

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 24.

WAKING.

THE warm rain with its rap, tap, tap.
Knocks at my crystal door;
It wakes me from my winter's nap.
And out I peep once more;
Then leap, with silver melody,
From rocky cleft and hill;
I know the earth has need of me,
Though I am but a rill.

The soft wind whispers, "Wake my dear!"
Warm in my bed below,
I waited long that call to hear:
Up to the light I go.
Then, as a star peeps from the sky,
When glooms of twilight lower,
I shine, to glad the passer by,
Though but a tiny flower.

I know 'tis time for me to sing;
Gone is the snow and sleet;
O'er meadows brown I flash my wing
The dear old nest to greet.
The happy message of my song
In some sad heart will fall;
And so I sing the whole day long—
A little bird, that's all.

My heart is waking with the rill,
And bounds with pure delight;
The joyous day, oh, may I fill
With deeds, like blossoms bright!
May I too sing a song of cheer,
Though fair or dark the sky,
Content to do God's mission here.
Though but a child am I
—GEORGE COOPER in Sunday School Times.

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED CONTINENTAL TOUR BY MR. GEORGE VAUX.

The trip was better in some respects than a Raymond excursion, for the affable conductor explained more as he went along than the usual man in charge; then, the big crowd of travellers was very orderly and quiet, and there were no tooting of steam engines, rumbling of car-wheels, ringing of bells or disagreeable smoke and cinders to annoy and interfere.

It was an enthusiastic and expectant company of travellers, numbering over 700, who gathered in Assembly Hall station, last Thursday evening. The band accompanied the excursion and gave an exhilarating piece as a

starter. We even had a taste of the war-whoop which we might expect to meet on the plains before we should return.

Conductor, Mr. George Vaux, of Philadelphia, mounted the rear platform of the observation car and with long pointer in hand explained how he found himself in a scrape. He was interested in a school near Philadelphia, and he had asked Major Pratt to go there and talk to his boys about the Indians, whereupon the Major made him promise to come to Carlisle and bring his slides to show the Indian boys and girls pictures along his travels to California and return.

As there was no way to "slide" out of it, the lights soon disappeared, except the strong head light of the locomotive engineered by Assistant Superintendent A. J. Standing, with Mr. Kensler, as fireman.

Our lantern is an up-to-date calcium light instrument, and the pictures were thrown on canvas 20 feet square. First a comprehensive view of the entire United States was brought vividly out, then followed the pictures.

We went through the famous Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River; beheld rocks 3000 feet high, and saw that wonderful stone known as Balance Rock which looks as though it would topple over on the diminutive man who stood beside it.

The Mount of the Holy Cross was a curious sight. The snow in great seams makes a gigantic cross on the side of a mountain 14,000 feet high.

The visit to the oldest town in America—Santa Fe, was full of interest, and the means of "rapid transit" used by the people of New Mexico brought a laugh. The ancient "vehicle" with which the natives of New Mexico are blessed, is called the "burro."

Here the story was told of how two of these little donkeys were sent east billed as burros. At the end of the route the freight agent said he had received two donkeys which were not

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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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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

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.

The announcement this week, that Miss Shaffner is to be married was a cyclone of surprise from a clear sky. Before the HELPER is printed next week, Miss Ruth Shaffner, in charge of girls, will become Mrs. Ruth Shaffner-Etnier. Mr. Charles S. Etnier, of Philadelphia, wins the prize. On next Wednesday, Miss Shaffner leaves Carlisle for Ponce, Porto Rico. En route, she will be married Thursday afternoon, at the house of a friend in the City of Brotherly Love. From there, at two o'clock the wedded couple will take the train for New York, and the next day, Friday, the 14th, will sail from New York. Mr. Etnier has charge of the books of the Porto Rico and Ponce Improvement Company, recently organized on a large scale. Miss Shaffner as a World's Organizer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will find plenty of work in the diamond of the Antilles. Ponce is a city of some forty thousand inhabitants, and the climate of the island is charming and salubrious. The affair is nearly as sudden for the contracting parties as for their friends, for not until a few days ago did Mr. Etnier expect to leave Philadelphia so soon. Miss Shaffner's place at the school has been one of prominence and good works, and she will be greatly missed by the girls whom she has mothered so efficiently for seven years, and by the school in general, which will lose a faithful, energetic and loyal worker for all good causes.

