a brother of Mrs. Bakeless, was her guest, on Saturday.

Edgar Rickard, of New York Agency, has joined the printers' ranks.

Joseph Denomie, of Wisconsin, may be found, these days, setting type.

Clark Gregg, '95, who is quite a printer left for his Montana home on Monday.

Haying at the school farms has commenced in earnest and the crop is a good one.

A large herdic load of small boys went to the lower farm yesterday, potato-bugging.

Frank Shively has gone to Montana. He expects to return to finish the Carlisle course.

Leander Gansworth, one of the printers, has gone to his home in New York for the summer.

James Hill, a printer whom we shall miss very much, was among the home goers of the week.

Jack Standing who has been going to Metzger Institute in Carlisle, is again at the case as a typo

Capt. William Murray Black, of the corps of Engineers, U. S. A., was one of the visitors of the week.

Dick Pratt, of Steelton is greatly improving in health since he came to Carlisle's salubrious clime.

Mr. Weber was taken very painfully ill with muscular neuralgia of the face on Tuesday. He is some better but still suffers.

Dahnola Jesan, after an indisposition of a week or two is again at his old stand as compositor. He is hard to beat sticking type.

Mrs. Thomas surprised her friends at the school by dropping in, on her way from New York to Michigan, where she will spend the rest of her leave.

George Suis, '95, who has been attending Dickinson College Preparatory, will rusticate among the Montana mountains this summer, returning in the Fall.

Miss Silcott has left for her vacation, going to Washington, via Philadelphia, and thence to Bedford City, Va., to attend summer school. Miss Cummins and Miss Weekly also go to Bedford City, to-day.

Matthew Johnson has gone to his New York home for the summer to engage in farming with a man who agreed to pay him good wages, but as we go to press a letter from Matthew informs us that the late frost and drouth have killed the man's crop so he is without work and wishes himself back at Carlisle.

Nicodemus Hill has gone home to Oneida, Wisconsin, the time for which he came to Carlisle having expired. Nicodemus is a fair printer and is quite able to work his way almost anywhere, either at farming or printing, but feeling the need of more education he is determined to return to finish the course of study Carlisle gives.

The pretty little evergreen planted for the M. O. T. B. S., Arbor Day, has died a natural death.

Mr. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, spends Sundays with his family who are sojourning at the school for a few weeks.

Florence Miller has been transferred from Poplar, Montana, as teacher to Keshena, Wisconsin, which is near her home.

A card from William Lufkins says "All is well after our long ride." Dated Detroit, Minn., June 13.

From a letter from Chauncey Yellowrobe asking to have his INDIAN HELPER address changed to Genoa, Nebraska, we infer that he has been transferred from Santee to Genoa.

A retired hero of the last great war, General Joseph J. Reynolds, of the Army, was a distinguished visitor on Saturday last, in company with Capt. A. D. B. Smead, of Carlisle.

Miss Susie McDougall has gone with little Wachika to her adopted home in Albany, N. Y. She will take the Hudson River boat at New York and pass many historical scenes of the days of the revolution.

The hauling of next winter's supply of coal has begun. We think our school boilers have big mouths but it takes them two winters to eat up as much coal as the Campana requires to carry her from New York City to Liverpool, in a single trip.

Hark! What's that? Oh, it was the ground coming up suddenly to meet Mr. Harkness as he rounded the corner at the boy's quarters on his new wheel. He had made the distance from town in 7 minutes, but was a second too soon in turning that corner.

Brigman Cornelius, whom we might call "Old Faithful" was among the home-goers on Monday. Brigman is a pains-taking, indefatigable workman at the case or at any branch of printing that needs a hand. The Mailing department will miss him greatly.

On Wednesday evening, the occupants of the Teachers' Quarters were photographed twice, by our Indian photographer, John Leslie. One picture is from the band-stand, (and the Man-on-the-band-stand is not in it, either.) The other was taken from the club dining-room balcony.

Bids for supplies for the fiscal year ending June '96, were opened on Saturday. Mr. F. E. Thompson gets the coal, H. G. Beetem, a certain kind of lumber, Andrew Blair, another kind of lumber, U. G. Barnitz, flour, R. P. Henderson, salt, etc., J. B. Bixler, iron and F. H. Davis, beef.

Since last issue of the HELPER the following who are not mentioned elsewhere, have gone to their homes in the west: William Ball, Taylor Smith, Whitney Powlas, John Powlas, Isaac Webster, Chauncey Archiquette, Marian King, Nancy Wheelock, Lydia Powlas, Alice Powlas, Mary Wilkinson, and Ella Rickert.

