

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1895.—

NO. 39.

SPELLING KITTEN.



DEAR little girl
With her brain in a whirl,
Was asked the word "kitten" to spell,
"K-double-i-t-
T-e-n," said she;
And thought she had done very well.

"Has kitten two P's?"
And the teacher's surprise
With mirth and patience was blent.
"My kitten HAS two,"
Said Marjory Lou;
And she looked as she felt—quite content.

MORE NEWS FROM OUR FOREIGN TRAVELERS.

From the second and third home letters written by Miss Nana Pratt who with Miss Shaffner is now in England, we take the liberty of selecting the following for the benefit of our HELPER readers; and we print in small type that we need not be obliged on account of room to cut out some of the best.

The second letter was dated "The Blossoms," Saturday, June 8, and is in part as follows:

After a day of perfect weather and pleasant sailing we reached Liverpool harbor last evening, Friday, at half after ten o'clock. It was a fairy-like scene—the red moon rising over the innumerable twinkling lights of the city. We were greatly favored to have the day clear. You will indeed think I am going toward the land of the mid-night sun when I tell you that we watched the sun set at nine o'clock last night, and that Miss Shaffner handed me one of the cheering home letters at ten o'clock and I read it by the then twilight. We had to stay on the boat over night and were not able to leave it until after eight this morning.

The tide was low this morning and the harbor was dirtier and more repulsive in its waters than the Mississippi at the city landings. One of the gentlemen on the boat said that Harriet Beecher Stowe remarked as she saw the river:

"Well the quality of Mersey is not strained."

It was an experience and an easy task to get our baggage through the custom office. The officer simply opened the lid of my trunk and lifted up one or two things and asked:

"Have you any liquor, perfume or tobacco?"

And when we said we had not, he did not even offer to look into the other "luggage."

We came here to Chester to spend Sunday, taking the Royal route to London on the North Western Railway, with stop-over privileges. This is the most de-

lightful, quaint place I ever saw, and our afternoon has been full of intense enjoyment.

How I wish you were all with us!

England is indeed a beautiful country and her old historic buildings add to her fascination.

We have just come from a visit to the old Cathedral which is a magnificent structure. The choir was practicing and the organ pealed through the arches of the Church with thrilling volume.

In the last letter which came in the same mail as the second, but which was dated The Red Horse Inn, Stratford-on-Avon, June 11th, Miss Nana says:

There is so much for us to see wherever we go that so far I have been able to wedge in my letters to you only between times and so they are hurried. But after all, I know it is the message of safety you wish and will excuse the haste. Our visit to Chester was like a dream. Indeed I can hardly realize I have not been dreaming all along, and oh, I wish constantly that you were all with me to share the enjoyment.

Saturday afternoon we sauntered among "The Rows" at Chester, which are the distinctive feature of that great city, and would, I think, remind you of Japan, for there are rows of stores one above another in oriental fashion.

Our quaint old stopping place—"The Blossoms" made us feel that we were living in another age, and some of the characters one meets give life to the ancient picture.

Sunday morning we drove to Gladstone's home—Hawarden Castle, and from there to the Duke of Westminster's immense estate and home—Eaton Hall, which is decidedly more like a castle than Hawarden.

We have had the most perfect weather and the country has looked so lovely in the vivid green foliage and the flower-covered meadows.

My attempt at keeping an account with English pounds, shillings and pence is vastly amusing, but it is the best Arithmetic lesson I ever had and certainly the most pleasing school.

Monday morning, bright and early, we took the train for Birmingham, where we made a short call upon Mr. Standing's sisters, who received us very cordially and urged us to stay and visit them, but we had planned to go on to Warwick.

We reached Warwick about one o'clock and took a carriage at once and drove to Warwick Castle, which is my ideal of an English castle. The guide showed us through the armor-room, galleries, drawing-room, Queen Anne's bed-room and various other rooms, which are palatially furnished and are lined with fine old portraits and paintings by the old masters, Rubens espec-

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

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—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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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.

We learn that Chester Cornelius, former Sergeant-Major of our school battalion, is at the Cheyenne Agency, in the Government School.

Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, graduated a class of seven, yesterday. The program of exercises is an interesting one from appearances.

We learn that Julia Long, who is in the M. E. Hospital, Philadelphia, is doing good work as a nurse. She is there under a course of training and is giving satisfaction in her care of some critical surgical cases.

Seichu Atsye, Melinda Thomas, Tenie Wirth, Florence Walton and Cynthia Webster are the favored ones this summer to have a home at the sea-shore, and they are enjoying the sea breezes very much.

Invitation cards for the final exercises of the Sante Fe Indian School, N. M., are before us. We notice in the program the names of Annie Lockwood, former Carlisle pupil, and Hugh Sowcea, class '94, who will take part.

