

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1897.

NUMBER 41.

LIFE'S PATHWAY.

IF in life's prosperous path we tread
With glorious sunshine overhead,
Or in the ways of want and care
With danger often lurking near;
In joy or sorrow, weal or woe;
'Tis endless happiness to know,
Or smooth our way or rough and cold.
Remaineth yet rest, peace untold.

Along the great highways of earth
Are heard full oft the sounds of mirth,
Anon the walls of wild despair
Pierce far and near the ambient air.
Life is a swiftly changing scene,
Here mystery dark, there golden sheen,
But e'en through mists hope beckons on,
For past the clouds still shines the sun.

Oh rest and peace! Oh faith sublime!
Our weary feet may scarce keep time
To those sweet strains that emanate,
To cheer the soul, from heaven's gate.
Yet onward now, home is in sight,
At eventide there still is light,
And though the course be marked with strife
We gladly choose the path of Life.

—OSCAR B. SMITH.

THE THIRD NIGHT OUT.

A Sad Mid-night Hour.

At Chicago there was an old man, feeble with illness, who took the berth next to ours. He had with him his wife, two grown up daughters and two small sons.

He seemed feeble, as I said, but quite able to take care of himself, and to have charge of the tickets and money.

Some two hours before reaching North Platte, Nebraska, (our section two hours behind) I was awakened by groans.

"Ellen, Ellen! Get up Ellen! O, Ellen, get up, get up, quick!"

Looking out, I saw the old man sitting on the porter's stool, alone, scarcely able to hold his head up, but with waning strength he continued the call: "Ellen, get up!"

Ellen, his wife, evidently having been accustomed to being disturbed in the night by these spells, did not respond in haste, but in rather fretful tones answered—"I'm coming."

O, Ellen, get up, I'm dying. O, God, my stomach! O, Christ, my stomach!"

It was not profanity, but more in the nature

of a prayerful outburst of distress.

"Hush, pop, you'll wake everybody. I have to put on my clothing."

"O, Ellen; I'm dying. I'm dying, Ellen. Come quick!"

Finally she reached her husband, but did not administer comfort with that degree of grace and cheerfulness which betokens love of occupation.

The whiskey bottle was resorted to, and we could see through the vent in the curtain, that she was bathing his face in cold water, but not with a professional air, and some of the time she sat a little distance from him, on a piece of baggage while he continued his groans—"I'm dying. O, Ellen, I'm dying," while his head swung loosely like one about to faint.

"Keep still, pop, you're not dying," was all we could hear.

"I'm dying. I'm dying."

Miss Rote and I gravely debated what to do, but concluded that the young wife, (for since we have learned she was his second) had become accustomed to such groans, and as long as she called not for aid we would rest easy. It may be his way, we concluded, to raise a fuss, and being very tired we slept, altho' the dying man was not ten feet from us.

A half hour must have passed, when I was probably the first to hear the woman call.

"Will somebody come to help me? O, my husband is dead. He is *dead*. Is there not a Christian on the car to come to me?"

Out of a sound sleep I jumped from my berth and found her wailing, with the head of the dead man in her lap.

"O, is he dead? Is he DEAD?" she cried. "Feel of him. See! Tell me, is he dead?"

I saw at a glance he was, and said "He is. What number is your berth?" From it I secured a pillow and assisted her to place the man's head upon it. Then she bent over the corpse, lying full length upon the floor,

(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, and EDITED by The Man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class 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.

Mr. Baccastow of Boiling Springs, has the flour contract for the current year.

Work is still going on at the dining hall and kitchen. We hope to be very comfortable after it is finished.

Miss Hunt, formerly of Carlisle, now of San Carlos, Ariz., is going to spend her vacation on the reservation.

We hear that those of the faculty, who are at Chautauqua, N. Y., are enjoying the cold breeze of New York state.

Hon. W. A. Jones, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has been opening bids this week in New York City, for clothing.

Miss Hulme writes from Calif., that her trip was delightful and expects to visit Yellowstone Park before she returns East.

