

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NO. 45.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

A TINKLING as of tiny bells,
A tap upon the pane;
And hark, the pleasant news it tells,—
To parching hills and thirsty dells
Has come the blessed rain,—
The blessed summer rain!

Meadows, renew your robes once more;
Drink deep, ye fields of grain;
Hold up your cups, each tiny flower,
Receive the grateful, cooling shower,
The blessed, blessed rain,—
The blessed summer rain!

Ye brooks, that gurgle faint and hoarse,
Ring out a merrier strain;
And scatter freshness in your course,
In grateful memory of your source,
The blessed, blessed rain,—
The blessed summer rain!

BOYS, LEARN A TRADE!

To their shame, be it said, a vast number of American boys don't want to learn a trade.

The bare idea of such a thing seems to be utterly repugnant to them.

They are anxious to be office-boys or counter-jumpers, or sales-boys or clerks, or something of that kind.

Too many of them dream of being great merchants, great financiers, great doctors, great lawyers, great statesmen, or at least, some kind of a great I-am that will not entail anything savoring of physical labor.

They want to wear fine clothes and spotless linen every day in the week.

While it is, of course, a laudable ambition on the part of any young man to want to become famous in business-life or in some one of the professions, and create a big stir in the world, yet it must be patent to the most casual observer that these avenues of endeavor are already greatly overcrowded.

With thousands of briefless lawyers eking out a from-hand-to-mouth existence; with thousands of young doctors who scarcely know what a real patient looks like; with thousands of men in mercantile pursuits who cannot hope in the face of the relentless concerns, to ever emerge from the nose-grinding

rut of the one-horse shop-keepers; with thousands of "statesmen" out of a job, is it not a matter of wonderment that so many of our American boys refuse to turn their attention to the more inviting field of mechanics? We are led to these observations by a timely article touching on the subject in hand in the *New York Sun*, the more salient features of which we take pleasure in reproducing.

"It is," says the *Sun*, "to be regretted that so few of our American boys learn any trade, or are willing to serve as apprentice for the term of four or five years.

Almost any good and smart boy can procure employment in some one of the hundred skilled industries that are carried on in this city, and the boy who serves his apprenticeship faithfully gets a training that will be advantageous to him all through life, and that will very surely enable him to earn a living as long as he lives.

We should suppose that any real sensible boy would like to think of becoming a skilled workman in a good trade; would like to look forward to the time when he could stand up as an independent journeyman, for example, in the carpenter's trade, or the brass-worker's or the tailor's or the book-binder's or the fresco painter's or the weaver's or the printer's or the machinist's or the locksmith's or the gilder's or some other trade worthy of his manhood. It is a splendid thing for a young fellow to start out in the world with a good trade.

He can be as stiff as he pleases, and doesn't need to knuckle down to anybody, neither to the boss or the foreman, if he minds his own business and steers clear of gallivanting.

He can nearly always get a job at fair pay, and can often have a chance of traveling to some other part of the country to look for a better job at higher pay.

What long-headed American boy would not like to have such a show in life? We say that boys who need to earn a living do well to learn a trade, and then strike out in life free as the American Flag."

Good advice!—*Independent-Gazette.*

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER IS PRINTED BY INDIAN BOYS, EDITED BY THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND, WHO IS NOT AN INDIAN

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The Picnic.

On Tuesday morning the lines of neatly dressed young people moving towards Gettysburg Junction in orderly array indicated something unusual about to happen in the busy vacation hive of the Indian Industrial School. "Indians are out for a picnic!" "Bound for Pine Grove!" was the answer given to curious questioners. And so they were; happy faces, bright clothes, and a carload of provisions, enough to furnish dinner and supper for the host. Carlisle has a happy faculty of planning before she acts, and nothing for comfort is ever forgotten. Soon all stood in line before a train of six coaches. "All aboard!" rang out the business-like order of Conductor Kensler. Two hundred and seventy persons—pupils, employees and their families with a few friends—were soon comfortably seated and the train dashed across the beautiful valley on the P. and R. road towards Carlisle Junction.