A NEW BOOK, "Souvenir" containing 61 photographic views of Carlisle School is on sale in the HELPER office for TWENTY-FIVE cents, postage paid. For THIRTY CENTS, the book, with the HELPER for a year to any address in the United States and Canada, will be sent.

A letter from Howard Gansworth, '94, Sanborn, N. Y. says that Agnes Cusick has "gone to her eternal home." Agnes was quite ill when she left. She is a half-sister of Howard and his letter is full of affection and grief at her loss. The family has many sympathizing friends here.

Through a letter from Miss Dittes who is teaching at the Seger Colony Indian School, Oklahoma, we learn of the death of Sam Noble, of consumption. He was one of Carlisle's faithful students and Miss Dittes says he was a good boy there and was not afraid to die.

The following from the pen of Rev. J. H. Leiper, State Secretary of the Pennsylvania Sabbath Association, means a great deal:

PHILA. June 15, 1895.

EDITOR OF HELPER:

1. I once entertained in our home for a few days a native of the Soudan. His face was as black as my coat. He was a son of an African chief. He was educated in a Christian College in England.

2. At another time a native of Japan was my guest in our home for several days. He came to this country as a member of a Japanese legation, remained to learn the secret of our progress as a nation. He was a thorough idolater. A western College president took him into his home and College and gave a Christian education. The great facts and power he gladly received, and entered upon a new life.

3. I became acquainted with a man at Ocean Grove who looked much like the Japanese but he was a north American Indian. He had received an education at one of our Industrial Indian Schools. Each of these men was a GENTLEMAN—a CHRISTIAN—and in some points my superior, but they all were polite, Christian gentlemen. "God hath made of ONE BLOOD all men that dwell upon the face of the earth." The race is a unit, and will sometime be equalized and unified. What will do it? CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

P. S. I expect to spend eternity in the society of the above gentlemen.

A card from George Suis, '95, telling of the safe arrival at Crow Agency, Montana, of himself and the others who went in his party recently at the Crow Agency, is appreciated. If the boys and girls who go home would be more thoughtful to inform us when they arrive it would be received as a kindness from them by their friends in the east. George says he has seen Miss Woolston and Mr Palmer, ex-Carlisle teachers. It is somewhat lonely there yet, and he finds things considerably changed. He will be glad to return in the fall to pursue his studies in the Dickinson Preparatory, and if conditions favor may bring some pupils with him, as there are several who wish to come.

Benjamin Caswell writes a cheery letter from his home at White Earth, where he recently arrived from Carlisle. He says he has seen most of the returned Carlisle students, and "if their raiment indicates their activity they must be doing fairly well. There are one or two boys who do not wear clothes befitting a man." In a game of ball with a town near there the home team composed mostly of Carlisle students won. It was remarked that "the Carlisle boys seem to play with their whole heart and soul." Benjamin seems to think that Carlisle is a most effective weapon in destroying the Indian.

Joseph Adams, Dickinson College preparatory student, has found a country home for the summer. Joseph boards and assists at the hospital when here, and is already called Dr. which profession he is thinking some of taking up.

Some rain!
Crescent moon!
Good-bye, June of '95.
The longest day has passed.

The Dont's are crowded out this week.

Our coal-boys breathe through sponges.

The painters are oiling the interior of the school building.

Nancy Seneca is the first among the girls to learn to ride a bicycle.

Miss Bowersox has been in attendance upon the Bloomsburg Normal Commencement this week.

Miss Lida Standing has returned from Shipensburg where she has been attending Normal School.

Much needed alterations in Mrs. Given's quarters gives her a bath-room and clothes closet off of her room.

Mr. Hendren left for his home in the south on Friday last. He will attend the Bedford City, Va., summer school.

Miss Peter has gone to summer school at Bedford City, Va., and from there will visit friends during her vacation.

Miss Cutter has gone on her annual leave. She went direct to Boston, and from thence will go to her old home in Amherst, Mass.

Two large trees at the corner of the gymnasium were cut down yesterday to make room for the new end. Too bad, but it had to be.

Dr. Robins, of Columbia County, and for some time physician at the M. E. Hospital, Philadelphia, was a guest of Prof. Bakeless on Monday.

Mr. Norman says it is a mean thing for a person to enter a shop in the absence of the one in charge and appropriate tools of the shop, and the M. O. T. B. S. says he is right.

Miss Hilton, of Oak Hill, Carlisle, made some of the residents of our school happy by a present of cherries. We know they were the real article, because they were sent twigs and all.

