

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

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NO 11

THE HARVEST.

A GRAIN of corn is very small,
'Tis scarcely anything at all;
But sow a handful of them wide,
And you will reap, at harvest-tide,
A plenteous heap of ripened gold,
More than your joyful arms can hold.

A trifling kindness here and there
Is but a simple, small affair;
Yet, if your life has sown them free,
Wide shall your happy harvest be.
Of friends, of love, of sweet good-will,
That still renews, and gladdens still.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

MARGARET BOTTOME WITH US.

One of the Red Letter Seasons in the memory of Carlisle's King's Daughters will hereafter be the visit of their Chieftain, Margaret Bottome, founder and President of the Order.

Mrs. Bottome arrived on Friday evening last, coming directly from the King's Daughters' Headquarters in New York City.

The regular Saturday's work in the girls' quarters had all been "done up" during the spare moments of the week and all things were in a state of "preparedness," for the good time they fully realized.

The first meeting was held on Saturday morning in the girls' society room. Every Daughter who was not detained by outside duty was on hand eager for the first glimpse of one whom they had long regarded as a personal friend.

The subject of the meeting was, "I send you." "I come to you as a messenger, bringing an important dispatch. I shan't mind if you forget me, just so you get the message.

"What is it?"

"Let me ask how many of you have ever been lonely. How many have cried because you were homesick for your mother who was so far away.

"Ah! All of you!"

"Well, when Christ told his poor disciples that he was going away, they were far lonelier than you have ever been because they had no one else to help them—no one else to look to.

"Then He gathered them about him and said:

"I will not leave you orphans; I will not

leave you comfortless. If I go I will send you the Comforter and He will abide with you forever.'

"He will be in you which is far better than any outward presence. This is the message He would send you: That you can have the Comforter."

At three o'clock in the afternoon the second meeting was held in the same room for those who could not attend the first meeting. The exercises of the morning had created a hunger for more and the hall was packed. The little girls composing the Junior Circles led the singing. The subject being "The Guide," the text "I Will Guide You."

She said in part:

"When we travelled through the Holy Land last year, it was necessary that we should have a guide and interpreter, as none of us spoke the language of the country. Our guide required us to allow him to care for all our belongings and insisted upon going ahead of us, not after us.

"He also prepared the way for us so that when we reached a city, the rooms were ready for us, the fires lighted and every thing comfortable, while others travelling alone were refused accommodations at any cost.

"In the dangerous and difficult journey of life we must have a guide or we will have no end of entanglements and worries and burdens to bear. We are offered the Guide of God's Spirit."

The evening service was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall and was a joint meeting of the King's Daughters and Sons and the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, the subject being "Power."

Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, a meeting was held for all the girls in the Assembly Room, with a delightful address about the work of the organization of King's Daughters in this and other lands.

By many this was considered the best address of the series.

Mrs. Bottome closed the day by speaking at the regular Sunday evening prayer-meeting, which was thrown open to the people of the town of Carlisle.

She spoke upon the subject of Tropical Christians. When we get far from God, growth ceases, like the palm and orange tree when propagated in a climate foreign to their nature.

Thus closed a season of refreshing which we trust may mark an important period in many lives."

DAUGHTER.

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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Miss Marianna Burgess, Manager.

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.

Edward Marsden's interesting article on Sitka and the Sitka School was crowded over to next week!

A Maryland subscriber says: "I consider the HELPER a grand paper and hope to be a reader forever."

We are in receipt of a letter from Mrs. J. H. Lytle, saying "Please acknowledge subscription for the HELPER for '97." As no P. O. is given and we cannot tell whether name is on our books, or where to send the paper if new, will the writer please explain?

On Monday, at the opening exercises of school, Professor Bakeless spoke upon "The first attempt to girdle the earth with telegraph lines"; on Tuesday, Miss Bowersox gave some points of historic interest about Lake George; on Wednesday, Miss Merriman discussed "The use of words"; and yesterday, Miss Quinn gave a description of "The Fall of the Bastille."

