

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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A NEW FORM OF PRAYER.

Our venerable, but still energetic, secretary emeritus, Dr. Richard S. Rust, says the "Christian Advocate," like John Quincy Adams, has all his life had the highest estimate of that simple prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

He often wished for some corresponding and equally comprehensive prayer to utter when he rose in the morning, and one night, as he thought upon his bed, these words formed themselves almost spontaneously; and who shall say they are not worthy of the service which for him each day they now perform?

"As now I rise and go to work,
I pray Thee, Lord, I may not shirk;
If I should die before the night,
Take me unto eternal light."

MISS LUCKENBACH ON HER WAY BACK FROM EUROPE.

Before this issue of the HELPER reaches all its readers, Miss Luckenbach will be at her post of duty. She started on her homeward voyage Wednesday, 13th, and is now on the briny deep.

Her letter is from Edinborough, Scotland, she having only arrived there the day before.

From there she went to Melrose and so on to London. They have had favorable weather and a pleasant time.

She says that Edinborough is so quaint, beautiful and full of historical associations that she would like to stay there a much longer time.

"But," she adds "perhaps there will be a next time." At the time she wrote she was anxious to hear from this side of the world, especially was she wondering how things were at Carlisle. They are returning on the Pennland and she expects to be here by Sunday.

Her Letter.

SUNDAY EVENING, July 3rd.

I told every one on leaving that there would be no time for writing letters, but the home-folks including the Carlisle boys and girls must not be neglected.

It is raining this evening, and as we attended service in two different churches this morning, I shall take the time to tell them something of our trip.

The voyage was novel, interesting and restful to me.

After our pilot had guided us safely out of the harbor of Philadelphia and we had passed the break-water at the mouth of the Delaware Bay, a red light set off at the stern of our vessel signaled a steam launch which came to our side: the pilot climbed over-board into it and went back to land, carrying with him a packet of letters—last thoughts of passengers to those at home between whom and themselves a wide ocean was soon to roll.

The night was cloudy and in the darkness was no sound but that made by our own engine and the swishing of the water against the side of the vessel, seeming to resent the cutting of the waves as our bow ploughed through them.

Feeling that we were a little speck on a restless, pitiless element, we went below and stowed ourselves away on a little shelf on one side of a little room and slept soundly until morning.

Our first day out, Sunday, we waked to find water, water every where; underneath and in the air.

It rained hard all day, and it was a funny sight to see the passengers stretched out on their steamer-chairs covered up with rugs and trying to be as small as possible to escape the drips from the awning overhead.

At 10:30 the Captain read the service of the church of England in the saloon, one of the passengers playing the piano accompaniment for the singing.

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

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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.

Chemawa, Ore., is to have a new building.

The June number of the Indian News just received has an extra leaf and is brimful of interesting news.

"I am going to turn over a new leaf." That is what the caterpillar said when he had destroyed the one he was on.

The Philadelphia Times thinks that the Indian, when treated as a plain, ordinary human being should be as about as human as the rest of us. Education and the force of a good example civilize him as rapidly as could be expected.

The Montanian speaks of some one in Choteau, Montana, being thrown from the "hurricane deck" of a bucking broncho. Since witnessing some marvellous kicking by bronchos a few weeks ago we can fully appreciate the significance of such a deck.

While crops in the east are drying up we see by the western papers that good rains have fallen throughout Oklahoma, insuring one of the largest corn crops in its history. The yield of wheat, while not quite so large as last year is very good.

Lillian Archiquette is having a good time in her country home. She has recently been to Willow Grove and saw many wonderful things. When a man shot the chutes on his bicycle it nearly took her breath. She speaks, too, of the enjoyable fourth of July she had.

The news comes flying over the mountains and plains between here and Wisconsin that there came to live, on the 21st of June, a little son in Thomas and Zipa Schanandore's home at Oneida, Wis. They have named him Hilton Schanandore. It will be remembered that Thomas lived with the Hiltons near Carlisle for some time.

