

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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THE FAIRY'S ROBE.

THERE was a fairy, wise and good,
Once on a time, as I've heard say,
Who took the bits of happiness
That foolish folk had thrown away,
And wove them in a wondrous loom,
Till she had made a Robe of Joy,
Whose shining folds were never dimmed,
And which no time could e'er destroy.

Then all the people cried, "Alack!
Lend us, we pray, this wondrous dress,
That we may say that we have known
At least a borrowed happiness!"
The fairy smiled. "Go look," she said,
"Along your path, and you will find
That, though a few stray joys I took,
Yet plenty still remain behind!"
—PRISCILLA LEONARD,
in the Churchman.

TWO LITTLE INDIAN BOYS WATCHED.

We never know when we are being watched,
and so it is well to always be on our good behavior.

Two little Indian boys in town unconsciously did a good turn for the school and for themselves, the other day.

Our boys and girls, if they have read the town papers know that there is a Club composed of the best women of Carlisle, called the Civic Club.

This Club has for its work the improvement of the town in every way.

One rule they have made is to try to keep the streets free from old papers and rubbish.

They have put boxes in prominent places for passers by to put in bits of paper they wish to throw away.

Some men and boys pay no attention to the boxes, and are so unclean and untidy themselves that they do not care whether the streets have papers in them or not, and if they happen to want to unwrap a bundle in the street, and do not want to be troubled with carrying the wrapper they throw the unsightly paper down; and we all know if many such bits of paper accumulate how very untidy and disreputable the streets look.

The Civic Club women who are interested

are on the lookout for such careless people, and they "spot" them.

So when two little Indian boys went up to the Frozen Idea wagon the other day and bought each a package of ice-cream wrapped in paper, one of the Civic Club women watched them to see if they would throw the papers in the street.

The boys walked up the street and ate the ice-cream out of the papers.

They ate and ate, and when the paper was nearly clean they licked them and licked them to get all the good out of the papers that they had paid for.

"Now is the time!" thought the lady. "Now they will throw the paper in the street. Let me see!"

But to the lady's surprise the boys did not throw the papers in the street, they crumpled them up in their hands and stuck the papers in their pockets, much to the lady's delight.

"There are two little gentlemen!" she exclaimed.

The Man-on-the-band-stand was also delighted to hear the Civic Club lady telling the story to another lady, and praising the little Indian boys.

PROGRESS.

Progress, published at the Regina Indian School, North West Territory, comes out this week with a fine half-tone supplement of class '98. The class is composed of 33 fine intelligent looking young men and women, and we trust that every one will lead a life that will redound to the credit of the noble institution from which they graduated.

PUBLIC SPIRITED PEOPLE.

Why is it that some people are missed by everyone when they leave a community? Why are some college students missed when, for any reason, they leave school? The reason is not hard to find. It is because they are public spirited. They are interested in matters of general concern and not wrapped up entirely in their own affairs.—[Penn Chronicle.]

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.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

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 Indian band led the parade in Gettysburg on Decoration Day.

We see by the Haskell Leader that Dr. and Mrs. Dixon held a "house warming" recently in honor of their pretty new home. Also that Elijah Brown developed into a very efficient nurse during the illness of one of their number. We remember Elijah on that score, too.

Mrs. Otto Wells who was Mary Parkhurst when a student here writes cheerfully of her life at Anadarko, Oklahoma. It will be remembered that Mary's native home is Wisconsin. She has missed a HELPER or two and cannot afford that, she says, for it comes just as welcome as a letter. Otto joined in sending regards and best wishes to all their Carlisle friends.

We learn by the Chemawa American that—Mr. Robert DePoe, class '97 Carlisle Normal School, an ex student of Chemawa, is now one of the faculty of that school, having succeeded Miss Wells as teacher in the second grade, and that Superintendent Potter wears the champion belt for tennis playing, also that Mr. Campbell is one of four other gentlemen who are striving hard for the same. We remember Mr. Campbell as a tennis player here, and if he gets to chewing the side of his lip when he serves, Mr. Potter had better watch the corners of his own racket for a return.

