

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 27

TO-DAY.

LO THERE hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforeside
No eye ever did,
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

APPRECIATIVE WORDS FROM THE FIELD.

A Field Matron among the Indians in the Southwest says by private letter:

"My first year as Field Matron was enough to convince me that if the Indians are ever civilized it will be only after their tribal relations are broken up and they are living among white people.

I suppose I must have heard of Major Pratt's views before but had never thought of them.

I can prove abundantly that he is right.

These Indians are communists, and therefore every industrious Indian must divide with the most worthless.

Their tribal customs require them to give away their furniture when a member of their family dies.

That is enough to prevent them from rising.

Add to this the discouragements that the young educated Indians have to meet when they attempt to live like white people, and it is too much for ordinary mortals to undertake."

WHAT TEMPERANCE EMBODIES.

The following in a private letter is too good to be lost:

"To me, the principle of temperance em-

bodies much more than a non-use of stimulants and narcotics.

It should mean straight-forward dealing.
It should mean choice of language.

It should mean charity for others' weaknesses and short comings.

It should mean respect for others' opinions, though widely a variance with our own.

It should mean temperance in practice as well as in theory.

I like this version of the words TEMPERANCE:

"Temperance is the moderate use of all things helpful, and the total abstinence of all things harmful."

HUNTING GOLD.

Another breezy letter has been received from Carrie Cornelius who is one of the workers at Hoopa Valley, California School. She tells of their beautiful flowers and June weather. She is having all sorts of experiences, even to climbing along the mountain sides in search for gold nuggets. There are so many wild flowers and the pupils of the school are so fond of gathering them that she has a fresh bouquet every day, nearly, without going to pick for herself, and she often wishes that she could fill the vases of her eastern friends.

A TEST OF CIVILIZATION.

"I don't think there is any doubt about the Indians progressing in civilization," remarked the professor.

"I haven't had very extensive opportunities for observation," replied the prim old lady, "but the fact that none of the Indians I ever saw were in the habit of expectorating on the floors of the street cars, or of using profanity in public, leads me to think that they have got a very good start."—Washington Star

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Thomas Marshall.

One of the saddest duties that has come to us as a recorder of the historical events at the school is that of telling our readers this week of the sad death of student Thomas P. Marshall. Thomas was a Sioux from Pine Ridge Agency, S. Dakota, where a mother, brothers and sisters, and a step-father, a deacon in the Episcopal Church, reside. Four years ago, last Fall, Thomas came to us from the Friends' White's Institute, Indiana, which had been engaged successfully many years in educating young Indians. He at once entered Dickinson College Preparatory Department, and had advanced to the Junior class in the college proper.

It would be impossible to overstate the excellence of Thomas Marshall's character and influence as shown both in Dickinson College and in the Indian School. Tributes and testimonials from his Professors in the college and the President, of his superior character, are unstinted.

A memorial service presided over by President Reed and attended by the Professors and students of the College, addressed by President Reed, Rev. McMillan and others was held in Bosler Memorial Hall at the College on Wednesday morning. Later there will be a service of the same kind, here at the school.

Every year since coming to Carlisle, Thomas was elected by the Young Men's Christian Association to take charge of the delegation to Mr. Moody's Northfield Conference. As the Assistant of Mrs. Given in charge of the small boys, and as a leader in every good movement in the societies and general work of the school, Thomas was without a peer among our students. He never failed in any duty and always happily led when occasion offered.

He received letters from home, telling of the sickness and death of a brother and sister of "Malignant Measles." Nothing of the kind had appeared anywhere in this vicinity. He was taken ill, and in view of what had occurred at his home he was at once isolated in

the hospital. The disease baffled the greatest skill of the physician and the tenderest care of the skilful nurse, and relentlessly centred in his face and brain, and finally on his lungs. He was unconscious for about twenty hours before he died, which was at midnight on Sunday last. The life of one most promising and unselfish, as well as most dear to a loving family and to a wide circle of friends is thus inscrutably taken.

A large and beautiful wreath of white roses from Miss Gertrude Simmons, of Boston, to whom Thomas Marshall was engaged to be married, was received by Mrs. Cook, to be placed on his grave. Miss Simmons has the sympathy of her friends at Carlisle, in this her great bereavement.

Owing to the death of Thomas Marshall, Major Pratt issued orders strictly quarantining all the pupils and employees within the limits of the school reservation. At this writing no other malignant cases have appeared.

Thomas Marshall's case was sporadic and there seems no danger of the disease spreading so great is the vigilance and so strict the quarantine order. Everything that was in his room was burned and the room thoroughly fumigated. It was a room that Miss Barr had held as a spare room, in the closet of which she had her best clothing. Everything in the closet was burned even to her silk dress and a new and stylish garment she had recently purchased.

Jeannette M. Buckles was the happy recipient of a beautiful Oxford Bible from Ruth Shaffner, for the best examination paper on the life of Paul, whose life has been the subject of Miss Shaffner's What-so-ever King's Daughters' Circle this year.

