

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1894.—

NO. 19

GENTLE WORDS, LOVING SMILES.

THE sun may warm the grass to light,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light

Of Autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

POOR LITTLE INDIAN MAY.

(Continued From Last Week.)

The Last Scene.

The mid-night train of the following day was the first train possible for the party to take for Carlisle.

An hour before starting the teacher was ready at the station to receive the incoming children.

One after the other arrived until about forty had secured places in the special coach provided, which was then standing on the siding a few feet below the station.

11:30!

But where was May?

"She of all the others I want, for to leave HER here without protection in this nest of vice and corruption is to cast her to the dogs!" said the teacher to herself as much disturbed in mind she walked alone and in the dark on the platform of the station.

The party in the car had been placed in charge of one of the returning pupils—a responsible young man.

The teacher vibrated between the car and

the station, however, to see that all was well, and to keep her charges in good spirits.

"This last half-hour seems an eternity!" she exclaimed on one of her return trips as she stepped to the window to examine her time-piece by the reflected light.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES of twelve o'clock!

What's that I hear?

Voices!

People are approaching!

May's voice!"

The teacher almost bounded to the rear of the station and grasped her treasure by the hand.

"At last, my child!" exclaimed the teacher. "What has kept you so long? I have been most anxious."

"And I, too. I thought the train would go and leave me before I could get my people started!"

"And who have you with you? Ah, your father! How!" she said in imitation of his usual salutation.

"How!" was his reply, but he spoke with an expression far from cordial.

"Your step-mother? Your cousin, and your friends! They have all come to see you off, I suppose. How nice!"

"Oh, no, no," said May, almost under her breath, and throwing her arms around the teacher's waist sobbed, "They have come to make me tell you with my own lips that I am not going."

"May, dear, this cannot be true! I have your father's consent. He will not go back on that! Straighten up! Be very calm! I will fix it yet! Don't fear! Trust me and be brave! Don't cry after we get inside the station!"

By this time all had entered the crowded little room, and through the courtesy of the ticket agent the teacher and May were allowed to go behind the pickets, which in keeping with many small stations of the west

(Continued on the 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

PRICE—10 CENTS A YEAR.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

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.

Will subscribers please notify if two copies of the HELPER are received, or if the paper is not received regularly?

A New York subscriber says: The photo. of "Mike" was received yesterday and I cannot tell you how much I thank you for sending it. He has a lovely face and I guess is full of fun. Indeed I would not give much for a boy who was not.

To Harrisburgers we will say that subscriptions for the HELPER left at B. C. Lindemuth's provisions store, 235 Crescent St., will be promptly forwarded to us.

At the school in the country which Josie Smith attends composed of ten girls and one boy, the boy was asked by the teacher the other day, "What is a tutor?" "One who toots," was his ready reply, and was he far wrong? For a LIVE tutor must toot considerably to make his pupils progress rapidly.

Through a letter from Miss Rubinkam, of Newtown, we learn that Oscar Warden arrived safely at his western home among the Indians; that he regrets very much that he had to leave Carlisle, but was thankful for being permitted to remain as long as he did; and that Colonel Horn who married Maud Chief-killer has a son of which they seem very proud.

Jeremiah Hubbard, editor of the *Indian Moccasin* and for years a missionary among the Indians in the Indian Territory representing the Society of Friends, writes that "We have at our house at Afton, a meeting room, upstairs, 20x32ft. seated with chairs, and in which there is a stove, Bible mottoes, etc. We have Sabbath school and meeting every Sabbath and have an average attendance of fifty-five, of whom one-half are Indians."

The weekly journal of the Carlisle (Pa.) Indian Industrial school, THE INDIAN HELPER, printed and mailed by young braves, has reached the 11,000 issue-mark. The key-note of the youthful editors is this: "To show people that the Indian is the same as the rest of us, if given the same advantages in life.

—[The Mid-Continent.

The Invincible Debating Society carried off the honors again last Friday night when they took charge of the monthly sociable. The gymnasium was prettily decorated. Over the entrance hung a life size portrait of Capt. Pratt and suspended from the centre was the name "Invincible" in illuminated letters. Brilliant signs—Candy, Cocoa, Ice-Cream, Lemonade, etc., were hung above the places where these refreshments could be procured, while Japanese lanterns in the rear of the room, where tables covered with linen were spread gave the effect of an evening's summer garden. Mrs. Meek, (best known to us as Maggie) wife of Charles Meek, the popular E High St. Confectioner, presented the Invincibles with a handsome cake which brought about the happy thought of a cake-walk at ten cents a couple, to finish up the evening. The most graceful participants were to receive the cake. Miss Moore played an exhilarating march and Capt. Pratt, with tall and graceful Miss Julia Long, led off the walk. There was fine marching in the line, but Miss Julia stepped like a Grecian goddess, and with Captain's towering form and erect and soldierly bearing captured the prize which was then and there donated to the hospital. Mr. Spray, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Russell acted as judges. All had a good time while the Invincibles increased their exchequer to the amount of several dollars. If we will be so foolish as to spend money for non-essentials it is better to do it at the monthly sociable and thus keep the pennies within the school, where in the end it will be put to some good use even though the spending be a loss to the individual. But the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that the very BEST way is to SAVE our individual pennies for future emergencies. When we are old and gray we may need the very pennies we throw away in youth.