Miss Ericson has kindly allowed a peep into another letter from Mrs. Shaffner-Etnier. She has started into work along with her husband for the Porto Rico Improvement Company doing office work for a time. The office is the coolest place, she says, in Ponce. The Company's hotel is several miles distant in the mountains, in a fine, cool healthful location, and they wish her to go there, but she has no idea of doing any such thing. The eating question is quite a serious one, as they cannot get accustomed to the Spanish way of preparing things. The Americans long for home prepared food. She says a good energetic woman who could do good cooking, would

do well to start an American boarding house there. Many of the office men pay \$40 a month for a very plain room and food that they can scarcely eat. \$20 a month is the average pay for ordinary servants. Only the hopelessly indolent need suffer in that country as there is plenty of work to be done at better wages than are paid in this country. If she were a young man, she would not be afraid to go there penniless. She says tell her girls she is again at her type-writer and feels as natural as life. She has not yet suffered from the heat, and a light covering is always comfortable at night.

It will be remembered that the HELPER stated last week that our boys would try to give the Dickinson team a good practice game on Decoration Day on their grounds. That we did so will be evidenced by the following score:

| | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Dickinson..... | 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0—2 |
| Indians..... | 0 0 0 1 4 0 1 x—6 |

It is said that the Dickinsonians looked at close of game as though a cyclone had struck their rooters and that the players had all been invited to a funeral. Two large dogs did their part in rooting, however. It was a fine game. LeRoy as pitcher and Roberts as catcher make a fine combination.

Edward Oga of the 8th U. S. Infantry writes from Cuba. It is his first letter since he joined the Army. The journey from New York to Havana was four days and five nights. The flying fish along the way were wonders to him. He seems to think that Havana is a nice city, but the people seem a "great deal different from white people." It is hot there in the day but at night he says it is "coldly." He thinks that the Cuban soldiers do not like the soldiers from the United States; "But we are ready for them, every day."

A bright little baby boy came to live with Mrs. Susie Farewell Glenn on the 27th of April, and his papa has named him Percival Henry. Susie says she is busy from morn to night with her many duties incident to house-keeping and the care of her little son. They have recently moved into a new house. Mrs. Glenn reports that Olive Yellowface who soon after she went home a year or two ago married, is now dead, having been neglected by her husband and friends all through her sickness and left alone in a little tent to die.

The Susans gave a very pleasing farewell entertainment last Friday night in the Y. M. C. A. Hall to which the Standards, Invincibles and others were invited. Pasaquala Anderson presided with dignity and grace, and Mamie Ryan was the secretary at her side. There were speeches, music by the mandolin club and piano as well as singing, and then remarks at the close by some of the guests, which were to the point. A fuller account of the interesting event will appear in the local column of the coming Red-Man, out next week.

Robert Johnson in the country has received a newsy letter from Josiah Redwolf who says he is getting on well and speaks of several others of the returned students who are doing as they should at home. He is very grateful to Major Pratt for what he has done for him.

Mrs. Cook dined Sunday with Rector and Mrs. McMillan in Carlisle.

Shoulder and Pierce have made the only home runs of the season so far.

The small boys' team shut out a team from town on Saturday by a score of 50 to 0.

A number of our boys and girls were taken into the Episcopal Church, last week.

The Paul brothers and Mrs. Given were Professor Bakeless' guests at dinner on Sunday.

Miss. Carter and her California girls with a few others were around visiting shops on Wednesday.

Willie Paul made his first "pi" yesterday, and strange to say he did not like it. Nearly all boys LIKE pie.

Mrs. Cook and Miss Newcomer chaperoned the party of Indian girls who went to Gettysburg on Decoration Day.

