

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

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NO. 9

LEARN to live and live to learn.
Ignorance like fire doth burn.
Little tasks make large return,
Till, when willing growth less,
"Always play" may seem to bless,
Yet the end is weariness.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

He's true to God who's true to man,
Wherever wrong is done.
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath
The all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves
And not for all their race.

LOWELL.

A TRIP TO NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A Sail of 500 Miles—A Big Fish Story—Plays the Church Organ.

Edward Marsden, the Alaskan Indian and friend of Carlisle who is now a student of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, writes a little sketch of a part of his trip north this summer for the readers of the HELPER:

After being at home for some time, during last summer, we took a trip over to Northern British Columbia,—a British province lying south of Alaska.

British Columbia separates the United States from Alaska for a distance of about five hundred miles.

It is a very interesting country.

It is inhabited mostly by the Indian and English races, and is noted for timber, fish, furs, gold and silver, coal and grand scenery.

On this trip we had a nice time, because instead of traveling in a steamer, we hired a good sailing boat. There were seven of us in the crew.

We did not have a fair wind the first three days after we left New Metlakahtla. But since we were somewhat natural navigators and could handle a boat or canoe as eastern people do a horse and buggy, we reached Port Simpson, B. C. in due time, the latter part of June.

Port Simpson is the largest town in Northern British Columbia.

The inhabitants are of the same race as ours, so we were quite at home with them.

In the olden days, this was the scene of much bloodshed and many evil practices.

It was here that the Gospel was first preached to the natives in 1857, and here my grandfather and parents were first converted to Christianity.

The place was to me one of much interest.

Leaving Port Simpson, we came to Metlakahtla.

This is 80 miles south of New Metlakahtla, Alaska, and here we met with a very cordial welcome.

This was my old birth-place and home.

It was founded about 1861 as a Christian colony, and here various perplexing problems in regard to the evangelization of the Pacific heathens were solved.

We walked around, and sad memories crowded our minds. We were given the privilege of visiting that large Church which our people built years ago.

That dear old Church organ with its varied, rich and strong tones! How my knees knocked together when I first played it at the age of twelve before a large congregation, fourteen years ago.

"Edward, go up and play it," suggested one of the crowd.

I could not withstand the temptation, so I mounted the seat and discoursed a selection from Beethoven.

Bidding farewell to the friends at Metlakahtla, we again embarked in the boat, and in the next three days we called successively at Inverness, North Pacific, Claxton, Carlisle, and Port Essington. As we went along we received a hearty welcome.

This time of the year the salmon canneries on the Skeena River are busy, so we enjoyed many a fish breakfast, fish dinner or lunch, and fish supper.

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

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The game on Mannattan Field, New York City, between our team and Brown University was lost to the Indians by a score of 24 to 12.

On Friday morning last, Miss Forster addressed the school at opening exercises on "Some Painters and their Work," which she made exceedingly interesting. Capt. Pratt followed with a few remarks upon "Nature's Pictures Free to All."

Through a letter from Miss McAdam we learn that Mr. and Mrs. Lillibrige have arrived at the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian School, the former as disciplinarian. It will be remembered that Mrs. Lillibrige is Carlisle's former pupil Annie Thomas. Miss McAdam says their baby is a sweet little child.

While the regular football team was playing Brown University on Manhattan Field, New York City, Thanksgiving Day, our Juveniles and so-called Third Team were wrestling for supremacy on the school grounds, and giving great entertainment to crowds of school spectators. The Juveniles surprised everybody with their brilliant plays, they being light in comparison with their opponents who also played well. In the second half it took the Juveniles but five minutes to lay the ball across the goal. Silas kicked goal which made the score 6 6.

OBSERVER.

The Thanksgiving service held in the school Assembly Hall was impressive. The platform was decorated artistically with fruits, vegetables, sheaves and plants which made an appropriate foreground for the conductor, Rev. Mr. Wile, who addressed the school after a part of the responsive service was through with. He thought that we had abundant reason for feeling thankful. Some people are so little that they keep their blessings locked up in their own little souls. He is glad that the Indians as a people are learning that THEY belong to the world, as well as all other peoples do. The illustration of the willow which gets its moisture through roots that reach down deep, was given. As we learn the lesson of Isaiah's figure, that God's people take root downward and bear fruit upward do we know the real meaning of Thanksgiving. Some never learn the lesson of true Thanksgiving. They are always, getting, getting, getting and never stop to think where it all comes from.