A very pretty program announcing the closing exercises of the Quapaw Agency Indian School, Indian Territory, in which was the card of Miss Eva Johnson, '89, has been received.

Miss Rosa Bourassa, class '90, and now teacher in No. 6, left for Michigan, on Tuesday evening for her vacation. She will attend summer school at Bay City, and the rest of her vacation she will spend at home.

Miss Nellie Robertson, class '90, will spend her vacation from the West Chester Normal, with us at some kind of work. She is earning her way through as far as possible, and nothing preventing will graduate next year.

Delos Lonewolf, Herbert Littlehawk, David McFarland and Alexander Upshaw will spend two weeks at Northfield, Mass., at the great summer school for Bible Study. They go as delegates from the Carlisle Indian School Y. M. C. A.

Mr. J. B. Given, Lehigh University senior, will spend his vacation at our school as usual assisting with the clerical work in Captain's office. Mr. Given has gained in flesh since we last saw him to say nothing of a growth on the upper lip which he sports quite gracefully.

The Second Church Presbyterian Sunday School picnic was interfered with by rains of Wednesday night. Instead of starting out early yesterday morning as they expected, the time was put off for a few hours. Quite a large party of pupils from the school was in attendance, and all were caught in an afternoon rain.

Eugene Lambert has entered the printing office and already handles the composing stick comfortably. It takes Edgar Rickard to make pi once in awhile when he gets hungry, while Joe Denomie pegs away making very few mistakes indeed for a beginner. The three mentioned are at present the newest at the business.

Captain and Mrs. Pratt are in New York State in attendance upon the celebration of the organization of Alleghany County, in which county Captain was born. Senator Teller who is a native of the same county will also be there and address the gathering. Capt. and Mrs. Pratt will spend Sunday with Mrs. Pratt's brother, Mr. Levant Mason and family, in Jamestown, N. Y.

A magnificent cake of clear, sparkling ice, 2x2x3 ft. in which was a frozen column of bananas, oranges and apricots in their natural richness of color formed the centre of attraction in the pupils' dining-hall on Wednesday. The prismatic effect on looking corner-wise at the fruit was strikingly beautiful. The ice was placed there by the Arctic Ice Company of Carlisle, and could the gentlemen composing the company have heard the exclamations of wonder and admiration of the pupils as they marched into dinner they would have been amply repaid.

James Flannery, class '94, who is assistant instructor in the tailor-shop, has just returned from a very pleasant two weeks' visit to his former country home, that of Mr. Charles L. Smith, Lingohocken, Bucks County. James claims that Mr. Smith's home is more like home to him than any place he knows of. Mr. Smith is a musician and in his younger days used to play the cornet, but he now uses the violin. They have had many happy hours together with cornet and violin. James is our best cornetist and plays with a great deal of expression and skill. In response to the question, "Did you have a good time?" he said: "I had a very pleasant time indeed, and the longer I stayed the harder it was for me to come away."

On Sunday morning, Miss Alice Lambert, class '95, arrived from Minnesota, with six pupils for the school—her brother, Eugene Lambert, Eugene and Fred Tibbits, Zenia Tibbett and Rose and Minnie Rock. Miss Alice left Tuesday night for her home at Pine Point, where she will enter the Government school as first teacher. She looked remarkably well and was as she always is in the best of spirits. It was not in our school that the following class colloquy occurred but the incident is not altogether inappropriate to give here:

Pupil: (in class in punctuation, reading):
I saw Alice a charming girl.
Teacher: Well, what would you do?
Pupil: Make a dash after Alice.
Teacher: Right.

(From First Page.)

ally having many portraits, while there were several of VanDyke's, Holbein's and Reynolds'.

We stopped a few moments to view Guy's Cliff, where Guy, Earl of Warwick, lived as a hermit, after returning from the Crusades. Every foot of ground is "soaked with history" as our Cleveland companion said, and never before did history seem so real to me. Now, too, I appreciate more, English literature.

The ruins at Kenilworth Castle are overwhelmingly beautiful. The pictures we commonly see of it dwarf it, and nothing but the massive walls themselves, covered with ivy and the sky back-ground can give one an idea of it. The "merwyn bower" where Amy Robsart was hidden and her garden below are special shrines, while the high arched windows and immense fire-places of the banquetting hall tell of the royal living that was there at one time.

After driving back to Warwick station we took our carriage to Stratford-on-Avon. It seems like sacrilege to hurry over the ground, but even these glimpses we have are more leisurely taken than those of the average tourist, and give us much to enjoy and keep for the future.

