

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 31

## MY WISH.

**I** DO not ask to see the goal  
Whereto my spirit tends,  
For well I know 'tis not my soul  
That in death's shadow ends,  
I only wish that earth may be,  
Through some small aid of mine,  
Less steeped in self-complacency,  
More filled with what's divine.

I only trust that man may dwell  
In selfless heavens, now here;  
Knowing that all that is, is well,  
And all that shall appear!  
When this my earthly life is o'er;  
Then from the vast Unseen,  
If 'tis thy will, O God, withdraw  
The veils that now do screen.

ARTHUR E. LOCKE,  
In Every Other Sunday.

## THE SOCIETY YEAR OVER.

The Standard and Invincible Societies combined gave a very enjoyable evening to the school last Friday night.

A debate upon the question:

Resolved, That the United States should adopt the expansion policy, was the chief part of the entertainment, but excellent music was provided by the orchestra under the charge of James Wheelock, and there were declamations by Wesson Murdock, and Artie Miller, besides a most laughable dialogue in which Isaac Seneca, Jesse Palmer and Charles Roberts were the actors.

Martin Wheelock, Ex-President of Invincibles, made a few opening remarks of welcome and introduced Mr. Dennison Wheelock, to preside for the evening. Mr. Wheelock's remarks were appropriate for the occasion, saying in part that having been at the school for 14 years and taken part in every society from the beginning he could say without hesitation that there is no part of the school curriculum that is more helpful and entertaining than these literary events. He referred to the early days of debate, and to some of the first students who made their mark then as orators, mentioning especially the name of the lamented Howard Logan, whose brilliant intellect was

recognized. He spoke of the question to be taken up for the evening as one which was being discussed by the leading men of our day at present, and concluded with the remark that there is nothing that proves more conclusively the capability of the Indian for education, than the strides he has taken in the last few years toward the highest manhood, physically, morally and spiritually.

The principal speakers of the debate were James Johnson and Frank Beale on the affirmative, and John Warren and Frank Beaver on the negative. Each speaker was thoughtful in his arguments and brought out such reasoning and logic on both sides that the judges—Mr. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., Mr. Snyder and Mr. Sowerby—complimented them saying that they arrived at a decision with some difficulty, but after weighing every point finally concluded that the affirmative had won the debate.

At the close, Major Pratt was called upon to give his sentiments upon expansion and quite warmed to the subject. We must not pass over this account of the evening without special mention of the excellent solos rendered by Robert Bruce, on his euphonium. He thrilled his audience with the sweetness and accuracy of tones produced. Mr. Harkness presided at the bass viol, which helped the orchestra greatly, as the instrument owned by the organization is a poor one, and we have not as yet an expert at handling the big bow. The glee club received an encore, and the tableau was much enjoyed.

## Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 9, 5, 7 is found in trees.

My 2, 8, 6, some birds do when they fly.

My 4, 2, 3, 5, 1, some croquet players do when not seen.

My whole is something at Carlisle that is just now more beautiful than it will probably be again this year.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:  
Strawberry patch.

# 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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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.

Rachel Long says that she likes her new country home very much, at Mt. Holly, N. J.

Miss Rebecca Girton, of Newtown, says in her letter of renewal, that she has taken the HELPER for ten years, and cannot do without it."

Jacob Cobmoosa orders change of address which shows that he is going to leave Vandecar, and take up his abode at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

Ben Hardison, who has been in the cattle business since he went to his Colorado home a year or two ago thinks of giving up cattle as it is so exposing, and taking up farming.

We are sorry to learn of the death of little Fannie Jackson who went to her home in North Carolina, before Christmas. It will be remembered that Miss Campbell went as far as Washington with her.

Laura Ammon is spending her fourth summer at Bethayres, and she says she likes it more and more. She thinks she has a lovely country home, and her health is good and she is happy. Laura expresses a hope that her little brother will come to Carlisle.