The Declamatory Contest between the Invincible and Standard Debating Societies last Friday evening in the Y. M. C. A. Hall was listened to with interest by both societies and a goodly number of invited guests. The speaking was interspersed by music from the orchestra and quartette. Alexander Upshaw was the chairman of the evening and carried the business in his usual original and happy way. The first speaker was Louis Mishler, for the Invincibles. His theme was "The Merchant," taken from an "Outlook" editorial, and was rich with inspiring thought. His delivery was a little rapid, but earnest and dignified.

Ralph Armstrong, Standard, followed with a stirring oration from Daniel Webster, entitled "Classical History." His delivery was forceful and original, but his mother tongue somewhat interfered with the clearest enunciation. All were much pleased with his manly struggle with English and the way in which he declaimed. The applause was enthusiastic.

Caleb Sickles, Invincible, produced almost a sensation in his delightful delivery of Oliver Wendall Holmes' beautiful poem, "The Boys." His style was cultivated to that charming degree of naturalness so much enjoyed in the true elocutionist, and when he sat down every one thought "Well, that is the winning speech."

Then Albert Nash came forward for the Standards, and with captivating eloquence delivered Rienzi's address to the Romans. The audience was almost spell-bound from start to finish. Eyes were riveted on the speaker. People raised themselves in their chairs to get every effect of voice and gesture. Albert's declamation was pronounced the best, and the Standards won, not in a football match but in an intellectual contest. Mr. Standing, Miss Cummins and Miss Merriemen were the judges, and they were unanimous in their decision. At the close of the meeting the Standards carried their hero upon their shoulders from the room.

The teachers who are in attendance upon the Cumberland County Teachers' Institute this week find that they are being benefitted by the stirring lectures of the eminent educators who are before the Institute. It pays to simply get out of the treadmill of routine. The question was asked recently, Why don't our teachers more frequently go visiting schools in the neighboring towns? The writer during the year has visited the great "Inter-Ocean" printing establishment of Chicago, "The Press" and "Times" offices of Philadelphia, and the "Chronicle" of San Francisco. It is inspiring to get out and see how others work. It makes us newer, fresher and YOUNGER.

The band gave a concert on the bandstand Thanksgiving evening which was appreciated by all. The band-stand lighted with incandescent lights, presents a pretty picture when filled with dusky musicians with shining brass horns. But the fringe of hangers-around the railing always spoils the picture. Drive 'em off! Drive 'em off! The little boys can hear just as well ten feet away as they can by hanging on the very necks of the players.

A number of our force are taking in the Institute lectures.

Miss Ida Jarrett, of Baltimore, was a guest of Mrs. Morton, this week.

Miss Greist, of Bendersville, spent Saturday with friends at the school.

Miss Julia Long of the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, is with us for a brief sojourn.

The Souvenir of the school will be sent free for two subscriptions for the "Red Man."

The breath of the Dakota blizzard brought the first ice of the season to Carlisle, Sunday night.

Miss Ericson's Finland friend, Miss Mia Gohle, who is now boarding in Carlisle, ate Thanksgiving dinner with us.

Miss Hench had her mother, Mrs. Hench and sister Miss Mary Hench of Carlisle, for Thanksgiving Dinner guests.

Miss Forster's mother, Mrs. R. H. Forster, and Miss Hannah Forster of Mifflinburg, were her Thanksgiving guests.

Miss Ely attended the silver wedding of her niece and nephew Mr. and Mrs. Warner Thompson at Penns Park, last Saturday.

Mr. Snyder and his tailor boys have moved into their new quarters. The tailors occupy the same position that the harness shop did.

Dr. and Mrs. Daniel and Miss Bourassa, with several pupils went to Philadelphia, Friday—the pupils to the Medico-Chirurgical Institute for special treatment.