The boys and girls in the Training School are showing more eagerness and enthusiasm in their books and studies than they have shown before. The return of Miss Flora Campbell, the visit of Edward Marsden, Miss Wells and other natives that have acquired a liberal education in the States have furnished proofs to these boys and girls of the refining and elevating influence of higher education and fired them with zeal and determination. —[Sitka North Star.

When Miss Ben-Oliel's lecture on Jerusalem was announced two weeks ago, to be held in our Assembly Hall, and that people of Carlisle were to be invited, it was seen that some of the small boys would have to remain at home so as to give room to the visitors. Just where to draw the line was hard to determine, for some of the smallest were the brightest and could understand the best while some of the larger boys were in the lower grades. But this happy thought struck me one in charge: All who can spell "Jerusalem" and "responsibility" may go. It is needless to say that enough missed to give plenty of seats to the visitors.

Secure a '91 or '92 bicycle with cushion tires. Mount the thing! Yes, it is heavy. Now pile a small boy in front and another in the rear. Start up the little rise of ground at the guard house, and see how heavy your load is! Half-way up, eh? Going to give out? Now is the time for somebody behind you to yell fiercely "Get ep!" and pile on the whip, just as some drivers do upon good old faithful horses who are straining every nerve and muscle to pull up a little pitch. We hope that most of the Indian drivers are more considerate.

A number of Ala-kan boys and girls have been sent East to School this fall; some are at Carlisle, Pa., and some in other schools. Among the number from the Sitka school was our only Eskimo, little Healy Wolfe. This diminutive half-blood Eskimo (eleven years) is as bright and capable as the average white boy, if indeed he is not the average, and is sure to make his mark if he has the opportunity. We were loth to give him up and yet we are glad that he can have the privilege of better facilities than the schools of Alaska afford. —[Sitka North Star.

Healy is with us. When he is prepared to go out to larger opportunities we shall try to evince the same broad spirit that governs the Sitka school. This spirit should dominate every Indian educational institution under the Government. To keep bright pupils back from facilities and associations necessary to the highest development of mind and body, in order that "OUR school" shall present a good appearance, is criminal.

We have every indication that our boys and girls are growing more careful. Fewer books become lost or are mislaid, and a very few fail to return those that are taken from the Reference Library. Two that were mislaid last Spring have been returned by those who took them out. That's the way to become trustworthy men and women. Shoulder responsibilities! Look out for every duty!

A FRIEND.

THE INDIAN HELPER, a small weekly paper published by the scholars of the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., is a very welcome guest to our study, and is read with pleasure and interest. While the school is attracting great attention from its being the home of the famous Carlisle football team, we are glad to see that a more enduring fame is being established for the school by the faithful "stay-at-homes," who work just as hard as the football team at a more noble work of self-improvement. —[Church and Home.

This is the way a southern friend, although a stranger states the matter: "I have been a constant reader of your little paper, and think that every intelligent man or woman should send you ten cents for the paper and give it as a present to some poor child who can read and would be proud of a paper coming to him, in his own name. It makes a child feel of some importance to think he or she can have a newspaper sent through the postoffice."

The new shirt ironer makes fine-looking shirt fronts, although there seem to be faults in the machine. These may disappear as we learn to handle the little wonder.

A touch of winter.
Sharpen your skates!
Baby Wheelock is getting on finely.
Robert Emmett is learning to type-write.
Last night was the coldest of the season, so far.

Arthur Sickles joined the printers' ranks this week.

Many of the children in Maine never saw a drunkard.

How many of the students have talked through our telephone?

Good-bye microbes, if it is cold weather that frightens you away.

The dining-hall walls are to have a new dress for Christmas.

Mr. Bushman of the near farm, who has been ill for several weeks, is improving.

Clarinda Charles has gone to her home in New York, being called by the illness of her mother.

The leaders of the various circles of King's Daughters were entertained by Mrs. Pratt at dinner on Saturday, to meet Mrs. Bottome.

Mrs. Judge Biddle of Carlisle, and guest Miss Bodine, of Philadelphia, visited the school on Wednesday and were escorted through the various departments by Mrs. Pratt.

