

# THE INDIAN HELPER


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

VOL. XII

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NUMBER 45

## WHAT, INDEED?

 HE old times, the good times,  
The times that are dead and gone,  
The only times worth living in,  
That's how folks rattle on.  
Joys of the past cling to the mind,  
Its troubles fade away.  
I'm glad to live in the present—  
What's the matter with to-day?

## THE INDIAN WAY OF SHOWING DISAPPOINTMENT.

Some traits of character borne by the red boys are worthy of emulation, and make Indian youth desirable pupils to instruct and direct.

The following little occurrence in our own printing office will serve to illustrate the point:

By Friday morning of last week, 17,000 impressions, inside and out, of that issue of the INDIAN HELPER had been made. Two or three thousand were tied up into routes ready for the mail-bags. There were eight or nine thousand still to mail, and 7,000 inside impressions to run off, when the Thursday evening shop-bell rang to stop work.

We were what we consider on time; that is, by good work we should be able to clear up everything, and have the edition in the mail-bags by 5 o'clock, Friday afternoon, which we aim to do every week.

If the work be finished before five o'clock, the printers turn to the case or some other department till the bell rings.

These are vacation days, however, and a little more liberty is given throughout the various departments of the school, hence, the closing directions last Thursday evening were to the effect that as soon as the HELPERS were mailed the next day, the hands would be excused.

The boys naturally looked at the pile of papers to be printed, folded, wrapped, addressed

and tied up into routes and bagged, and began to calculate how to gain an hour of time.

They arranged that certain boys should run the presses during the noon hour.

Friday morning came, and the way all hands bounded into the office on the stroke of bell, and donned their aprons gave ample evidence that they were in the spirit of work.

"Come on, boys! Let's pitch in. We'll get off by 4 o'clock sure!" said one.

And there was the cheerful whistle that goes with the happy heart when prospects are bright.

But hold!

The manager has a long face!

"T—, please gather up all the HELPERS from that table and throw them into this basket," were her opening remarks.

"Yes, m'm," was the hesitating reply.

"Take all those on that table that are tied into bundles and ready for the bag, and throw THEM into the basket!"

"What, these?"

"Yes."

"Why, they are all addressed."

"No matter! Throw them all into the basket!"

"Why the basket will not hold them all."

"Take them out by the ash heap and make a pile of them. Boys, gather up all you see around, all that are folded and all that are not folded and carry out to the same heap!"

"And this large pile printed only on one side?"

"Yes! Carry them all out! The damaged copies, the proofs and copy from the hooks, everything. Make a clean sweep."

By this time all were awakened to the idea that something very unusual was going to happen, while some of their eyes bore a wild stare.

"What's the matter?" one finally ventured. "Pshaw! What's going to be done? Are they all spoiled?" first one and another asked.

"Yes," said the manager. "There is a bad

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# THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

*Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.*

**BY INDIAN BOYS.**

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, out 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 Marianna 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.

The Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, William A. Jones, spent Sunday at the school. On Sunday evening, although not expecting to say anything to the school, he gave a little talk, and expressed surprise at witnessing the part taken in the service by the Indian pupils; especially of the talk given by David McFarland upon his Christian Endeavor trip to San Francisco. The subject for the evening was "Stumbling Blocks," and the Commissioner appealed to the older and more experienced students not to be as stumbling blocks to the new pupils, many of whom were present, but to take all such by the hand and show them the way, pointing out to them the stumbling blocks and helping them to remove and overcome all obstacles.

General John Eaton and Mrs. Eaton, of Washington D. C., were guests of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, on Wednesday. General Eaton is widely known as ex Commissioner of Education, ex-President of Marietta College, and now President of the Sheldon Jackson College, Salt Lake City, Utah. His fatherly face and encouraging words are always welcome at Carlisle, while Mrs. Eaton with her genial presence full of light and cheer makes everybody glad to see her.

Miss Elizabeth Mellor, Government teacher at Unalaska, was one of the interesting visitors of the week. She was here a short time since on her way to her home in Brooklyn, and is now on her return to Unalaska. Miss Mellor, in addition to her Government work, aids the Presbyterian and Greek Missions, out of school hours. She has about forty day pupils, and has been in that far away land for three years. Miss Mellor had with her a number of rich pieces of the Klondyke gold, given to her by the miners who were with her on the first famous boat that carried so many miners with their millions from the gold country to Seattle, this summer.

Miss Olga Hilton who has charge of the Department of Household Science in Sitka Indian school, Alaska, asked one of her "Future Delmonicos": "In what part of the dinning room is a side-board placed?" "On the floor," was the prompt reply.

Jason Betzinez is at the Seger Indian School, Oklahoma.

No one amounts to much till he learns to correct his own mistakes.

"Your little paper gives me a great deal of pleasure," says a subscriber in Bay Shore.

We have a business note from Thomas Flynn, this week, who is spending his vacation at his Montana home, but there is not a word of news in it. His brother typos would like to know how he is prospering.

