

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 31.

BUILDING EVERY DAY.

WE are building every day.
In a good or evil way;
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.

Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine;
It may grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo, its name is Character.

Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight and strong and true;
Build it clean, and high, and broad;
Build it for the eye of God!

I. E. DIEKENGA.

SHADOWS.

The following clipping was sent for our columns by one greatly interested in our little paper:

It is said that an engineer on a locomotive dreads a moonlight night more than any other because of the bewildering shadows.

As he guides the engine round a curve, what seems to be a huge obstruction upon the track, almost paralyzing his energies, proves to be only a shadow cast by some rock.

Only by his intense weariness after he has passed the dread spot does he realize how great the strain has been.

So through life many are constantly dreading future evils, which, when the time comes for meeting, proves to be only shadows.

How much nervous force is wasted day by day in anticipating evil which will never have any existence save in the imagination.

Too much planning to avoid possible future evil is as bad as too little.

The old maxim, not to cross a bridge until you come to it, contains a deal of good advice.

They who are constantly nerving themselves to fight with shadows find they have very little strength to meet real trouble.

WHAT A BOY NEEDS.

An ambitious Indian youth asked his caretaker what a boy needed most to help him on in the world. He thought the man would say money.

"My boy" said the thoughtful man, "the FIRST need is a healthy, vigorous body.

"Yes, I know, but I have that."

"Then the next need is BRAINS."

"Of course," said the boy, "but ——,"

"The next great need is CHARACTER," interrupted the man.

SAFE, BECAUSE NO WHITE MAN WAS THERE.

A celebrated Bishop was holding services in an Indian village camp.

His things were scattered around the lodge in which he stayed.

When he was about to go out of the lodge he said to the chief:

"Is it safe to leave my things here while we go to hold service?"

"Yes," said the chief. "Perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles."

DOWN AMONG THE OSAGES.

Saucy Chief made quite a talk to a number of his full-blood brothers Monday morning from the steps in front of the council house.

He informed them that they must all come in a body to the next payment and not come straggling in like farmers.

Also for them to be sure and not drink any whiskey as it would not be tolerated.—[Osage Journal.

"Will any of the Carlisle Indians be allowed to enlist, or are they all minors?" asks an interested correspondent.

"Or, are Indians allowed to fight, any way?" she continued. "From what I saw of them, I should call them far more peaceable than we are, at present."

The Indian Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY
—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School
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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.

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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.

These war times are good times to study maps and read up history.

Lydia Clute, who is in a country home, says at the end of a little business letter, "I am very well and happy."

Ralph Armstrong, '98, left for his home in Idaho, on Wednesday. Ralph has a camera, and is quite able to do a fair business at taking pictures.

We are glad to learn that Delila Cornelius is taking active interest in her Botany. Delila is living at Downingtown with Miss Edge, who gives her Indian girls exceptional opportunities for study and research.

The Red Man published at the Indian school, is growing better and better. The May number was exceptionally well edited and on the first page is a cut of the interior of the school printing office.—[Carlisle Evening Sentinel.

"I see your roofs are painted in the Spanish colors," observed a stranger, and he could hardly believe that we were loyal to the United States, even though we explained that red and old gold (not yellow) were our school colors.

Mary P. Wells, of Rainy Mt. School, Oklahoma, again renews her subscription, with greetings for friends at the school. Many of us remember Mary Parkhurst before she became Mrs. Otto Wells. Both were students of the school.

"Resolve to edge in a little reading EVERY DAY, if it is but a single sentence. If you gain but fifteen minutes a day it will make itself felt at the end of a year," says Horace Mann. And we say: Why not do this? Isn't it because we are not able to drive ourselves? Others will not do it for us? We all want to grow wiser.

Mr. Otto Wells, ex-pupil, now at Rainy Mt. School, Okla. has ordered two sets of double harness, of Carlisle make, one for work and one for driving, and sent the money for the same. That speaks well for our work as harness makers, as Otto knows the quality.

The officers elected by the Juniors, class 1900, for their class organization, are: President, Margaret La Mere; Vice-President, Pasquala Anderson; Secretary, Rose Poodry; Treasurer, Kattie Silverheels; Reporter, Frank Beale; Critic, Jacob Horne; Class Poet, Emily Clark.

Class '99, the Seniors have elected the following officers: President, Joseph Gouge; Vice-President, Christian Eastman; Secretary and Treasurer, Robert Emmett; Reporter, Samuel Kendall Paul; Executive Committee, George Northrop, Dollie Wheelock, and George Bacon.

We fear the reckless bicycle riding around corners on the school grounds and the road approaching the entrance, will lead to strict rules that will be unpleasant to bear. Riders from town frequently come out in groups of ten and more to race on the road by the trolley. Some very narrow escapes have been experienced at the Henderson corner, through gross neglect of the ordinary rules of common sense. It does not require an extraordinary mental calibre to know that a corner is the place to slow up.

