

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XIV

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1899.

NUMBER 36

VACATION TIME.

THE grammars and the spellers,
The pencils and the slates,
The books that hold the fractions
And the books that tell the dates,
The crayons and the blackboards,
And the maps upon the wall,
Must all be glad together,
For they won't be used till fall.

They've had to work like beavers
To help the children learn;
And if they want a little rest,
It surely is their turn.
They shut their leaves with pleasure,
The dear old lesson-books,
And the crayons and the blackboards
Put on delighted looks.

So, children, just remember,
When you are gone away,
Your poor old slates and pencils
Are keeping holiday.
The grammars and the spellers
Are as proud as proud can be
When the boys forsake their schoolroom,
And the teacher turns the key.

THE INDIAN IS ALL RIGHT IF YOU GIVE HIM A SHOW.

These were the words of Major Pratt when interviewed in New York City by a reporter of the Tribune a few days ago:

"The North American Indian is all right if you give him a show," said the Major, "but he's all wrong if crowded into a corner and held against the wall.

In Pennsylvania, the Indian boys and girls of our school are considered among the best farm and house help obtainable.

Six hundred of our pupils have just gone out to farms and homes in eastern Pennsylvania, and there is a demand for twice as many more.

It is all nonsense to say that the Indian will not work.

He'll work if he's paid for it.

The money they earn during vacation is their own, of course.

We have 900 all told—500 boys and 400 girls.

One of our Indian girls is principal of a school up in Connecticut, with two or three assistants, and with 200 pupils to take care of.

Half a dozen of our girls are successful trained nurses.

Fifteen of our boys are to do all the waiting at an ocean shore hotel this summer, one of the number being the headwaiter."

"Have the boys any inventive faculty?"

"Hardly any," said Major Pratt, "but that isn't to be wondered at. Necessity is the mother of invention, and the Indian until recently has always been taught that he didn't need civilization to be happy.

Five of our boys have recently enlisted in the regular army, two having gone to Porto Rico, two to Cuba and one to Manila.

Depend upon it," said Major Pratt, "the Indian is all right if you give him a fair show."

TO WHICH TRIBE DO WE BELONG?

The Advance has this in its last year's Fourth-of-July number, and the Man-on-the-band-stand wonders if it is appropriate for us:

The "I-CAN'T" savages belong to the same tribe that the "I'm just-agoing-to-do-it" aborigines do, and both are near relatives of the "Don't-amount-to-much" gang.

It is hard work civilizing such people.

The "just-agoing-to-do-it" fellows are too numerous for their own good.

They never amount to much at any time or anywhere until after they learn a better way of thinking and acting.

A BIT OF COMFORT.

A writer says:

No wise man ever lived who did not at times make a fool of himself.

Another says:

If we look for the contented man we may often find him asleep when he ought to be at work.

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 per year

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Supl. 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.

Robert Emmett, '99, and Caleb Sickles, '98, are having good enough times at the sea-shore if we may judge from recent letters.

Leonidas Chau, of California, died this week and was buried last Saturday, Rev. Ganss of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, officiating at the funeral services, held in the school chapel. Leonidas began her illness not long since with violent hemorrhages from the lungs and it seemed impossible to check them. She has been with us but a short time but is mourned by a large circle of friends.

Isaac Seneca, Samuel Brown, John Warren, George Ferris, Frank Beale, Frank Keiser and George Welch are the delegates from our school who will attend Mr. Moody's great school for Bible study, at Northfield, Massachusetts. They left yesterday, joining Professor Bakeless at Harrisburg. The Professor will have charge of the camp, and they expect a good and profitable time.

The little potato-bug pickers, the smallest workers at our school, get up bright and early without calling when they have to go to the farm to pick potato bugs, and they work like little turks, for they get paid "by the piece". Pieces of bugs do not count, but the pay is by the pint, and they thus earn their Fourth of July money. It is not a picnic for them exactly but might be called a pick-bug-nick.

When pressed with duties and social demands it is so easy to say: "I haven't time to read this and that." See what the eminent editor of the Sunday School Times says on this point: "No man delays reading or writing what he really WANTS to read or write just now, because he lacks time. He may lack sufficient interest in the subject to take hold of it at once and do it just now, with his occupations as they are. But let him not deceive himself with the thought that his trouble is a lack of time. If he wants to do a thing, he can do it, and he will do it, and the more he has to do besides this, the easier he can find extra time to do this. There may be a dozen good reasons why he delays doing this, but a lack of time is not one of the dozen."

Miss Rote's friends are sorry to learn of a painful accident sustained last week in which she received several cuts and bruises from the explosion of the kitchen range at the West-town Friends' Boarding School, this State. She has the warm sympathy of her Carlisle friends, as she lies waiting for the stitches in her wounds to heal.

The most elaborate commencement program received thus far has been the one sent to us by the Santa Fe Indian Industrial School, for the week commencing June 16th. It is neatly printed on fine paper with parchment cover, gilt ornamentation, tied with silk cord and tassels. Among the numbers announced for the 20th we noticed that Corbett Lawyer, '99, Carlisle, who is an employee at Santa Fe, is to play the cornet in a duet.