They were all there; none left behind. The small boys, immaculate—collars and all—most of them in the car, and their proud "mother" brushing their bobbing heads from the car window with a palm leaf fan, and not a head was lost all that day. Then the girls, large and small, sedate and jolly, seated—peaceful as a hot August day would permit, with their matron quietly helping each to a drink—from the cooler, as their picnic ardor rose; and she thinks that each must have taken about ten drinks to the mile. Eunice perhaps one more. The large boys sat in beautiful silence, with arms folded—most of the way we surmise, not considering the few changes of seats, the visits to the cooler, and the heads, hands, feet, and possibly boys out of the windows. In fact we have often remarked that no children are so careful and so little trouble in traveling as our Carlisle boys and girls.

A spin of one hour across the valley and through old South Mountain, and then we were at Pine Grove. Have you ever been there, reader? Beautiful grove! and oh! such water! Why if Carlisle did not love her peaceful, sluggish Conodoguinet too loyally to refuse to drink its contaminated waters,

she would have Pine Grove's limpid stream, fresh from the mountain fastness, within three months, and be safe. And why not?

The train was abandoned in a moment. The grove abounded in life. Then began a patter of feet, the tossing of balls, the shouts of happy voices, and the swaying of restful hammocks, while Master Willie, knee deep in the cool brook, with the others, was in high glee, as he tumbled the melons into the deepest water to cool them.

Loud and clear sounded the bugle call for dinner, and all were there, no tardy ones; how strange! The tables loaded did full credit to chef Dandridge and his corps of experts. Again the stentorian tones of general manager Kensler sang out, "No melons until all tomatoes are eaten," and presto, they were gone. Congenial spirits got together as they filed to their places, no matter how, and the tables were turned, at least they were filled no more.

Then began an afternoon of solid pleasure, the thunder of ten-pins and rhythm of merry-go-round added to the intensified din of the morning. The wood had never so resounded since our ancestors said farewell and wandered westward. The open cars crowded to their utmost capacity went swiftly up the mountain side to Slate Rock, where could be had a magnificent view of the country. Several trips were made and all had an opportunity of going. Another commendable feature of all Carlisle outings—the master head always plans for all, the master hand executes for all. No classes against masses here, but strictly for all.

But the day was all too short. Soon came the call for evening lunch. The train wheeled into place, and silently all moved to their places loaded with the treasures of the wood. Wistful glances were cast backward upon the vanishing scene, that its picture might linger the longer in memory. Back through our placid valley to our home station, all too tired to enjoy what had given us so much pleasure in the morning, and by twilight this dusky swarm of human bees was again in its happy hive, filling it with a contented hum.

Each one in all that day thought of others. Not one rude or unpleasant thing to mar that day! We must mark the school picnic of '96, one other of Carlisle's red letter days, of which she has so many. Shall we have another one next year? Unanimous vote, "Aye" and to Pine Grove again. As we lie down to rest, we thank God that Carlisle exists to show the Red Man the true glory of the white man's civilization. B.

We notice by the *Chemawa American*, that Josiah George, a former student of Carlisle, has been appointed industrial teacher and band-master at that place. The school is to be congratulated on securing such a good workman and musician as Josiah and we wish him much success in his new field of labor.

Miss Susie McDougall, class '95, asks to have her HELPER changed from Genoa to Ponsford, Minn., and says, "no doubt you have already heard of my transfer. This is quite a lonely place, but I think after I get to work, I shall like it better. We are to have a new Superintendent and expect him soon."

Entered
Denny

Miss Sharp rides a wheel.
Threshing begins this week.
How to raise the wind,—use a fan.
Mr. Standing was in Steelton on Monday.
The foot-ball grounds are being put in good shape.
Chapel services were dispensed with last Sunday.

Mrs. Daniel has been under the weather for several days.

