

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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BUSY HANDS OF BOYHOOD.

RISING as soon as the robins,
Whose whistle begins with the light;
Feeding King Philip and Black Hawk,
Milkling old Blossom and White;
Driving the cows to the pasture;
Sowing the seed with the sower,
Binding up sheaves in the rye field,
Mowing the wheat with the mowers;

This is what occupies children
Who live on the farms all around,
Blending amusement and labor,
When not in the school-houses found!
These active lads in the future
Make honest and hard-working men,
Often acquiring high places,
Where idle ones never have been.

Bring up the lads of the city
To think that work never will shame,
Teach them in boyhood the lesson
That industry winneth a name;
That idle, lazy and weak ones
Are ever in poverty's strife,
While only earnest hard workers
Succeed in the struggle of life.

—[SOPHIE L. SCHENCK.]

NORTHFIELD AGAIN.

It has become a settled custom for our Young Men's Christian Association to have its representatives at the World's Student's Conference which meets yearly at Northfield, under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Moody.

This year the plans were laid broader than usual and ten men were sent.

To make the trip economical the boys decided to "camp out." A large tent was taken with them and we have the pleasure of reporting the matter a delightful experience, a great success.

The boys left Carlisle, June 24, reaching Northfield on June 25th, going into camp by Saturday.

The trip to New York and up the Sound to New London on the steamer "Worcester" was novel and instructive to the boys.

A little glimpse of Broadway and Wall Street, a short pause at Trinity Church was all of New York we had time to see.

The boys stood for a moment by the grave of brave Lawrence who was killed in the sea fight between the "Chesapeake" and the

"Shannon" during the war of 1812. "Don't give up the ship," read upon his tomb had a deeper meaning to these young men, as they are trying to hold on to the ropes and stays of a new, a strange and almost indefinable civilization.

They visited the statue of Nathaniel Hale, the patriot who died regretting that he had but one life to give up for his country.

As the boat steamed around from North to East river and the Sound, and as the twilight deepened into night over the busy scene all were content to remain silent. It is a scene, the blending of the wonders of God's and man's works never to be forgotten.

The Conference opened on Friday night with a most eloquent and spiritual sermon to the young men on "Choosing a Vocation" by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of New York City.

It is impossible to quote from it.

It was all gems in a setting of gems.

Whatever the vocation chosen, it must have God in it, or it is chosen in vain, was the message.

On the following day he gave us another that will make the Bible and Christ nearer and dearer to us. The theme was "The Bible with Christ out of it." No man can take Christ out of Christianity any more than he can take the heart out of the body. Human origin is a vision of human sin and suffering. Take out the ray of Christ-light and what is left is sin, shame, condemnation, silent scorn. Christ is what makes the Bible the God-like creation that it is.

On Saturday, the Missionary Institute, the Workers Training Class, the Bible Study department and the Y. M. C. A. Worker's conferences were satisfactorily started, and our delegates each found his place and hard work to follow and note all the helpful things that came to us from men of deep Christian experience and consecration. We are stronger and better and wiser for it all.

(Continued on last page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
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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.

Miss Lydia Smith who went home recently, writes that she arrived safely.

Twenty-five cents will pay for a SOUVENIR of the Carlisle Indian School, post paid or FREE for TEN subscriptions and two cents for postage.

Neatly printed invitations and programs of the Commencement exercises of the Klamath Agency School, Oregon have been received for June 25th and 26th.

Philip Lavatta, a former typo of Carlisle School, has a good position with a civil engineering party who are surveying for a large irrigating canal on Ft. Hall Reservation.

Miss Reeside writes from her field of labor among the Kiowa Indians that Julia Given, ex-pupil, has been recently married to a young man by the name of George Hunter. We wish them a happy and successful career.