A very good scheme is to fasten the dime you send for HELPER in the corner of your letter by pasting or pinning it over.

Miss Bowersox spent Decoration Day at her home. She took with her little Grace Khy who will remain with friends for a time in Sunbury.

Edgar Rickard's friends are glad to see him out after his close imprisonment at the hospital. He has put on flesh and says he is most happy to be out.

Would it not be well for us all to accept Paul's injunction to the Thessalonians just now? "Study to be quiet, and do your own business and to work with your hands."

Kendall Paul came in from Philadelphia on Saturday to see his brother who recently arrived from Alaska. The former went back to his school on Wednesday.

No well-bred young lady will lie at full length out in a public place on the parade, it matters not how warm the weather is nor how comfortable the position is to her.

Miss Cutter spent Sunday with Miss Rote at Westtown, and had a delightful time. She speaks in highest terms of the beautifully located and well-kept Friend's School, where Miss Rote holds an honored position.

William Paul has entered the printing office and set some of the items in this week's HELPER. He goes at his work as though he likes it, and that is the great secret of success in any line of work. If we are interested we will generally succeed.

To-morrow night's band concert program looks inviting: 1. Overture, William Tell—Rosini; 2. Tyrolean Airs—Gungl; 3. March, Hands Across the Sea—Sousa; 4. Valse Mexicaine—Estrada; 5. Recollections of the War—Beyer; 6. Passing the Cotton Fields—Clarke; 7. Heavens are Telling, from Creation—Haydn; 8. Red, White and Blue—Gilmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Jamestown, New York, who have been visiting Major and Mrs. Pratt left Wednesday for their home. The family spent Decoration Day together on the Battlefield of Gettysburg and came back full of patriotic fire, the Major saying that he never heard more genuine patriotism condensed in a few hours than on the occasion of the fine speech making from the orators of the day.

Yes, Gettysburg "won," but it was a little o-n-e, 1; and there was a comforting 3 by the side of the word Indian, when the telephone message from Mr. Snyder was down on paper. But didn't the wag who gave out the news enjoy emphasizing the first part of the sentence and seeing the droop of the eyes of those who were anxiously waiting for the score?

Our boys defeated Gettysburg at Gettysburg last Saturday by a score of 3 to 1 in what was said to be an excellent game throughout. We are always treated royally when we go over there, and take pleasure in showing every courtesy when they come to see us as on Monday, although we do not care to give them the game in the bargain.

A seven-inning game of ball between Gettysburg and our team on our home ground last Monday afternoon resulted in a defeat by a score of 10 to 16. The visitors were obliged to take their train before the game was ended. There was poor playing on both sides although the first three innings was characterized by some excellent pitching on the part of Pratt. It was a windy day and there were various reasons why good ball was not played.

When the Steamship China sailed into the dining-hall the other day and the student-body was told that that was a picture of the steamer on which Major and Mrs. Pratt sailed to Japan from San Francisco a few years ago, it made quite a sensation and the applause was great. The picture and another of a sister ship were given to the school by Mr. Wood, the General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. They are large and look well among the other handsome pictures that now adorn the walls of the dining hall.

Last Monday night's school exhibition was a very plain one, but there were good recitations and music. There was no tableau and the absence of the spectacular was conspicuous. Tiffney Bender and Nelson Hare were pronounced the best speakers of the evening. Lillian Brown's piano solo, Margherite's Waltz—Reinhold, was prettily played and well received. Number 13 pupils sang better than they have for a long while, and the song by the whole school was well rendered.

We are greatly grieved to learn of the death of Simon Standingdeer. He passed away last Sunday morning at his home in North Carolina. His father wrote the sad news to Simon's brothers who are here, and said in the letter that Simon was fond of flowers to the very last. The family at home have the sincere sympathy of many friends here of the deceased. Simon was one of those excellent dispositioned boys, faithful and true, who is universally loved.