Lavant Mason Penfield, of Jamestown, N. Y. likes his little HELPER so much that he takes most excellent care of it. The other day his sister got her celluloid comb too near the fire, and it burned. Little Mason promptly said: "Now Eunice, you must not do that again, for if the house should burn down my little HELPERs would all be burned." Then when one of the children was making up a birthday package for an aunt in New York he got one of his HELPERs and painted the border all around, and brought that as his best gift for one he thinks much of. Wonder if little Mason wonders how the Man-on-the-band-stand can see so far; but he can.

If your paper does not reach you or is delayed, report at once by card, and we shall use every means to discover the trouble.

Mr. James Wheelock, foreman of the printing department has gone on the annual Easter vacation tour with the Dickinson College Glee club a member of which he has been for some time.

John Garrick's portrait of President McKinley that hangs in No. 11 school room, is greatly improved in appearance by a beautiful new frame, the gift of the Senior class. The Juniors wish to express their cordial thanks for the kindly act, and so voted at their meeting held Monday evening.

Notwithstanding the fact that Miss Ely is fond of chess and is able to check the parties she plays with frequently, she had quite enough of "check" this week in getting ready the 84 girls for country homes. Railroad tickets and trunk checks filled her office desks for a day or two, and if she and Mrs. Butler and Miss Annie Morton should dream "checks" for a week they should be excused.

Henry Standingbear and Thomas Blackbear, who stopped off on their way home to South Dakota from Washington, D. C., where they have been attending to tribal business, were Miss Cutter's guests for dinner, on Sunday. Both of these ex-pupils are representative young men of the Sioux tribe, making honorable records for themselves as they work into responsible positions of trust for their people.

Four new photographs, 3x4 feet have been received from the Northern Pacific Railroad, to hang in the students' dining hall. They are handsomely framed and make a valuable acquisition to the pictures from other railroads which already decorate the walls of the spacious room. These last are photographs of the Mammoth Paint Pots in the Yellow Stone Park, Old Faithful Geyser and The Great Falls of the same National Park.

We see by the last Chemawa American that Miss Florence Wells, '94 Carlisle, has been transferred to Warm Springs; that thirty of the young men have organized a lyceum, with Assistant-Superintendent Campbell as manager and instructor; and that the school has been passing through a siege of measles.

Mr. W. H. Lewis, editor of the Merchantville Review, N. J., was a recent visitor at the school, and in an article which has since appeared in the columns of his paper we see that he was well pleased with all that he saw, mentioning specially the singing and academic work which compares favorably, he says, with the public schools of the present day.

There were numerous "fools" on all fools' day last Saturday. Ask Mr. Snyder how he likes salt in his coffee, and Mr. Kenler how he enjoys cotton ice-cream. Miss Burgess was seen to stoop and try to pick up a bright penny, but alas, it was glued tightly to the step; then Mrs. Given called and called one of her hopefuls, to get up and dress for breakfast, when half a dozen giggling boys behind the door revealed to her that something was wrong, and she discovered a pillow boy in bed. Very business-like notes were opened to find they contained nothing but April fool. Due respect was shown to all in authority yet these funny little things did happen, much to the amusement of lookers on.

Arbor-day, and a holiday.

There are more whispers of wedding, soon to come off

The weather was too cold for Easter bonnets last Sunday.

Miss Flautt, of Wilson College, is a guest of Miss Senseney.

Bessie Gotholda believes that she has the best place in Moorestown.

Mr. Sowerby, No 2. school, has been spending a few days in Philadelphia, for eye treatment.

Wonder if the trolley car is going to get a new Easter dress of paint! She needs it.

A recent photograph of James Flannery, now of the Mt. Pleasant, Michigan Indian School force, is a speaking picture.

Dr. and Mrs MacIntire of Dickinson College, were out Wednesday going over familiar grounds with a friend from a distance.

Miss Rosa M. Lintz, of Media Academy, Pa., was among the visitors on Wednesday, and was escorted through the departments of the school by Miss Paul.

Lewis LeRoy, of Stockbridge, Wisconsin, has joined the forces at Carlisle as a student. He is a base ball player and a lover of athletic sports in general. He starts in No. 9.