The new Parish Building of St. Luke's P. E. Church at Newton, Pa., was blessed with appropriate services on the 26th ult., by Bishop Whitaker of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. This is especially interesting to the students of Carlisle who have attended the Sunday School in that parish and specially to those who have contributed towards a handsome, round, stained glass window containing the emblem of a cross and a crown with the words "Presented by the Indian class," which now adorns the south end of the new building where it can be seen by all who enter reflecting credit to those who so kindly remembered the Sunday School with such an appropriate gift and which is appreciated by the parish generally.

THE INDIAN HELPER is a small weekly sheet published every Friday—a "Weekly Letter" in fact—from the Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. It is printed and mailed by Indians. Its four pages are filled with matter of interest, much of it, to others besides Indians. We are glad to see that Indians print neatly and spell correctly. [The Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, N. S.]

We have received a copy of THE INDIAN HELPER, a bright little paper published at Carlisle, Pa., by Indians. It looks and reads very much like the sheets printed by the "pale face medicine men" all over the country. —[The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.]

Slush!

Sleighing?

Blizzards west.

Time for over-shoes!

Pay day, Wednesday.

Monthly exhibition, to-night.

We need a skating pond.

Another leaf off your calendar.

Our invitations are out for Commencement.

Capt. Pratt was confined to his house on Tuesday with a hard cold and grip.

Don, Johnnie and Herbert served ice-cream like old and experienced hands at the business, last Friday night.

The University Extension lecturer, Homer B. Sprague, Ph. D., was a guest of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt on Saturday and Sunday.

Susie McDougal has had a little tussle with the grip, this week, but she came off conqueror as she does with nearly everything she undertakes.

The wind ran a race with the clouds on Monday night and Tuesday taking some of our fence along in its mad rush. The roofs and people were left and we are content.

Smith Shawegans planted a grain of corn in one of the flower pots in his school room a few days ago and is watching with interest its rapid growth under most favorable conditions. He measures it every night.

Miss Nellie Robertson who has been in attendance upon the West Chester Normal School for some time has been called to the dying bed of her sister, Etta, at the Sisseton Agency, South Dakota. She left for the West Tuesday evening.

"What kind of flowers have you?" asked one of the ladies of a little colored boy from town who had a box of cut flowers for sale.

"Roses and Erysipelas," was the response, and when she asked him to show her the Erysipelas he produced a fine bunch of Hyacinths.

Nettie Fremont came near having a serious fall in the gymnasium last Thursday. She has recovered from the shock. She went on a ladder that had been temporarily placed and was not intended for exercise. Mr. Thompson keeps close watch of the regular apparatus and very few falls occur.

Miss Gutelius ran in upon us for a few minutes on Tuesday evening. She only had time to say "How d' you do?" and "Good bye!" for she was off for Nevada to take a position in the Pyramid Lake Government Boarding School, having just received an appointment under the Civil Service.

Our enterprising carpenter Mr. Gardner who according to his statement never works for thanks but for the more substantial things of life has made for the printing office a set of screens for a special purpose and for which we do not dare thank him, but maybe he will not object to this kindly word of acknowledgment.

A sensible and loving mother writes to her daughter and daughter's friends at our school that daily she thanks God that the girls are not at home in the midst of the terrible life on the reservation. Every conceivable sin and temptation is rife there ready to snatch innocent young girls and boys and drag them down to hell.

Be saying!

Even of school SCRATCH PAPER.

Use both sides wisely and cover every spot as large as a pin-head before throwing it away.

For it is a never-failing truth that "WILLEFUL WASTE BRINGS WOEFUL WANT."

In the male portion of the faculty there is developing a fine quartette of singers—Prof. Bakeless, and Messrs. Drum, Martin and Wheelock.

We are pleased to report that Miss Shaffner is better. Miss Barr, our trained nurse, who went to Maryland to nurse her last week writes that she found a very sick woman, but the crisis had passed and she is on a fair way to recover. Miss Phillips is also better, being able to enter somewhat into the conversation she hears around her.

A very nice little letter of thanks has been received from No. 14 pupils for exchanges that have been turned in there for supplementary reading. We do not send them for the thanks but the M. O. T. B. S. is glad to see that our boys and girls are learning to be thoughtful about thanking for favors. Politeness is a trait to cultivate for it helps greatly in our efforts for success in life.

Miss Hamilton spoke before the school at the Wednesday opening exercises, taking Tyndall as her subject, and on Tuesday, Mr. Spray gave an interesting description of scenes in the Cherokee country of North Carolina, and of the mistletoe which grows there in abundance. Yesterday, Miss Cutter continued her talk given a few weeks ago on the constellations.

If in the evening, or day time either, you should chance to pass the window of a living room or a sleeping room it is a great breach of etiquette to turn your head in that direction, but when you go so far as to turn a blind so as to pry into the private affairs of the occupants of the room consider yourself a sneak and unfit for respectable people to associate with, as nothing short of this would you be considered by those knowing anything of the rules of decency.

