

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIV.

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NUMBER 14

PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,
We own thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the work of thine.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon;
The curse of earth's gray morning is
The blessing of its noon.

And still with reverent hands we cull
Thy gifts, each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

ANYBODY MAY GET RICH.

In addition to the sentiment printed last week from Henry Ward Beecher to his son, that any intelligent, industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry, he says this:

“When working for others **SINK YOURSELVES OUT OF SIGHT!**

You must not go in **DEBT.**

Avoid debt as you would the Devil.”

Now, the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that many of the sons of men need this advice, and especially the sons of Indian men.

It is hard to save, isn't it boys? Isn't it girls?

We see that nice ribbon and “it will make me look so pretty. I must have it!” Then down goes the fifty cents for something we do not need.

There is an exquisite neck-tie. A boy counts his money,

“Yes, I have a dollar and three cents.”
Down goes the dollar for the tie, when he does not need a new tie.

The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes that the money spent thus foolishly in our young days will not be needed when we are older to keep us from suffering, but that is just what wise men say will happen.

“**WILFUL WASTE BRINGS WOEFUL WANT,**” a wise philosopher has said, and the experience of men in general has proved the saying to be true.

Whatever we waste wilfully, whether it be time, clothing or what, we will **SUFFER** for some day in the future.

A PRETTY, BUT SENSIBLE GIRL.

O, yes, a young man can do this and that, and society soon forgets it, but let a young lady do one “this” or one “that” she ought not to! Is it soon forgotten?

The man-on-the-band-stand read this week of a young man who is called fast, and he loved a pretty girl.

He finally thought he would ask her to marry him.

He was anxious to have a wife about whom society could not talk and one who would make a good home for him.

He did not go at finding out about these things in a very tactful manner, for the young lady became indignant, and told him what was what.

“I suppose you love me well enough to live with me in a small house?” he said.

“Are you a good cook?”

“Do you think it is the wife's duty to make the home happy?”

“Are you economical?”

“Can you make your own clothes?”

These are some of the questions he asked in a round-about way.

The young lady said:

Before I answer your questions I will tell you of a few things I do **NOT** do:

“I never drink wine or beer or whiskey.”

“I never smoke.”

“I never owed a poor laundry woman for my wash.”

“I never failed to pay the tailor.”

“I never stayed out all night playing billiards and cards in a saloon.”

“I never went to wine suppers and became silly with drink.”

“Now,” said she, rising indignantly, “I am told by those who know, that you do all of these things, and it is rather absurd for you to expect all the virtues of me while you do not possess any of them yourself. I can never be your wife.”

And she bowed him out, and left him on the door-step, a sadder if not a wiser man.

The Indian Helper

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—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.

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Miss M. Burgess, Suph. of Printing.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office or if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

We have a card from Tokio, Japan, this week, on which we find words of greeting and good wishes from our friend Kanzo Uchimura.

Mr. Frank Jones, (class '97, Carlisle,) now of the Haskell Institute faculty, is wearing a black eye, says the Leader, the result of a fall on the ice.

At ten o'clock, on Wednesday Miss Lydia L. Hunt, Superintendent of the San Carlos Indian School, Arizona, became the wife of William A. Wright. Miss Hunt taught our Normal Department for some time and has many friends at our school, who send congratulations and well wishes.

Frank Jannies, of Rosebud Agency, S. D., who was a pupil with us some years ago, writes this week asking a business question. He says he is getting pretty old and cannot write a long letter, which made the Man-on-the-band-stand smile. He has a little son ten years of age which he intends to send away to school in a few years.

