

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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HIDE in your heart, a bitter thought.
Still it has power to blight;
Think Love, although you speak it not,
It gives the world more light.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

IN AND AROUND PHILADELPHIA.

From a private letter from a special friend of the school who is visiting Philadelphia we take the liberty of reproducing in our columns some interesting observations. The traveller says:

I wish you could have been with us on a little jaunt we took to some of the churches of the city.

We went first to the Church of the Advocate, a newly dedicated Episcopalian church which is modeled after one in France and reminded me of a cathedral I saw in England.

We then went down to Christ Church, which is the oldest church in Philadelphia, and were just in time for the vesper service.

This stands in one of the most unattractive parts of the city, and going in from the noise without the service was sweet and soothing.

Tablets mark Franklin's pew and Washington's.

My friend remarked that Philadelphia had another church even more quaint than the one just described—St. Peter's, Third and Pine streets, and so we continued our pilgrimage there.

St. Peter's is indeed charming, and one feels on entering, that he has stepped back a century.

The pews are veritable stalls with divisions so high that one cannot be annoyed by the big hats in front, while the rector ascends a high chancel and preaches to the congregation as if from the second story.

This church has been beautifully preserved just as it was built in 1761, only that handsome stained glass windows have been added within the last few years. These are mostly taken from famous pictures—Reuben's "Christ's Descent from the Cross," etc.

Washington's pew in this church was also shown us by the sexton, who, seeing our interest, carefully unlocked a cupboard in a side room and got out a prayerbook published in 1775 in which the prayers of King George are neatly crossed out with red ink and written prayers for 'the President of the United States'

are pasted over these 'kingly' parts of the book. This was done by Bishop White, rector of the church during the revolution.

Another quaint book—a Bible published in 1717 gave the 'Parable of Vinegar' (instead of Vineyard) and is called the Vinegar Bible, because of this misprint.

We could hardly tear ourselves away from these relics of by-gone days, but Decatur's monument in the old graveyard without attracted us. It stood high above all the old tombstones around and was draped in an American flag with a bower of flowers around the base showing the honor paid him on Decoration Day.

A square stone forms the pedestal on which is a high Doric pillar surmounted by a bronze eagle. On the pedestal are these words on the four sides:

Stephen Decatur,

Born January 5th, 1779,

Entered the Navy of the United States as Midshipman, April 30, 1798, Became

Lieutenant June 3, 1799; Made Captain

For Distinguished Merit, Passing

Over The Rank Of Com-

mander February 15, 1804,

Died March 22nd, 1820.

A Name Brilliant From a Series of Heroic Deeds on the Coast of Barbary, and Illustrations by Achievements Against More Disciplined Enemies, The Pride of the Navy, The Glory of the Republic.

The Gallant Officer, Whose Prompt and Active Valor, Always On The Watch, Was Guided By A Wisdom And Supported By A Firmness Which Never Tired: Whose Exploits in Arms Reflected The Daring Fictions of Romance and Chivalry.

Devoted to his Country By a Patriotic Father He Cherished In His Heart And Sustained By His Intrepid Actions The Inspiring Sentiment

"OUR COUNTRY! RIGHT OR WRONG,"

A Nation Gave Him In Return Its Applause and Gratitude.

After reading of Lieutenant Hobson's daring bravery and hearing him compared with Decatur we were just in the mood to fully pay homage to our early hero.

The Indian Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but 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.

If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.

Weeds everywhere, and what looks more untidy than high weeds along the fences or streets?

Jane Mark, who lives at Wellsville, sent a box of beautiful roses to the hospital, which made happy the hearts of all who saw them.

Master Leon McIntire, of North College Street, has gone with his father and mother to Maine to spend the summer months and directs that the HELPER must follow.

A letter from Daniel Morrison who is at Odanah, Wis., to Mr. Kensler, says that everything is looking very fine in that part of the country. There is plenty of work but wages are low. He has been working, and doing what he can. He has a wheel and enjoys riding.