The concerts given by the band on Saturday evenings these days are much appreciated. The programme for to-morrow evening will be: 1. March, Charlatan—Sousa; 2. Overture, Rienzi—Wagner; 3. Chant de Espana—Ripley; 4. The Trumpeter's Dream—Wilson; 5. Gems of Stephen Foster—Tobani; 6. Sacred Song, Calvary—Rodney; 7. Medley Schotische—Schetter; 8. Star Spangled Banner.

Charles Antoine is farming for himself in Nebraska and has 215 head of cattle. He says: "I am trying to make use of what little education I have received from dear old Carlisle. I am very thankful to Major Pratt. I am getting pretty good wages and have my farm besides, but I never expect to strike a place like Carlisle in my life, and I am sorry for it." Through the kindness of Mr. Morrett, we get the above.

Miss Lillian Complainville, '98, who is now at Grand Junction, Colo., has missed the HELPER for three weeks, and says we "cannot realize what comfort it gives to one so far away from home." Miss Lillian's home is in Idaho, but we reckon she thinks of Carlisle as one of her homes.

Invitations are out for Metzger College and Dickinson College Commencements, the former to come next week beginning with Sunday's Baccalaureate Sermon and ending with Thursday evening's lawn reception; the latter beginning June 3, and ending Wednesday, with President and Mrs. Reed's reception June 7th. Both events will be attended with the usual festivities and literary treats.

Miss Nettie Buckles, '99, has arrived at her destination, the Puyallup School, Tacoma, Washington, and her first impressions are very pleasant. The school is delightfully located overlooking Puget Sound. She has a nice room and has found charming people who have not allowed her to get homesick. She saw many things along the way that interested her, but the prairie dogs in Wyoming and Nebraska made her laugh. The horses that were running wild brought wishes for one of them. She sends love and greetings to her friends at Carlisle. We get this through the kindness of Miss Seonia into whose letter we were allowed to steal a peep.

Our baseball boys, owing to various reasons, have not played what might be called ball this season until Tuesday afternoon, when Dickinson came out to "practice" a little with them. Although our pitcher had a lame arm and the boys were far from good condition owing to vaccinated arms they made the Dickinsonians breathe a little rapidly. Dickinson had first bat, and received no mark on the score sheet except a round little naught, then the Indians to keep things even did the same thing. For four innings the Dickinsonians labored hard to score, but could not make it, while the Indians scored one in the third and one in the fourth inning. Then by a costly error, our boys allowed them a run in the fifth inning and another in the sixth, while in the same innings we won nothing. Then in the seventh each made another cipher; so at the beginning of the eighth the score was exactly tie and playing seemed about even while excitement on the bleachers was at the high-water mark. Our pitcher, Louis LeRoy, gave out, and we had no man to take his place who had had practice, so the Dickinsonians were given bases on balls, which told against us. They got another run in the eighth inning while we received no more, which made the score 3 to 2 in favor of Dickinson. We will give them another "practice" game on Decoration Day on the College field. Our boy's arms are still sore, but they will do their best.

### TUESDAY'S SCORE:

Dickinson.....0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 0...3  
Indian.....0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0...2

### Schedule for Future Ball Games.

May 27, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg.  
" 30, Dickinson, in town.  
June 3, Albright, at Myerstown.  
" 10, Harrisburg Country Club, at Harrisburg.

Mr. Kensler spent Sunday in Philadelphia. The roofs are taking on a new dress of paint. Nettie Horne has come back from the country.

Miss Barclay taught in No. 10 during Mrs. Cook's absence.

Assistant-Disciplinarian Ralston is off on a few days' leave.

Miss Lida Standing has gone to Washington to visit Miss Cummins.

Rev. R. B. Moore, D. D., of Vineland, N. J., spent Thursday evening with Miss Paull.

"The ground is not damp," saith the idiot who is sitting in the grass too soon after a rain.

Blackchief made the two runs that were scored on Tuesday, no wonder he was called the "mascot."