Ellen Thomas, '98, who is at the Netawaka, Kansas, Indian Boarding School writes an interesting letter to Miss Bowersox, who allowed the Man-on-the-band-stand to read it, and this is what the old gentleman stole from the items therein:

"There were only four of the employees left at the school for a few days during the holidays, as several of them went away to visit friends, and all of the children went to their homes. It was a very dull Christmas. On Friday evening, however, before the children went home, Miss Botsford and I had a little entertainment for them at the school house. The children are very quick to learn. They all did their parts very well. There are 34 pupils here now. A fine building is going to be put up for the Kickapoo school as soon as the weather permits. The buildings are very dilapidated, but now that we are going to have a new school building, we are in better cheer. Since September, we have sewed enough carpet rags to make about 70 yards of carpet. We used to get our rags out after the children were in bed. Miss Botsford was very much interested in the business."

Our Mr. Frank Cayou, '96, has passed through some College Freshman trials this week. On Tuesday night the Dickinson College Freshman held a class banquet. On Sunday night as Mr. Cayou was coming from church with two of our ladies he was spirited away by the Sophomores. A crowd of them was standing around the church door as the three came out. Before they knew it the ladies were left without escort, and were obliged to come out from town alone. Not a "Soph" offered to come with them. It is said that Cayou fought like a lion for the honor of his class, but ten or a dozen Sophomores were too much for him. They placed him in a buggy and drove him toward the mountains, and at this writing, Wednesday morning, he has not appeared. The Sophomores tried to steal several more of the Freshmen so as to break up the banquet, but did not succeed. Such things are so "funny" that the Man-on-the-band-stand can scarcely write about them. He would like someday to have a new kind of a joke to laugh at if the bright young college gentlemen could only THINK of something not quite so stale.

LATER: Mr. Cayou has returned and tells a story of good treatment at the hands of the Sophomores. His time was spent in the North Mountain, at Sterretts Gap Hotel, and at various other places. Some of the time he was tied to a Sophomore so as to prevent the slightest chance for escape. The Sophomores did not get the prize they thought they had, for Mr. Cayou was not toastmaster, as they surmised and had no part in the banquet program, and he was the only one absent. There is considerable excitement among the college men at this writing and a strong class feeling exists. All sorts of rumors are afloat as to what is to be done by those in authority, but we have nothing definite.

The January entertainment given by the Academic Department occurred last Thursday evening in Assembly Hall. The usual number of good things were brought out and the evening was again enjoyed. The band played unusually well, and the choir sang a new piece which was well received. Jennie Brown played a very pretty piano solo, and the school sang a Military Band selection. The individual speakers were, George Carefell, Joseph Libby, Irepe Suvoroff, Helen Fratres, John P. Jones, Harry Seonia, Elizabeth Walker, Matthew Johnson, James Johnson, Adam Spring, Joseph Scholder and Dahney George. There were several class numbers, and one dialogue, in which Minnie Nick took the principal part and did excellently. She makes a capital teacher, and her class played the country pupil very well. Those of the evening speaking with finest grace and best expression were James Johnson and Dahney George.

The Tableau was from Milton's Il Penseroso. Mr. Standing spoke of the benefits arising from these exercises, and how we thus get the best thoughts from the best minds. He was pleased to see something from Milton, for he regarded him as more classic in English than Shakespeare, and excelled by no poet. Professor Bakeless' remarks before the program began, in regard to the applause of a cultured audience was to the point and heeded, except in one instance, when the clapping was coarse, and was brought to a check.

Another Cold wave.

Mrs. George F. Craft, of Jersey City, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Thompson.

The Philippine situation has been discussed by Mr. Sowerby, at the opening exercises.

Miss Shaffner is booked to speak before the celebrated Century Club of Philadelphia tomorrow.

Miss Crowl and Miss George, teachers from Harrisburg, were visitors on Wednesday, and were shown around by Miss Forster.

Miss Wood has quite recovered from La Grippe, and last evening with Miss Cutter left for Washington, D. C., to visit schools.

The last heard from Major and Mrs. Pratt they were becoming acclimated and were feeling much benefitted by the change and rest.

At teachers' meeting this week the various phases of Nature Study was discussed, each teacher bringing in his and her thoughts in writing.

