

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1894.—

NO. 49

THE GOOD WE DO.

THE good we do with motive true
Will never quite be lost;
For somewhere in time's distant blue
We gain more than it cost.
And oft I think a strange surprise
Will meet us as we gain
Some diadem that hidden lies,
From deeds we thought in vain.
O toiler in a weary land,
Work on with cheerful face;
And sow the seed with lavish hand,
With all the gentle grace
That marks a brave yet loving soul,
A soul of roval birth.
And golden harvest shall unfold
Your own bright blessed earth.

SAN FRANCISCO IN SUMMER AND THE UBIQUITOUS FLEA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20, 1894.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

I am cold!

The weather here during July and August calls for heavy flannels and winter wraps.

We are obliged to have fire all the while, notwithstanding which I heard a lady on the street say to her companion in half complaining tones one sunny day, "What a warm day this is!"

She was dressed in seal skin at the time and gentlemen were wearing overcoats.

If such clothing is only a little uncomfortable when the sun shines, please to imagine the chilliness of the atmosphere when the sun does not shine and the fog rolls in from the sea, as it frequently does in great dark banks resembling eastern thunder clouds.

It is said that times are dull, but San Francisco shows no signs of dullness to the eye of the casual visitor.

It is the most alive city your chief clerk was ever in, if moving throngs of well dressed, thrifty looking people upon the streets indicate life, or if cable and electric car lines

crowded with working men and women, going to and from their work mornings and evenings, and others in the middle of the day laden with pleasure seekers on their way to the parks, races, ball and other games mean anything.

If myriads of teams and drays thundering over the cobble stones with their loads of freight from the wharves to wholesale houses; if trucksters with their songs of garden produce and delicious fruits; and hundreds of noisy milk wagons with their uncanny cans going at breakneck speed down the stone paved streets in the dead of night means life and if trade as represented by the large and elegant retail stores, beautifully trimmed windows and the bountifully filled shelves and counters with expensive fabrics means business, then San Francisco is not a dull city.

Among the attractions in San Francisco are the Sutro Heights, Cliff House and Seals.

The new Sutro baths are the largest and finest in the world costing a million of dollars and containing conservatories in which rare and expensive tropical fruits are arranged in artistic rows along spacious corridors, in connection with immense and richly framed mirrors, making the interior resemble a veritable garden of the gods.

In the building on the ground floor at least fifty feet below the story in which the main entrance is and in plain view from all parts of the house, are tanks large enough to accommodate hundred of bathers at once, while rows and tiers of upholstered seats are for other hundreds to witness the antics of those in the pleasures of a salt plunge.

The whole is under roof and the temperature warm, pleasant and even, and while looking out through the glass side of the structure over the broad Pacific's waters, the bathers dip their forms into its exhilarating liquid unchilled by the cold raw blasts of the sea.

Then, too, one must not leave San Francis-

(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.

Joseph Lujan sends some names for the HELPER and says, "I am trying my best here in this pleasant place."

From a private letter we learn that Laura Long and Alice Lambert have been camping on the banks of the Brandywine.

"In the two years we have taken the HELPER, we have become more and more interested in it, and wish all success to not only the HELPER but all of Carlisle." SUBSCRIBER.

The coming *Red Man* will contain accounts of the Indian Workers' Institutes, just held, besides other interesting matter.

A postal from Ned Brace informs us of death of his sister, on account of whose serious illness he went home. He says he used his Carlisle influence to prevent his folks from cutting themselves as they used to do.

A subscriber sends us the following clipping:

A few years ago the white boys in the University (Pacific) invited the Indians over to play ball with them. While engaged in the game, several of the white boys used profane language, so much so that at last the Indian boy who was in charge of his nine gave a signal; the Indians quit playing and returned to their own grounds, saying that at their school they were neither to swear nor remain in the company of the profane. In a few days the white boys received an invitation to go to the Indian ball-ground, and when there were assured that the first profane or vulgar word would be the signal to stop playing, for the Indians "made it a point to be gentlemanly at play as well as in the presence of their teachers." Would that "the school-masters were abroad" to such an extent that all Indian children were carefully trained as these. —[*Ex.*]

Once or twice a visiting team has had to be cautioned on our grounds in this respect. Safeguards must be thrown around the Indian to prevent his acquiring the white man's vices, which, alas, are too easily learned.

Again death has entered the school and taken from among us two of our girls, Minnie Topi, Pawnee, aged twenty, and Alameda Heavy Hair, Gros Ventre, aged sixteen. The first had been under treatment at the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia for several months past, but all efforts to save her life proved unavailing, and death put an end to her sufferings at six o'clock on Tuesday morning. The body was brought to the school by Miss Seabrook, formerly nurse here. The second was a victim of that dread disease, consumption, and to her end came Tuesday evening at six o'clock. The double funeral, the second in the history of the school, took place at four o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Rev. Dr. Frysinger, of the Methodist Church of town conducted the services.