Miss Luckenbach and Miss Sarah Smith are delegated to attend the Invincibles, this evening; Misses Miles and Peter, the Standards; Misses Paul and Robertson, the Susans.

Good news comes from Coogidlore and Koklilook, the two little Alaskan girls who recently went to live with Miss Elizabeth D. Edge, of Downingtown. They are well and happy.

Major and Miss Nana Pratt returned this week, the former from Washington, where he had been for a day, and the latter from Philadelphia where she had been visiting friends, both quite ill. At this writing they are up and out.

This Easter week our students have been revelling in eggs, thanks to the hens at the farms. Between Friday and Sunday noon 2200 were eaten by the student body, each having two colored eggs for Sunday morning breakfast

Oscar Davis has entered the typo class, and is already able to tell a slug from a lead, a hair-space from an em-quad, and to set type with the nicks out, feet down, face up and beard to the front. He will learn about the tympan, the grippers, the platen and place where all bad type go, later on.

Eighty-four girls left for country homes yesterday. Trunks galore, and beaming faces expectant in hopes for a happy, healthy and prosperous summer, made up the wagon loads from school to station in the early part of the day. Some went by the Reading others by Pennsylvania, and nearly all go to homes in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

Annie Parker seems happy and specially grateful for opportunities in her country home at Wyncote. She feels that she has learned a great deal since she went there to live. "One thing I am proud of," she writes, "I got the highest mid-winter test mark in spelling of any one in the Grammar school-room; I also got very good marks in my other studies."

Consciousness of power comes from conquering obstacles. Hindrances are our opportunities.—RODERICK STEBBINS.

The HELPER comes out for the school on Thursday evenings, and the girls and small boys have the reading of it then. The large boys have to wait till Friday morning, and they wonder if it must be so.

Oh, the littleness and meanness of that sickly appetite for sympathy which will not let us keep our tiny Lilliputian sorrows to ourselves! —FABER.

Substantial progress has been made during the winter by the boys who have been under instruction in plastering and brick-laying. Several are able to do good work at both trades but as yet lack speed.

Seichu Atsye, class '99, has gone to her home in New Mexico. Seichu numbers her friends by the score at Carlisle and in the East, all of whom wish her the very best of success in everything she undertakes.

The pupil-teachers each drilled a little speaker for an entertainment on Monday evening in No. 13, to which a few guests were invited. The whole thing passed off very creditably to the teachers and the children never sang better.

Two very telling photographs grace the Major's office mantle-piece. One is the Chilocco Football team, with Charles Dagenett, class '91 as center piece and manager, and the other is a school room presided over by his wife Esther Miller Dagenett, '89.

The Invincibles have elected John Warren for President; John Lufkins for Vice-President; Artie Miller, Secretary; Adam Spring, Treasurer; Martin Wheelock, Reporter; Ed. Rogers Critic; James E. Johnson, Assistant Critic; and R. E. Crowe, Sergeant-at-arms.

James Johnson fooled his foolers more than they fooled him, when they sent for him to come to work, last Saturday, during his off hours. He came in pleasantly and worked nearly all the morning as though he would rather do it than to play ball, and they could not get him to quit.

On Saturday, Hon. Levi Morrison, of Mercer Co., Hon. Thomas K. Brown, of Clarion Co., Hon. James McAnlis, Lawrence Co., Hon. John H. Smith, Greene Co., all members of the Pennsylvania Legislature, visited the school and were greatly interested in the work of the Indian boys and girls.

Every Spring for many years Mr. Lavant Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., brother of Mrs. Pratt has sent us more than a generous taste of the delicious maple syrup they make up in that section. No wonder his friends down this way are "sweet." They are very grateful, to say the least, to be thus remembered.

The sermon by Dr. Wile on Sunday afternoon was beautiful and impressive, and the students listened with marked attention. The choir made the best effort of the winter on an Anthem by Marshall, accompanied by violin and flute. The hymns were all Easter selections and were accompanied by an orchestra of ten pieces. Miss Flautt, of Wilson College, in splendid voice sang Dudley Buck's "My Redeemer and My Lord," which was a great treat. There were special services by the Sunday School in the morning.

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billed, but that the "bureaus" had not come.