Mr. Edward Marsden, who graduated from Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, this summer is about to leave for his home in New Metlakatla, Alaska. He says at the end of a business note: "My ten years' preparation is now through and I am ready to spend and bespent for the sake of my country. Of the few institutions of learning that are close to me, the Carlisle school is one. I do sincerely hope that the school will continue to prosper as in the past and that the young men and women will also continue to receive from it their proper equipment for life's duties. Farewell."

On Saturday evening the faculty, officers and others of the school were entertained by Capt., Mrs. and Miss Pratt at their home. A unique and highly enjoyable feature of the evening was a game called "Characteristics." On both sides of a card, 5x7 inches, from the corners of which hung dainty pencils tied with cord, were written in lines of two or three words each the leading characteristics of noted literary and historical men and women, and of some miscellaneous celebrities. The initial letters of the words in each line were the initials of the characters to be guessed. Before the game began the names of prominent authors and of books they wrote were thrown in a tray from which each guest selected a slip, when book and author went hunting for each other and thus became partners. Prizes were given to the couples who discovered the most characters fitting the characteristics. The highest number made out was 43, from the 52 given on the card, and Professor Bakesless and Miss Barclay were tied with Misses Wood and Bowersox. After refreshments were served the company dispersed, all claiming to have enjoyed one of the most pleasant evenings of their lives.

Capt. Pratt is in New York.

"More rain, more rest," surely this Spring Pupils of No. 9 are studying "Hiawatha." There is plenty of room at the front, these days.

The end of the school year is nearly in sight.

How about the weather for Maying, this month?

If all men would shoot as they shout, the war would not last long.

Miss Ely and her friends visited the Battlefield of Gettysburg yesterday.

Misses Carter and Robertson visited some of the Harrisburg schools on Monday.

The Senior pupil teachers are hard at work on History of Education, and enjoy it.

Dynamiting rocks on the new Athletic field keeps us in continual mind of the war.

The new library extension in the office of the school building is almost completed.

Our boys play the Susquehanna team tomorrow on Dickinson College Athletic Field.

Good weather, these days, for ducks, but not for rapid progress in making Athletic fields.

The woman who is afraid of bees should not get a new Spring bonnet, for every one has a B in it.

The band goes to Harrisburg Tuesday, to play in the parade to be given by St. John's Commandary.

Little Harry Seonia treated his baseball team, yesterday, sharing with them a half-dozen crackers.

Mr. J. H. Burns, of Wilmington, Del., spent Wednesday night at the school, a guest of Mrs. Given.

A team of the small boys went to town Saturday and defeated a team of larger boys, by a score of 15 to 8.

Dahnola Jessan, printer, is in the hospital, nursing a lame leg; he is getting it ready for football in the Fall.

Pupils of Nos. 10, 11 and 12 are at work upon Lowell's "Present Crisis." No. 7 pupils are on Drake's "American Flag."

Lillie Complainville, '98, has gone to her home in Idaho. She has a prospect of entering the Indian service in the early Fall.

Mabel Buck, '97, and Nellie O'Dell, '98, left for Darlington, Oklahoma, on Tuesday evening, to take positions in the Arapaho school at that place.

Mr. Chas. W. Harvey, College Secretary of Young Men's Christian Association, held a special meeting on Friday evening, in our Y. M. C. A. hall.

Miss Reasoner has been spending a week with Mrs. Senseney of Chambersburg, in the cottage home of the latter, near Chambersburg, in the mountains.

Next Saturday morning, May 23, our baseball boys will meet the Mercersburg College team on the athletic field of Dickinson. In the afternoon will occur the dual athletic meet between Dickinson College and our school.

What could be more of a compliment to a stout bicycle rider, than: "Why, you speed along as though it were aerial navigation?"

Among the interesting visitors of the week was Miss Edna Donaldson, from Northern India, who has been for eight years, Principal of a Native Christian Girls' school there.

Classes in drawing are doing some of their strongest work during these beautiful Spring days. Some of the pansies by No. 9 pupils are very realistic in color and true in form.

Mr. Levi St. Cyr, chief clerk of the mailing department, is off on his annual leave of 30 days. He has gone to rusticate among friends at his old home in Winnebago Agency, Nebraska.

Bruce Patterson is spending a few days at "Hotel de Howe", in the South Mountain, to take into his lungs the mountain ozone, so famous for its curative properties. Bruce is suffering with a hard cold which pulled him down a little.

Dr. and Mrs. Bowcock of Springfield, Illinois, were among the interested visitors of the week. There are a number at the school who used to know Mrs. Bowcock as Miss Zitzer, when she lived in Carlisle and frequently came out to see us.