Those who have gone home since the last issue are Clark Smith, Joseph Adams, Frank Crouse, Allen Blackchief, Henry Redkettle, Samuel Lonebear, Peter Chiefeagle Shield Thunderbull, Wesley Williams, Daniel Brown, Charles Fineday, Kirkwood Smith, E. Ricker, Bedford Forrest, Joseph West, Thos. Flynn, Joseph Craig, Chris. Fletcher, Louis Quarters, Peter Nahmais, Amos Metoxen, Elijah Wheelock, Josiah Archiquette, Brigman Cornelius, Samuel Miller, Charles Yarlott, Jack Stewart, Thomas Stewart, Daniel Morrison, Joseph Ezhuna, George Frass, Chester Smith, Henry Decorah, Andrew Blackcloud, George Suis, Joshua Walker, Edgar McCarthy, Carl Sweezy, William Kernosh, Fred Doaskado, Hugh Leider, Samuel Gruett, Peter Dillon, Abraham Lonebear, Phillip Marshall, Harry Marshall, Arthur Sickles, Joel Moore, Alexander Baird, Willie Couture, Thomas Smith, Frank Cajune, Johnson Spencer, William Greenbird, Joseph Blodgett, Jennie Lovejoy, Mary Cutfoot. Hattie Eaglehorn, Martha Walker, Annie McMillen, Mary Shebwasang, Angeline Chippewa, Mary Beaulieu, Tenie Wirth, Lizzie Howard, Rose Denomie, Ida Wheelock, Kitty Metoxen, Lavinia Adams, Lillie Schandore, Melinda Metoxen, Melinda Thomas, Ophelia King, Sophy Huff, Leila Cornelius, Olive Miller, Grace Redeagle, Alice Sheffield, and Sarah Roubideaux.

Great Freedom's birthday was celebrated at the Carlisle Indian School on Monday. A trolley ride for the morning and a display of fireworks for the evening were the day's program which proved a success. The Captain took his troop of dusky boys and girls for an outing at the "Boiling Springs", a pretty little place with bubbling water from which it derives its name, some six miles away from the school. It took three cars to carry the merry crowd. Waving the Stars and Stripes they sang very appropriately

"My Country 'tis of thee, * * * * *
"Land where my fathers died,
"Land of the Pilgrims pride,
"From every mountain side
"Let freedom ring."

To at least one Indian heart this particular occasion came with irresistible force. The transformation of the Carlisle children from barbarism to the ways of a civilized race seemed in itself a demonstration most proper for Liberty's day. They show that the offspring of a poor silent, despairing race can be taught by kindness to hope and trust again. God grant that this joyous singing of the children is none other than a fore-runner of a near future when the little band shall swell to the entire Indian race and with deeper, sweeter meaning in our hearts, we shall waft our country's praise, as the Red Man shall emerge from the sullen, suspicious wilds of the Primitive conditions into the full glory of civilization.
L. W.

Once upon a time in the dim (?) past, says our chronicler, four people went out for a drive to Mount Holly. Nothing unusual occurred until the party started home on a route other than that by which they had come. Ignoring the traditional method of guiding themselves by the moss on the trees and logs, they soon found themselves invading the private domains of a tiller of the soil, and before they were aware of the fact they were comfortably housed in the stable of the aforesaid worthy. What passed between the strayed party and the land "lord" we are not told, but it appears that the former beat an ignominious retreat. It is also rumored that one of the party was somewhat unpleasantly reminded of the sensation which the apple of Newton felt.

Miss Reichel, one of the faculty of Nazareth Hall, spent last week with Miss Luckenbach. She is a cyclist and set out to make the trip from Bethlehem to Carlisle on her wheel, but stones, ruts, hills, and hot waves induced her to exchange the "silent steed" for the "iron horse" for the last third of the distance. Her experience proves that though a leopard cannot change his spots, a cyclist may change his skin and that it is not an altogether pleasant operation.

Miss Amelia Frost from Ft. Hall Reservation, Idaho, arrived at Carlisle on Thursday of last week with two girls from Connecticut Mission Home. From her we learn that Harry Hutchinson was married to Mary Martin a former pupil of Ft. Hall School on Christmas Eve last, at the Mission. No less than one hundred persons witnessed the impressive ceremony.

Frank Jones, '97, writes from his home in Oklahoma that he has regained his health.

Biff!
Whizz!
Boom!

Hurrah!!

A glorious fifth.

Thomas Marshall is the new janitor.

The pupils had peas for dinner on Wednesday.

The firemen's parade on Monday was a success.

Celebration passed off without a serious accident.

Prof. Bakeless is out visiting the boys in the country.

