

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XIV.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1899.

NUMBER 48.

## NIGHT AND MORNING.

### Night

**T**HE night is dark, the wind is high.  
My heart is sad, I can but sigh.  
For hope is dead; and full of sorrow,  
How can I face the drear tomorrow?

My heart is full of sad foreboding;  
My cup is full of sorrow's loading;  
My soul faints now, with grief and sorrow,  
The storm will burst, mayhap tomorrow.

My life seems like the sodden sky.  
The dark clouds lower, the wind is high;  
And though some brightness I would borrow,  
I fear the coming of the morrow.

### Morning.

The wind has chased the clouds away.  
The sun shines bright on new-born day.  
And life's full cup,  
Seems brimming up,  
With life's best wine  
Can I repine?

Why did I needless trouble borrow?  
Why fear the coming of the morrow?

Why should we ever grieve or fear,  
Though skies be dark, though Life seems drear?  
Do we not know,  
Above—below,  
That God is Love,  
Below—above?

How can we Grief's sad garments borrow?  
He clothes with gladness on the morrow.

Oh, sad, sad heart, oh, dreary life.  
Why thus the grieving, anxious strife?  
Look up, look up,  
God holds a cup,  
Its wine is Love,  
Below—above;  
For Love is All; He leads the way,  
Into a calm, sweet, solemn day.

ROSE SEELYE-MILLER.

## AWAY OUT IN THE ROCKIES.

Miss Nana Pratt is visiting her sister, Mrs. Guy LeRoy Stevick, in Denver. A little description of a recent trip taken by the two over the mountains and through the canyons of Colorado and Utah is full of experiences interesting to read about. From a private letter to her father dated Grand Junction, Colorado Sept. 14th, we steal the following:

"We left Denver, Monday evening," says the writer, "and have had a glorious trip so

far. We sat out on the rear platform going over Marshall Pass and had an observation car for the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. You know how beautiful this route is, so I hardly need try to think of adjectives; they wouldn't describe anyway.

At Montrose we left the main road for Ouray, and the ride down through the valley, with the brilliant colored mountains all aflame in the evening sunlight, and the final coming into the town, which nestles on the very bosom of the mountain, was the climax of our rare day. After adjusting ourselves at the Hotel, Marion and I walked out to Box Canyon and then to Cascade Falls.

The next day we took a surrey and drove up the Grand Canyon over the wonderful stage road to Ironton Park. It was a most thrilling ride, both in the grandeur of scenery and the narrow and difficult road. But of this, too, I think you know.

We started out at seven in the morning, a storm chasing us at the end of our ride, and we reached the station just in time for the 10:35 train and to avoid a heavy rain storm. The sky cleared as we left the town and we saw the sprinkling of snow on the peaks.

Our train was late and we took a freight with passenger coach attached.

The conductor of the freight proved to be an interesting man, and in the dilemma of our delay we became acquainted with him, and he allowed us to ride in an empty box car; then we were taken up on top of one of the freight cars, and finally I walked on top of the moving cars, with the conductor, of course, clutching my arm. It was a splendid sensation and fulfilled a longing I have had ever since I read some articles in Scribner's on Life on a Freight Train. I have decided it is the most delightful way to travel—the world seemed so large and splendid and the view of earth and sky so superb.

A fearful storm came up while we were on top of the car, and the conductor clambered down and brought up his mackintosh, but when the rain began to pelt us and the light-



# 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.

Price—10 cents per year

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

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.

A lady writes: "I am 73 years old but hope to take the HELPER as long as I live; I enjoy reading it so much."

Nellie Carey who spent a short time only in a training school for nurses before she went west several years ago, says she found the training of great service to her this summer as she was called upon to take care of a typhoid patient. Nellie is now at Anadarko, Oklahoma.

**TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!!!** The person sending us the most subscriptions before Thanksgiving Day, 1899, will receive in cash the sum of twenty-five dollars. There are certain easy rules and restrictions which must be followed. Send for them at once if you are going to enter the contest.