We stole a peep recently into a very interesting letter from Robert DePoe, '97, who is employed at the Poplar, Montana, school. He mourns deeply the loss of his friend Joseph Adams. He spent his 4th of July at his home in Oregon and filled a \$50 engagement with his violin while there. Addie Wise and Mary Bear are staying at the school.

Though water from the skies seemed to be scarce this month watermelons seem to be plentiful.

The Genoa Indian School, Nebraska, is the Indian Training School nearest to the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, and in its last issue the News, published by the school, has quite an extended account of the Indian Exhibit from which we take large extracts for the September Red Man.

The trolley fares have raised and the company has lost more than half its patronage from the school. Little excursions to the cave and back just for a ride to cool off are given up. The teachers used often to take the little girls, but that day has gone. A nickel to the cave and back is no more. Now the round trip is 10 cents.

A party of Ute and Pueblo Indians, fifty in number, from western Colorado, have arrived over-land to visit the Cheyennes and Arapahoes at Cantonment. They have already started a series of dances and feasts and are drawing the Arapahoes away from their farms and causing them to neglect their crops and live stock, and Agent Woodson has telegraphed the Indian bureau demanding that they order the visitors home before they demoralize the Indians of his reservation and spoil years of training.—[The Indian Journal.]

Another long letter from Dennison Wheelock is very interesting in detail. He was at Chemawa, Oregon, when he wrote, and found there a number of friends, among others Superintendent Potter who he says is just as he always was—full of fun as well as business. He speaks well of the Chemawa band. Mr. Wheelock has visited the Carson, Nevada school, which is a garden spot in the midst of an alkali and sage brush district, and the one at Ft. Hall. At the latter he saw Miss Rosa Bourassa and Mr. Philip Lavatta. The latter is band-master. He says "I was escorted from Ft. Hall to the station in royal style with prancing steed and cow-boy saddles. Some of the teachers were of the party, and it was a mid-night procession, for the train did not leave until nearly two o'clock in the morning, but it was a lovely ride all the same."

Mr. Standing was -1 years old last Saturday, in honor of which occasion the band played some lively tunes in front of his house and in the evening the teachers and officers were invited to their balcony and grass-plot to eat ice-cream and to chat. Near the close of the evening Capt. Pratt told of how he came to get Mr. Standing as a helper to start Carlisle, nineteen years ago. Capt. Pratt first met him in the Indian country, when Mr. Standing was teaching among the Comanches. Prof. Burgess, who is visiting his daughter at present, was of the birth-day party, and spoke of having met Capt. Pratt and Mr. Standing in the early seventies down in the Indian Territory, when he as Indian Agent of the Pawnees was seeking a home for them in the territory to which they afterwards moved from Nebraska. Then Mr. Standing, Capt. Pratt and Professor Burgess reminisced, very much to the interest of all present. After a game of "It," which every one should try if they never have, the company dispersed, feeling that birth-day parties are good to be of long "Standing."

Good-bye, dust, for a while!

Mix a little whistling with your grumbling!

Noah Hawk orders his HELPER sent to Af-ton, I. T.

Miss Campbell is spending her vacation in San Francisco.

They have a Grandma Red Man at Osage Agency Oklahoma.

Mr. Kemp again keeps open harness-shop after a little vacation.

The much needed rain is at last come to freshen all vegetation.

Mrs. Thomas of the laundry force is off duty for her vacation period.

Miss Luckenbach will arrive from Europe about Sunday evening.

Donald McIntosh is Captain of the boys in the small boys' quarters.

That was a lovely rain on Tuesday, but all vegetation cries for more.

Mrs. Lininger and Miss Zeamer of the sewing department are taking a little vacation.

Mr. Harris is off on his leave of absence. Isaac Seneca takes charge during his absence.

The cool breezes after the refreshing rains put new life into people as well as into growing things.