Who would have believed it? John Webster, '98, who left us for the West soon after Commencement, was married on Wednesday, (if we may go by the handsomely printed invitation cards received,) to a Miss Maggie R. Morgan at the Morris Indian School, Minnesota. We do not know Miss Morgan, but we know John, and we can say unhesitatingly that she has found a good and worthy husband. The Man-on-the-band-stand and a host of interested friends, can but wish the couple the fullest happiness possible.

A very breezy and cheerful letter from Caleb Sickles, '98, tells of his future hopes and prospects. He is now at his home at Little Rapids, Wisconsin, helping his father farm. He is pleased with the progress that the people around there have made since he came away to school. He has grown and changed so much that his own mother did not at first recognize him. His sister, Miss Martha, '98, who went home at the same time, he does not think has been benefitted by the home air as much as himself. Besides his planting and ploughing and general farming he finds some time to fish and boat on Fox River.

The latest from Miss Shaffner is from Paris "le 6-2-'98." She says by postal card to Miss Ericson: "These days are beautiful dreams, and this city is the wonderful art treasury of earth. I am so sorry that Olafia could not come here, but the dear girl went the other way for the work's sake, and she will not lose her reward. I've just been to the Louvre. Oh! Oh! It is all so beautiful, and a despair to have to pass such treasures as are there stored. Yesterday we spent at Versailles, the prettiest spot I ever saw." She did not have so agreeable a time in Belgium. "In Rotterdam I might have been thrust into prison for debt," she wrote by card from Antwerp, "but for the friendliness of the American Consul. Those (adjective) Dutch would not honor my checks and I had no coin. I like Antwerp better. It is a most interesting city, and the people take my checks. Tomorrow I go to Brussels. How short the distances are here! But they are long enough at the rate of travel." In her letter to Mrs. Pratt, it seems that Miss Shaffner stopped at No. 5 Rue de Pyramides, Paris. She finds the Parisians charming, while the Dutch were, (well, they did not impress themselves favorably;) "the Antwerpians were tolerable, and the people of Brussels fairly civil. The appearance of these cities may be said to grade in like order. I can understand how one may become exceedingly fond of France, and of the life here as every one seems to who remains any length of time. I begin to feel like a new creature, and shall be so much better for the trip; I hope to reach Carlisle by the 19th or 20th."

Mr. Levi St Cyr Assistant Printer who is in Nebraska spending his annual leave, sends good news of some of the Winnebago and Omaha boys and girls, ex-pupils of Carlisle. A few of whom we had heard bad reports, heretofore, have turned over new leaves and are doing well, and some who have always done well are continuing on the same good road.

Lawrence Smith, '90, is farming, and has proven himself to be a "good Republican politician." He also has been the chairman of the Winnebago Literary Society.

John Baptiste, '93, has been agency interpreter for some time. Mr. St Cyr hears that his capabilities in the line of interpreting are much appreciated by the tribe.

Harvey Warner is interpreting for his people, the Omahas.

Benj. Lawry, '90, is a carpenter at the Agency, and Albert Hensley is blacksmithing.

Frank Mott is coachman for Agent Mercer.

Nellie Barada is employed at the Agency school.

The Agency has been unfortunate in losing some of the most prominent buildings by fire.

The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can.—[EMERSON.]

The Senior class colors predominated at the picnic, for were not the laurel pink and the leaves green?

Which one of the batteresses last Friday persisted in carrying the bat with her when she ran? But then, the whole thing was a joke.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The month of roses.

Cherries?

What an appetite that stone-crusher has! Mr. Wike is here to sod the Athletic field. Chas. Roberts, typo, has gone to the country.

An acre on each farm has been planted to sugar-beets as an experiment.

The inside blinds of Assembly Hall are receiving a coat of white paint.

Albert Weber, son of our steam-plant man, is visiting his grandfather in Reading.

Miss Peter is taking Miss Luckenbach's place as clerk in charge of pupils' funds.

We took enough ozone into our lungs on Friday to keep us in good health all summer.

Mr. Thompson has gone to Albany and other points north, to spend his annual leave.

Strawberries-all-around has been the treat of a few evenings, and short-cake in the bargain.

Kitty Silverheels, one of our Miss-prints, has gone to a fine place near Washington, D. C., for the summer.

Miss Simmons has taken Miss Peter's place in school, this month and Miss Paull is in the Normal Room, while Miss Bowersox is doing library work.