On Friday the remains of Lablock, one of the Esquimaux boys who entered Carlisle two years ago, were buried in the school burying ground. Lablock was a victim of tuberculosis of the lungs, and was a patient sufferer. His lovable disposition made him many friends, all of whom are sorrowful over his untimely death.

Willard Gansworth flute player of the band who was taken ill when the band was in Philadelphia at the time of the G. A. R. celebration, was carried to the Pennsylvania Hospital and has been there ever since until this week. On Wednesday he came walking in looking really very well for a sick man. He is fast improving and left for his home in New York State for a two weeks' leave, at the end of which time he will probably be as well as ever. His symptoms were of a typhoid nature.

#### Schedule for Football.

- Sept. 23, Gettysburg at Carlisle.
- Sept. 30, Susquehanna at Carlisle.
- Oct. 7 Bloomsburg at Carlisle.
- Oct. 14, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.
- Oct. 21, Dickinson at Carlisle.
- Oct. 28, Harvard at Cambridge.
- Nov. 4, Hamilton at Utica.
- Nov. 11, Princeton at New York.

A thrilling talk last Saturday night by our superintendent carried the student body and all who heard him nearly off their feet. The line of thought was not new, but was given with new emphasis, and he made us feel that we are here for no small purpose, but to accomplish things great and good. The universal thought since Carlisle was established has been to build Indian schools at home. That thought has been an enemy to Carlisle, but it seemed plainer today than ever before that Indians should go to school where they can meet and mingle with our best civilization, into which pupils may go out individually. The true policy for the development of the Indian into the best and biggest possibilities is found in placing him by the side of and among the best. It was along this line that the Major talked, and when at the close he asked the student body if he should call for volunteers for the country how many would go, a perfect sea of hands was lifted, apparently every one in the room showing that his boys and girls are in full sympathy with Carlisle's individualizing process.

Did you ever see "Success?" Ask John Warren to let you see a copy of the paper. It is handsomely gotten up and without qualification the Man-on-the-band-stand can say that it is the very best all-around family weekly he ever saw for boys, girls, men and women to read. In it we find inspiration, progress, pictures of great men and everything to benefit, and we are not paid to say so. John is getting up a club to help himself toward finishing his education after he graduates in March. By getting a certain number of subscriptions he secures a scholarship. This is a laudable purpose and we are glad to see the spirit of self-help in it. Subscription price \$1.50, but by subscribing right away one may get it from now till the beginning of the year for nothing. Send names to HELPER address and John will get them, for he works in the HELPER office. Better send money order or check.

A gentleman 91 years of age says this in a business letter: "I have a mark of CREDIT for your institution. It is this: I have a grandson in the United States Cavalry Service at Porto Rico. He became acquainted with an Indian from your institution by the name of Russel Bear. He writes of him as an exemplary young man. He does not SWEAR, DRINKS NO intoxicating poison, neither smokes nor uses tobacco. My grandson is addicted to all these vices although brought up religiously. I have impressed on him the necessity of imitating that young man in the virtues referred to."

Lottie, '98, and Nettie Horne, '99, their brother Frank and Perry Tsamawa took a little trip to a place near Hoopa Valley School, California, called Trinity Summit. Perry, in speaking of the trip in a recent letter says: "How I wish you could have been there with us and beheld the beautiful scenery. Mt. Shasta, covered with snow, can be seen on one side and the great Pacific Ocean on the other. Perry occasionally goes deer hunting and enjoys the sport, but he admits that Frank Horne can beat him."

William Colombe who joined the Army is in Manila.



On the school roll, 940.

YES! Any one may enter the contest. Send for rules!

The tailor shop is getting a coat of calamine.

This week 15 pupils left for their homes in the west.

Who would be so filthy as to spit upon the walk or floor?

Sixteen Cherokees from North Carolina arrived on Sunday morning.

Katherine Bakeless and her mamma have gone to Milroy on a visit.

This week, 69 boys and 48 girls went to country homes for the winter.

The Band goes to Philadelphia to-morrow, to play in the Exposition Auditorium.

The Dickinson College football team came out for a little practice on Tuesday evening.

Who would throw an apple core on the pavement for passers by to note and be annoyed at?