That was a grand treat the students had on Saturday. Mr. Standing "set up" watermelon for all at supper.

Programs for a concert of the Canfield, Ohio Choral Society, show that our Professor Kinnear is still there.

A birthday party in honor of Katie Callsen was enjoyed by the boys and girls who participated last Tuesday evening.

Mr. Mason D. Pratt, of Steelton, was over Saturday to take another look at the athletic field, in which he has a special interest.

The high fence around the athletic field when completed is going to cut off a very pretty view from the printing office windows.

Mrs. Given who is in the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, for treatment, is rapidly recovering, much to the joy of her many friends.

Mrs. Rumsport, cook at the teachers' club, has gone to her home in Huntingdon, for 30 days. Mrs. Newman, of Carlisle, has taken her place.

Mrs. Ella H. Lippincott, of Rancocas, brought Nancy Tadahsongin from the country, on Friday and returned the next morning with Jeanette Rice who will live with Mrs. Lippincott for a while.

Kookliglook is the way the little Esquimaux girl who lives at the hospital spells her name. No more interesting pastime is there than to spend a few moments with her when she tries to speak English. Every one is kind to her and her sweet disposition and winning ways are very taking.

Mr. C. G. Hedenberg, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was an interested visitor on Wednesday. He has taught among the Indians of Montana, and appreciates, as all who come from the homes of the Indians do, what Carlisle is able to accomplish for them. He found a number of pupils here whose parents and friends he knew at home.

Miss Barr and Nancy Tadahsong left for Michigan, the home of the latter, on Wednesday. Nancy is not well.

There is a Chemawa boy now fireman on the Southern Pacific railroad; there is one working in Sacramento, and one in Oregon City.

Supt. Eugene Mead, of the Carson, Nevada, Indian School arrived this week with twelve boys and one girl, all fine youth. The boys are all band boys.

Irene Campbell is in Illinois, she having come thus far east with a teacher of the Shoshone Wyoming school, of which her papa is the superintendent.

Mr. Thomas Marshall has charge of the small boys' quarters for the rest of the summer, in the absence of Mrs. Given. Mrs. Cook took Mrs. Given's place during July but will spend August among friends in the north for a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have returned from Albany and New Jersey where they have been spending their vacation period. The former has gone out to visit his boys on farms and to make winter arrangements for those who wish to stay out and go to country school this winter.

All lovers of the Pacific Coast will do well to climb the stairs leading to Miss Miles' room to see a beautiful painting of Mt. Hood presented to her by her aunt. The grand old mountain, snow-capped and wild, looms up in the distance, which with the intervening landscape makes an inspiring picture.

Miss Seonia declares by letter that she and Miss Barclay at the Pennsylvania Summer School, are having intellectual feasts daily. She is glad she went to Huntingdon. It is a "Brombough" settlement. They are all finely educated men, and the teachers they employ are excellent. Rambles in the vicinity of the old town to places of interest, and under a teacher well versed in the history of the country is a feature of the curriculum much enjoyed.

The Chautauquans—Misses Paull, Carter, Robertson, Wood and Weekley are enjoying the intellectual feasts provided by that renowned summer school. They are also working in a great many side issues that are restful and pleasureable. Miss Paull says she dresses as in winter, so cool was the weather when she wrote. Miss Weekley has southern friends visiting her, among others her sister, brother-in-law and cousin. Miss Wood has been wishing for her wheel. They are all in love with the place.

Rev. D. N. Furnajieff, a native of Macedonia was introduced by Dr. Wile and gave a very impressive talk to our students and faculty last Sunday afternoon. He told a wonderful story of his life, how while a shepherd boy on the plains of Macedonia, he was led to desire an education, and how he worked, saved his money and finally came to America almost penniless, working his way through Princeton, and through the Theological Seminary. The experiences of close economy and hard work as related must have inspired all his hearers, as it did the Man-on-the-band-stand.

(Continued from First page.)

The rain was pelting on the sky-light above us and never did words from Holy Writ seem more impressive nor did we feel more alone with God.