Our guide book told us that The Red Horse Inn was Washington Irving's hotel, and like true Americans we came here. It is a typical English inn with a center court for the horses and "traps." "Mine hostess" met us cordially and finding we were anxious to occupy Irving's room, she obligingly put a gentleman out of it for us, and assured us that it was the very bed and mattress Irving slept on, and following in Irving's footsteps we enjoyed the tale unquestioningly.

Although it was after seven o'clock the sun was well up in the sky and we started out to walk to Ann Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery, a mile distant. The foot path leads through little lanes and mostly across the fields and we had the evening glow about us for most of our walk. Mrs. Baker, a member of the Hathaway family, lives in the cottage and for 6d. shows visitors over it. We reached there, after hours, but on telling her we were Americans and would leave Stratford in the morning she opened her heart to us as well as her door and took us all over the cottage.

Mrs. Baker is 82 years of age and is a part of the place, with her wrinkled face, white hair and cap and her aged walk. Besides the history of the cottage she had many a story to tell of her famous visitors in which Americans played no small part. Indeed America has a distinctive place in England and though we exchange thrusts, we mutually respect each other.

Irving has indelibly written himself into English hearts.

In the centre of Stratford is another link with America, in the handsome drinking fountain erected by George W. Childs, "An American Citizen."

We walked to and viewed all the places connected with Shakespeare, ending with the Cathedral where he is buried, and his birth-place.

I forgot to say that when we returned to the Inn the evening before, we went into "Irving's parlour" and there read "Stratford-on-Avon" in his Sketch Book. This sketch he wrote in this room and the very chair in which he sat and the poker he used to poke the fire as he meditated and the old clock are reverently kept in one corner and shown to visitors. The spirit of the place and of the man was upon us, and you will understand this if you will revive your memory of this Sketch.

Our next stop which was necessitated by the trains was at Leamington for forty minutes, which gave us time to walk over part of the town and drink of the

mineral waters which have attracted many invalids and have made a resort of the place.

At noon we reached Oxford. We revelled here all the afternoon and took a delicious boat-ride on the Thames. This rested us so completely that we kept on wandering until dusk, at half after nine o'clock, sent us to our hotel.

Oxford is indeed an ideal place for a student, and I do hope that some of our teachers will make it their summer school some time. There, I believe, one could simply ABSORB knowledge, it is so rich in associations.

A kindly old guide, who had been showing people about for the past 52 years, showed us the main parts of Christ's College and Corpus Christi College. Additional fees (the "open sesame" in England) let us into the fine old dining-hall, the kitchen and the apartments of one of the students.

Magdalen College was perhaps the next most fascinating place to us. Our good fortune followed us there and we were just in time to hear at the end of the afternoon service the great organ peal through the high vaulted chapel of the college.

Then we went out to the quiet, restful walk, called "Addison's Walk" because it was a favorite resort of Addison when he was there as a student.

Hawthorne describes our feelings on leaving Oxford this morning when he says:

"The world, surely, has not another place like Oxford; it is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a life time and more than one to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily."

On the platform at the station at Oxford, we unexpectedly met Miss Ackerman, who came on down to London with us. She is a superior looking woman and towers above every one else. Her personality, I can see, is very strong. She seems to move all before her and one has a comfortable feeling that all will be right when with her.

I do not know definitely yet, just what the plans are and so will reserve them for another letter. I came with the baggage, "or beg pardon" "luggage" to this temporary stopping place the Langham House, while Miss Ackerman and Miss Shaffner went direct to the W. C. T. U. headquarters to arrange some matters. In this waiting time for me, I am scrawling the end of this letter.

This is of course just a family letter and you will understand my exclamations and adjectives. When one is so full they are the most natural outlet.

Up to Sunday the accounts in both Miss Nana's and Miss Shaffner's letters are somewhat similar, then Miss Shaffner adds:

Sabbath 16th, Miss Ackerman and I hold a service together in one of the largest Congregational Churches in London. As we go north we are to be entertained and at a few places "received." We are to spend several days at Eastnor Castle. The journey to Leicestershire is about six days, and the time for sailing has been changed from the 6th to the 16th of July, so we will probably have a few days here after the Convention. Everyone knows in a moment that we are Americans. We use so many words differently from what the English do, and they tell us that we have a nasal accent. We find much pleasure in wandering about at random and happening across points of interest. Thus far we have had the finest weather possible, not a day of rain. There are plenty of strawberries, and the flowers surpass anything I've ever seen outside of California.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 14, 6, 15 very few people, especially New England people object to eating.

My 8, 3, 9 is the home of whales.

My 13, 12, 11 is a mild kind of wrath.

All the green apples should be out of 10, 7, 9, 1, 2.

Indians do not generally like 4, 9, 5, 7 meat.

My whole is a fact that the Carlisle Indian boys and girls are painfully aware of.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Bicycle craze.