Old Sol evidently rides a good bike, for he is a "scorchier."

The calsmen are at work in the small boys' quarters.

Mr. Standing and Dr. Diven have returned from New York State.

Louisa Giesdorf, Class '96, is in from West Chester Normal School.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson left on Tuesday afternoon for Chautauqua, N. Y.

James Flaunery, '94, plays with the orchestra at Boiling Springs Park.

Miss Peter left last Friday for Chicago where she will spend her time of leave.

Mr. Kensler has had his hands full this and last week getting the home goers started.

Mary Kadashan, an Alaskan girl, who has been living at Geneseo, N. Y., has entered our school.

Alexander Upshaw, '97, now of Bloomsburg Normal, has his old place again as Mrs. Given's assistant.

Mr. Hendren, Misses Miles, Robertson and Bailey left Friday morning for Chautauqua to attend summer school.

Hawley Pierce played 1st base for Mt. Holly Baseball Club in two games on Monday and came out victorious in both.

All the girls who are left here went down to see the firemen's parade last Monday under the gentle guidance of Mr. Kensler.

Mr. Rollin Bowersox of Paxtonville, Pa., is spending a few days with his sister Miss Bowersox. They left on Thursday morning for home.

On Saturday, a party of 8 boys and 2 girls arrived from Wittenburg Boarding School, Wis. The Stockbridge, Oneida, Chippewa and Winnebago tribes are represented.

Miss Gertrude Simmons is the latest addition to our force of workers. Miss Simmons is a Sioux, seven years a student of White's Institute, Indiana, and of Earlham College two years, is temporarily assisting with the clerical work in Miss Ely's office.

George Shelaflo came very nearly having a very serious accident last week. He was painting the gymnasium roof, and as he started down on the extension ladder, the coupling rope broke and down he came with his paint bucket on the gravelled bottom. He received a few scratches on his face and bruised his hands and arms. We are glad to report that he is around and will soon be able to work again.

Just enough rain on Wednesday to make the air a little cooler.

On account of a brake at the power-house the printers did some kicking on Thursday.

Quite a number of boys have found employment among the neighboring farmers to help during harvest.

The Second Presbyterian Sunday School picnic occurred on Friday. Mrs. Pratt, Richenda, and others attended.

Prof. O. H. Bakeless of Sunbury, Pa., has been recommended as chief of our culinary department, so says a little (Northfield) bird.

We see by the "Pennsylvania Chautauqua Record" that Miss Shaffner delivered a very interesting lecture there, on "Iceland and its People."

A song service on the lawn, conducted by Dennison Wheelock, and an address by Capt. Pratt, was the order of exercises Sunday evening, the Fourth.

Among the home goers Brigman Cornelius, '97, Henry Redkettle, '97, George Suis, '95, Samuel Miller, Arthur Sickles and Thomas Flynn are typos.

Miss Barr started Monday on her vacation which she will spend in the East. Miss Delia Randall, a graduate nurse of New Haven, will be in charge of the hospital during the absence of the former.

Miss Shaffner started out last Friday morning on her rounds among the 240 girls who are summering on farms. Her address while absent will be W. C. A. B't'd'g. 18 and Arch Sts. Phila., Pa.

The boiler room is undergoing some repairs and in order to do it conveniently several holes have been made in the printing office floor. It can now be said that it is a "holey" place although there are still a few devils in the office.

It is the custom of the Northfield Conference to have championship contests in baseball and other sports. Our delegates came out second in base-ball. The teams that they defeated are U. of P., Haverford, Mt. Hermon. Harvard defeated our boys.

When we think of the large number of students that we usually have during the fall and winter, it is rather amazing to find that we have now only 61 large boys, 62 girls and 41 small boys making a total of 164 present on the grounds. 506 are out on farms for the summer.

Misses Cummins and Hulme of the faculty and David McFarland took advantage of the excursion to San Francisco. They went along with the Christian Endeavor Society. No doubt they will have a good time while traveling and during the conference. We hope that they will bring some "good news" to those of us that did not go.

The Y. M. C. A. delegates to the Northfield Bible Conference returned on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning. Edward Peterson left the party and went to visit his aunt who lives a short distance from Boston. Prof. Bakeless left the party in New York city. He went to the country homes to visit the boys who are out.

