


THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, AUGUST 23 1895.—

NO. 47.

 HE clouds come up when our life is bright,
And cover the sun away,
And the heart grows chill in the sudden night,
And longs for the vanished day.
But the clouds pass by with the summer rains,
And then like a storm-tossed flower,
The heart looks up and is glad again
In the rainbow, after the shower.

ICELAND AT LAST.

*(Miss Nana Pratt's Letter Continued From
Last Week.)*

We have been presented with several novels and books of poetry by the authors and they inspire us with a longing to learn the Icelandic language.

The Parliament, or Althing, is now in session and when assembled it presents a group of very fine-looking men.

There is the upper house or senate, of twelve members, and the lower house of twenty-four.

The Parliament House is built of dark gray stone and is the finest building in the place. It is the special pride of the people.

We took a long ride on the Icelandic ponies soon after we reached here, and you can imagine how thoroughly I enjoyed it.

I thought of Papa when we came to a rapid flowing river, and wished he could be here to enjoy the fishing.

One of our escorts, a young poet, is very anxious to take us to the river to fish for salmon, and we have arranged to go some day.

The trout fishing I am told is fine here in the island.

We have had our photographs taken in the festive Icelandic costumes, calling ourselves Faith (Miss Shaffner), Hope (myself) and Charity (Miss Ackerman), "and the greatest of these is Charity."

The costume is really very handsome. It is of black satin embroidered in gold, and is worn to balls, weddings and most special occasions.

The gown belongs to the young woman who

is with me in the picture—the daughter of the editor of the paper I send you by this mail.

She wears the daily dress of the women, the little cap, the cashmere apron and the neck tie being the distinctive features.

Her picture will show to you just how the women look in their homes. The only addition to the dress on the street is a cashmere shawl around their shoulders.

We plan to take a riding trip of four or five days next week, and perhaps two other short trips before we start for Akureyri on the 25th of August, from which point we will take the Thyra, the vessel sailing for Scotland on the 7th of September.

The boat will stop at many places on the eastern coast of the Island and in this way we shall see the country well.

This now is the last letter I can send you until we return to Scotland, and then I "fancy" we will reach home as soon as a letter would.

I dread to think of the long silence, but no doubt the time will go quickly with us both, and I hope to find only good news when the mail reaches me in Scotland.

Miss Hood will forward the letter and the pilot will bring them out to us before we reach land.

Miss Shaffner adds:

We are here finally, but instead of ice we find most delightful weather and a climate much like our May.

After leaving the beautiful Faroes it required a little over two days until we reached the Westman Islands just south of Iceland.

There was a strong north wind, and as we drove in the face of it, our tiny boat tossed about and we were ill until we reached here Monday afternoon, about 12 hours earlier than scheduled time.

This city of 3000 inhabitants resembles at a distance one of our western towns.

There are no trees; the low houses are a good deal scattered.

(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.

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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.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Susie Farwell, who is at Wellsville, says by letter that she is well and happy.

Sam Sixkiller is over from Tahlequah to witness the game of base ball today.—[*Muscogee Phoenix*]

The sad news of the death of Dora Grey has reached us. She went home last Spring on account of poor health.

Hon. E. B. Childers, a popular candidate for chief of the Creeks, was in the city Saturday.—[*Muscogee Phoenix*].

Ned Brace writes by card thanking for the souvenir, and says he is working at Rainy Mountain, Oklahoma, in a store.

We learn that Miss Cory has lost her sister Lillian by death. Miss Cory has many friends at Carlisle who extend a hand of sympathy in this her great trial, so soon after the death of a loved mother.

Ida Wasee is having more than a good time at the seashore. Florence Walton, Cynthia Webster, and Tenie Wirth went with her on a side trip to Atlantic City and it was a delightful little journey, she says.

We occasionally see notice of Henry Phillips, in the *Alaskan*, on which paper he is employed. Henry was one of our old printers and we look with interest to see how he is getting along in that far away land.