Early on Monday morning the braying of the fog horn told sleepers what to expect.

A heavy fog rested on the water and nearly all that day we were in the clouds, but next morning was bright and beautiful.

The day on ship-board is divided into "watches" and the time is told by "bells."

Each half-hour the man at the wheel in the pilot-house taps a bell that hangs within his reach without leaving the wheel.

At twelve, four and eight o'clock he sounds eight taps; a half-hour later one tap; the next half-hour two, and so on until four hours have passed and he sounds eight taps, beginning again with one on the next half-hour.

All the "hands" on board know their work and go about it silently and regularly as clock-work.

Sitting on the deck and lazily looking out over the rippling water, you presently hear a trilling whistle and before you have time to wonder what it means, over the deck-railing as though he had risen from the sea comes a man and mounts the stairs to see what is wanted by the officer on the bridge.

If you happen to be near enough you may hear low tones and the man noiselessly drops down again to carry out the order given.

After darkness has settled down upon the ship, at each bell the man in the lookout on the foremast calls out "All's well," and from the bow of the vessel comes more faintly from the watchman there: "All's well."

As the days pass, we begin to inquire how soon we may see land.

The first hint that land is near, is given by the sea gulls—beautiful grey and white birds that fly around our vessel as if to welcome us,—two days before land is in sight.

They sail gracefully about, dip down and catch up something out of the water, and when tired settle down like little ducks and let the waves rock them.

On our tenth day out we scrambled on deck before the rising call. The coast of Ireland was in sight on our left; much hidden by fog, to be sure, but still we knew it was there and a beautiful sight it was.

An "Emerald Isle" indeed!

Never before had we seen such brilliant green as covered those slopes and was set off by the dark brown and grey cliffs.

Nearing Queenstown harbor, our whistle called to the signal station, our engine stopped throbbing and we stood still to listen.

Presently the cannon of the station boomed and in a little while a craft like a huge turtle with masts stuck in its shell, steamed out to us and threw over ropes.

We gave it some freight and passengers and it brought us some passengers and the mail.

Now for the latest news of the war!

It did not take long to read it and at any rate we knew beforehand that our "flag was still there."

In the evening the lights at the entrance of Cardigan Bay on the coast of Wales gleamed to the southwest of us and during the night our vessel glided up the Mersey and fastened in the dock before we had thoroughly waked up.

Of what happened to us on land we haven't time now to tell, but, boys and girls, while riding on a coach between the Trossachs and Callender in Scotland on Friday afternoon, we passed a family on the move—father, mother and three children—and the mother carried the baby in a loop of her shawl at her back!

It is nine o'clock but still quite light enough for me to see to write.

DENNISON WHEELOCK'S VISIT TO GENOA.

Dennison Wheelock, band-master of Carlisle paid us a short visit during the second week of the month. Mr. Wheelock is out under authority of the Indian office to gather up musicians from the bands of the various schools, that a band composed of the best talent in the Indian schools may be taken to Paris during the World's Exposition. He complimented our band very highly.

The plan to send a band made up of Indian boys who are students in Indian schools, to Paris, originated with Captain Pratt. It should receive the cordial support of all.

—[The Indian News, Genoa, Neb.]

Mr. Wheelock's own account of his visit to the Genoa school and the courtesies received from Supt. Ross was interesting and showed a deep appreciation of the kindly attention.

Enigma.

C. T. L., a subscriber in North Carolina sends this enigma:

I am made of 16 letters.

My 9, 14, 16 is what every boy expects to be.

My 6, 11, 1, 3 is a musical instrument.

My 8, 10, 4 is a toy boys are fond of.

My 2, 10, 13 is the way we like our coffee.

My 15, 12 is a preposition.

My 5 is a personal pronoun.

My 2, 7, 1 is the kind of weather we have had.

My whole is a well-known natural formation in the western part of North Carolina.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Scarcity of people.