The boys and girls of REAL PURPOSE ask to remain out in their country homes all winter, where there are opportunities in many ways that an institution cannot afford. The Juniors and Seniors will have to come in, but many of the others will be benefitted by remaining out and going to school for a while in the company of white children.

A Baltimore subscriber says she likes the HELPER, because it is not only the Indians' helper but it helps the ones who read it, therefore it is everybody's HELPER. It tries to do the readers good and lift them up higher. I am for temperance, and have enjoyed the little temperance talks you have had from time to time."

Mr. St. Cyr, who is spending his leave in the vicinity of Philadelphia and Bucks county, writes that he was warmly welcomed at the Educational Home, Philadelphia, by Col. Given, the Superintendent. Some of the boys of the Home say that the news in the HELPER is "short but sweet." Levi does not enjoy wheeling in the city. He would rather have the Cumberland Valley with its poor roads. He has visited several dealers in athletic goods and will take in a number of the best printing establishments before he returns. He will also go to the seashore.

David McFarland, '98, who returned from his home in Idaho, gave a little impromptu talk on Sunday evening, upon his recent trip to San Francisco, as delegate from the First Presbyterian Christian Endeavor Association, in Carlisle. He esteemed it a great privilege to hear the renowned speakers at Salt Lake City, in one of the most beautiful Churches of the United States, and in the Mechanics Pavilion, San Francisco. In one of the meetings a colored gentleman said that he was the true American, and David could not help thinking and would have said so, had he been given the opportunity, that he, an Indian, surely was the true American of this Continent. Many people gazed at him and could not make out what he was, whether a Mexican, Spaniard or what. He told a pathetic story of an old lady losing her life by accident on the train, and drew the lesson from it that we know not what will come to us on the morrow. In San Francisco, he met the Father of the Christian Endeavor movement—Dr. Francis Clarke. He was in the City of the Golden Gate only a few days, and did not attend all the meetings, but visited many historical places of interest, among others the old Mission. He went via the beautiful Shasta route to Portland and from there to his home in Idaho. He needed no escort, as he could speak English. He is glad to be back at Carlisle. He was known all along the route by his being a member of the foot-ball team, which was a gratification to him.



A delightfully cool wave.

The full moon brought fine weather.

Miss Shaffner came back, Wednesday evening.

The granolithic walks are getting their Fall patching.

The lawn sociable on Saturday evening was highly enjoyed.

Mr. Thompson has an excellent camera—a birth-day present.

Frank Shively, '97, returned Saturday, looking remarkably well.

Miss Sharp was out from town on Monday with friends from Chicago.

The person who is always on the hunt for an easy job hardly ever gets a good salary.

Mrs. Dandridge is taking the remainder of her leave, and will visit Washington, D. C., and Richmond Va.

Mrs. Mason Pratt is ill at her home in Steelton, with typhoid fever. The children are here at present.

Miss Lida Standing is assisting with the clerical work of the printing-office, in the absence of bookkeeper St. Cyr.

James Wheelock spent Tuesday on the Mt. Alto picnic grounds, the occasion being the Harrisburg Commonwealth Band Concert.

John Parker, who recently arrived with the Ft. Hall party, has entered the printing office, and will add dignity to the office by his quiet, manly bearing.

Watch out for the person who is always saying "Such and such a one has a good easy time." Ten chances to one the one who says it has the easiest time of all.

The caterpillars, which have been building nests in the trees on the campus, held a warm reception from the end of a long pole on Thursday last. Poor things! But it had to be.

Miss Cummins returned on Saturday evening, having spent the latter part of her vacation at her home in Washington, D. C. Her trip to San Francisco with the Christian Endeavorers, was greatly enjoyed.

The conductors and motor-men of the trolley cars seem to like the Adam's ale as it comes from the cistern in front of the dining-hall. We have the best and purest drinking-water for miles around.

When kitchen and housework all over the land shall have taken on the name of "Domestic Science" as is adopted by some of the schools, girls may be more willing to learn said science. There is much in a name sometimes.

Teachers' rooms and pupils' quarters have been renovated, and other preparations have been and are making ready for the beginning of school on the first. In about ten days all vacationers will be back, and the wheels will start.

Miss Hulme came Monday evening. She has seen a large part of the United States since leaving in June on the Christian Endeavor excursion. Some of her recreation hours during the rest of the summer will be spent upon her new Waverly, of which she has already gained the mastery after two or three trials.

Superintendent Hosea Locke, of the Ft. Hall Indian School Idaho, brought a party of fine boys and girls last week. He visited the various departments of the school, and then left for Washington, stopping again on his way west from Washington, for a night.

After the singing of one of Fannie J. Crosby's beautiful hymns, last Sunday evening, Mr. Standing made a touching allusion to her blindness and fame as a writer of hymns, and referred to the recent warm reception given her by the people of Philadelphia.

Miss Clara Anthony and sister, Miss Mary, have returned to their pleasant little home on College Street, after an extended trip to Boston, Wellesley and other points of interest. On Friday Miss Clara came out to the school on a little business and was greeted with many "How d' you do's."