Mr. Spray is in from his tour among the boys on farms.

The fences on the west side of the grounds are being re-set.

Chemawa is an Indian name and means "Happy Home."

The small boys have been picking potatoes at the near farm.

A party of gentlemen from Wilkesbarre visited the school last week.

"Mr. Weatherman, please let up," says a daily paper, and we all say amen.

Mr. Geo. Foulke is on his vacation and Martin Wheelock is in charge of the stable.

Mrs. Elder, who has been visiting Mrs. Spray, has returned to her home in Richmond, Ind.

A sociable was held on the campus Saturday evening. And from the good time had, it is likely to be repeated soon.

The backbone of the heat wave is broken, they say, but the break doesn't seem to be a bad one in this neighborhood.

We hear that Moses Patterson, who since leaving the school has been working in western Pennsylvania, is quite ill.

Chas. Bictosewah has decided not to return to his home at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, and has gone to New York state to hunt work.

Mrs. and Miss Gamble of Plattsburg, N. Y., and Mrs. Chas. Lane of Hagerstown, with Mrs. Watts of town, visited the school on Wednesday.

Ella Rickert has returned from Montana, bringing with her Byron Wilde, who enters the school. Ella goes to the hospital, to study for a trained nurse.

On Tuesday Dr. Daniel brought back from the country Leila Cornelius, class '96, who has been ill with malarial fever. She is already greatly improved.

Misses Burgess, Carter and Miles arrived yesterday morning from California. The two Eaglefeather sisters came with them as far as Harrisburg, going from there to the Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia.

Messrs. James and John Given left Wednesday for Chicago, where they will spend some time. Mr. James is convalescing from a severe attack of rheumatism and it is hoped that a change of climate will bring about a speedy recovery.

The little Flora, on her way to Carlisle, found and ascended in a hotel her first flight of stairs and laughed with delight at her success in reaching the top stair. "Well," she said, "we have got up here, but how can we ever get down again? It is so funny to build one house on another this way!"—[The Indian's Friend.

Cooler nights may be expected now.
The song of the locust is now heard in the land.

William Whitewolf has gone to his home at Pine Ridge.

Mr. John Steele, of Carlisle, is putting some of our clocks in order.

Homer Patterson left last evening for his home in New York state.

James Flannery, who has been laid up with the rheumatism for sometime, is able to walk around a little.

Wallace and Elizabeth Denny have entered the school from Oneida, Wis. They came in charge of Miss Lampson.

Sarah Williams, Susie Pappin, Melinda Porter, Frank Cajune, Homer Patterson, Josiah Archiquette and David McFarland have returned from the country.

Mrs. Given treated the small boys under her charge to watermelon on Thursday evening last. The boys enjoyed them and return many thanks for the kindly remembrance. While the boys were eating, Uncle Sam in the person of Master John Given made his appearance and seemed to enjoy the fruit as much as his red brothers.

The foot ball schedule as arranged is as follows: September 26, Dickinson at Carlisle; October 3, Gettysburg at Carlisle; October 14, Princeton at Princeton; October 24, Yale at New York; October 31, Harvard at Cambridge; November 7, University of Cincinnati at Cincinnati; November 26, State at Williamsport. November 14 has not been decided upon.

Don't you want \$50? If you do, and we don't know any one that doesn't, we will tell you how to do it. Send for sample copies of the HELPER, start out and get subscriptions. Very few will refuse the 10 cts. Tell them they get 52 numbers, with the news of the largest Indian School in the United States, and also news of the Indians in general. Even if you don't win the prize, you will not go unpaid. After the first 25, we give 20 per cent commission. See the offer on last page.

Picnic Notes.

Eunice wanted to take a walk to the farm after she got home.

Butler and McFarland as lemonade mixers established an enviable reputation.

Some got off at Laurel and enjoyed a boat ride, walking to Pine Grove for dinner.

It is said that Harry Marshall ate more watermelon for his size than any other person at the picnic.

