

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1897.

NUMBER 40.

"LAUGH A LITTLE BIT."

HERE'S a motto just your fit:
"Laugh a little bit."
When you think you're trouble-hit,
"Laugh a little bit."
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place
If you have the grit and wit
Just to laugh a little bit.
Keep your face with sunshine lit;
"Laugh a little bit."
Gloomy shadows off will flit
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.
Cherish this as sacred writ:
"Laugh a little bit."
Keep it with you, sample it;
"Laugh a little bit."
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and Fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.

—St. Nicholas.

SECOND AND THIRD NIGHTS OUT.

Yes, Indians are Nomads! They love to wander from place to place, but why this particular race should have such a distinctive reputation over and above the other races is something I cannot understand.

If the travel to California during the past week indicates anything, it certainly does that people other than Indians are fond of going.

I was told last evening in Chicago by a railroad man that twenty-five sections left that city over the Chicago and Northwestern route on the evening of June 29, and it is safe to say they were not Indians. It is estimated that the Union Pacific alone carried over 3,000 people to California during the Christian Endeavor Excursion and other roads, no doubt transported as many, in proportion.

The train we boarded in Chicago was a very long one and every berth and seat were taken; even more than taken, for by the time the personal baggage was heaped around its respective owners, passage from coach to coach was difficult.

The night was intensely hot, and the perspiration rolled down the faces of people called

white, but who were strikingly more red than I ever saw Indians.

Portly gentlemen, hesitated not to take off their coats and vests, as they walked to and fro in search of a breath, or stirred faint breezes by vigorously flourishing palm leaf fans.

Children fretted as their tired and careworn mothers sighed, and everybody felt wretchedly.

And why all this? Why were they not at home attending quietly to business?

Because it is human nature to be going somewhere, and it is all right, but let us keep silent about Indians having a disposition to roam as though they were the only people who spent their time wandering over the face of the earth.

The train out of Omaha was made up of two sections, the first consisting of fifteen coaches, while the section we are in has a line of twenty-five coaches, requiring almost a telescope to see the last car from the engine.

As I write now, 7 P. M., Saturday, July 3, we are passing from Columbus to Grand Island and viewing Nebraska at her best. The sun is setting perfectly clear, the air delightfully cool and bracing, full of that peculiar life-giving ozone found nowhere else in such richness and bounty as in Nebraska, the Dakotas and States between them and the Rockies, weather conditions being at their best.

It is hardly fair in this connection to speak of the disagreeable hot winds which sweep over this country for three days at a time in summer, blighting vegetation in their path. Nor of those not quite so bad, but which use up the nervous energy of people.

It was such a wind that was blowing at Council Bluffs at 3 P. M. this afternoon when we reached there, and the prospects for an unbearable night were foreboding. I never experienced greater heat at The Needles. The wind was almost a gale from the South while the sky was clear and the sun was pouring down scorching rays. Hats were blown out

(Continued on last 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, out
EDITED by The Man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
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.

Mrs. Berry, formerly music teacher here, is
spending the summer at Ft. Schuyler, N. Y.

The Swift Company, of Chicago, have the
contract for the meat supply for this school
for the ensuing year.

\$40,000 has been appropriated for the estab-
lishment of new schools at the Cneyenne and
Arapanoe Agencies.

People may wonder how it is that while the
chief editor is away still the HELPER comes out
as usual. Well, the office is in luck, for it has
three "bachelors" in it and of course they hus-
tle things and manage to get some thing in it
that will interest all its readers.

Cards to hand from Colony, Oklahoma, an-
nounce the marriage of Miss L. E. Dittes to
Mr. Chas. L. Davis, of that place on the 7th
inst. Miss Dittes has many friends at Car-
lisle, whose best wishes follow her as Mrs.
Davis. May long life and happiness be her
lot in wedded life.

We occasionally hear of Mr. Spray, formerly
teacher of the Junior class, as having found
plenty of work where he is now stationed. In
a recent letter he tells of the closing exercises
they had at his school. Vacation having be-
gun, we imagine that he finds some time now,
to take a ride on his wheel.