Rev. Dr. Frysinger, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Carlisle, and Dr. Payne, Educational Secretary of the M. E. Church of America favored the school with their presence on last Thursday evening. Thursday being the day for prayer for colleges in this country, there was no study hour and the school assembled to hear Dr. Payne, whose address was very earnest and impressive. We can never forget the comparison of the watch spring with the pig-iron. The one educated iron and the other uneducated.

The next thing, our boys will be skating on railroad ties and enjoying themselves as much as if they had a smooth pond. Our walks are anything but smooth after freezing, but the least glimmer of ice fills them with fun-loving, skate-shod Indians. A strip in front of the teacher's quarters has an incline, and while the delights of going down at high rate of speed is very great, the having to jump across a ditch, two miniature bridges, a highway full of stones and an elevated board-walk to land on an embankment makes the sport ludicrous.

(Continued from the First Page.)

divided the ticket-office from the main part of the little waiting-room.

The father took it as his right to also enter the enclosure, and seated himself on the only vacant chair.

May was white and trembling.

"Why there is your cousin, May! Is he not going?"

"No, my step-mother rules, and he does not want to go, now. She has hired him to fight against me!"

"A most trying situation!" said the teacher to the ticket agent.

"Shall I make out her ticket?" asked the agent. "Only five minutes more."

"Wait a minute!" she replied, and stepping up to the side of May's father asked:

"All right? May go?"

He did not answer.

May looked pleadingly at him while every opening in the lattice-work seemed filled with glaring black eyes as if to say to him "Consent if you dare!"

Turning to the agent the teacher remarked:

"I will take his silence for consent, for he knows I have his consent and May has it, and I believe he wants her to go!"

"Yes, yes, he does. He said so. Give me the ticket, quick, oh quick! They are talking angrily out there. I am so afraid," said May again in excitement.

"Child, you must be calm. Stand close to me. They will not harm you if I am near."

The agent said: "I'll make out the ticket and receipt, save your signature. I don't like the looks of things out there. They mean business. They are a bad class of devils, the worst in the village. That woman is notoriously atrocious, and I advise you to be cautious. You see that villain of a cousin has pushed the gate open?"

"I see. The signs are certainly ominous. He is crouching like a panther ready to spring on his prey," said she under breath.

"Oh, oh, they will take me! I hear them say so! Don't let them! Oh, give me the ticket! Quick! Let us go out and run!"

"Hush! My dear! All will be lost if you get excited."

And then a long shrill whistle from the locomotive was heard.

"Here is the pen," said the agent excitedly. "Hurry!"

But as the teacher reached out her hand to take the pen the panther gave a bound for May.

He seized her wrists with the force of a giant. He dragged her screaming out into the darkness!

May was gone, forever!

What could the teacher do?

There was no help.

There was no time to appeal to the father who now sat with a stolid smile.

The conductor shouted "Aboard!" and the teacher was obliged to get on the cars.

As she stood on the rear platform of the moving train, heart-rending screams of the abused child were heard in the distant stillness of that mid-night blackness, and the cries are still ringing in the heart of the teacher as she gives the sad ending of her story, founded upon actual experience.

A more sensitive, charming, promising girl was never sacrificed to the whims and cruel selfishness of ignorance and superstition than was the body, mind and soul of Poor Little Indian May.

The end.

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 9, 11, 2, 6 is what the people of California have been having some of lately.

My 3, 5, 1, 8 is a small coin.

My 4, 12, 6, 7, 8, 13 is a season of the year.

My 10, 11, 9 is the opposite of near.

My whole is what the people of California are rejoicing over.—[From a little subscriber in California.]

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Commencement.

For EIGHT 2-cent stamps we will forward to the person making an attempt to answer the above Enigma, a year's subscription for the HELPER to any address in the United States and Canada and a CHOICE of the following interesting photographs:

1. Dear little Jerome, our youngest pupil, as he stands most cunningly inspection mornings at the foot of his bed.

2. "Mike," who now bears the name of Bruce Patterson—a smiling faced Apache child standing in a gate way. (With this goes a story written about his 1st Christmas at Carlisle.)

3. Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their pretty little girls; (it will be remembered that Richard Davis, a Cheyenne, married Nannie Aspinwall, a Pawnee, the wedding taking place at our school. He afterwards spent several years as chief dairyman on the farm of Mr. Harvey in Chester Co. He now has charge of our valuable herd of Jersey cattle, and is the Carlisle Indian School dairyman.)

4. A charming little Indian baby in its own native cradle. It shows how the Indian mother binds her little one to a board. That the babies are most happy thus strapped in a buckskin box is evident from the beautiful smile of the child in the picture.

5. A Cabinet photograph of a company of Piegan chiefs in their Indian toggery. Fine looking men.

6. A combination photograph, cabinet size, containing over thirty miniature views of our grounds and buildings including the whole school, printing-office, interior view of dining-room, the guard-house and Capt. Pratt's face. It is a wonderful little photograph, under the glass or to the naked eye which bears close study.

Each of the above pictures are worth 20 cents cash; but will be sent on above conditions or for five subscriptions for the HELPER.