Decoration Day at our school was a real holiday. A large party of boys and girls went to Gettysburg. Those who remained at home entertained themselves with games and reading. Quite a lot of personal sewing was done up, groups gathering to sew and to talk, and there was some roaming around town, and viewing of the parade and Dickinson-Indian game, at the College field. The weather was perfect, and the trolly did a big business to and from the Indian school, as well as to the cave and Boiling Springs. In the evening a number of the teachers went to the organ recital at Metzger College.

ANOTHER INDIAN BOY'S CONDUCT NOTED IN TOWN

"I have just seen one of your boys do the finest thing, and I want you to know it," says a friend in a private letter to the Man-on-the-band-stand.

The Major's carriage was standing in front of Planks' with several other teams, when the trolley car came along and frightened a horse near by.

The animal plunged and caused such a mix-up of terrified horses, screaming and jumping women that the scene would have been funny had it not looked so serious.

The Indian driver, a giant of a boy, jumped out of the Major's carriage and was in the midst of the melee in a moment.

One horse was beside himself with terror, falling over and over again in his struggle to free himself from the tangled harness.

Your Indian Hercules seized him by the head, forced him back and then proceeded to direct a crowd of excited men, some of whom were gray haired, what to do, while he stroked and petted the terrified animal, trembling, and frantic to run.

I do not know the young man, but he looked as though he might be able to hold a rampant elephant as he braced himself against the animal's struggles. And the men did as they were directed, all but the petting. That never seemed to enter their heads.

This is merely an episode, illustrating the effete East and the wild and woolly but humane West.

LET GOD BE THE JUDGE.

From a Nebraska friend of the Indian who says she loves the little HELPER:

"I always feel interested in the welfare of all mankind.

'Of one blood, God made all nations, to dwell on all the face of the earth.'

Then it proves that we are akin.

God accepts us not because we belong to a certain race, but because we accept his word and obey from the heart his commandments.

I hear some people here who came from Missouri, ranting about how glad they are that they are better than a 'nigger' black person.

I tell them that if they behave better, love God more and prove it by their works then they are; but all things being equal, they had better let God be the judge.

I love the little paper and always look for its friendly visits."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Campus.

SMALL BUSINESS FOR A GIRL.

The smallest business a girl can engage in is to listen to unpleasant stories about another girl's home, and then go and repeat it where it will hurt. Such girls may be King's Daughters in name but they certainly are not in spirit. Girls using their spare moments in such small, harmful talk have not enough to do. The busy, interested girl who is living for a good purpose has no time for such twaddle. It does not pay to listen to the talk of a lazy, idle girl who never reads or works only when obliged to. Her stories are nearly all made up. It is not safe to believe anything bad about another until we have straight evidence. "So and-so said so and she lives there and she knows." Ten chances to one she does NOT know, so do not pay any attention to such stories. Girls who tell things unpleasant about other girls very often could not bear the light of investigation turned on their own past actions or their own homes, so they had better keep quiet.

MENTAL LOAFING.

There are people who would be ashamed to be seen among loafers.

"It is a great disgrace, don't you know!"

But they are MENTAL loafers all the while.

What is loafing?

It is hanging about with no definite aim or purpose.

Loafing is idling away time, without profit.

What is mental loafing?

It is a dreamy state of the mind, when we allow our thoughts to carry us off to pleasant but unlikely places.

Mental loafing is quite common to young people.

It is a LAZY habit.

It stops the growth of the mind.

It wastes time. It makes us weak.

Many a young person is ruined by allowing himself or herself to indulge in mental loafing.

If we cannot keep the action of the mind under control we are not worth much as characters.

What is the remedy?

It is this:

When the thoughts BEGIN to wander WHIP them into order!

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 10, 9, 8, 6 is something good in reference to character that we all like.

My 1, 2, 4 is what the people in these parts did not get on Decoration Day.

My 5, 3, 7, 6 is a fleet little animal.

My whole is some one who did not tell the truth on Decoration Day.