

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, MARCH, 25, 1898

NUMBER 23

QUITS.

S AID a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife.
"If you would but give up leading
Such a fashionable life.
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then, perhaps, you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make."

And the wife, resenting, answered.
(For the worm will turn, you know.)
"If you would but give up horses,
And a score of clubs or so,
To devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—
Then, perhaps you might make money,
Such as father used to make."

INDIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Samuel Tilden, ex-pupil, in his letter of regret at not being able to attend the Commencement Exercises for '98, claims that he is very busy. He says:

"We the Indians of this Lapwai Church, Idaho, have organized a Temperance Society, and I was chosen Vice-President of the Society."

He also says they expect to hold Union Meetings among the Indians this summer.

The Man-on-the-band-stand rejoices in the movement and trusts the society will grow, until every Indian in the land makes of himself an individual Temperance Society.

Whiskey and beer are exterminating the people called Indians. If whiskey killed only the drinkers, it would not matter so much, but the weakened children of the whiskey drinkers are those who suffer most.

A LONG TIME FRIEND OF THE INDIAN.

The following from a business letter carries one back to the early days of the Indian work. The writer who is a Long Island resident, says:

"I have been greatly interested in Capt. Pratt's work from the beginning. I have spent several winters in St. Augustine, where

I was familiar with the old fort where Capt. Pratt's good work commenced.

Miss Mather who was one of his helpers in the beginning, was a friend of mine.

I spent the year 1854 in St. Paul, Minn., and knew Dr. Williamson and Mr. Riggs, and other good Missionaries.

I am enjoying the picture of the class of '98 immensely. Those are all fine faces.

Well may we say: "What hath God wrought!"

I am thankful that I have lived to see such progress among the Indians, and so much interest in their behalf.

May the dear Lord bring every Indian heart to himself, that they may all be found in his heavenly Kingdom! Your stranger friend,

A. M. PAUL.

UP HILL A HARD PATH.

No man makes progress upward without meeting and overcoming obstacles.

If one is not willing to struggle to this end, he cannot reach this end. Hence obstacles and struggles are to be welcomed as essential to high attainment; not to be grieved over as misfortunes.

Phillips Brooks gives expression to a primal truth when he says:

"You may go through the crowded streets of heaven, asking each saint how he came there, and you will look in vain anywhere for a man morally and spiritually strong whose strength did not come to him in a struggle."

A man may slip down hill, but not up hill.

An easy path is sure to tend downward; the upward way involves struggle to the end.

—[S. S. Times.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.—SOCRATES.

Not education, but character, is man's greatest need and man's greatest safeguard.

—SPENCER.

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.

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.

When Dick Pratt spied his first robin this Spring, which was probably the first he ever had noticed, he exclaimed: "Oh, Mamma, there is a sparrow, with a red breast."

We have one subscriber on our list, Mrs. Ewing, of Philadelphia, who is over ninety-two years of age. She reads the paper with interest and then sends it on to a poor little boy.

While blizzards and gales are rampant in the northwest—a part of the Continental storm, Carlisle experiences but a gentle rain which starts the grass and buds in all their Spring freshness.

We learn through good authority that Mr. S. M. Bowman, grandson of General S. Merchant, U. S. A., well known to many at this garrison, has entered Bethel Military Academy, Warrenton, Va.

"When a lady asked me to subscribe for the HELPER I did it for a joke, never thinking that I would ever take time to read it, but now I can hardly wait until it comes," says S. J. R., Pittsburg, at the close of a letter.

Miss Alice Robertson, who was in years past, of our force, "finds her hands very full with class-room and other duties, and Sabbath afternoons with teaching the Creek prisoners, here," writes her mother, Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, of Muscogee.

An Indian girl was cured of curling her bangs. She says by letter: "When I first came here, people thought I was an African, or rather a Negro. What do you think of me being taken for a mulatto? Well, I stopped curling my hair and now wear it as straight as can be."

The following officers of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society were elected last week for the ensuing year: President, Miss Dawney George; Vice-President, Miss Amelia Clarke; Secretary, Miss Jennie Brown; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annie Gesis; Treasurer, Miss Annie Morton; Marshal, Miss Christine Redstone; Reporter, Miss Alice McCarthy; Critic, Miss Cynthia Webster; Assist.-Critic, Miss Melissa Green.

The school-room sweepers were entertained by Prof. and Mrs. Bakeless, and Miss Smith in the Professor's office on Tuesday evening, after study hour. No sooner were they, to the number of about twenty, seated around the large class tables, when ice-cream and cake began to pour out from behind the curtained corner leading to the little book-room. It was delicious cream—Hartzell's best. But the literary environment of library and school-documents brought forth literary productions even more to the taste than was the refreshing cream and toothsome cake. Before each guest was a small paper, and after satisfying the inner man—or boy, it was on this occasion—quotations found on the slips were read, amid shouts of laughter, as each fitted so closely the calling of the reader. They all appertained to scrubbing or cleaning, and were exceedingly apropos. They bore the names of such authors as Milton, Carlyle, Lowell, Irving, Cooper, etc. Mrs. Given, Miss Reasoner, Miss Ely, and her guest Mrs. Hoff, and Miss Burgess were invited in to help enjoy the fun. That the hour proved one long to be remembered by those who took part, need not be said.