Elizabeth Walker speaks in a cheerful tone of her excellent place in the country. She says she has a very nice Sunday school teacher, too. There is a lady there, over ninety years of age, and she says it is the first time she ever saw a woman so old. She does not live very far from Martha Day and Bertha Pradt.

David McFarland, '98, has recently been to Washington with some representative men of his tribe, the Nez Perces of Idaho. We expected they would stop off at Carlisle on their way back, but David wired from Harrisburg that they were obliged to go on. His friends here were disappointed at the news. It will be remembered that David was a saxophone player in the band and was one of the first football team.

Charles Skipegosh is known as Charles Roberts in the country. It is not common for men to change their names, and that without getting married, but he said in a recent letter that his teacher thought it better to be Roberts. His school record as shown by a card that was received a few days is excellent. In the last month of the term he received four marks of 100. One for reading, one for geography, one for drawing and one for conduct. All his credits were up in the nineties.

Spring whitewashing and flower gardening have begun in earnest.

A very dry Spring.

No April showers, yet.

The grass and all vegetation are crying for rain.

Miss Bowersox has taken Miss Shaffner's King's Daughters' Circle.

Notice this: The man who says he can take a drink or let it alone always takes it.

If marriage is a failure perhaps it is a case of heart failure, especially when the heart is "Pierced."

Henry Wilson, Attorney-at-Law, a cousin of Miss Barclay from Beaver was her guest on Thursday.

Even Miss Ely got excited at the ball game on Saturday, but only Mr. Snyder knows what became of her hat.

The address of Mrs. Ruth Shaffner-Etnier will be Ponce, care of the Ponce Improvement Company, Porto Rico.

Mrs. Dennison Wheelock and baby boy, Edmund, are sojourning for a season at Hotel de Howe, Hunter's Run.

Did you ever see so many fowls as were made on Saturday? Enough to roast for a feast, had they been of the right kind.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt, Dick and Marion, of Steelton, were over on Saturday. Mrs. Pratt joined the Arbutus party to the mountains.

A number of the faculty went to the South Mountain in the vicinity of Hunter's Run on Saturday, and secured a nice lot of Arbutus and other wild flowers.

Senator J. C. Grady, and friends, Mrs. Emma M. Leeds, Miss Kate L. Rhodes and J. Allen Leeds, of Philadelphia, were among the interested visitors of last Thursday.

Word has been received that Mr. and Mrs. Etnier have secured passage on a vessel that sails to-day for Ponce. The many friends of the bride at the school wish for the happy pair a safe voyage.

John Warren has joined the typo ranks. He is Mr. Kemp's best harness maker, but comes to the printing-office for his last term at school to learn the underlying principles of the "art preservative."

Mr. Norman wants to know if five and a half yards make a perch, how many will make a trout? We will let the trout fishers answer. Then again, he wants to know, if two hogs-heads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

Mrs. Sawyer and Miss Morton visit the Invincibles to-night; Miss Senseney and Miss Newcomer the Standards; and Miss Seonia and Professor Bakeless the Susans. New regulations about the committee reporting go into effect to-night.

Charlie Dagenett, '91, who is one of the teachers at Chilocco, says this of Joseph Blackbear, who recently went there to serve as an employee: "It did not take him long to settle down to business. Naturally I expected a good deal from a Carlisle boy, and he has certainly fulfilled my expectations. I think we were fortunate in securing a young man of such excellent character and ability as Joseph possesses. I don't wonder that you miss him."

Miss Barr, who is in quarantine at the hospital received some very nice flowers from her little A'askan friends Coogidlore and Kokli-look, who are with Miss Edge. She is very grateful for the same, but cannot write her thanks to them just now.

Our workmen who live in town and go home every night are no doubt having a long and tiresome week of it, while quarantined with us. They seem to take satisfaction, however, in sitting as close to the line as they dare and looking over toward town.

Miss Senseney was voted in as a member of the gallant Standards, last week. She is the first and only lady to be initiated into regular membership. We believe that all the teachers and officers are considered honorary members of all the societies. Miss Senseney will have charge of the music.

These are the selections that the band will render to-morrow evening upon the bandstand: 1. March, "Victors of '98"—Spring; 2. Overture, "Tannhauser"—Wagner; 3. Andante from First Symphony—Beethoven; 4. College Potpourri, "Bingo"—Beebe; 5. Romance from Zelmina and Azor—Spohr; 6. "Valse Mexicaine"—Estrada; 7. "The Pilgrim's Song of Hope"—Batiste; 8. "Hail Columbia"—Fyles.

Orlo is dead. At the age of 12 years, Orlo, Miss Senseney's pet dog, died in Baltimore, a day or two ago. He was with Mrs. Senseney, and the best veterinary surgeon the city could afford was employed, but to no purpose. The body was sent to Chambersburg to be buried underneath Miss Senseney's favorite cherry tree at her home. So many of our pupils knew the little pet that we give this news as an item of interest.