They had a good time and it is hoped that they will try to do as much as they can towards lifting the school to a higher Christian standard.

The HELPER has not room for even a hint of the souls left to Mt. Pisgah reached in all this effort to track our young college students (on the part of veterans in the lines of Christian work), their duties and responsibilities in winning and holding the educational institutions of the world for Christ.

On Saturday and Sunday, Mr. Moody gave a series of thrilling talks on the Commandments.

There is never a wavering or uncertain note about him. What he says you understand, and his logic is irresistible. God's word means to him just what it says. One God, and Him to serve, no desecration of the Sabbath. Away with reading of Sunday papers on the Sabbath. Know your Bible and God's way for man. The bicycle and trolley have no place for Sunday pleasure. If we are to be guided by God, we must live near Him, heed Him, clear our minds, hearts and lives, of sin. It was such a series of appeals as carries conviction with it, and no one hearing them can again voluntarily live below his better self. We thank God anew for a Moody, a prophet of this generation. B.

(To be continued next week.)

THE FIRST NIGHT OUT.

In these days of much travel the story of a trip to the Pacific Coast is a very ordinary tale still should the journey be taken every month in the year, there would be something new and novel to relate each time.

Miss Rote, formerly of the teachers' club, and now of the famous Friends' School at Westtown, Pa., met me at Harrisburg at 7:25 on Thursday evening July 1st, and in ten minutes we found ourselves in comfortable quarters in section 4, Pullman Palace Car "Stanton," with faces turned westward.

The night was intensely hot and every berth in the car taken, but before the more than usually sprightly porter began making the beds we had time to look around and get silently acquainted.

Two ladies occupied a lower berth not far from us. From what we overheard one had been quite a traveler understanding all the little unmentionable but complex ways, the knowing of which makes her at home on the train.

The other evidently never had been in a sleeper before.

They were a matronly pair, but the questions of the elder marked her as very young at the business upon which she was embarking for a few days.

Their baggage? Well, each had three or four sizable pieces, and there were four pieces in the section before they entered.

"What's this," said Madam Newtraveller. "Why must that baggage be in our seat?"

"It is not our seat. We have the lower berth and are entitled to only one seat. Evidently the upper is taken," said Miss Know-it-all.

"O, I wonder by whom?"

"I don't know. I should say by a man, however, for the person doesn't seem to be here, and you know that's the way the men do very often. They sit in the smoking room."

"O, I wonder what he looks like," Miss Newtraveller half gasped.

After considerable arranging and re-arranging of packages, room was made for their feet and the twain sat in repose as they chewed gum and quietly surveyed the beautiful appointments of the exquisitely carved and polished interior of the coach.

"I don't see how they ever go to bed in this place," said Miss Newtraveller.

"You'll see by-and-by."

And she did. It afforded her most pleasurable entertainment for an hour to watch the porter as he turned the locks of the upper berths one by one, let them down, pulled the seats together of the lower, took out the mattresses, threw them in place and then with a characteristic flip, shot the sheets in exactly the spot he wanted them. Then came the curtains, the little hammock for clothing and the thin special curtain for lower berth, and lastly the brass number over the drapery to mark the place.

Now it came time for the maidens to have their berth made; and while occupying a borrowed seat, the man who slept overhead climbed into his bed unnoticed.

Miss Newtraveller's first preparation for bed was the taking off of her hat.

"O, here is a nice big shelf to put it on," said she, placing it gently on top of the man stretched at full length in the upper berth, having forgotten it was to be occupied.

The man gracefully handed the hat below, and Miss Newtraveller and Miss Know-it-all could be heard laughing for some time, while it did not require a great stretch of the imagination for the amused passengers to see crimson blushes over and above the natural heat of that intensely hot night. M. B.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 2, 8, 7 is what the little girls in the sewing room learn to do.

My 12, 5, 6 is what a happy girl may do at her work.

My 9, 3, 10, 1 is what all tired people should do.

My 11, 13, 14, 15 is what we try in vain to keep, about this time of year.

My 4 forms the plurals of words.

My whole is what the Carlisle Indian School teacher is doing up brown these days.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: General Grant's Tomb.