Bemos Pierce is gaining a great many fine mechanical ideas in his work in the steam-heating and engineering department, and puts his knowledge into active service whenever he has the opportunity, as during Mr. Weber's illness this week, for instance, when he was called upon to do some odd jobs that required engineering skill and sound judgment.

(From First Page.)

with dark clouds and we were expecting a storm, when suddenly the moon came out and cast a beautiful sheen on the clouds about her and the water below, while the dark around seemed blacker than ever. Miss Shaffner and I declared the whole trip was worth that one revelation of light.

The lovely flowers, Papa dear and Mama dear, were such a treat to us. We did enjoy them so much. We each gave some to our nice Irish stewardess and the rest we enjoyed for several days, keeping them fresh in our bowl and wearing some each day.

We have rambled among the second cabin passengers and find the majority a common good-natured lot.

It is interesting to know the aims of the different ones. Many have been to America, made money and are now going back to the 'auld countrie' 'to die,' or visit the 'auld folks.' The first are generally of English 'satisfaction,' while the latter have imbibed the American spirit and are bristling with pride over the sensation their prosperity will create among the home folks.

One old Illinois farmer and his wife came over as steerage passengers when children, forty-three years ago, and are now going to visit their relatives in England. They have two pretty daughters who are bright and intelligent. I don't believe I knew before the full meaning of 'the promise of America.'

By far, one of the most interesting acquaintances we have made is one of the Scotch engineers on the boat. He is a typical Scotchman, shrewd and full of dry wit and intelligent. He convulses us with his stories and his calls mark quite an oasis in the day. We are treasuring up the stories to tell you when we get home, for they can only be told.

You can imagine our delight at arriving at Liverpool tomorrow, Friday, instead of Saturday. We half expect some message from Miss Ackerman to reach us at Liverpool. It is now almost four o'clock and the men are hauling up the trunks from the gang-way in preparation for the first landing at Queens-town.

Miss Shaffner and I called upon Mrs. Margaret Bottome, the president of the King's Daughters. You will remember, papa, that we met Mrs. Bottome at Mohonk last fall.

The saloon, dining-hall and library are magnificent, and reminded me of your descriptions of the China. I have even picked out your corner, mama. Just now we are facing a most gorgeous sunset. How I wish you all could see it and feel these salt sea breezes!"

Miss Shaffner adds:

"We have literally lived on deck. The weather has been good, although there has been a heavy swell most of the time, making walking almost impossible. One morning before we got our chairs tied, all the people on

the stern of the deck went tumbling into a great heap, which swept back and forth from side to side until it was difficult to get them untangled. A wag with a Kodak took a snap shot as they lay in a pile.

Mrs. Bottome, Frank Stockton and Clarence Eddy are among the notables on board.

This morning I went down to the steerage department. Poor creatures, they are crowded in like cattle. I was very much surprised, however, to find such a good class of steerage passengers—very different from those who land on our shores. So far we have not disclosed our identity. No one knows that we have ever seen an Indian. We both felt so wretchedly tired that we did not want to talk about our work. There are very many nice people on board but comparatively few Americans; mostly English and Scotch. The service of the ship is severely English.

We have passed several vessels to-day. It is a splendid sight to see a boat approaching from the other side of the ball. Some have come close enough to exchange signals. I wish the voyage were longer. We are both developing famous appetites.

THE INDIAN BOY WAS ALL RIGHT.

A couple from the rural districts called at the school wagon and blacksmith shop.

Owing to a certain grain of the wood, an Indian boy was doing some left handed plating on a wagon tongue.

The farmer knew something about the use of tools and stood watching the Indian work. Finally he scratched his head and remarked to the lad:

"Look here, young man. Let me tell you something. If you shove that plane with the right hand it wouldn't look so awkward like, don't you see?"

"Now, pappy," said the gentle wife. "You jist let that boy alone. You must not interfere. He knows what he's about."

"Yes," said Mr. Harris, the instructor, courteously. "We teach our boys to use tools both ways, for sometimes it is quite necessary to do so."

"So?" said the visitor, with an astonished look.

"Yes, yes," replied the wife. "It is jist so with house work, too. I've often wished I could work with my left hand for I could save myself many times." While the farmer wishing to beat a retreat, exclaimed:

"Come on, Betsey, we want to see the other shops."

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters

My 6, 10, 11, 4 it does not pay to be.

My 2, 3, 12 people use too much of in summer.

My 8, 9, 4 is no use to do over spilled milk.

My 5, 9, 10, 1 is a soft shell-fish.

My 7, 10, 9 is sometimes boxed.

My whole is what some of the Indian boys and girls are joining heartily in.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A lemonade treat.