TEN SUBSCRIPTIONS give you the new souvenir of 61 views of the Carlisle School, covering interior of shops, sleeping rooms and school-rooms, and all the graduating classes, with names and tribes given. Send a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. If you pay cash, (25 cents) the book will be sent post paid.

We see by the *Reading Eagle* that Miss Mabel Buck gave a piano solo at Belle Alto a few days ago. The paper says: "Miss Mabel Buck, an Indian girl from the Government school at Carlisle gave a piano solo which illustrates in no small measure the elevating work which is being done in behalf of the nation's wards."

LeRoy W. Kennedy has returned from his visit home to the New York reservation. He claims to have had a very pleasant although short visit. On Thursday evening, the 15th, a reception was given by Rev. George Runcimann, Presbyterian minister of Cattaraugus reservation of New York, in honor of the returned students of Carlisle Industrial School and Hampton Institute, Va., the unwritten program of the evening being social chat, games and singing. The most important occurrence probably that has ever taken place among the young people of that reservation was the organization of a new society, the general aim of which is to look after its members. Never in the history of the Senecas was there an organization consisting of young people. The president of the new society is Leroy W. Kennedy, and the secretary Miss Irene Jamison, class '95, of Hampton.

All who have been here for any length of time have observed a pleasant young white man driving the flour team which frequently delivers to the school loads of flour. In the past few weeks another young man has taken his place. Upon inquiry it was found out that the first mentioned is in the insane asylum.

"Crazy? Why what was the cause?" was asked.

"Tobacco," was the serious reply of his physician. "No other reason under the sun," he continued. "A victim of nicotine."

Harry Kohpay, class '91, has a position at the Kaw Agency, Oklahoma, as Industrial Teacher. It is not what he studied for, he says, but he was glad to get the place in order to keep away from the blanket, and not to lie around the agency or be seen riding around on the backs of ponies all day long. He likes his place and the people, and will have some opportunity to do his chosen work at the desk.

We were recently informed that the Carlisle boys won a game of ball that was played between the returned Hampton boys and the returned Carlisle boys on the fair ground at Oneida, Wisconsin, on the 4th.

But *Talks and Thoughts* puts it this way: Two games of ball were played on order the Fourth of July between the returned students of Hampton and Carlisle at Oneida, Wis. Both were won by the Hamptonians.

Which is right?

The M. O. T. B. S. was the recipient of a fine box of flowers from Amelia Clark. There were honey-suckles, geraniums, gladiolus, tiger lilies, hydrangias, sweet peas, the last rose of summer, and what not. He pinned what he could in his buttonhole, and has said "Thank you" in his heart, every time he took a whiff all the week long. The rest were placed on the center-table of his chief clerk.

Miss Luzena Chouteau, class '92, comes out in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* with a four-column article about the Carlisle Indian School. Miss Luzena has been holding her own in the Windy City for some time, and to gain so much space in such a celebrated paper, scores one for a Carlisle graduate that has not been excelled, has it?

Katydid.

Have a peach?

Ozone and lots of it in the air, this week.

Perry Tsmawa has returned from the country.

Mrs. Pratt spent Sunday at Westtown, with Miss Rote.

The cool wave came in on a fog last Saturday morning.

That spouting painting looks like dangerous business.

Bruce Patterson has gone to visit his friends, the Jeanes near Philadelphia.

Coats have been in demand for the past week, the weather was so cold.

Miss Peter has arrived from Illinois, where she has been spending her vacation.

Fred Hare who is at the Trenton hospital ill with typhoid fever is doing very well.

David Turkey, class '95, has gone to Philadelphia to attend the Pierce Business College.

Several representatives of the new Soldiers' Orphan School up the Valley, have been taking notes.

Mr. Weber and family have returned from Reading, where the former has been spending his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendren of South Carolina arrived on Friday evening. Mr. Hendren is the teacher of No. 10.