Mrs. Hamilton, so recently Marie Eliva, wishes to acknowledge through the HELPER, the receipt of many and handsome wedding gifts, and to thank the givers for their loving kindness and generosity.

Hon. R. Z. Lunney, of North Carolina, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hendren and Miss Lunney. Mrs. Hendren and Miss Lunney are his daughters. The Congress-man was well pleased with what he saw and heard at Carlisle.

As we go to press the football team accompanied by the band are off for Chicago, the former to play Wisconsin University in Chicago's great Colosseum which seats 15,000 people. They play Saturday night by electric light.

No winter weather yet to speak of, and the mild open winter is the healthiest, so say the wisest people of long experience, although a few old fogies still say that winters with deep snows and mercury below zero are the healthiest. The Man on the band-stand knows better and likes the weather we have been having.

Elijah Brown left for Oregon last Tuesday evening. Elijah came to us last summer, and in his short stay has made many friends in the East. A man in town, confined to his bed with illness, whom Elijah used to visit and read to, will greatly miss him. Elijah's friends at Carlisle wish for him a safe journey home and a long and prosperous life.

The Susans, wish to inform the so-called "Invited Guest," who appeared against them in the last issue of the HELPER, that they knew nothing about his invitation, neither have they postponed a regular meeting in five years. They are always ready to receive guests. The Standards and Invincibles would have been gladly welcomed had they come before the meeting adjourned. It must be remembered that the Susans are always on time, they wait for NO MAN. A SUSAN.

R. Scott Israel, of Washington, D. C., a member of the preparatory school, Dickinson College, was a guest of Miss Cummins, on Sunday.

No young person in Maine ever saw a Jegal dramshop. Don't say to the Man-on-the-band-stand that Prohibition is worthless! The YOUNG we must save.

W. T. Bull, of New York City, the Athletic critic for "Leslie's Weekly," and ex-Yale graduate, (class '88.) was with us, coaching for a few days the football team, preparatory to their going to Chicago. Mr. Bull is one of the greatest coaches Yale has ever turned out, and we are favored in being able to secure his valuable services.

Do you wear your sweater in the house? Then you invite a heavy cold. The sweater is a good thing if used for the purpose intended, but a very dangerous article of clothing when worn as some of our boys do, in doors at work all the week, and laid aside on Sunday for a white shirt. We must use common sense or suffer.

On Tuesday Capt. and Mrs. Pratt attended the funeral services of the late Dr. McCauley, in Baltimore. When Dr. McCauley was President of Dickinson College, in the early days of our school, he rendered in many ways most valuable services to the school. And from his Baltimore home the friendly influence has been felt through all the years. His interest in the Indian never waned. There are many people in this vicinity who deeply mourn the death of this great and good man.

Under the head of Language Teaching at Teachers' Meeting Saturday morning the poor English of the Indian schools was discussed. The final decision was that the best way to handle Indian English was to wrestle with it as Jacob did with the angel. The interruption of visitors was thought by some to be a great hindrance to good class work, but much of the embarrassment evinced by pupils was traced to the teacher allowing himself or herself to become disconcerted. We are to teach as though no visitors were present. In regard to various methods used to bring about certain results, "The pupil must control the method and not the method the pupil. The pupil must be the basis of action every time."

Again, an occasion always enjoyable is a thing of the past. Last Monday evening the members of the Standard and Invincible Literary Societies gave a reception to the faculty, the young ladies of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society and a few "cousins" not in the societies. The guests were received in the gymnasium, which was decorated with flags and Japanese lanterns. In the early evening all were invited into the Y. M. C. A. Hall, just off the running gallery. Howard Gansworth as Chairman of the evening made a few remarks and then called upon several, who responded happily. Following this was a spelling match in the gymnasium in which Albert Nash took first prize of a cake for being the best speller. Refreshments were enjoyed, and a very interesting game of basket ball was witnessed. After a well-spent evening all went away with the thoughts that the members of the Standards and Invincibles do not forget their cousins and friends when an occasion like this comes around. G.

rite
game

THE HAMILTON—ETIVA NUPTIALS.