The oldest house in the United States, and the one in which Coronada slept was seen, and the low adobe houses, narrow streets and queer looking people about the store doors made us very content with our present surroundings.

Nobody fell in love with the "belle" of a Pueblo village, and Mr. Vaux ventured the assertion that she had not been to Carlisle.

Nothing elicited more applause than the first peep into California. We have a number of pupils from the golden State, and they had been carried home in the twinkling of an eye, as it were. No wonder they were happy.

The orange groves, the bee ranches, the parks and gardens in which the semi-tropical plants were exuberant, the very fragrance from which seemed wafted to us through the perfection of those pictures, nearly roused an epidemic of California fever.

The Yosemite with its mighty water-falls, gigantic trees, thick forests, lofty mountain peaks, great rocks and fathomless precipices inspired us with overwhelming awe and admiration. El Capitan, 3,300 feet high, the Bridal-veil Fall of 700 feet, the wind-driven mists from which fanned our very faces; the three noble mountain brothers, which according to Indian tradition played leap frog with each other, all were deeply impressive; and what could be more beautiful than Mirror Lake, the reflection in which was so clear that though the picture appeared on the screen upside down no body detected it.

Finally we reached San Francisco. We landed right in the heart of the business thoroughfare where Montgomery Street meets Market. We could almost hear the clang of the cable-car bells and the rumblings of the teams over the cobble stones. We were glad to get out from beneath those high houses and Palace Hotels before an earthquake came along to topple them down on our heads.

Then we visited Portland and Tacoma and went on up into Victoria, and from there turned East over the Canadian Pacific, down through the glacier regions.

The views that were taken from the train, some from a distance of several miles, were the grandest that most of the travellers ever saw.

We know better now than ever before that a glacier is—a solid river of ice moving slowly down a deep mountain pass, at the rate of not more than 10 inches a day.

The most thrilling story of the evening and one that held the audience breathless from start to finish was the experience related of a man who had fallen down one of the crevasses

in a glacier, and how another of the party who was roped to his comrades risked his life by being lowered to save the man who had fallen.

The scene in which there was a mound of dried buffalo bones piled ready for shipment produced a perceptible tinge of sadness among those present, for had not many a one in the audience been told of the wonderful exploits enacted by their fathers on the buffalo hunt? And has not the pursuit of the wild bison as a means of support long ago been taken from the Indian by the grasping white man, who killed the animals by thousands for the hides alone, or for sport?

And have not the vast herds, which but thirty years ago roamed the plains, now entirely disappeared, with nought but bleached bones strewn over the vast prairies or piled high in heaps for commercial purposes left to tell the tale of the existence of a once powerful and almost deified creature?

At the close of the lecture, Major Pratt echoed the sentiments of all, when he said that Mr. Vaux has a high ideal of art in nature, as was portrayed by his selection of views; that he was a charming traveler and a delightful narrator of his travels. And the school with one voice would say: "Come again, Mr. Vaux, we are always ready for a trip."

THE Y. M. C. A.'S GIVE A "SEND-OFF."

Last Friday's party of over a hundred who went to country homes contained a number of our Young Men's Christian Association members.

On Thursday evening after Mr. Vaux's lecture the members of the Y. M. C. A. gathered in Association Hall and talked, advised, counselled, gave experiences and chatted in social conversation until about ten o'clock.

President Isaac Seneca occupied the chair, discharging his duties with dignity, and those who spoke were Professor Bakeless, Mr. Standing and Thomas Marshall.

Mrs. Standing, Mrs. Cook, who presided at the organ, Mr. Vaux and ye reporter were the guests of the occasion.

Refreshments of cocoa and crackers were served, and when the time came to depart, the stay-at-homes arranged themselves in two lines for the young farmers to pass through to receive the cordial handshakes and well-wishes of their fellow members.

There was a fraternal feeling of good fellowship throughout the entire evening, which brought out the sentiment from several: "We must have more of this sort of thing."

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 1, 5, 6, 3 is a part of one's leg.

My 4, 2, 7 is quite bright.

My 5, 8, 7, 1 must have been busy about Easter time.

My whole is what Carlisle people enjoy more than any one thing, perhaps, at this season of the year, and of which we have had an abundance this week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Endurance.