Mr. Thomas R. Field, of Philadelphia, and lady, were guests of Dr. Diven last Thursday, and went the rounds of the school and industrial departments.

A large boy has found a pocket-book containing money, and will return it to the owner if he will call at the Large Boys' Quarters' office, and prove property.

United States Indian Inspector, J. George Wright visited the school last Friday. There is a sketch of his present business in the January Red Man, out this week.

Miss Botsford, to whom Ellen Thomas refers in her letter elsewhere, it will be remembered was for a time a teacher with us. She is now Superintendent of the Kickapoo School.

If there is anything in a name, they certainly had the right person in the right place at Haskell when they put Miss Lizzie Look-around in charge of the small boys' building.

The Printers and Tailors entered into a game of basket-ball on last Saturday night with a zeal that charmed the on-lookers, and the printers came off victorious by a score of 8 to nothing.

Glenn F. Warner, Cornell's famous coach has been engaged for this year to coach our football men. The football world considers the securing of Coach Warner a great achievement.

Edward Hensley has been very low with pneumonia, his third or fourth attack, but is at this writing doing nicely. Dr. Diven and Miss Barr have wonderful success in pulling pneumonia patients through.

Abram Smith, who has been attending school at the Educational Home in Philadelphia for the past 3 years has joined the Carlisle army of students, and we wish him well. He has had some experience at book-binding, and may find something to do here at his trade.

Miss Ely has received the sad news of the death of her oldest brother, Alfred Ely, of Pennington, N. J. In the summer a younger brother who had lived for years near Kansas City, Mo., passed away. Our esteemed co-worker has the sincere sympathy of all her friends.

On the money requests sent in from the small boys' quarters this week, Miss Luckenbach reports that every balance but one was made out correctly. We were afraid to ask her about the big boys and the girls.

Miss Annie Moore, who is visiting Mrs. Given, favored the school at the opening exercises on Monday with a piano selection. Miss Moore has a "touch" which shows individuality and which charms her hearers.

The small boys are said to be persistent readers, and some of the very little fellows become so absorbed in what they are reading that they hear nothing. Even the shrillest blast from the whistle or the loudest peal from the bell does not disturb them.

The boys who have been working in the laundry for some time prove valuable in relieving Mr. Weber from sundry repairs for which it was necessary to call him in. They also take the heavy work of lifting, mangling etc., from the girls. There is a great deal of that kind of work in the laundry even though they have machinery of the most approved and labor-saving type.

When Miss Hulme, Superintendent of the sewing department, was asked if she had an item of interest for the HELPER this week, she replied with a sigh: "Oh, the public is not interested in trials and tribulations, and that is what we are now passing through with the graduating dresses, it being a hard matter to get them just right and to please the girls and everybody interested in them." "That is an item," said the reporter, and here it is.

The small boys were mourning over the loss of the "ice park" as the warm wave took away the skating, and they were wondering where and how to find an outlet for all their pent up energies and enthusiasm. "Shinny" suggested itself, but as that is a game persistently frowned upon by those in authority, the boys hesitated. They had not to wait long for developments, for the cold wave came and the pond is frozen again, with the best skating of the season.

We do not call our cooking lessons Domestic Science, but for the past four years the dining room girls (the dining room detail being changed once a month) receive two lessons a week in plain cooking—such as cooking meat, eggs, potatoes etc., in a variety of ways. They are taught also to make bread, biscuit, pies, and plain cake. Those girls who have spent one season in the country take more interest than the new girls. They of course are better able to see the great advantage of these lessons, but all manifest an interest in what might be called "The most scientific subject in the world."

Mr. Frank Hudson, class '96, and ex-Captain of the football team, is making official visits as outing agent to the boys in country homes. He will receive a warm welcome wherever he goes, and if there is such a thing as getting at facts and true situations his discerning eye will discover everything, whether regular or irregular, and each patron and student will get his just dues in a written report for the office. Mr. Hudson is famous for his kicking powers. We hope he will have no occasion to use his "cunning toe" on unruly boys while making the rounds.