Beautiful pansies from Mrs. Standing's flower-bed have been in evidence for some time. Miss Luckenbach has the largest and most thrifty bed of flowers any where around. The wistaria vine in front of the Superintendent's residence is out in its gayest dress, and fills the air with sweet fragrance.

Mr. and Mrs. William Martindell, of Newtown, Pa., and Miss Fannie C. Ely of Philadelphia, are guests of Miss Ely. Mr. Chalkley Styer, of Morristown, is of the same company and is visiting friends in town. The gentlemen named are in attendance as delegates upon the Prohibition Convention, held in Harrisburg this week.

The farewell entertainment given by the Standards in their Society Hall, last Friday evening was an all around success. More than half the audience was composed of faculty and officers, all of whom were pleased at the original orations, extempore speaking, (which showed a breadth of information that was surprising to many,) the singing by two quartettes and the spirited debate. The Standards have held up their name and motto "En Avant," in excellent shape this winter.

Mr. Thompson says relative to the treatment our baseball boys received last Saturday, by the Country Athletic Club of Pennsylvania's capital: We were met at the depot by carriages and taken to their grounds, which are beautifully situated north of Harrisburg near the river. It was purely a social affair, members and their guests only being admitted. The game began with prospects of a large score in our favor but in the second inning "our" Mr. McCormick went in the box and no more runs were tallied for us. In the eighth inning they scored their only run. The game ended 5 to 1 in our favor. Hawley Pierce who was prevented from playing because of a bad thumb was umpire. After the game we were dined by Mr. McCormick at the Club. The visit was much enjoyed and made many friends for the school.

A NEW PLAN TO STOP DRUNKARDS FROM DRINKING.

We have heard of this plan that has been tried successfully in Manitoba, and the Man-on-the-band-stand wonders why it would not be a good thing to try on the Indian who persists in getting drunk.

Up in Manitoba, our informant tells us, when a man comes before the court two or three times for drunkenness, he is sentenced to wear a brass collar.

This collar marks him so that the saloon keeper will not sell him liquor.

It is such a badge of dishonor that it often cures the drunkard of the drink habit.

THE INDIAN MIGHT HAVE TAUGHT.

One of the important lessons of the War is that of geography.

When a white man inquired whether in all probability the Cuban insurgents would cooperate with Commodore Dewey in the capture of Manila, he needed a bright Indian student to tell him where Manila is.

The other day going north, the writer heard a white man on the train ask another:

"Why do they send the soldiers to Dewey by the way of San Francisco, it would be nearer by Key West, wouldn't it?"

There was another white man whom a Carlisle Indian could have taught.

FORCED TO WORK, IS A GOOD THING.

The following advice from Charles Kingsley is a little hard to carry out sometimes, but is it not true?

Thank God every morning that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and to do your best will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

Number 6.

Why does a storm-stayed sailor quite resemble one who has no sight?

One cannot GO TO SEE you know;

The other cannot SEE TO GO.

APPLIED HISTORY.

"All right! I'll be your galley slave," called a printer to the foreman when told the other day to wash the mailing galleys and put them away.

THE BAND APPRECIATED.

One of the finest band concerts ever heard in Carlisle was that given by the Indian School Band Saturday night on the square. It was heard by 3000 people who gathered on the square long before the concert began. Carlisle appreciates these concerts, and to enable our citizens to appreciate them still more a pagoda or platform should be erected so that the players would not be smothered, as was the case Saturday night. Beside, the music could be heard at a greater distance and that distinctly.—[Evening Sentinel.


SEND THE BUTCHER.

If the Americans are pigs, as the Spaniards continually affirm, why do they not send their celebrated butcher, General Weyler, to do them up? says the Farm, Field and Fireside.

TOO BAD!

Was this the production of an Indian printer boy?

I MET a girl of the .

And gently pressed her 

And I thought I'd pop the ?

But I didn't have the s&c.

AN UP-SETTING SIN, SURE.

A negro man earnestly prayed in one of the meetings of the colored people that the Lord might "keep 'em from upsetting sins." After he was through another member of the meeting said:

"Brudder, you isn't got the hang of dat 'ar word. It's not upsettin' sins, it's besettin' sins."

"Wall," said the first, "if dat's so, it is; an' I can't help it. But I was prayin' de Lord to keep us from de sin ob 'toxication; an' if dat aint a upsettin' sin, den I donno what am."

Enigma.

I am made of 20 letters.

My 16, 12, 2 we have to breathe to live.

My 4, 3, 1 is a lazy way to clean a floor.

My 10, 11, 17, 18, 7, 13 is what some children call their papa.

My 14, 5, 9, 15 is what every good young man deserves.

My 6, 8, 20, 19 is the way muscles become with over use.

My whole is what rejoices every heart at Carlisle at this writing.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Athletic field to finish.