

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

—FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1896.—

NO. 32

WANTED—A BOY.

MR. A—, the rector, is dying today,
With the hope of heaven on his face;
He'll be missed in the pulpit and home, when we
pray.
Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. B—, the judge, is dying today,
With the lines of true life on his face;
He'll be missed on the bench for many a day.
Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. C—, the doctor, is dying today,
And a sympathy beams on his face;
He'll be missed in the homes when disease comes to
stay.
Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. D—, the saloon keeper, is dying today,
With a look of dread on his face;
He'll be missed where the path leads downward
away.
Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. E—, the drunkard, is dying today;
O, the marks of sin on his face!
He'll be missed at the club, in saloon, in the fray.
Wanted—a boy for his place.

WORK.

“Why, I didn't know Indians worked,”
said a visitor the other day.

No doubt the person had the popular idea of
the Indian as a lazy, good-for-nothing sort of
creature.

Yes, Indians work when they are compelled
to do so.

How many of us white people would work
if our bread and butter did not depend on it?
Very few we imagine.

Just look at the tramps who are such an an-
noyance and whose treatment has become a
problem in many places.

Just look at the loafers, white and black,
whom we see standing around, often begging
for a nickel, sometimes working for enough
to get a drink.

The reservation system with its idleness
and debauchery is killing the Indian as it
would kill any class of people, no matter
what their color or previous condition.

It is not sufficient to get off the reservation
with its pitfalls.

One can be as idle and debauched in the

midst of civilization. We must seize the op-
portunities that the reservation cannot give.

WORK is the only salvation for the Indian.

Dependence upon the Government must be
rejected and a firm reliance upon one's self
must take its place.

Then only can the Indian be a man, and
cease to be a ward.

The Carlisle School believes in the power of
work.

Book education is needful and good, but the
hand must be trained as well as the mind.

The world will always need good workmen,
and ability will make itself felt.

Only when the Indian ceases to be a drone
and becomes a worker in the busy hive of in-
dustry will he be recognized as a man and
given his rights.

We print the following from an exchange
not to detract in any way from education,
but to show that work makes the man.

A man may work as hard in the department
of letters as on the farm, and his work will
count, but he must WORK:

“A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* has been learning something about the southern negro by personal inspection in North Carolina, and says that he finds those who grew to maturity in slavery days, in a much better mental, moral and material condition than the younger generation. The difference was lucidly explained to him by an old negro as follows: “We slavery negroes were learned to work; and we knows how, and likes to. We had to work, boss, whether we wanted to or not, and 'twas a good thing for us, for now we knows how to take care of ourse'ves. But the younger niggers are a po' lot; they's lazy and shif'less and thieven'. Oh, yes, they goes to school, some on 'em, and they gits an education, but that's all they gits. An when they've got that, it sort o' spites em' for work; they jess all wants ter teach and preach, and git dere livin' easy-like.”

We are purer, better, happier for work, so long as it is honorable. And whatever be our work, whether of brain or hand, let us strive to make the most of ourselves and our opportunities.

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, and EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR

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

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

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.

Base Ball.

Saturday's game with the Pennsylvania Steel Company's nine was one of the cleanest ever played on our grounds, not a word of kicking being heard during the game. The Steeltons started off as though they were going to win hands down, but our boys pulled themselves together and soon forged ahead, winning by a score of 16 to 8. Jamison's home run was a feature. McCormick, of foot ball fame, did the best playing for the Steeltons, while Mattern pitched a good game. Messrs. Shearer, of Dickinson, and Claudy, of the Indian School, did the umpiring. Score by innings:

Steelton	4	0	2	1	1	0	0	—8.
Indians	2	0	1	5	5	3	x	—16.

The game was called in the middle of the 7th inning in order to catch the train. Bent while trying to touch out Yellowrobe at second was accidentally cut in the face by a spike as the runner was sliding. The Steeltons are a gentlemanly lot of men and they will always be welcome here.

The Northumberland *Public Press* in an account of the Bucknell game, says:

"An Indian game of either base-ball or football is always looked forward to with much interest by the Bucknell boys, as the teams are evenly matched and the Indians put up a good square game."

The children of the Normal rooms have become so interested in nature study that it keeps the teachers busy giving language lessons and classifying the bugs. On entering the room for study hour the teacher was delighted to find a bunch of locust blossoms on each desk. The good fairies proved to be two boys. They came in full of information and delight, and said, "We did it; and may we draw them tonight?"

The following explains itself:

"In behalf of the Pennsylvania Steel Company's base-ball team, I wish to thank you all most heartily for the hospitality shown us during our short stay with you on Saturday. We shall ever remember the kindness and anxiously await our opportunity to reciprocate."

Yours sincerely
C. E. FINK, Manager.

Death of Miss Mary Phillips

Miss Mary Phillips, of this place who for some time past has been making her home with her brother Edward in Washington, D. C., died on Saturday. The body was brought to Carlisle to-day and buried in the family lot at Ashland from Gettysburg Junction. The funeral was attended by a number of friends. Rev. McMillan, of St. John's church, officiated.