The town of Brookline, Mass., is to be complimented for possessing the back-bone necessary to make and enforce a law preventing the dirty habit of spitting on the sidewalks, in public buildings and street cars of that place. The offence is made punishable by a fine of \$100, a penalty sufficiently heavy to stop the filthy practice if it is strictly enforced.

No real gentlemen will oppose such a law which stands upon the basis of a health regulation, whether he approves of its legality or not, because GENTLEMEN do not spit on the floors or side walks or in the street cars and they will not approve of others doing so.

—[Chemawa American.

One of the saddest funerals that has occurred for a long time at the school was that of Ida Bennett, of Hoopa Valley, California, who was buried last week, she having been ill but a very short time. She was sent to the hospital about three weeks ago, and went rapidly into consumption. Her immediate friends and those who came in contact with this young girl of fifteen, loved her fondly for her sweet character and gentle ways. She seemed determined not to give up, but when at last she was obliged to succumb, her end was most peaceful and happy.

The new cabinet of our Y. M. C. A., is just now very busy planning the work for the year. It is the earnest desire and intention of the leaders to emphasize more strongly than ever, the object of the Association, viz; to deepen the spiritual life, to promote aggressive Christian work, and to lead young men to consecrate their lives to Jesus Christ.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR '98.

April 2, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

" 16, Gettysburg at Carlisle.

" 23, Dickinson at Carlisle.

May 7, Lafayette at Easton.

" 13, University of New York at New York.

" 21, State College at Carlisle.

" 28, Mercersburg at Carlisle.

" 30, J. A. M., Gettysburg at Gettysburg.

" P. M., Dickinson at Carlisle.

The Arbutus is here!

Where is that cold wave?

Mud on the athletic field.

Monday was the first day of Spring.

Bicycles have had a rest for a few days.

O, for the new bicycle track to Harrisburg.

The days and nights are of equal length, now.

Several new Crescent wheels have been engaged.

Prof. Bakeless spent Sunday with friends up north.

The frogs croaketh their melancholy songs these nights.

The Commencement Number of the Red Man is mailing.

The equinoctial was a good one, lasting for several days.

Mrs. John C. Hoff, of Titusville, N. J., is visiting Miss Ely.

Quite a European fever is springing up among the teachers.

Capt and Mrs. Pratt are still in New York City, at the home of Mrs. C. R. Agnew.

Miss Cochran took a little run home to Millertown, on Saturday.

Marbles are reposing in pockets till the sun doth appear once more.

Work on the Athletic field is at a standstill, owing to the equinoctial.

Already the teacher of Indians is beginning to plan for her summer vacation.

Myron Moses, agent for the Red Man, sold more Commencement copies than any other agent.

Sadie Butler and Ophelia Cornelius started for their Wisconsin homes on Wednesday evening.

"Keep off the grass" signs are being obeyed better this year than ever, and we shall have a nice parade in consequence.

Look long and tenderly at the campus, for it will not show up so beautifully all summer, as now, in its first Spring dress.

A nice lot of bright, pretty baskets made by Indians are on sale at the printing-office, ranging in prices from 10 cents up to \$1.50. Call and see them!

Prof. Cotessat, of Paris, who teaches French to classes at our school, in town and in Harrisburg, thinks that Americans live in rooms that are over-heated.

One of the most interesting rooms in the school building is No. 1, the adult beginners, where object teaching and sentence building from action is carried on.

Harold Parker and his two sisters, Needle and Esther, were called to Washington this week by their father Quannah Parker, Chief of the Comanches, who is in the Capital City attending to tribal business.

Have you ever noticed that the persons with long faces who are always talking about being worked and over-worked really do the least? This is true of all classes of people. It is generally the case that the person who works over hours, has it to do through mismanagement and short-sighted planning.

Mrs. George F. Craft and Master Brewster Gallup, who have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson for several weeks have returned to Greenville, N. J.

The band came out for a concert on the bandstand, last Saturday afternoon, and rendered music much enjoyed by all who heard it. They are playing better and better with every effort.

Miss Weekley received a bunch of southern flowers, Jasmine, etc., from her home in South Carolina, and was very liberal in giving sprigs here and there to friends. A sweet whiff from the sunny south!

Two Alaskan girls from the Sitka Indian School arrived on Tuesday evening in charge of Rev. A. E. Austin, who remained but a few moments, as he was obliged to return at once to Harrisburg, where he had left his wife, ill.

An "At Home" given by Miss Nana Pratt in honor of her guests Miss Agnew of New York City, Miss Middleton, of Philadelphia, Miss Ives and Miss Kennedy of Chambersburg, and Mrs. Mason Pratt of Steelton was largely attended on Saturday afternoon.