Who would eat grapes and throw the skins out the window on the walk to make it look unsightly?

We play Gettysburg College tomorrow on our Athletic Field, the first game of the season.

Preparations are making for the celebration of our Twentieth Anniversary of the arrival of first pupils at Carlisle, October 6th.

Mrs. Harlan, of our Middlesex farm, escorted friends from a distance through the school on Friday.

Mrs. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, and her niece, Miss Barlow, of Jamestown, New York, visited the school on Wednesday.

Teachers' meetings are now held in the room opposite the Library, greatly to the advantage of both Library work and the meetings.

The ducks, Minnehaha and Hiawatha, brought in from the country for Major by Nellie Orme, are rusticated at the near farm.

The poem on the first page occupies more space than usual, but the sentiment is so inspiring that we consider the space well used.

Mr. Ron Allison, of Mifflintown, was specially friendly to some of our band boys at the Port Royal fair, and they appreciated his kindness.

Miss Richenda Pratt and friend Miss Koch who has been visiting her, left this week for Chambersburg to continue their course at Wilson College.

The cornet as a leader for congregational singing cannot be surpassed. As many other instruments as is thought best, but above all, let us have the cornet! We miss it.

Mrs. Cook and son Hobart left on Wednesday for Philadelphia, near which city the latter will take an Academic course. The former returned the same evening.

Special Agent United States Indian Service, James E. Jenkins, visited the school last week. In his call at the printing office he made known the fact that he is a printer and publisher, now part owner of a publishing house in Iowa. We got a number of points from him, and hope to profit by them.

Mr. Edgar Huidekoper, of Meadville, Miss Curriden, of Chambersburg, and Miss Johnson, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., were guests of Miss Senseney to dinner, last Friday.

Miss Belle Kearney, of Mississippi, National Lecturer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with Mrs. Dr. Reed, of Dickinson College, visited the school on Tuesday.

Those who will visit the societies to night are: Misses Seonta and Smith the Invincibles; Mrs. Sawyer and Miss Morton, the Standards; Misses Senseney and Newcomer, the Susans.

School room work is fully under way in all the departments, but the teachers all are anxiously waiting for the new rooms to be completed and opened, that pupils may be better distributed.

One hundred and eleven new pupils, have been tested and assigned to grades in the Academic Department, scattering all along the line from No. 1 to No. 12, the majority, however, falling below No. 7.

Assistant-Disciplinary Taylor is interested in new college yells, and a good college song for our boys to sing on football day. Help the thing along! We need more of the true college spirit.

This is one yell as agreed upon: Ous Ke Ow Wow! Skin E Ou Wow! Rizzle, Razzle Smile. We are the Indians from Carlisle! Who are we? Can you guess? Rickity Rackity I. T. S. Ru Rah! Ru Rah! Carlisle Indians, Rah! Rah! Rah!

On Sunday, Mr. Dennison Wheelock was elected Superintendent of our Sunday School, and Miss Cutter, Assistant-Superintendent, Caleb Sickles was elected Secretary, and Grace Warren, Assistant-Secretary.

"Worth of well-chosen words" was the subject of the Sunday evening service Major Pratt led. Elmer Simon, Howard Gansworth, Mrs. Dorsett, Mr. Beitzel, John Warren, Jacob Horne and others took part.

Dr. James Stewart, of the great Lovedale School, South Africa, which is carried on something after the plan of Carlisle, is in Washington, attending the Presbyterian Convention, and will visit Carlisle shortly.

On Sunday afternoon Dr. Wile seemed impressed with the large audience that greeted him. It was the first sermon of the year before the student-body, after all had gathered in from the country.

There seems to be quite a rivalry among the girls as to who has the best country homes, a number thinking theirs is the best. We would like to print what all of them say, but it would take up too much space in our little paper and crowd out important news.

Opening Exercise talk this week: Monday, Mrs. Cook on The Chinese Theatre; Tuesday, Miss Weekley, Cotton and Cotton Growing, illustrated by plants in various stages of growth raised in her own flower-bed on the school campus; Wednesday, Miss Paull, Robert Ingersoll as a Man.