The deceased was a life-long resident of Carlisle, a rare good woman, and one of the most useful lives of our community. She was for many years a teacher in the public schools and left that work to become a teacher in the Indian Training School. She remained there until she was stricken with such illness that she was compelled to give up. She was endowed with a lovable disposition also, and her circle of warm friends included all who came in contact with her. All these will mourn and miss her.

She is survived by a brother, Edward W. of Washington, and a sister, Laura, of the Scotland school.—[*Sentinel*, May 11.]

None will regret Miss Phillips' death more than her many friends among the pupils and employees of the school, to whom she endeared herself by her many noble qualities.

If a person is on the walk ahead of a wheelman, the wheelman has NO RIGHT to ask that person to get out of the way. Mr. Wheelman, every time you ring the bell it says "Get out of my way." It is all right to ride on our school walks if we use judgment and common sense about it. The other evening the writer saw a lady and gentleman walking leisurely toward the entrance gate. A wheelman came swiftly behind them and rang his bell. The lady jumped, first to one side and then to the other. She came near being struck by the wheel. What RIGHT had that wheelman to so startle her? He had NO right. The thing for him to have done was to dismount and walk around the couple and beg to be pardoned for doing so. With schoolmates of our own age it does not matter so much. Even they have rights which we are bound to respect. Get off the wheel, or go very slowly and speak gently! Ask the person to please allow you to pass. The word wheelman is here used in its broadest sense and means wheelwoman, as well.

A subscriber in renewing his subscription says: "It is gratifying to hear of the flourishing condition of the school and the progress made by those who in the past were considered only as 'savages' and their ultimate fate 'merited extermination!' Had the present policy been adopted a century ago, the barrier between the races would have been obliterated, and peace, amity and good would have been the result. There is one of the Carlisle pupils living with a neighbor. I see him often and he appears to be a bright, cheerful boy. He goes to school, and the 'school-marm' takes a great interest in him. She says he is above the average of her pupils in mental capacity, and is far more polite than many of them!"

Ernest Hogue writes from Fort Sill that the Carlisle boys and girls there are hard at work.

Flower beds are being laid out.
Trolley cars every fifteen minutes now.
Shirt waists and straw hats are in order.
Hammocks have made their appearance.
Enos Pego, printer, has gone to the country.
The Art class closed last Thursday for the year.

Levi St. Cyr is the proud possessor of a new Cleveland wheel.

Mrs Pratt's wisteria vine is in full bloom and is very much admired.

Dr. and Mrs. Daniels made a flying trip to Philadelphia on Wednesday.

A new tennis court has been laid out near the Administration Building.

Bertha Pierce has returned to her New York home on account of ill health.

Eli Stanton and Amos Osage spent several days in Washington this week.

The trolley rides to Mile Hill and the Cave are much enjoyed on a hot evening.

Fourteen boys and eleven girls have gone to country homes since our last issue.

John Brown has gone to Ashbury Park. He expects to spend some time at the seashore.

Johnson Adams, '96, is attending the night sessions of the new Business College in town.

Bemos Pierce is the latest addition to the bicycle ranks, having purchased a Cleveland.

Daniel West smashed his bicycle badly the other day in trying to run down an ice wagon.

Miss Annie A. Trowbridge, instructor in vocal music at the Millersville Normal School, was a visitor at the school last week.

Classes in all the school-rooms up to No. 11 are very small. Earnest effort will no doubt be made to bring up the backward pupils.

The Examining Committee on shops has reported a number of promotions. The number would have been larger had it not been for the country fever.

Miss Paull returned Saturday from Philadelphia, where she has been undergoing treatment for her eyes, and left Wednesday on her annual leave.

Mrs. Dennison Wheelock, who has been in poor health for some time, has gone to the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia. Her husband accompanied her.

On Saturday evening last, a game of base ball was played between the Seniors and Juniors. The game was called at the end of the sixth inning, when the score stood 8 to 4 in favor of the Juniors.

John Lowry, Seminole, is working at the Fort Sill School as Baker at \$40.00 per month. He says he has always found work and got on very well. He didn't know anything of the new job but a former hand showed him how to make yeast and he made bread! Good for John!

The Standards held their last meeting on Friday evening. The attendance has decreased so much on account of the farm exodus that it was thought wise to close till fall. Short speeches were made by the President and others, who spoke of the benefits they had received during the past year. The *Panorama* was read and the meeting adjourned.

John Lambert has gone home.

The hot wave did not last long.

Mabel Navodokieh is in from the country on a visit.

Capt. Pratt and Miss Nana have visited Phoenix and Laguna and are now at Pasadena, Calif.

Invitations are out for the Commencement Exercises at Hampton Institute next week, when it will celebrate its twenty-eighth anniversary.

A Carlisle reader has sent us an answer to the rebus, but failed to give any name. The letter was dated May 8th, and was written with a lead pencil.