It is better to use our religion as daily food than to wait until we find ourselves in an extremity, and then take it as a medicine.—[S. S. Times.

Levi Jonas, of the Nez Perce tribe, who visited the school at the time his sister Julia died is about to join a party, to make a Missionary trip to Lemhi Agency.

A young tailor in one of the cities in New York State must have been anxious for honey for his winter use when he tried to capture a swarm of flies which he mistook for bees.

A note from Mary Beaulieu who returned to her home recently says that she arrived safely. She says that her people made great improvements while she was away at Carlisle.

Among the graduates of Haskell we see the names of two of our ex-students. They are Samuel Townsend and George Bent. They were in the Commercial Class. Congratulations from Carlisle.

Miss Annie H. Underwood of Carlisle called at the Printing office this week and renewed her subscriptions to the "Red Man" and HELPER. Mrs. Champlin Underwood of Philadelphia, was in company with her.

Thoughtful person closely observing an oat midge crawling over the table.—"To think of a thing so small getting its own living!" Sure enough, and it does it with an energy that is admirable even though very annoying.

In coming into contact with different people, there is a tendency to shun the race that we consider lower than ours and to have nothing to do with it. There is great deal of this going on in the civil service. White employees have as little to do with those whom they consider lower, by birth, as they can, but at the same time say that they are working to uplift the down trodden race. It is hoped that the Superintendents of Indian Schools will allow no division or color line in their workers.

One of the hardest things for our boys to overcome after they get here, is the desire to return to the unrestrained freedom of vice and vagabondage which many of them followed before they came here and in some cases they run away from the school. In most cases they stay and battle manfully against the old order of things and come to a realizing sense of what the end of such a life would be and mend their ways and slowly but surely drift into a higher ambition of life.

Any evening after the days work is done, the boys congregate in groups in their favorite athletic grounds for field sports, such as jumping, foot-racing, throwing base ball, kicking and catching foot-ball, and high jumping. The boys are coming right up to the times in everything. Keep at it boys—we might have to compete with our pale face brothers in those sports some sweet day.

W. T. Whittaker, a Cherokee Indian, is said to be raising funds, by dime contributions, for the erection of a home at Pryor Creek, Indian Territory, for the orphan children of his white brothers. We hope that Whittaker will come out successful with his project and thus, in a measure, repay for what the white man has done for the Indian children.

David McFarland, one of the San Francisco Endeavorers, writes that he is now at his home in Idaho and claims to have had very pleasant time. He says that most people when they find out that he is from Carlisle, ask him questions concerning the foot ball team, and think that foot ball is "alright."

Wm. F. Campbell, class '89, who afterwards graduated from the School of Law in Minnesota has been appointed business agent for the Chippewas. This is the first instance we know of where an Indian lawyer has been appointed to such a responsible place by his own people.

From the letter which was received from Mr. Thompson we judge that he is doing some hard studying. He says that he has heard some lectures which will prove valuable in his line of study. They visited Mr. Mason of Jamestown, and hope to go again.

25 cents pays for the Souvenir of our school. It contains 60 views and is the nicest thing out. Ten subscriptions for the HELPER and a two cent stamp will also secure it. Why go without a good thing when you can get it so easily?

Richard Sanderville writes for the HELPER. He says that he has been trying to live up to the ways taught at Carlisle. He is trying his best not to disgrace the school. He sends his regards to the employees and students at Carlisle.

Don't be a pessimist.

Rainy weather, this week.

Foot and bicycle races are the latest.

New potatoes, and the pupils enjoy them, too.

Enos Pego, typo, has returned from the country.

The school visited Cave Hill Park on Tuesday evening.

George Northrop, typo, is having a turn in the hospital.

Baptist Marengo left for his Montana home on Wednesday.

The boys have commenced hauling and shoveling coal.

Jonas Mitchell has been catching for the Carlisle base-ball team.

"In the Baggage Coach Ahead" is the latest song in the printing office.