The picnic menu comprised chicken, ham, eggs, pies, cakes, watermelons, biscuits and two barrels of lemonade. No starvation there!

The placing of the boys on one side of the table and the girls on the other was greatly enjoyed.

Sarah, Dick and Roxanna Pratt, in charge of Carrie Cornelius and Naomi Merkel, came up from Steelton for the picnic, and enjoyed it immensely. They returned the same day, with the exception of Sarah who remained here for a day or two.

FROM A NORTHFIELD VISITOR.

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

The other night before retiring I picked up last week's HELPER, on the table, and read the letter from one of your dear girls who was at the Young Women's Conference at Northfield this year.

I attended the Young Men's College Conference which just preceeded the other and when I read that simple letter from one who had caught the "Northfield Spirit" (which is not an artificial enthusiasm), I just felt like writing to tell you how I enjoyed that simple girl's letter.

I think sometimes in those less faithful moments when self or Satan gets possession of us, simplicity may be revolting to us; we may even scorn just a little the simplicity of the converted Indian—may look upon his simple, every day routine as (what has been termed) "goody goody."

But are there not other moments when we could positively *covet*, and *pray for*, the very childishness of the Indian? as we grow older I think we learn more and more to value that simplicity and trustfulness—supreme trustfulness in Him—which just forgets fear; and I agree with Huxley and Drummond in the sentiment, you have read: "I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer."

There are moments when we just long to go straight forward—to be what some one has termed "an every day hero."

But about Northfield!

It is a beautiful place.

It is a privilege to be there; to meet so many refined people; to come into touch with such lofty Christianity.

Also your men who were there—and they are good fellows, I met them—if they can fancy much more *unalloyed peaceful pleasure* than, at sundown, reclining among the fellows there on "Round Top" and listening to Robert Speer speak with the tears in his eyes.

We speak—we try to be earnest—we seem earnest.

Robert Speer *was* his own earnestness! He didn't struggle to impress; he simply *did* impress.

He had the Spirit. And men like Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, who was so mature a Christian that his doctrines seemed almost Pantheistic.

He spoke of feeling God in the air; of seeing Him in all nature.

I enjoyed your girl's account of their reception by the other delegates.

From this, one might get a faint inkling of what the Auditorium is like on "the Fourth"

I don't want even to begin to tell of it; ask your boys who were there.

It met the "college idea" (to use that term) about as well as anything could.

I want to get to Northfield next year if possible and hope to see a good representation from Carlisle.

See if you can't notice directly or indirectly the good influences, of having sent some of your boys and girls to Northfield, on the school.

I have just been thinking that this letter looks so methodical that perhaps it will convey the impression that I am a sort of agent in Northfield interest.

I assure you not, but I saw the letter in your little HELPER (aptly named) and felt like writing.

Hence, you will pardon me if I omit signature except to say that I am a fellow Christian.

Mr. Chas. A Dana, of the New York *Sun*, gives the following list of books as indispensable to every American:

The Bible, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Bancroft's History of the United States, McClure's Life of Lincoln (partially published), Irving's Life of Washington, Franklin's Autobiography, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Channing's Essay on Napoleon Bonaparte, and Shakespeare.

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.

Picnicers rejoice when the weather is 1, 4, 12, 9, 6, but not when it is 7, 5, 10.

We 13, 3, 7 a boat.

The 11, 2, 8 is a useful garden implement.

My whole is what we are all wishing for.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Spare moments.

ON the first of November a cash prize of fifty dollars will be given to the person sending us the most new subscriptions for the IN-

Send in the names as fast as you get them. THE MONEY MUST ALWAYS ACCOMPANY the names.

That you need not work for nothing should you not be so fortunate as to win the prize, keep for yourself two cents on

The prize is
50 DOLLARS.

every subscription you send after you have sent TWENTY-FIVE names at full price.

For amounts less than a dollar two-cent United States postage stamps are acceptable.

DIAN HELPER. A short list may win, as a very few names have been received.