WHO IS THE HERO?

The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that the person, who, through SELF-DENIAL keeps his body in good condition for the duty that is expected of him is the HERO of the hour.

"I do this," says one.

"I eat this," he continues.

"I drink this."

"I know I ought NOT to."

Such a person is WEAK and deserves our pity.

See his run-down condition!

But let us not call it OVERWORK.

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," says a wise philosopher.

Another says:

"Tell me the company you keep and I will tell you what you are."

The Man-on-the-band-stand says:

"Tell me how you use your leisure moments and I will tell you what you are."

It requires an heroic struggle to keep ourselves in the right path, all the time, but we can DO it, and if we do NOT the law is as sure as death, we will suffer.

DENOMIE.

A business letter from William Denomie '94, contains some interesting items which we take the liberty of culling.

He says:

"I am still teaching at Lac Courte Oreilles, Wisconsin. Congress has appropriated \$60,000 for a boarding school to be built here. This will do away with the day-schools now on the reservation.

I have been promised a position in the new school, and if agreeable to the Superintendent I shall go in for a year or so.

I cannot give up the thought of a course at Eastman College. If ever I leave the service I will steer myself toward Eastman.

Am I married? No, not yet. I want to get out and see something of the world before I tie myself to any one.

Please do not think me ungrateful because I remain silent. I am sure that no Carlisle student appreciates more than I the good that Carlisle has done and is doing for her pupils and for the Indians in general."

THEY LOOK HAPPY.

A Mount Holly, N. J. subscriber, says that the "Indian girls who are living in Mt. Holly pass my house daily on their way to and from day-school, and also on Sunday. I enjoy seeing them, they look as though they were very happy, and they certainly are well-behaved."

WHO IS MR. ROBE?

Mr. Robe is delighted over the chainless safety received on Christmas.—[Fort Lewis Outlook.

Naturally we wonder if this is our Mr. Yellowrobe, class '95, who went sometime since to Ft. Lewis. There are various Robes among the Indians, such as Bearrobe, Buffalorobe etc., and it seems important to the Man-on-the-band-stand for a man to retain his family or surname if he does not wish to lose his identity and lineal descent. If Mr. Wheelock should begin to sign his name Mr. D. W. Lock, he would soon lose his identity. If the Mr. Robe is our Mr. Yellowrobe we congratulate him and hope that he will hereafter allow no question about his name, but write the surname in full.

GENERAL EATON.

It is eminently fitting that the school teacher should follow the soldier into Porto Rico. If there is anyone who can successfully light the lamp of learning in the island it should be General Eaton, who started so successfully the same work among the freedmen of the south at the close of the civil war.—[Omaha Bee.

General Eaton is one of Carlisle's staunchest friends, and we are glad that he has been selected for such an honored position as Commissioner of Education in Porto Rico, which he is so eminently fortified by experience and influence to fill.

UNIQUE INTEREST.

Miss E. C. Cox of Buckingham, says that she is deeply interested in the education of the Indians "and of course cannot do without the HELPER. It makes me feel almost as though I knew the Carlisle people; at least I find myself as much interested in their various trips and gripes as if they were personally known to me. Wishing both the school and the HELPER the success they richly merit, etc."

Enigma.

This enigma is composed of 19 letters.

My 3, 13, 5, 15 is a natural reflection.

My 19, 1, 7, 4, 14 is the home of one of the most useful plants.

My 16, 9, 2, 11, 12 are as old as the everlasting hills.

My 4, 14, 6, 18, 10 is what causes much misery in the flesh.

My 9, 16, 17, 8 is an apprehension of evil.

My whole is what a Denver subscriber thinks would be an interesting sight on the play grounds of the Carlisle Indian School.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A thaw.