Consumption has claimed another victim in Jennima John, Oneida. The funeral took place Monday evening, Rev McMillan of the Episcopal Church, preaching the funeral sermon.

Louis Quarters had quite a thrilling experience in Bucks County last week. A team driven by him was struck by lightning. One horse was instantly killed and the other was so badly paralyzed that it had to be shot. Louis was severely stunned, but recovered sufficiently to walk to the house.

It is not too late to try for the prize in our dollar offer of last week. June 1st is the last day, but send in your answer early, as in case there are two correct answers, the first one received will be the winner. A NEW subscription must accompany each answer. A number of answers have been received already.

Pennsylvania College, of Gettysburg, plays our team tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock, on the school grounds. As Gettysburg only beat us 3 to 1 in a game on April 25th, an interesting contest may be expected. Burns, who has such a reputation as a striker-out, will probably do the pitching for the Collegians. Admission, 25 cents.

The number of books taken out of Reference Library during month of April was 162, divided as follows: girls, 45; small boys, 45; large boys, 37; teachers, 35. Would we do without our reference library and card catalogue? No! Though still in need of much literature that could not help but be useful, it has proven a valuable adjunct to the school-room work.

The King's Daughters are contemplating the sending of delegates from their circles to the Students' Conference which convenes at Northfield in July. Inasmuch as the Y. M. C. A. has had the aid of the employees in sending delegates to this conference for the last five years, the executive committee decided not to ask their aid this year, but to yield the field entirely to the young women's organizations.

An Indian Territory exchange says of a recent annuity payment that "the merry-go-round and fakirs are here in abundance and the same old familiar tunes are heard nightly. So far the best of order has prevailed and everything is passing off pleasantly. They are all spending their money freely, but are buying more useful articles than they did at the last payment." Evidently the Indian is learning a little wisdom!

DO IT NOW.

To-day is yours to call your own; to-morrow to you may never come.

If there is a duty that you have hesitated and delayed performing, there remains but one day for you to do aught that is as yet undone, and that day is *to-day!*

Perhaps with the ending of to-day will also come an ending of your every opportunity to "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." In the never ending flight of time the longest life is short indeed, and like the fading light of the setting sun, that each moment decreases in brightness and finally disappears from view, the light of your life is decreasing in brightness, and the time will come, sooner or later, when it will cease to shine on earth, and your spirit will depart from this world, to take its everlasting abode in eternity!

Have you ever experienced the happiness resulting from freely and willingly, of your own accord, going to one who has wronged you or who has by you been wronged, or to one with whom you have had an unpleasant difference, causing other than friendly feelings to exist between you, and to such an one say that you desire the present unfriendliness to cease and that you desire to again be upon friendly terms one with the other?

In your efforts as a peacemaker you may not meet with success; but if you do not, you at least will have satisfaction and contentment of mind in knowing that you have done your part, and that more than this you could not do.—[Ex.]

IT'S DONE, SIR.

One day an employer said to a youth beginning life as a clerk, "Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy.

This was the first time he had been intrusted to superintend the execution of this work.

He made his arrangements over night, and spoke to the men about their carts and horses.

He resolved to begin very early in the morning, and he instructed the laborers to be ready at four o'clock.

At ten o'clock the merchant came in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looked very black, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the merchant, "you were told to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never!

His character was fixed, confidence was established.

He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness.

He very soon came to be the one who could not be spared.

He was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners.

PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality is something more than being just on time.

It would be a sorry state of things with a school of a thousand if every teacher and scholar arrived at the door at exactly the minute designated for beginning school.

All would then be late in getting into place, ready for a part in the duties of the hour.

It is in view of this truth that punctuality in Sunday-school has been defined as being five minutes ahead of the time for opening.

But even this is not always enough.

Punctuality includes being present early enough to get into place and do everything that needs doing before the school hour, so as to have nothing to do at beginning time but to begin.—[*Sunday School Times.*]

INDIAN CYCLERS.

An exchange speaks of the conquest of the bicycle as follows:

The bicycle, seemingly not content with conquering the priest and the laity, the judge, the jury, and society in general, has now brought under its seductive influence the wily red man. A few days ago, according to a Western exchange, Little Black Bear, a Nez Perce Indian in Oregon, traded thirty head of ponies for a bicycle, and still the insidious bicycle promoter is looking for more fields to conquer.

Carlisle is ahead of that, for it is nearly two years since an Indian at this school (and not one of the masculine gender, either) conquered the bicycle. Twenty or more of the silent steeds are owned by our pupils, at the present time, and an Indian on a bike no longer attracts attention in town.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CONUNDRUMS: (1) Dog would; (2) One had razors to shave, the other shavers to raise; (3) A pillow; (4) Negroes; (5) Room for improvement.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 8, 12, 1, 3 is a period of time.

My 11, 4, 2 is placed over a small letter.

My 6, 10, 7 is to tell an untruth.

My 9, 1, 10, 5 is a long piece of steel.

My whole is much enjoyed on a hot evening.