If Miss Sharp could have heard all the nice things that were said about the Thanksgiving Dinner she served to the teachers she must have felt more than satisfied with the success of her undertaking. Mrs. Rumsport, the cook, knows how to make the turkey taste just right.

What is Fiblet sauce? Unfortunately the Menu writer selected the second spelling of the word Giblet, and the "J" of the fancy type used looks like an "F", hence most of the home letters told of the Fiblet sauce they had for Thanksgiving dinner.

Miss Luckenbach entertained a number of her young Indian friends in her cheery rooms on Thanksgiving evening. The Man-on-the-band-stand was not in it, but enjoyed as much as if he were the merry laughter of the young people, that he heard from his stand.

The Gansworth Brothers and sister, the Henry Brothers, Matthew Johnson, the Rickard Brothers, and the Pierce Brothers certainly had reason for a happy Thanksgiving as they received several barrels of choice apples from parents at home in New York. They have been quite liberal with the fruit, and so others were also made to rejoice.

Who is the busiest man around, Thanksgiving times? Is it not store keeper and buyer, Mr. Kensler? Do not a half-thousand hungry mouths depend upon his forethought and judgment for full satisfaction? Why, if he should follow the illustrious example of the noble Thanksgiving turkey and lose his head about this time it would not be a surprising incident. The pupils' dinner of roast turkey done to a turn through Mr. Dandridge's skill, and accompanying dishes—jiblet sauce, celery, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, tomato pickles, mince pie, apples, pumpkin pie and coffee made a feast the memory of which still lingers with those who

partook. No more interesting sight was ever witnessed than a regiment of Indian boys and girls seated at a Thanksgiving table laden with the good things of the season. Why, the Man-on-the-band-stand saw the little girls making small bags a week ahead of time to carry away from the table the apples and nuts they could not eat. Flynn's printed Menus in red were well read, and each "topic" was devoured in turn.

On Tuesday the laundry moved baz and baggage into its new quarters and "We already feel quiet at home," says the superintendent. The Carlisle Indian School now has one of the finest laundries in the State. The improved machinery—brass washers, centrifugal ringers, shirt ironers, immense mangles for the common clothing and spacious dryer, all on one floor, will ease matters. There will be no exposure, and every thing is as handy and easy as can be. Why not? Improved machinery robs work of drudgery. There is enough hand work left to teach all the art of washing and ironing by hand.

The Thanksgiving wheeling party that went to Holly and back had an enjoyable ride barring what came near being a serious accident. Joseph Blackbear and Benedict Jozhe crashed into each other as they were speeding down a hill, and were thrown violently to the ground. A team back of them which was trying to run around them came near running over the prostrated forms of the boys. The boys at the present writing are all right and ready for another ride.

The young ladies of Irving College, Mechanicsburg, visited our school last Monday. After going the rounds they were escorted to the train by the band. In front of the Administration building they gave their college yell, which to the critical ear of the Man-on-the-band-stand was a little odd for young ladies, but then it must be the fashion. The Man-on-the-band-stand has not gotten over his fondness for pretty girls and he hopes they will come soon again.

Miss Shaffner returned from her vacation trip on Friday. While away she visited Miss Cory, in Delphi, Indiana. Attended the St. Louis W. C. T. U. Convention, came home by the way of Washington, supped with Mrs. Cleveland, had an evening with Clara Barton all to herself, and visited her old college at Annville this State. No wonder she says she is filled with new ideas and inspiration.

Let us take a look into the art room! The work upon the walls is the best ever produced by the class. It is good in form, perspective, light and shade, and reflects credit on teacher and pupils. The mechanical drawings are good, also. This branch of art promises great things in the future. A few weeks ago some very fine drawings from the Williamson Trade School were sent us. These have been much admired and have been very helpful.

If you cannot visit Carlisle in person, the next best thing is to look over the Carlisle Indian School Souvenir, containing 60 photographic views of the school including last year's football team, graduating classes, debating societies, inside and outside of buildings and a fine sweep of the campus. 25 cents cash secures the souvenir, postpaid, or it will be sent FREE for ten subscriptions for the HELPER and 2 cents extra to pay postage.

(Continued From First Page.)

Fish?