Judge and Mrs. Wolfersperger, of Sterling, Illinois, with Rev. Mr. Siedel of Carlisle visited the school on Tuesday.

Jack Standing picks tomatoes half as big as his head from his garden, and cucumbers? well, too immense to mention.

Mr. H. N. Smith, who represents the *Philadelphia Inquirer* visited the school, and was escorted around by Mr. Hendren.

Prof. Bakeless finished out a little piece of his vacation this week among his friends and relatives at Milroy, Sunbury and thereabouts.

Edith Smith and Mamie Bluejacket are in from the country, the former looking much improved in health.

Miss Helen Beatty, of Carlisle, was among the callers on Tuesday. Miss Beatty is a teacher of an Indian class at the First Presbyterian Sunday School.

President and Mrs. Dick, of Metzger College, were among the callers of the week. Prof. Dick is the new president of Metzger, and he says the prospects are good for a successful year.

Last Thursday's sudden deluge no doubt caused more home runs than were profitable to the ball game in progress on the athletic grounds. Carlisle came out ahead, and that is all we want.

Miss de Schweinitz was a guest of Miss Luckenbach last week. On Friday the two accompanied by Susie McDougall, '95, and Miss Nellie Robertson, '90, visited the Battle field of Gettysburg.

No one misses the prattle of the Pratt children more than the M. O. T. B. S. Mr. Mason Pratt's family have gone back to Steelton after a very pleasant sojourn with us for several weeks.

On Tuesday, Masters Hilton and Frank Orrick, of Baltimore with their auntie Miss Sallie Hilton of Oak Hill, went the rounds of the school escorted by John Leslie.

Miss Bowersox sends in a list of subscribers for the HELPER and says she is doing what she can to inform the people who seem eager to learn all about Carlisle. She is well and enjoying her vacation.

Misses Hamilton and Ericson spent an interesting and profitable afternoon at the great Steel works of Steelton on Wednesday. Miss Ericson met a number of persons from across the seas to whom she delivered messages and greetings fresh from Finland.

Mrs. and Miss Marie Worthington have moved again to their pleasant little home on North Hanover St., the former having taken temporary charge of the Sewing department of the school this summer in the absence of Miss Hulme the regular superintendent, who has been away on her vacation.

Levi St Cyr has returned from the east where he has been visiting friends. He says he was every day on his wheel. His sunburned face and general improved condition show that he has had a profitable trip. He ran into a number of the large printing offices of Philadelphia, and gained some valuable points.

Mr. Kensler, the storekeeper of the school, does the marketing for the teachers' club, in the wee hours of the early morning. The other day a man appeared in the kitchen with a package he had been commissioned to deliver. "Does Mr. Kensler cook here?" was asked, which the girls enjoyed immensely, and the joke was turned upon one who likes to joke.

Mr. Standing and Mr. Norman left on Monday morning for Atlanta where they will put in shape the Indian exhibit for the Interior Department. It will be remembered that our carpenter boys made the handsome cases, and Mr. Norman has gone to set the glass and do other work in connection with the arranging of the exhibit under the instructions of Mr. Standing.

Miss Phoebe Howell, a former Carlisle pupil, who graduated from two prominent schools of nursing in Philadelphia, and has since been following her profession in the City of Brotherly Love, has gone on a little visit to her old home in Oklahoma, among the Pawnees. Miss Phoebe stopped off to see her friends at Carlisle on her way west. She is looking remarkably well, and portrays a womanly spirit in her bearing and conversation that commands respect and admiration.

Pitching ball is one thing, but when it comes to pitching brick all day long as some of the boys have been doing in the past few days it is business of a more serious nature, and yet the boys stick to it, manfully determined to finish the high wall of the new end of the gymnasium. Preparations are making now for the roof, and in a very few weeks the building will be complete, and then what? Why, it will be a splendid place in every respect for physical and mental development. The gymnasium proper and baths for the former and the society and reading rooms for the latter.