Some of the pupils are in the habit of getting others to write their letters and sending them as their own productions. We saw two letters from a boy written five days apart and the difference was quite striking. The one was his own, the other not. An attempt to deceive is altogether wrong. It is generally found out and harms only the one who tries it. Be honest and write your own letters, even though they are full of mistakes. Learn to rely on your own self and not on the uncertain support of others, if you wish to be something in the world.

Joseph Wells and Charles Bictosewah were convicted of disorderly conduct in a police court at Trenton, N. J., recently, the former being sentenced to thirty days at hard work and the latter to sixty. We hope this will be a salutary lesson not only to them, but to any others who think they can escape easily from the consequences of their misdeeds. The authorities here will suffer the law to take its course in any offenses committed when absent from the school.

Luzena Choteau, class '92, writes that she is now employed in the mailing and advertising department of a whole-sale shoe store in Chicago, and boards at the Y. W. C. A. "Home." She says, "I hope you don't think because I am an Indian girl that I have no business in Chicago and working at what I am at, but I only wish hundreds of Indians were in the same city for a while to see if they would prefer city life to "forest life(?)"."

A subscriber says he cannot see where our profit is in publishing the HELPER. We do not run it for profit, though it pays for the paper and ink used in the office. It is for the training afforded in printing and mailing a paper of such circulation and as such it pays.

"Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

Miss Burgess is expected back next week.

Clement Noadlada is on the sick list.

School!

Summer is over.

Get out your books!

Resolve to study hard!

Conundrums are all the rage at the Club.

Andrew Lyte has returned from the country.

Miss Seabrook returned to Philadelphia yesterday.

Mr. Weber and family have returned from Reading.

Annie Lockwood has gone to her home in New Mexico.

Foggy, smoke days these. Probably due to forest fires.

Two new foot-balls have arrived and the boys are happy.

Miss Hill, of Chambersburg, was a visitor at the school Tuesday.

Mr. Thompson is moving into the house vacated by the Campbells.

John Ground, who was in the country for a while, is back at the case.

Our Mr. Beitzel has been elected President of the Y. M. C. A. in town.

Dr. Montezuma has gone to Michigan to gather up children for the school.

Rev. Mr. Miller and daughter, of near Harrisburg, were among the visitors last week.

The Grangers' picnic at Williams Grove brings a large number of visitors to the school.

School opens Monday morning, but will not be in good running order until the return of the farm pupils two weeks hence.

Annie Boswell is married to a white man who is reported to be a fair, kind husband, by one who only knows him by reputation.

Master Jack Standing is the latest addition to the printing office. He is making good progress, though the first line he set would fall down.

Miss Henry, who has been spending the summer here, part of which time she looked after the club mess, left Thursday morning to visit friends in Bucks County.

Miss Luckenbach and niece Miss Krause, Master Johnnie Given and Pasquale Andres spent part of yesterday at Mt. Holly Springs, taking in the paper mill and other sights.

A goodly delegation from the school will attend the concert of the Innes Band to-morrow afternoon in town. Some of us heard it at the World's Fair and know it to be worth hearing.

People who visit us now fail to see the school at the best. Two thirds of the pupils are out on farms for the summer, and advantage is taken of their absence to clean and overhaul things. The school department, a most interesting feature, is closed and the shops are almost deserted. Come after September 15th and you will see the school in full blast.

Several of the boys took in the Grangers Picnic at Williams Grove this week.

The carpenters are putting the dining hall stools in shape for the return of the farm pupils.

Miss Fannie Peter, late teacher at the Siletz, Ore., school is with us, having been transferred.

Mr. William Masten, of the Philadelphia Post Office, has been spending several days here with his parents.

The teachers are arriving ready to take up the work of year. Miss Bowersox arrived Wednesday and Miss Carter was expected to-day.

A number of the boys took in the baseball game between the Harrisburg and Philadelphia teams of the State League in town on Tuesday afternoon.

The club dining room has been repainted and renovated, and with the return of the vacationers is beginning to resume its usual cheery appearance.

A force of boys are cutting corn, to be put in the silo for ensilage. The results obtained from the use of ensilage at the school have proven very satisfactory.

The members of the Philadelphia State League Base Ball team visited the school Tuesday morning. They are a nice looking lot of fellows and seemed quite interested in what they saw.

Mr. J. A. Swett, Superintendent of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, stopped at the school this week on his way home from Washington. He went through all the departments of the school and visited our two farms. Mr. Swett is a large, genial gentleman and we wish him and Haskell abundant success.