Fine rains during the week; this means bigger potatoes and more of them.

Joseph Blackbear has been doing clerical work at the office this week.

Miss Cora Wheeler has charge of the hospital in the absence of Miss Randell.

Miss Ella McCarthy of Minnesota arrived last Saturday to enter the school.

Mr. Gray, of the dairy department, is again on duty after a very pleasant vacation.

George Shelafo, who fell from the gymnasium roof some time ago, is again at his paint brush.

The painters have been painting the wood-work in Misses Weekley's and Cochran's rooms.

Bemus Pierce has returned from his home in New York State, where he has been spending his vacation.

Miss Della Randell was sent to Bucks County to attend to one of our boys, who was hurt by falling from a tree.

Mr. Kensler is again trying to master the silent steed. He evidently has for his motto, "Never give up the ship."

Small boys were presented with two new sets of croquet and may now be seen on the campus in front of their quarters as well as on the base ball ground.

The football field has turned out to be a place where boys try their skill in running. They have a rough place to run, but that seems to hinder very little.

Four of our boys were arrested at Hancock, Md., by the authorities. They were returned to Carlisle on Thursday. The following are the boys. John Pigeon, George Whitewing, Nathaniel Decorah and Walter Bigfire.

On the 16th inst, Mr. Standing celebrated his 50th birthday. It was a day of pleasant surprises to him as many friends and relatives had been mindful of the day. A valuable present from Mrs. Standing, some standard historical books from the faculty, and many other remembrances marked the important day.

In the evening there was a gathering of the older members of the employee force on the porch of the Standing home, ice cream and cake were passed around and a pleasant evening spent in reminiscence and conversation.

Two new footballs have been received.

Subscribe for the INDIAN HELPER, only ten cents a year.

The girls' quarters seems to be undergoing a thorough cleaning.

Miss Nana Pratt is visiting Mr. Mason and friends in Jamestown N. Y.

Miss Shaffner who is visiting the girls finds every where great improvement.

Mr. Harris is absent on his vacation and Jonas Mitchell is attending to calls for blacksmith work.

Capt. E. P. Zinn, who in 1863 was Captain of a company stationed at this Barracks, was an interested caller this week.

Healey Wolf, our Alaskan boy, is one of the best runners among the small boys. He made 95 yards in 13:4-5 seconds.

Miss Miles is attending the cooking school at Chautauqua. We hope to have extra good cooking this fall as the result.

Messrs George Weber and Edward Murray came from Reading, Pa., to Carlisle on bicycles and are guests of Mr. Harry Weber.

Those of the choir who are here practice three times a week. Miss Simmons has kindly offered them her time and help for the summer.

The prayer meeting on Sunday evening was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall instead of in the Assembly Hall. Thomas Marshall was the leader.

The vacation season now days, the teachers and pupils are enjoying as best they can at places where they can do most good to themselves.

We are always glad to see the "Wotanin Kin" published at Genoa, School, and the "Indian Leader" from Haskell Inst., Lawrence, Kans.

Mrs. T. B. Bowie, of Rosby Rock, W. Va., and Miss Mame Wetzel of Carlisle, were interested visitors on Tuesday, both school-mates of Miss Standing.

All the teachers of Carlisle School are attending summer schools to better equip themselves for the work of pushing and pulling their students into civilization.

The annual coal delivery has commenced, the 250 tons of Lykens Valley Coal has been delivered by Mr. F. E. Thompson complete in four days. Mr. Lawton is to deliver 2000 tons of Anthrocite coal and Victor Cushwa and Sons 350 tons of Bituminous coal.

Mr. Standing says his mail was so heavy for a few days that until he can do better, he must thank his many friends through the columns of the HELPER for their congratulations and good wishes, but hopes to make the acknowledgement separately.

Prof. Bakeless, who is visiting the boys on farms says that the conditions are better everywhere this year than when he visited them four years ago. The boys are more contented and better behaved. He invariably finds that when the patrons obey the rules strictly, the students and patrons are better satisfied. Where he finds discontent he finds often primarily that it comes because the patron does not enforce the rules.