Mrs. Butler came up from Washington on Saturday to pack up her things ready for her final departure from the school. She says she is comfortably fixed at a desk in the Land Division of the Indian Office and enjoys her work. But she says that even Washington is not prettier than Carlisle with its beautiful green campus, majestic trees, singing birds, mountain views and friends she likes.

The band boys can blow well, but when it comes to playing ball they are not at home. The small boys' team known as Given's League can beat them. The first time they tried it, a few evenings ago, the band was beaten by a score of 36 to 3, in one of the most exciting and laughable games of the season. Then the musicians wishing to redeem themselves tried the League again on Tuesday evening and were beaten by a score of 16 to 4. There are several tall fellows in the band, who do not make good SHORT-stops.

LATER: Given's League played a snappy 5-inning game on Wednesday evening with a team composed of employees, and came off victorious with a score reading 7 to 5. On the employees' team were such men as Frank Hudson, pitcher; Bemus Pierce, catcher. The others were Mr. Snyder, Mr. Sowerby, Mr. Ralston, Messrs. St Cyr, Wheelock, Guy Brown, and George Wolfe. Be it said for this team they did some fine playing, which proves all the stronger that the League is in fair shape to challenge anything short of the regulars.

REST, HARDEST WORK.

Miss Benedict, of Washington, D.C., who has been connected with the Indian service for a number of years, but who recently resigned from her position in the Government school at the Osage Agency, Oklahoma and is now taking a needed rest, says that she finds resting the hardest work she ever did in her life. She has received word that Miss Marian Moore, appointed to take her place at Osage, has since died, and there is great regret expressed at her untimely death. Miss Benedict is better acquainted with the Hoopa Valley, Calif., pupils than any others we have at present, all of whom will be glad to hear from their friend through the columns of the HELPER.

HAD NOT LEARNED HOG.

Different ways of expressing the same things in English is often times the cause of misunderstandings and mistakes. A farmer told his Indian boy to "Drive those hogs into the orchard."

Then he went about his business expecting the direction to be carried out, but when he returned found the boy standing.

"Why don't you do as I told you?"

"Don't know" said the Indian boy.

"What is that?" asked the farmer pointing to the hogs.

"Pig."

"Put them pigs in the field."

"Oh," and the command was obeyed forth with.

AN INDIAN TOUCHED BY DR. HARRIS' VIEWS ON CIVILIZATION.

Miss Luzena Choteau, class '92, now in the Treasury Department, at Washington, has this to say in a recent private letter:

Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, whose splendid speech to the graduates at Carlisle's Nineteenth Commencement last March I have just read lives but a few minutes walk from where I am staying, and when I pass his home each day I think of him as a great man.

His definition of civilization is perfect. How true it is that there exists, in the world civilizations that vary, but when all can reach the high mark and fill the place of a true civilization as defined by Dr. Harris, when all people may become members of one great brotherhood, the world shall have reached the highest civilization.

NINE HOME RUNS.

The most interesting game of the season, so far at our school, was the one witnessed on Saturday between Bucknell and our boys. The visiting team won by a score of 8 to 6. Threes and goose-eggs went marching side by side down the score for six innings. The Indians had the bat first and made 0; then Bucknell scored 3. This was discouraging for the home team, but they soon rallied and piled up three runs which tied the score and gave their brothers a goose-egg to match the one they had received. Bucknell returned the compliment giving the Indians a cipher and themselves 3 in the 3rd inning.

Then it was naught, naught, naught for three innings on both sides, and the Indians continued naught, naught, naught, for three more innings, Bucknell, in the meantime, making 2 in the 7th. Now was the exciting moment. The Indians took their bits in their mouths. Our man at the bat made a beautiful hit, and the boys and friends on the bleachers gave a rousing cheer which encouraged the players. The visiting men made some costly errors and let in 3 of our men. But it was too late in the game to completely recover themselves. They scored not a home run till after the game was over when the entire nine ran home to recuperate after a signal defeat.

Score.

Indians.....	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—6
Bucknell.....	3	0	3	0	0	0	2	0		—8

Schedule for Future Ball Games.

- May 6, Gettysburg, here.
" 13, Mercersburg at Mercersburg.
" 17, Dickinson, Carlisle.
" 20, Ursinus at Norristown.
" 24, University of Md., at Baltimore.
" 27, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg.
" 30, Dickinson, here.
June 3, Albright, at Myerstown.
" 10, Harrisburg Country Club, at Harrisburg.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 3, 9, 10 is what Sickles did when he hit the ball.

My 6, 5, 8, 4, 12 is hard for a school-boy to write.

My 1, 7, 9, 11, 2 is what the United States soldiers are fighting for in Manila.

My whole is what a baseball player as well as a business man must have an abundance of to succeed.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Fort Belknap.