What's the use of saying "I am so sorry that
I can't go to see the largest Government In-
dian School in the United States, because it
costs so much to travel." Just think! You
can see this school for ONLY 25 cents. Send
the money and receive in return our neatly
printed souvenir. It contains 60 views and
has been a satisfaction to those who have pur-
chased it.

Some of the boys and girls no doubt do not
realize the responsibility which rests upon
them towards making this school a happy
home. When you were a new student were
you not lonely? That was probably the time
when you wanted to have a friend. It is the
same now. New students come and some of
us do not even speak to them. After your ex-
periences don't you think that it is your duty
to try and make them happy? They will then
be more contented and our school will be more
of a home.

A private letter from one of our girls gives
us pleasant glimpses of the happy side of
"Outing Life." It says: "I must not forget
to tell you about the party we had on the 4th
of July at Alida Johnson's country home.
This party we had was given by Mrs. Herr. I
think she is such a lovely lady. She always
gives a party to the Indian girls every 4th of
July. We have refreshments and we all had
a very good time. Before we started for our
homes, we all went to Mrs. Herr and thanked
her for her kindness and sang a song to her,
"My country 'tis of thee."

I must tell you about our picnic we had
about a week ago last Friday. Our Sunday
School had a very fine picnic just above the
city. We took a boat at Riverton and went
across the Delaware River to Penn., and there
we had our picnic. The boat that took us
across the river was called "Twilight." All
of us girls got together and we had our lunches
under a long tree by ourselves. We couldn't
eat all the things we had so some of the girls
took them home. While we were eating our
dinner, our minister Mr. Snyder came and
took our picture. We have seen the picture
since and it is not very good though. At the
picnic ground they have swings, merry-go-
round, and every thing they want. After din-
ner we went down to the river and we all had
a boat ride free. The little boat we had a ride
in was called "The Whale" because it was
made just like a whale. We came very near
upset. One of the girls came on our side and
of course it made it heavy on one side and we
almost turn over right into the water. We
were so scare that we just screamed, but we
got back safely to the picnic ground again.
We girls had so much fun all day that we
were all tired when we got home. I think
we had the nicest picnic this summer and we
all had such a delightful time and we all wish-
ed for another picnic the day, I guess. There
were twelve of us girls went to the picnic."

In our issue for February 26th, we stated
that Joseph Spanish was building himself a
new stone house. This information came to
us, as we supposed, from a reliable source.
Now we are advised by a former pupil, who is
at the same agency with Joseph, that Joseph
is not building, but is rather doing badly, join-
ing in the old Indian dances and other cus-
toms. Carlisle, however has not lost faith
in Joseph and still expects that he may fulfill
the first report. Carlisle never had faith that
the influence of the reservation would help,
and these examples of its degradation only
emphasize the necessity to place young Indians
among the progressive influences of our Amer-
ican life. Did we remand our grammar grade
white pupils from the public schools to the
slums of our large cities, could we expect any-
thing but retrogression?

No doubt the printers on farms, or at home,
would be interested to know who are left to
hold the fort in the Man-on-the-band-stand's
office. The following printers are present;
Dannola Jessan, Simon Standingdeer, George
Northrop, Samuel Paul, Jack Standing, Har-
old Parker, Frank Thomas and Stewart Haz-
lett.

We frequently hear from the boys and girls
who are out in the country, that they are hav-
ing good times as well as hard work.

Oats.
Midges.
Lemonade.
A cool wave.
Good picnic weather.
Boating at the cave is fine.
Carriage rides are the latest.
Isn't it time for new potatoes?
Miss Simmons is pianist for chapel services.
Wasn't the rain on Tuesday evening delightful?

More lemonade! For it is so refreshing, these hot days.

The tailors are busy making summer coats for the small boys.

All the school rooms have been kalsomined ready for next year's work.

Several from our school attended the Episcopal picnic on Wednesday.

The painters are busy painting the new rooms above the old laundry.

The wheat harvest on both farms is completed and the crops safely housed.

James Flannery played his cornet at the Biddle Mission last Sunday afternoon.

The smallest boys of the school are occupying the base-ball "diamonds" these days.