Haying has commenced on our school farms. It was discovered that rust and fly have been damaging the wheat, thus diminishing the prospects for a good crop.

One of the pitchers came near losing her dress skirt in the middle of the game on Friday and had to retire for repairs, which the umpire declared ad-miss-able.

It is Commencement Week at State College and our boys were invited to play the college team Wednesday as a part of the week's program. The Indians won by the score of 18 to 5. Mr. Snyder went in charge.

The Man-on-the-band-stand was pleased to see the grace and ease with which the boys and girls carried themselves in the quadrilles and cotillions under the pavilion at the picnic, to the tunes produced by a mouth organ and singing.

When the first lady at the school was asked what part she'd take in the ball game to be played in the woods, answered promptly "the base part," and then betook herself to a hammock, notwithstanding the fact that she was unanimously elected umpire.

As fine a set of harness as was ever turned out by our harness-makers was finished and shipped this week to Mr. H. C. Tinker, of N. Y. They were English Cob, silver mounted and all Indian hand stitched. Mr. Kemp has a right to be proud of the work of his boys.

We get the news from Nebraska that Joseph Vetter is dead. The deceased was a pupil of Carlisle in the early days, and he has had quite a wide and varied experience since he left here. For some time he lived in California. There are those still at the school and in the country where he lived under the out-going system who remember him as a good and faithful student, and who will deeply sympathize with his sister Josephine, the surviving member of the family, now at home, in Nebraska.

Bertha Dye and Sara Kennedy left for their homes in New York State on Monday evening.

Mr. Thompson was pleased to learn through a letter from his wife who is still at Albany that his father has learned to ride a bicycle.

Six pupils in charge of Mr. Kant, Perris school clerk, have arrived from Perris, California. They impress our people as fine intelligent young men.

200 volumes of books from the boys' library in the gymnasium which were transferred to the reference library in the school building have to be rebound.

Miss Luckenbach sails for England, tomorrow, via steamer Belgenland from Philadelphia. Her tour abroad will be confined to England and Scotland and she will return in July.

The catcher on the first team at the bat, last Friday, was the star player of the occasion in that she made a home run, but the invincible umpire claimed that the point was invisible.

There is always standing room, said one of the occupants of the picnic herdic when Mr. Standing, thinking it was full enough, turned to walk to the station, and sure enough there was.

Miss Ely was chosen as short-stop by one of the Captainesses of the game Friday in the woods, but she stopped-short, and did not put in an appearance. She claims to have had very pressing engagements about that time.

Miss Richenda Pratt, of Wilson College, is attending the State College Commencement exercises at Bellefonte, this week, in company with Miss Ramsey, of Bryn Mawr, and other young lady friends, all guests of President Atherton.

Messrs Snyder and Thompson were the coaches on Friday. Ubiquitous? Mr. Snyder was at every base and with every batteress at the same instant. And he said to his credit that the side he coached won by a score of 7 to 5. Mr. Sowerby was the official scorer.

Joseph Gouge's impromptu double shuffle and clog-dance which lasted five or six minutes and which was evidently brought into play as a picnic-dinner settler was a decided revelation to all who witnessed the scene. Why the Man-on-the-band-stand could not begin to do that, and we doubt if there was another "picnicker" there who could have flung his feet in the same artistic fashion.

An interesting game of ball was witnessed on Saturday between a team of Mr. Mason Pratt's office men of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, Steelton, and our boys on our poor grounds, which never showed off to a worse advantage. The visitors made two runs the first inning, but failed to score after that, while the Indians ran up a score of 21, with 1 goose egg and that in the 2nd inning. Most of the Steelton team had played on college teams when they were students, but had not before appeared as a team together, hence were not organized as strongly as the Indians. They gave our boys credit for being good players. Quite a number of Steeltonites came to witness the game. The visiting team dined at the club after the game, and while here made a most favorable impression as players and as gentlemen.

FRIDAY'S PICNIC.

To the woods! To the woods!

The procession of smiling-faced girls dressed in many colored prints, percales and ribbons, and the line of blue uniformed and jolly boys who followed in *unstatesly* tread as they marched, headed by the band to the station, presented a striking picture a quarter of a mile long.