The rules for the contest are so plain that it should not be necessary to ask any questions. If other information is desired enclose a stamp in the letter of inquiry. And please remember that we have not much time to write letters. Our letter is the HELPER.



ning grew worse, he stopped the train for us to climb down, and we rode in his caboose.

We were drenched, but after the storm passed over we went on top again, where the wind and the sun dried us off.

It is Carnival week here in Grand Junction, and when we arrived many people were masked and blowing fearful horns. We met Superintendent Lemmon of the Indian School, and Lillie Complainville. We heard the Indian band play, saw some of the Indian girls, and later went out to the school, Superintendent Lemmon sending special team. The school was disbanded and the pupils were in town to see the carnival, but the buildings were tidy and interesting. The wood work of the office and the chapel was the pupils' work and was very good.

Julian Hawthorne, Nathaniel Hawthorne's son is visiting the brother of Superintendent Lemmon, and we have met these gentlemen. They are both literary men. Mr. Hawthorne looks like his father."

Miss Nana and Mrs. Stevick from Grand Junction went on an excursion to Salt Lake City to view the Salt Crystal Palace.

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#### AN INDIAN WHO IS GRATEFUL, AND ONE WHO IS NOT.

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When one does a kind act for another, how natural it is for the person doing the kind act to look to the one receiving, for some sign of pleasure or gratitude. A person may say "Thank you," "Thank you," and "Thank you," all day long, and not feel a spark of gratitude, but true heartfelt thankfulness shows in the face, even in the face of the stolid Indian. He cannot hide his feelings entirely, and when he does not show gratitude he very likely does not feel it.

Here is a Carlisle boy away off by himself, in a strange land, thousands of miles from his own people, supporting himself, and this is the way he writes:

"I owe much to Carlisle school. I owe more than I can express in words. Carlisle did much for me while there as a student, and I thank God that you have a school of which you can feel very proud.

If it had not been for you and your school, God knows where I would be this very moment. Perhaps I would be like the rest of the Indians who never went to school. That much I feel thankful for.

I remember well, Major, when you were at my home in the far west, getting up a party of children to go to Carlisle, and how my parents refused to let me go with the party, and how I cried to go to Carlisle because of my parents' objection.

I remember how they had a great talk over my going to school.

I thank my oldest brother. He was the only one that favored my going to a far Eastern school. He is the one who persuaded my parents to give me as one of the party.

How happy I was when the day came for us to start on our journey, and yet how I wept when I bade my parents and brothers good-bye, perhaps because I was sorry to leave them and perhaps because I was glad to go, or maybe because I was both sorry and glad.

Well I soon got over all that was sorrowful. To-day I am not sorry that I went to the Carlisle School. I am only too glad for what I have received.

May God strengthen the school and the works of the school."

#### But How Does This Sound?

The above is from one who came to us without any knowledge of English, knowing nothing but the Indian way of living. But the following is about one who came to us from a family once removed from that uneducated condition. His father is an Indian but an educated Indian. See what the boy's farm mother says of him:

"I have been just as kind to him as I could be, giving him numerous outings, little treats, gifts, etc., and allowed him full time on his last month which would not be completed until the 19th. I put myself to a very great inconvenience to send him and his trunk to Trenton instead of by the stage. I gave him a lot of apples to take home, and he walked out of my house without one word of thanks, not even saying he was going or good-bye.

I naturally want to be treated with common respect. I should think he would feel ashamed to say the least."

The Man-on-the-band-stand observes two things in relation to the two boys mentioned—first, the former boy is making many valuable and lasting friends as he goes along through life, and second, the latter is losing friends. Ingratitude and selfishness will cause our friends to flee from us. And it is well to remember that even a dog licks his master's hand for a kind act.

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#### Enigma.

I am made of 6 letters.

My 3, 2, 1, 5 the small boy likes to run sometimes.

My 1, 2, 4 is worn on the head.

My 4, 5, 6, 5, 3 is a prominent character in the Bible.

My whole is something new at Carlisle that was bought by the yard this fall, but is worn by the feet.

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ANSWER TO THE LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:  
Fine Fall weather.