Jacob Jamison is in charge of the painting department during Mr. Norman's absence.

On Wednesday Captain went to New York city on business connected with the school.

Mervin Bushman of Harrisburg, is visiting his uncle, Mr. Bushman of our school farm.

Very hot weather for the past week but fortunately none of us seem any the worse for it.

Mrs. Dandridge is temporarily in charge of the pupil's dining room in the absence of Miss Miles.

Miss Ericson started Friday evening for Omaha, Nebr., to attend the Institute of Indian workers.

Fanny Jackson, a little girl 9 years old, came all the way from Friendsville, Tenn., to enter our school.

Mr. Gray, of the dairy department, is spending his time of leave with the Gobin Guard encampment at Mt. Gretna.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Nana spent Sunday at Doubling Gap Springs, in the endeavor to find a cool place.

Linnie Thompson has gone to Ocean City where she will spend the summer with a family, under our Outing System.

Miss Linney, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Hendren, left this week for Washington where she will stay with her father.

A neatly printed programme of the Chemawa Commencement was received. Judging from the programme the exercises were interesting.

Misses Cochran, Weekley, Carter, of the faculty, left last Monday for the Summer School at Martha's Vineyard, and Miss Hill for Boston.

The pupils at the school number now about 160, enough for a good sized school yet, but here seem almost lost in rooms capable of holding five times that number.

Perfect weather, this.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Summer School.

Watermelons now occupy a large portion of the bachelors' thoughts.

Mr. Preston Heffelfinger, of Mechanicsburg, was a guest of Mr. Weber one day last week.

Several of the faculty and pupils attended the play given by the Lilliputians at Cave Hill Park, this week.

Mrs. Seiders, of Reading, Pa., and Mrs. Tittler of Carlisle, friends of Mr. Weber were interested callers this week.

The health of our school is in good condition. Only two are in the hospital. They are getting along very well.

James Wheelock, '96, is one of the new appointees in the Indian service at Carlisle. He is the band manager.

The band boys are in hopes of receiving a copy of Chemawa Indian School March, composed by Josiah George, formerly of Carlisle.

Some alterations are being made in the school dining room and kitchen for the purpose of making more room all around.

Beware of eating green apples. They always avenge themselves and ever will as long as the careless small boy is in existence.

There is no kicking on the football grounds as yet, but that must have its time before long or Capt. Pierce and his warriors will not be in it, next Fall.

The population of the school is so small now, that the pupils who are here are getting anxious to see some new pupils come and fill the vacant places.

Good advice was given last Sunday evening when we were told to make good use of our time during vacation. No better time can be had for strengthening our weak points.

Extensive repairs and alterations are being made to the heating boilers which have served us for the past six years. The purpose of the alterations being greater economy in fuel.

A little robin built its nest in sight of hundreds of passers by. She was not molested and has raised a whole family of little ones. Does not that speak well for our band of so-called savages?

The following pupils went to their respective homes in the West since the last issue of the HELPER: John Arquette, James Arquette, Ralph Taylor, Clay Domean, Vincent Nah-tahn and Mary Couture.

David McFarland, who went to C. E. Convention at San Francisco, writes to a Carlisle friend that he is enjoying the convention immensely. The meeting at Salt Lake City he thought was grand. Returning from the convention he will visit his home in Idaho and will then spin to Carlisle.

Charles Lowcloud had a run-away last Thursday. While he was taking the milk out of the wagon the horse started. He ran and got in from behind but before he could get hold of the lines, the wagon struck the hay scales and threw him in front, the wheels running over him. He was not seriously hurt, however, and is at his work again.

(Continued from first page.)

of car windows, while heat straightened bangs and stubbly scolding locks whipped the red cheeks of maidens whose efforts to keep snug and trim were in vain.

But we are out of that and into the beautiful beyond, and consider ourselves extremely fortunate to find Dame Nature farther west in holiday dress. The shades of dark, velvety green on the splendid fields of corn, the grasses of various and more delicate tints, the small groves of cotton-wood of a semi-between hue, all freshly washed by cooling rains, made us glad we were living to enjoy it all, on this the Nation's Independence Day of 1897.