At 4:30 o'clock on last Thursday afternoon, the girls' quarters was a scene of gaiety, although the occasion was not unmingled with sadness; for was not the school about to part with two of its honored members who have been with us for a long time?

The Girls' Assembly Room was prettily decorated in lace curtains, plants and flowers. About mid-way down the north side, archlike festooning of smilax, ferns and roses, marked the altar. On the piano was a jardiniere of as handsome roses as ever bride looked upon.

The long hand of the clock pointed straight down having passed its lesser companion at the station of four. The west door opened and Paul Hayne, with Mabel Buck leaning upon his arm appeared. He escorted her to the piano when she played Mendelssohn's wedding march as the bridal party entered.

First came Paul Hayne and Seichu Atsye, then Chester Smith and Alice Sheffield and last the bride and groom, looking grave and sedate. The bride was dressed in pearl cashmere and carried a bouquet of varicolored roses. Never did Marie look prettier and more interesting.

The company marched with solemn tread through a central passage way the entire length of the room, then counter marched, and stopping in front of the officiating minister, Rev. Dr. Norcross, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Carlisle, Amos Hamilton and Marie Etiva were pronounced man and wife with an impressiveness that was deeply marked and in a stillness that seemed like death.

After the wedding ceremony congratulations were in order.

Although only the girls and a few friends were the invited guests, the audience was large, and there was not time for each to take the bride and groom by the hand.

The party soon left the room to cross the grounds before hundreds of curious spectators, as the band upon the band stand played an appropriate march.

In the teachers parlor covers were laid for 12 of the nearest friends of Amos and Marie. Roast chicken, salads and desserts were indulged in, while the presents in Miss Campbell's room were being examined by admiring hosts.

Among the presents were silver spoons, forks, knives, linen, pictures, etc., etc.

At 6 o'clock the bridal party was taken to the train, and as they drove off the shower of rice was so profuse as to be wasteful had not the hungry little sparrows found an after feast in the residue.

At the train, more rice was thrown and the happy couple departed amid cheers and the usual blessings and God speeds of such an occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will live in Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

DECEMBER'S EXHIBITION.

A bunch of large and beautiful chrysanthemums which bowed gracefully in the breeze of passers-by, was the conspicuous object of attention on the platform's left as the audience was gathering in Assembly Hall last Thursday night to witness December's School Entertainment.

Had it not been for the printed programs every one would have wondered why the curtains were closed and why the red foot lights were on, but after the Overture by the band the curtains were drawn aside and a living group of statuary representing Thanksgiving, was disclosed to the admiring spectators, and all were satisfied.

The exhibition, taken as a whole did not come up to the standard we have learned to expect.

The quartette of girls sang "No Evil Shall Befall Thee," very well; the latter half of the choir's Cradle Song was good; Linnie Thompson played a piano selection in excellent touch and Maggie Trombly's song was well received, but the school singing was poor, and what was the matter with the band in Vesper Hymn? To an uncritical ear about four prominent instruments were entirely off the key.

The best of the evening's performance were a recitation by Viola Zieh—"Labor is Worship," and the "Spelling Match" by the pupils of No. 8.

The Seniors are always represented by a classical declamation or oration. Julia Williams for class '97, rendered Macaulay's "Horatious at the Bridge," in an earnest and impressive manner. "The Solar System" by pupils of No. 13, in which Bessie Nick spoke so nicely and clearly, "The Flashes from Whittier" from pupils of Nos. 4 and 6, Asber Parker's "Cabin Philosophy," (No. 11), Jesse Knjockety's part in the "Queer English," Colloquy, Cora Moore's selection from Lowell, and Bryant's "Death of the Flowers," by Amelia Clark, all deserve mention, while Hula Cleveland, No. 2, Elizabeth Denny No. 1, Ayche Saracino, No. 3, May Mackey, No. 14, each did as well as could be expected from the grades represented.

Enigma.

I am made of 13 letters.
My 9, 4, 3 is polite.
My 1, 2, 4, 7, 13 bells do.
My 7, 8, 5, 10 is on a ship.
My 6, 11, 12, 13 goes away fast.
My whole is not far away.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Injustice.