Mrs. Thomas, who has been connected with our force of workers for three years, has received a transfer to the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Thomas is accustomed to Departmental service, and no doubt is glad to return to it, although she has made many and fast friends while here, who miss her very much.

A letter was received this week from Miss Ericson, dated San Francisco, the 12th. We suppose by this time she is on her way to Carlisle. Miss Ericson does not take kindly to the cold fogs of the City of the Golden Gate. She has been enjoying rides awheel in the park, however, and has visited most places of interest. On the following Sunday she was to give a Temperance talk in the Finnish Church. She will visit Miss Cory at Delphi, Indiana, on her way east.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who have been spending several weeks at Chautauqua, have returned looking much rested. Mr. Thompson says he did not rest much in one sense of the word, but the change from routine work has done him good. He put in about eight hours a day of study, and came back with a certificate showing that he had passed the Junior examinations of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education. He also has a high grade certificate of scholarship in anatomy. Next year, if he lives, he intends gaining the diploma for Physical education. He feels that he has learned a great deal that will benefit him in his work at the school.

Sometimes it pays to talk and tell things that people want to know about. It is a lazy way to keep quiet when we CAN say something to inform and interest others. A strange lady who recently visited the school gave the following account of an Indian boy who acted as her escort: "O, yes, he was nice enough, but he would not talk; and he looked so serious and cross that I did not enjoy being with him. I intended giving him a half-dollar, but he acted in such an indifferent way, and would only answer No, or Yes, when he had to, that I thought he was not worthy of pay."

The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes that visitors do not think it necessary to pay the boys who go around with them. Most of our boys are glad to be of such service, and the lady referred to was only unfortunate in catching up some one who has not learned how to be a gentleman.



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error on the outside, and the papers must not be mailed."

"Are they going to be burned?"

"Yes; it is better to burn them. If we don't want our serious mistakes to live after us, it is better to put them out of sight.

"No HELPERS this week?" asked a boy.

"Yes, indeed. We shall have to do all the work over again."

A low murmur of surprise was heard and was followed by:

"Boys, we can't go early to-day."

"No," said the manager, "and what's more, we shall have to work all day Saturday."

(Each pupil is usually allowed a half-holiday on Saturday.)

"Oh!" was heard from several.

"I'm sorry," continued the manager, "but it is the best we can do."

"I was going to take a long ride to-morrow afternoon on my wheel," said one.

"And I was going swimming," said another.

"I was going to play tennis," still another.

"No doubt, each was going to have a fine time, but this is one of the times wherein we have to give up anticipated pleasure and get down to business. These disappointments give us an opportunity to show what we are made of. Come! Let us all turn in and work the faster."

A glumness amounting to gloominess spread over the company, but in five minutes the cloud had passed. There were no bad words, no undertoned grumbling, no fault finding, no crying, no fretting, no boisterous threatening, no open expression of disappointment.

Is not the imperturbable spirit of the Indian to be coveted?

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#### DRESSED IN HER GRAVE CLOTHES BEFORE SHE DIED.

Many an Indian's sad end is hastened, as described by a missionary of the Northwest in a letter to "Progress:"

I have written you something of my visits to Mrs. Old Dog, says the correspondent.

It is probable she would have lived several weeks longer had it not been for the adherence of the relatives to an old heathen custom.

The agency physician was called to her on Wednesday afternoon to relieve her at once of these quite frequent attacks of fainting, not anticipating any immediate death.

The old women were sure in their own minds that death was approaching, so they insisted on dressing the poor faint woman in her grave clothes; although she protested

with all the strength she had, saying she was not dying.

It is esteemed a great disgrace for a person to enter the spirit land barefoot, hence in their eagerness to escape this disgrace they hastened their own sorrow; for the effort of resistance was too much for the feeble woman and a few moments after they had dressed her, she died.

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#### JOHN G. WHITTIER'S WIT.

One day I was calling on Whittier, says a writer. While there an agnostic collegian from Harvard expressed some doubt about the authenticity of the Bible.

"I don't believe in things I haven't seen," he said.

The poet looked at him quizzically a moment and remarked:

"Then thee does not believe in anything unless thee or thy friends have seen it?"

"No, sir. I do not."

"Did thee ever see thy brains?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?" said the Quaker poet, *his* face all smiles.

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#### BEER VERSUS WHISKY.

"The Scientific American" says that excessive beer-drinking is even more brutalizing than whisky. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers. The very lowest form of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity, follows from beer-drinking. A beer-drinker may be the picture of health, he may weigh three or four hundred pounds, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. Compared with inebriates who use whisky, he is more incurable, more generally diseased.

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#### Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

We sometimes 7, 5, 1 instead of drink when not too thirsty.

My 1, 2, 4 is a sharp pointed instrument.

My 7, 5, 6 is a Latin word, known by nearly everybody, and used by the slayer of Lincoln.

My 3, 2, 4, is the first syllable of a large city of the United States.

My whole are much heard of just now as going on around us, and the Carlisle boys and girls are wondering why we do not have one.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; A bee fight.