For an hour after sunset our train ran a race over the plains with the moon which hung in crescent beauty quietly beckoning us on, while Mr. Locomotive, our captain and power, puffed, and perspired great drops of condensed steam, in the vain effort to pass, until finally, as if disgusted with such unequal tug, fair Luna dropped to rest below the western horizon.

To rest? Ah, no; for on the morrow she will grace the same position in the heavens, with reference to our train, and can say as she floats in space:

"I've been clear around the world since I saw you. Come along! Come along!" And she will thus pass us six nights before our destination is reached. M. B.

NORTHFIELD AGAIN.

(Continued from last week.)

Dr. Schaufler talked on "City Missions and Choosing a Calling." "There is no uncertain note in God's call to us." He ran through history sacred and secular and cited many cases where God's call was clear and unmistakable. "What is the cause of the success of great men? It is prompt obedience. The human ear is filled with outcries against the calls to duty. These thwart God's purpose. Listen! listen when the call comes. March as God commands, and fill life with usefulness."

At the close, Mr. Moody said "If God calls you, leap to his service. No heaven sent man ever failed yet."

Dr. McKenzie of Cambridge gave two addresses both of which will ring in the minds and hearts of the young men who heard them forever.

The key-note of the first was, "Be guided in all things secular and sacred by what you know not by what you don't know, by what you understand, not by what you don't understand. Isn't that simple common-sense?"

Critics and scoffers and doubters of religion, just turn over a page and live up to the light you have, and the world will grow better quickly. His second theme was "Not Luck in the World, but Christ and the divine law of God." There is no such thing as luck. We reap as we sow. You can't live wrong and come out right.

Mr. Moody on Thursday gave a talk on

Bible study that was most helpful. And why don't we know the old book better? Why don't we live up to its teachings more closely?

We must not attempt to mention all the good things presented. The missionary meetings on Round Top can only be referred to. Among all the nationalities represented here Alex. Upshaw spoke for the R-d Race.

We must not close without referring to the athletic sports. Our boys did not fail to enter the sports, and did creditably in base-ball and other events.

The patriotic exercises commemorative of our Independence, held for convenience on Friday, July 2nd, were most inspiring. Pandemonium it is when 600 or 800 college boys get together, but, we rather glory in such a pandemonium, of bright, jolly, Christian men, who appreciate the blessings under which they live. Patriotic speeches, college yells, college songs made up the evening. It was inspiring. Not least taking was the entrance of the British delegation carrying the British lion, surmounted by a Britannia represented by a little girl beautiful with flaxen curls, and all singing "Britannia rules the waves." Later in the evening came the climax, when the British delegates sang one stanza of "God save the Queen," the American delegates took up the strain, and sang America, the Germans stepped forward and sang the same air, and then a lone Chinese delegate went to the platform, and sang to the same air a Chinese song. It impressed one with the smallness, and oneness of this great world. The international good feelings manifested between the foreign and home delegates as cheer after cheer went up for England, France, Germany, China, Japan, Corea and all the other nations represented, and united cheers for "America land of Liberty" brought home the thought, "so we being many are one body in Christ."

A word as to camp life. Fellows, we will camp again. It was pleasant, crowded, and jolly. The cooking experiences were fine. We will not give away the receipts for puddings and other concoctions called coffee and cocoa. Every boy "was in honor preferring one another." No delegation was so quiet, so orderly, so ready to do the kindly thing. We never felt so proud of Carlisle discipline. We have been helped beyond the power of words to express, and we know that Northfield influences will again girdle the earth with its subtle spiritual influence, and enthusiasm for Christ our leader.

"Oh, that man would praise him for his goodness," and enter fully, without ambition, without self seeking into his quiet service; then could the schools of our land be won to Christ and the next generation of men would be MEN indeed and not an uncertainty. B.

Enigma.

I am made of 13 letters.

My 1, 2, 3 is a definite article.

My 8, 9, 10 is a part of our body.

My 11, 12, 7 is to procure.

My 13, 5, 4, 3 is a garment.

My 7, 6 is a preposition.

My whole is a term applied to men who smuggle whiskey and sell it to the Indians on the Reservation.