The Canadian Indian game of La Crosse, which promises to become prominent among colleges, has started at our school. About 20 of the boys have ordered sticks. The game is an admirable health giver and retainer. A number of our boys already know how to play.

The 1st baseball team will probably stand thus: Pitcher, Frank Hudson; catcher, Jonas Mitchell; 1st base, Hawley Pierce; 2nd base, Chris. Eastman; 3rd base, Wallace Miller; short-stop, Artie Miller, Capt: right field, Joseph Scholder; centre field, Edw. Rogers; left field, Chauncey Archquette.

The tableaux at the monthly entertainments are nearly always of an historical nature, or touch upon literature and patriotism. Last Wednesday evening, the attempt to represent "Andromachi, the wife of Hector, fainting upon the wall," with the explanation which preceded it, must have created a desire in the hearts of many to read the story themselves from Homer's Iliad.

The Red Man is in demand this week. Two young maidens came to the printing office and said: "We would like each to have a Red Man." As all the printers are of that persuasion, the Man-on-the-band-stand immediately pricked up his ears and asked through his clerk, which ones they would take, naming several of his best workers, but the maidens blushed prettily and answered, "We wish copies of the paper only."

The school entertainment on Wednesday evening was not quite up to the usual standard of excellence, owing partly to teachers having to select speakers from pupils promoted to them since Commencement. Hamilton W. Mabie's "The Ultimate Test" was well declaimed by Geo. Hazlett, '99. Joseph Ezuhna was graceful and easy in his rendition of Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship"; while others spoke with good expression but too low to be heard. Ada Smith played Espen's "May's Delight," in a very acceptable manner, and the Band rendered "Gloria, from Mozart's 12th Mass," in speaking tones that thrilled the audience.

MISSIONARY FRIEND.

Our friend Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, who has been a life-long missionary among the Creeks, is translating the Presbyterian "Manual of Forms," for native ministers. She finished the Methodist "Book of Discipline," (Church South) last September.

At the close of a recent letter regretting her inability to be present at our Commencement Exercises, she said of one of our ex-pupils:

"I had the pleasure of seeing Eliza Bell that was, lately, and am glad she and her husband are doing so well; only, I am sorry they are ten miles from the nearest Sabbath services. They have five children, the oldest in the Wealaka Boarding school."

EVERY BODY'S FRIEND.

This is what one of our Philadelphia subscribers calls the HELPER. He says:

"I have another name for Every Body's Friend."

He also says the Educational Home Boys are getting up a band. He speaks of the pleasure he has recently had in meeting two of our graduates—Miss Nancy Seneca and Mr. Butler; and signs himself BOB THOMAS.

A MISER.

Do you hate a miser?

It PAYS to be a miser of our moments.

The moments one stands in line for roll call; the moments we are obliged to WAIT for somebody or for something, if used well by the MIND, will make us rich in knowledge.

Enigma.

I am a word of three syllables.

My first we all dearly love.

My second is a large, light-covered wagon.

My third is used to make gardens with.

What is my whole?

I am a word of two syllables.

My 1st is a domestic animal.

My 2nd is the music that a cat makes.

My whole is the name of a poet.

Why is a farmer like a man, hitting his stockings all he can? The farmer HOES HIS BEETS in rows, the other fellow BEATS HIS HOSE.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Hunt for bears.

GOOD GYMNASTICS FOR THE INDIAN TONGUE.

Six thick thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

High roller, low roller, rower.

Gaze on the gay brigade.

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip.

She says she sells sea-shells.

A cup of coffee in a copper coffee-pot.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed-biscuit box.

Strict, strong, Stephen Stringer snared six sickly, silky snakes.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swum, swan.

It's a shame, Sam; there are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

A growing gleam glowing green.

JACOB JIMESON, '98.

Immediately after graduation, Jacob Jameson, who had signed a contract with the Philadelphia Baseball Club, left for the City of Brotherly Love.

We hear the best of reports about him, both in regard to his conduct as a gentleman and his playing, and we have every confidence that he will do the right thing. The Carlisle Evening Sentinel had this to say last week:

Carlislars are anxiously watching to see what success Jameson, the Indian athlete, will make as a member of the Philadelphia baseball club. The following clippings speak well.

The new men all showed splendid speed, particularly Jameson, who lammed a few into McFarlan just before practice stopped. The Indian has a good style and really a terrific speed.—[Inquirer.

Jameson, the Indian, is a very modest and retiring player, but once on the rubber he can slam the ball in with the best of them. Manager Stallings had to more than once curb his tendency to curve in practice to-day, so enthused did he become in his work.—[Ledger

That the aims of our weekly letter are not entirely fruitless is testified in the following: "THE INDIAN HELPER is greatly enjoyed by us in its weekly visits. It is a bright little paper and keeps us in touch with your work at Carlisle."—[Plainfield, Conn.