"Where are they going?" wondered people along the line of march.

They did not know that we were out for a gala-day and that our destination was Pine Grove, 18 miles in the South Mountain.

But that is just where we were going—bound for that famous and enchanted spot of laughing waters, singing birds and untamed flowers, spouting trees, rippling brooks, health giving breezes from the pines and sweet odors from the running vines.

Where is there a spot on earth "fuller" of all that's delightful and restful? and is it not because it is owned by our friend Colonel Fuller, who in his full hearted generosity lent the grove to the pleasure of the Indian boys and girls, their instructors and care-takers for that "good" Friday.

Eight coaches beside the baggage car drawn by a steam-engine of no small dimensions carried us to the picnic grounds, where we arrived about nine o'clock.

Then the company divided off into small groups to sit in shady nooks or tramp over the hills for flowers, ferns and wintergreens.

Some swung in hammocks as they read and dozed, while others played on the edge of the babbling brook, or entered into the athletic sports of the day, tennis, base-ball, etc.

What shall we do that will be entirely different from anything that we have ever done before, and that all will enjoy? was the query of an energetic one of the crowd.

It was proposed that a match game of base-ball be played between teams composed of leading lady members of the faculty.

Much to the astonishment of the Man-on-the-band-stand the ladies fell in with the proposition.

And the teams were made up as follows, to use the Indian way of naming people:

Team first at the bat: Miss Chief-officer-of-a-borough, captain and center-field; Miss Mac-(make)-good-things-to-eat, pitcher; Miss Male-bird-that-ran, catcher; Miss Swift-running-vehicle-over-ice-and-snow, 1st base; Miss Not-strong, 2nd base; Miss Wisdom-in-knee, 3rd base; Miss Elevation-of-land, left-field; Miss See!-Oh!-Nia!, short-stop; and Miss

Driver - of - a - fashionable - 2 - wheeled - vehicle, right-field.

The team second at the bat: Miss Arbor-for-gentlemen's-foot gear, capt., and pitcher; Mrs. Manipulator-of-logs-in-a-mill, 1st base; Miss Forced-her, 2nd base; Miss Ant-honey, 3rd base; Mrs. Culinary-artisan, short-stop; Miss Gets-weak-when-she-runs, left field; Miss Always-stands-up, center-field; Mrs. Not-so-much-bake-who-may-be-called-John's-mother-not-dottir, right-field; Miss Son-of-will, catcher.

It was agreed that fielders might use inverted umbrellas to catch the specially swift and twisty flies, notwithstanding the ball used was truly Indian-American, school-cushioned, home-stitched and absolutely hand made for the occasion.

The game was a great one to say the least, and never was laughing more vigorously indulged in for the small space of an hour. Such hilarious shouting from the ground bleachers, such gentlemanly raillery at Miss-plays from the small boys, such impromptu fanning of mountain air with weighty bat, such aimless throwing, such swiftless running, such locomotive panting after miniature runs were never before witnessed or heard, but the thing aimed at—fun for everybody—was achieved.

After the game, came the dinner.

Tables were spread with cloths and laden with sandwiches, rolls, pie, lemon-ade and what-not? Why one benchful of boys ate so much that the bench gave way with the extra weight. The club tables, too, were filled to overflowing with just the things good to eat at a picnic. It was a most "noble" effort.

The families of employees who live in town sat in groups at small tables and ate picnic fashion, making, in all, a picturesque, busy and happy scene.

After dinner came an extra ride by observation car six or eight miles up the mountain, the view enlarging as we ascended until at the top one grand and inspiring spectacle was before us.

It reminded the Man-on-the-band-stand of the climb up education's hill, how as we ascend our range widens in the intellectual world, and when we get near the top, if we ever reach that point, how we are made happy by the wonderful things we see that we never dreamed existed.

But we cannot tell it all in one story.

Before Old Sol could hide his beaming face behind the tree-covered hills the iron-horse came snorting and whistling through the pines announcing that the time had come to go home, where we arrived before dark, a tired-out but delighted party, having had a memorable day without accident or a single unpleasant feature to mar the pleasure of the happy occasion.