Yes, plenty of them, and you would hardly believe me when I tell you that we saw thousands of them on this trip.

Those of us in the North are not so suspicious of fish stories as the Eastern people.

Why, a fellow told me at Port Essington that once while he was hauling in his net farther up the Skeena River, two hump-backs (a particular kind of salmon) actually jumped out of the water into his boat. I believed it, for I have seen hump-backs jump up in the air and turn one or two somersets!

When we had visited all that we cared to visit, we turned our boat northward and came home, July 1. Although we delivered a number of speeches on the subjects of Christianity and education to the British Columbian peoples, yet our travel was mainly for the sake of seeing old relatives and friends.

The British authorities treated us very kindly, and we appreciated it very much. We were glad to get home again to our various duties.

A RUN INTO THE SEWING DEPARTMENT.

As the Man-on-the-band-stand was passing the dining hall recently he heard a buzz, buzz, whirr, whirr and suddenly stopped to listen.

"What's that?" he said to himself.

"O, I know!" and forthwith he betook himself to the large and airy room on the second floor, where from 30 to 40 Indian girls may always be seen down at work, cutting, fitting, repairing, darning, and running sewing machines."

"How busy you seem!" said the old man as he entered.

"Yes; always busy," replied Miss Hulme, superintendent of the department.

"Does the work of the Indian girls really amount to anything?" said the old man stroking his beard. "Or is this seeming activity merely to kill time and to give instruction?"

The superintendent hardly knew whether to be ignorant or not at such an insinuation.

"You may judge for yourself, sir," said she.

"My report for this year shows 1044 dresses made.

"Whew!" exclaimed the old man. "That's an item."

"We have put into under-garments thousands of yards of cotton cloth, and repair weekly hundreds of pieces. The darning of stockings, in itself, for 600 people, is no light task. The little folks and beginners do the darning."

"You don't say so!"

"Come over here and I will show you some of to-day's work. This is no display work

kept specially for show. Select a stocking from that pile and see what you think of the darning."

The Man-on-the-band-stand who is a pretty fair judge of darning, although the little girls can beat him all to pieces at the actual work, found great holes beautifully filled and the thin places all around the holes were nicely covered.

"That's good!" he exclaimed. "I would be proud to wear any of those stockings myself, and I am sure they would not hurt my feet."

"Who has charge of the beginners?"

"Mrs. Thomas has this class. It really is the most interesting class, and I can truly say that more improvement has been made in the darning than in any other branch of the work."

"I observe your sewing school is divided into classes."

"Yes. In that corner is the dressmaking department in charge of Miss Jacobs, with Miss Weitzel as assistant. Then there is Mrs. Lininger's class. They take the coats and dresses. Mrs. Corbett, over there, has the highest class in plain sewing. Miss Zeamer and her girls do the mending.

"Do the girls have an opportunity to do any personal work?"

"Yes, indeed, and in that they really get their most valuable lessons. You see it is natural for a girl to take more interest in her own dress. All the dresses they buy for themselves they make up individually."

"From the neat appearance that most of the girls present, I judge there is much of that kind of sewing done."

"And a great deal of it is done outside of the regular hours for work," added Miss Hulme. "But they like it, and find the time to do it. I help them all I can, which they appreciate."

"Well, this IS a busy place. I thank you for the information gained. Good morning."

Dr. E. N. Allen says:

Alcohol is an artificial product obtained by fermentation, and is never found in a simple state. It is a poison in both its nature and its effect. It is pronounced such by the highest authorities, and proved to be such by the test of chemistry as well as physiology. Alcohol unadulterated is pure poison, and though taken into the system in a diluted state without at first apparently any injurious effects, it is still a poison, and does the work of a poisonous agent.

Enigma,

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 5, 7, 3 is covered with grain.
My 1, 2 is a preposition.
My 6, 2, 5, 7, 4 nourishing drink.
My 8, 5, 14 is frozen water.
My 9, 8, 12, 13 birds do.
My 10, 11, 12 is a nickname for a boy.
My 13, 14, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 is the opposite of selfish.
My whole gives a true warning to all boys.
11-YEAR-OLD SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Hunting Season.