(Continued from first page.)

stood and wrung her hands and wailed, while I sought the porter's bunk, woke him up and dispatched him for the conductor and other aid.

The daughters were called and began to weep convulsively.

Heads of men and women were protruding from the curtains, but no one offered assistance. One very old gentleman however caught me by the hand as I passed his berth, and pressed it in both his as he inquired most concernedly:

"IS he dead?"

Even to such a solemn picture there is a ludicrous side.

While waiting for aid, and trying to comfort the weeping girls, the little boys not having been wakened, as after consultation it was thought best not, one of them stuck his head out of the upper berth and cried:

"What's the matter, mamma?"

"O, papa's dead."

The boy of ten did not weep but with distressed expression of countenance lay back on his pillow. In a few moments however he interrupted his mother still in a paroxysm of weeping.

"Mamma, have you got his insurance?"

"Yes," said the mother, through her sobs.

"That's all right, but ma'm, you left it back there for no good."

They were Irish in tongue and Catholic in religion, for the one great source of grief seemed to be that he would not go to confession before he left for California.

The body was taken off at North Platte, and the wife went with it to follow on next train. The children are still on the train, and at the closing of this, the older daughter is lying very ill with fever. It having developed the day after they took the train. The man evidently died of indigestion. He had eaten of ham, cheese, pickles and drank incessantly of ice water, contrary to the protests of the others. I saw the well daughter eating of boiled ham in quantity sufficient for three laboring men, and have no doubt the illness of the one lying low could be traced to imprudence in eating.

M. B.

EXPERIENCES OF AN ALASKAN STUDENT.

I. On the Wrong Train.

Many readers of the INDIAN HELPER have asked me to write once more for the paper, some of my experiences here in the states, since I came as a student in 1891. In compliance with this request, I shall give what I think to convey some helpful suggestions and caution to any of my fellow students, especially among the Alaskans.

I was on a sleeper all the way from Portland, Oregon, to Kansas City, Missouri. This

was one of my first car travels. Although I did not know much about changing cars, checking baggage, etc., yet I boasted to the porter of being a car traveler when we passed through Denver.

Before I got to Kansas City, the colored porter kindly helped me off. As there was a close connection, I did not think it well to go to the waiting room, but proceeded at once to the train to which the porter had pointed.

There were so many trains coming and going, bells ringing and a kind of a mixed noise, that my mind was somewhat disturbed and so my way was lost. Friends, never lose your minds under any circumstances.

However, without any hesitation, I boarded a train that I thought to be the one. The conductor and brakeman were somewhere and I did not see them. Dropped my big valise, hanged the umbrella, took off the over coat, sat down, wiped the perspiration off my face and plunged the hand into the inside coat pocket for the ticket.

All seemed to go well. I smiled heartily thinking of the end of the long journey near at hand. There was a bell ringing and a puff ahead then a jerk and move all along. The brakeman came and to him the smiling traveler politely questioned:

"Please, sir, what time tonight do we reach St. Louis?"

"Reach St. Louis!" answered the brakeman bluntly, "We are not going to St. Louis, my friend, this train is for Topeka, Denver and west to California. If you want to go to St. Louis you had better get off before we move faster, and take the one that goes east."

Without any further inquiry, I concluded that I was on the wrong train. With an alertness characteristic of the Indian, I gathered my things together and retraced my steps. Just as the train was moving faster, I got off and when it increased its speed and the last car passed out of sight, the smiling face faded away. But after some hours' waiting at the depot, I again resumed the journey in the right direction which ended in due time without further mistake.

EDWARD MARSDEN.

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 1, 2 is to exist.

My 3, 4, 5, 8 is a noun used in solemn or poetical style.

My 10, 7, 9 is a well known domestic animal.

My 9, 5, 6, 2 is thick or clotted blood.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is what everybody should strive to be.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Boot-legger.