On August 18, news was received in Bethlehem, Pa., from the Moravian Mission Station in Alaska. Our boys George and David, who returned there last spring after having been at this school a little less than three years, were reported as doing excellently well as assistants. The Mission work has prospered, though an unusually severe winter brought much distress to the natives and scarcity of food obliged the missionaries to close their school earlier than intended.

The musical entertainment given in the chapel Monday evening, though impromptu, was most enjoyable. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and the music furnished by the white, red, and black descendants of savages was most charming, if the hearty applause that followed each number was any indication. The choir sang several selections and considering the few who are here now, did well. Miss Hailman gave a piano solo, as did also Mabel Buck and Nannie Little Robe. The two latter also played a pretty duet. The vocal solos of Mr. William Masten, Mr. Geo. Fouike, Mr. Given, and Miss Linnie Thompson were well sung and enthusiastically received, one or more recalls being demanded of each. The thanks of the school are certainly due to the performers for a most delightful evening.

(Continued from the first page.)

go without spending an afternoon at the Golden Gate Park, most beautifully kept, and after visiting various places of interest, wend your way gradually to the music stand where seats are provided and where you may rest while listening to inspiring strains of music from the Park Band, an organization supported by the Park Company and considered very fine.

I noticed in the arrangement of the players upon the band stand with sounding board in rear in imitation of a huge Abalone shell, that the famous director placed his men in the same order that the Indian band master of the Carlisle Indian School places his men upon the public stage, and I was pleased to note that there was heavy clarinet playing.

This band, on the afternoon I visited the park, played among other very beautiful selections, one from "William Tell," in which there were the familiar strains so often rendered by our own band and which carried me back to the Cumberland Valley with heartbeats of pride, for it was no better rendered here than there.

Then there are the Mid-Winter Fair Grounds for one to see. Naught but the buildings remain and some of these are being rapidly torn down. One must pay "two bits" to enter, but it would be a great mistake not to avail one self of the privilege of seeing the spot, where was held an exhibition of such world-wide reputation as California's Mid-Winter Fair of '94.

The grounds are exquisitely laid out and buildings well arranged for the purpose designed, but the whole thing in comparison with the World's Fair at Chicago is like placing the pretty little Conodoguinet by the side of the majestic Amazon, the world's largest river, and searching for a comparison.

But, now, my dear sir, to change the subject and to show another phase of life in San Francisco, let me warn you, that as you are taking in the sights at this season of the year, if after you have ridden in a street car, or attended theatre or meeting in some heavily carpeted hall, you should be sitting in a company of friends and should feel in some portion of your body a sudden prickling sensation and should as suddenly be tempted to place your hand forcibly upon the spot, don't you do it!

It is a San Francisco flea biting you, the sauciest, hungriest, biggest and most vigorous thing of the kind you ever saw, but like the California earthquake a thing unknown in these parts.

An old residenter will not admit that he ever saw a flea.

"Why is it a disgrace to have fleas," they say. Chinamen and dogs might understand should you speak the word, but not the respectable San Franciscan.

So when you feel the sensation as before described, don't jump! Bear it like a soldier, but retire the most convenient moment to your room.

If the prickling be on the arm, get at the sleeve of your garment.

Careful now!

Slow!

Ah, *there* is the little black object of your misery!

Dampen your finger quickly with moisture from the lips.

Make a dive, place your finger over the creature. Ah, now you have him, rest in peace, raise your finger gently, peep, he isn't there.

Don't get discouraged! Try again! See there, on the wristband! Now! More cautiously! Spring for him! Bring the other hand to assist! Get him under your thumb-nail! Press him *not* gently, poor thing! Alas! He is dead! Lay the cold corpse on the towel and discover it was a small roll of lint from your dark dress.

Thus do when occasion calls, but at night take special pains to free your clothing from the hopping nuisance and when at last after you have vigorously shaken and brushed your bed clothing and night apparel, lay your tired head upon your pillow for peaceful repose, and just before passing into that state of bliss known as slumber, how ecstatic you will feel as the playful but unknown little pest disports in the game, "Pussy wants a corner," between your shoulder blades, but comfort yourself with the text, "The wicked flee etc.," and make the best of an unpleasant situation.

Il n'y a pas de quoi, but from personal observation the streets, the sand, the very air are full of these pestiferous peace destroyers, San Franciscans' testimony to the contrary notwithstanding, but,

Il n'y a pas de quoi!

Il n'y a pas de quoi!

M. B.

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 4, 3, 9, 13 is the opposite of buy.

My 2, 8, 7, 1 is the sound made by an owl.

My 10, 11, 1 is to wager.

My 5, 12, 7, 1, 2, 11 is what we do to our bodies

My whole is what will be heard next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Vacation Days.

SPECIAL

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