(Continued From First Page.)

The garden patches are irregular, and the whole presents the appearance of a primitive settlement.

They have received us with every possible hospitality.

A great many little pleasure excursions are being arranged for us so that we expect our time to be very fully occupied.

Fishing is the chief industry of the people.

We rode past a *beautiful* river one day, so full of salmon that the people say the water sometimes has a yellowish cast.

To-night we hold a public Temperance meeting in the town hall.

We were received the other evening at a meeting of the Good Templars' Lodge, when one of the speakers said that "If the King had come himself to see us we could not have shown greater gladness."

Our coming seems to have been the event of the year.

To-morrow we take a train of ponies and go into the country to visit some points of interest.

There are no vehicles here; all the transporting is done on pony back.

We have about decided to cross the country to the Northern capital about 200 miles and catch the steamer there Sept. 7th.

By that means we shall get to see the real beauties of the country which lie inland.

There are no inns, so we must depend entirely upon putting up with the farmers and sleeping in the churches.

We carry most of our provisions as the farmers live chiefly on raw or salt fish and have no white bread.

It is a trip frequently taken, so that our taking it is by no means an unusual thing.

The air is so very invigorating, one can walk from 5 to 10 miles and not feel as tired as when we walk from school to town at home.

The natives all have ruddy complexions, which is about the only trophy we are coveting to take home.

I believe the long rides in open air will do us all great good.

DAVID AND GEORGE.

Our friend Mrs. Kilbuck writes from Bethel, Alaska:

"Our two boys, David Skuviuk and George Nokochluka who left your school in the spring of '93 to return with me to Alaska, are now young men and are still under our care.

We have tried to make missionary workers of them and our efforts have not been without results. David bids fair to become a great help to us. He is a ready and bold speaker and has begun to travel about the country and preach.

George is at one of our out stations as assistant to the Eskimo missionary there. This coming Spring they will both be married to bright and enterprising young women.

We do not, we dare not boast, for human nature is frail and the test to their faith will be

great, but we hope and pray, trusting that their whole lives may be spent aright and some fruit come of their labors.

I still remember with pleasure the week I spent with you all. I would send my greetings to those of the teachers whom I became acquainted with, well wishes for the whole school and every good wish for success in your work."

The Don'ts.

58. Don't make a mistake in English if you know it, without going immediately over the same sentence and saying it correctly. It is GOOD English we are after at Carlisle Indian school, not pigeon English.

59. Don't forget to raise your hat to every lady acquaintance you meet and to every gentleman you salute, when he is accompanied by a lady, whether you know her or not; and when with an acquaintance raise your hat when he does so, though you may not know the lady he salutes.

60. Don't think that a teacher or a friend who is older than you is in love with you if she addresses her letters at the beginning, "Dear John" or "My dear Peter," or, whatever your first name may be. It is because she is older than you and she wishes to speak to you as a mother would to her son or an older sister would to her younger brother. But when you answer your teacher's letter or the letter of the older friend NEVER begin with Dear Sarah, or Annie or Mary or any first name. If you belong to the Society of Friends and do not believe in saying "Mr." and "Miss" then you may use the whole name. You may say Dear Mary McGuire, but do not say My dear Mary. It is all right to say Dear friend, Dear Sir, or Dear Miss So-and-so.

An Enigma Built in Cambridge, Mass., by an Interested Subscriber.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 13, 8, 4, 9 makes little boys and girls cry out.

My 15, 7, 6, 3 most of us like to do in preference to walking.

My 1, 11, 8 is what your correspondent very much enjoys with her supper.

The little Indian boys and girls would feel very badly if they were compelled to go without my 6, 4, 9, 5, 3, 15.

My 2, 14, 12, 13 is what all good boys and girls want to do.

We should all cultivate a warm and loving 10, 3, 8, 15, 1.

My whole is what your correspondent looks forward to every Monday morning on the arrival of the postman.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Drink not at all.

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