Mrs. Culbertson who when with us was Miss Sharp, was out paying calls on friends Saturday evening.

Ursinus at Norristown, came off victorious on Saturday in a game of ball with our boys, by a score of 18 to 8.

Major and Mrs. Pratt, Miss Nana, and Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., went to Philadelphia on Tuesday.

Mrs. Cook returned on Sunday evening from her home in Connecticut, having had a delightful little rest, she claims.

This week the school has been inspected pretty thoroughly by our Colored Brethren who have been in Convention in Carlisle.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt and children—Master Dick and Misses Sarah, Marion and Roxana came over to spend Sunday at the school.

Miss Forster and Miss Seonia have gone to New York City to attend the Eastern Drawing Teachers' Association, to be gone a few days.

Miss Carter took a little trip to Philadelphia on Friday returning Saturday. While there she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Burgess.

Miss Wilson, assistant at the girls' quarters, is taking a vacation at her home in Washington. She will not return to Carlisle, but has not left the service.

Koklilook and Coogidlore, the Alaskan girls who have been staying with Miss Edge of Downingtown, for a few weeks have returned looking in fine condition, well and happy.

Christine Redstone has returned from her country home quite ill. Miss Elizabeth Hunter, of Philadelphia, a friend of the Russels, with whom Christine has lived, brought her.

So many girls having gone out to country homes the sewing department is not now overcrowded. All the country boys and girls have been supplied with needful garments for the summer. There is always plenty to do in this busy department, and to keep up the demand for clothing means work and management.

Charles Roberts did fine catching on Tuesday. Captain Miller played a star game. Caleb Sickles took LeRoy's place, and it being his first effort in the box with the first team he threw a little wildly at the beginning, but Sickles bids fair of making a fine left-handed pitcher.

Miss Jackson, Miss Higman and Miss Heiks, of Metzger College, Carlisle, and Miss Forster, of Harrisburg, were guests of Misses Cutter and Forster at dinner on Saturday evening.

How would you like to drink the water you wash in? To sleep with your head under the covers and breathe over and over again the foul air that comes from your lungs, is just about as bad, for your health.

Ray Funk has taken up his summer abode with Mrs. Howe in the South Mountain. It always does Ray good to go to the mountains. Mrs. Howe's home at Hunter's Run has become quite famous as a health resort for our school.

Bert Charles has gone to his home in Jackson, Alaska. Bert has not been well for a few weeks. We hope he will get entirely well, for he is one of our faithful boys, of good, honest character, and deserving of health and happiness.

Our neighbor, Judge Henderson, was over on Monday making a business call, and proposes the next time he comes to wear a different hat, something like one he saw which he complimented as becoming to the person. Let us keep a watch out for the Judge and his new hat.

The sociable on Saturday evening was given that all might take a look at Professor Schurr's collection by electric light. By some the affair was called a bug sociable, and a wag suggested, "better than sociable bugs." The Man-on-the-band-stand immediately called for a fan.

It was a little difficult for Dickinson representatives on the bleachers to give the college yell on Tuesday, for every time they started up our small fry began a general hooting. We are not noted for "rooting" but on Tuesday we gave the players more than usual encouragement in that line, and it helped.

On Tuesday, the Dickinson College baseball men showed themselves to be gentlemen, and they deserve the name they have won this season for their excellent playing. Umpire Hare is a cool-headed man for the place, rendering fair decisions and wise judgments at critical times.

Another of our school force married: On May 17th, Miss McCommon of the sewing department was wedded to Mr. Harry T. Rambo, of Philadelphia. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. B. Beisel, on North College street. The newly wedded couple are living in Philadelphia.

Professor Schurr says that a single fly in one season under favorable conditions propagates 150,000,000 flies, but they have enemies which feed upon them and keep the numbers down. In the stomach of one bird he found 3000 flies and mosquitoes. For this reason alone we should not kill the birds. They save us from being eaten up by insects, and save the farmers' crops. We hope the little fellows who have to give up their slings, will not feel sorry any more because they are not permitted to shoot at the birds in the trees about the school. The robins and other birds are very friendly with us as a school this year, and we must try to keep them so.

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## UNUSUAL INTEREST.

Not for many a day has the school as a school and as individuals become so absorbed in a subject as it has this week in the collection placed in the gymnasium by Professor Schurr, the eminent naturalist.

Note books were out on all occasions and although the Professor is a little difficult to understand on account of his German accent, he was listened to with rapt attention whenever he spoke or wherever he appeared as the center of a group explaining the life and habits of the curious birds, butterflies, beetles, snakes, etc., he has in his collection.

The Professor's talks and exhibition have been an inspiration. We will view nature and animal life through wiser eyes now than heretofore.

Professor Schurr gave but one regular lecture before the student-body, in Assembly Hall, and although his talk was an hour and a half long, rarely have we seen the students keep so quiet in close attention.

Indians are certainly natural naturalists, eagerly taking such lessons as the Professor gave through story and illustration, and profiting by them.

The repulsive worm which one feels like killing on sight is changed into a thing of beauty and interest.

The Professor would have us watch the worm; watch the birds and the animals and learn lessons from them. Each little insect is doing its duty quietly. We are all made by the same Creator and get our food from the same table, and the works of the little creatures around us are most wonderful.

The busy bee and the little ant were held up as examples of industry. We are ignorant of their ways and the habits of insect and bird life in general because we go about our work in such a noisy manner scaring everything away from us.

We need education, but we need wisdom more; we need to get acquainted with the laws of nature, and thus learn of God's great creation.

So many of us have eyes but see not, and have ears but hear not. There is no greater joy than to be brought close to nature.

There is no empire on the whole globe which shows so much law, order and discipline as the ant in his little kingdom.

The speaker asked if we could get better exercise than by going out into the fields and climbing hills and mountains seeking for butterflies and specimens and studying nature.

He would have us leave our bicycles behind and depend upon our legs if we would get the

best exercise, and grow in health and vigor.

The stories of the silk worm were intensely interesting, and when he said that the process of manufacturing silk was known 2700 years before Christ, we could but feel insignificant in our boasted civilization.

There are 395 varieties of silk worm, and after his story of the little caterpillar that weaves the threads around his own body, making 350,000 elliptical motions in spinning a thread never less than 300 yards long and sometimes 1800 yards in length, making a tomb so strong that man is not able to pull it apart, we felt still more insignificant as individuals and workers.

The Professor is a great friend of the sparrow, and refuted in strong terms the popular notion that the sparrow drives all other birds away. He gave illustrations of the friendliness of the sparrow to other birds, but his heart went out in great bitterness against the industries that catch our birds by the millions in nets two and three miles long, all for the hats of women and for the markets of the world.

The Professor became so interested in the interest manifested by his Indian audience that the Man-on-the-band-stand believes he would be talking yet, had not the Major reminded him that the hour was late. The hypnotic spell exercised by pupil and speaker one over the other was broken; the end came, and there was such a round of applause as is not often given here in honor of a scientific lecturer.

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## SICKLES RECEIVES HONORABLE MENTION.

The Dickinsonian in a report of the Spring Sports which came off May 10 at Dickinson College has this to say of Caleb Sickles, '98, who is now a "prep" at Dickinson:

The first event on the program was one of the most exciting. This was a relay race between our preparatory school and Mercersburg academy. Mercersburg evidently had a faster team than Dickinson preparatory and the first four-fifths of the mile were marked by a continually increasing gap between the two runners, in favor of Mercersburg. But when the crowd saw young Sickles of Dickinson take his place at the line and wait on tiptoes to touch the hand of his panting colleague, and then dash off on the last lap with an astonishingly increasing speed, the chances for our preps became suddenly bright, but the distance was too great to be made up, and Mercersburg came in first, although their lead was quite perceptibly decreased by Sickles who was heartily cheered.