William Hazlett, who was graduated from Carlisle in 1895, has entered the commercial department for a two years' course. He has been employed at the Seger school for some time but decided that to secure a higher position he needed more education.—[Haskell Leader. We are sorry that William did not feel able to go to some school, not Indian, seeing that he has spent several years already where all expenses were paid by the Government. Is it not about time that Indian School graduates should support themselves?

Frank Bender who is on a farm not far from Philadelphia says by letter to his teacher that although the work of the farm requires long hours, he finds some time to read and study. He began shorthand before he went out and he practices some, while for his books to pick up at odd times he has "The Last of the Mohicans," and "Thrift" by Smiles. He likes his place and the people are kind and nice to him he says. They were pleased with a visit from Mr. Ralston, recently. Fred Tibbetts lives but a short distance away and they visit together when time permits.

The Harrisburg Telegraph gives the story of Saturday's game between the Indians and the Country Club in these words: One could not hope for a prettier sight in a long day's journey than the Country Club grounds presented Saturday, during the base ball game with the Carlisle Indian School team. Everywhere the broad lawns were dotted with ladies and gentlemen in summer attire, while the Steelton Band, stationed under the trees, gave forth the inspiring strains of Sousa. The Indians defeated the Club. The score was 12 to 5. A feature of the game was the pitching and batting of "Soxy," the Indian player.

Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge who have served Carlisle for a number of years as cook and assistant have been transferred on their request to Western schools, the former to Fort Apache as cook and the latter to Keams' Canyon, Arizona. Mrs. Dandridge hopes to receive a transfer in the near future to the same school with her husband. Both have great ability in their line of work and will be missed at Carlisle. The special feature of the kitchen under Mr. Dandridge's charge was its cleanliness. His "expansive and spotless tables were remarked upon by all visitors. Mrs. Dandridge is a fashionable dress-maker in addition to her capabilities as a cook. The Man-on-the-band-stand wishes them well in their new field.

Mosquitoes are presenting their bills
Several hard storms have gone around.

The band left at 3 o'clock yesterday morning for Kutztown.

Arthur Pratt, typo, has gone to the country for the summer.

The new wheel rack in the shop-court will be a convenience.

Mrs. Pettinos, of Bethlehem, was among the callers of the week.

Major Pratt is limping with a lame hip. Rheumatism.

Misses Cutter and Luckenbach dined with Dr. and Mrs. Wile last Friday.

This is the kind of weather that gives the butter a chance to spread itself.

Mr. Jos. A. Grishaber of Harrisburg, was a guest of Miss Forster on Sunday.

Since the recent rains, corn is doing its best in trying to reach the height of its ambition.

Let no man think ill of the watermelon because botanists call it a "cucurbitaceous" fruit.

Sunday school picnics are at hand but the Indian school does not seem to be in them this year.

Be sensible about where you throw a lighted fire-cracker. It is not smart to throw it AT a person.

Goliath Bigjim has gone to his home in North Carolina, having come in from his country home this week to go.

Mr. Standing and Master Jack have returned from Pine Grove where they were taking a vacation in the mountain breezes.

Watch out for these runners—the runners who RUN into debt, for they soon develop in to great crawlers, and crawl out if they can.

Little Edmund Wheelock was very indignant when some one called a fire-fly a fly. He says they are bugs with "lee-lic light on their tails."

Superintendent A. H. Viets, of the Santa Fe, New Mexico, Indian School, is to have a Sloyd teacher, and is pleased over the fact, while Miss Ericson's "Sloyd heart," as she expresses it, rejoices that the benefits of this hand training is being recognized, and that such teaching is in demand.

Whoever borrowed "Curiosities of Early Colonial Laws" will greatly oblige Major Pratt by returning it at once. It has been missing for sometime from his library, and he thinks one of the students borrowed it.

The Band has been fitted out with new uniforms, and the tailors deserve great credit for the neatness and dispatch with which they did the work. It is no small task to make sixty mens' suits, but Mr. Snyder, the instructor in tailoring, seems to have the knack of holding the interest of his boys, and getting their best efforts. The secret, no doubt, is that he is interested himself. At no time of day can one pass the tailor shop when the boys are not all quietly pursuing their work with an intensity of purpose that is marked in their every move. We do not get pay for saying this, but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh sometimes, and the writer has noticed this state of affairs all winter.

Commencement at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, this week! Haskell is one of the largest Indian Training Schools of the west, and the second started after Carlisle. Forest Grove, now Chemawa was the first.

Mrs. Marion W. DeLoss has been transferred from the Mt. Pleasant, Michigan Indian School, where she was Assistant Matron, to Carlisle as Assistant Matron, to report July, 1st

The open air concert to be given by the band on the Fourth of July will be a little extra. Part I. 1. Overture, Tanhauser—Wagner; 2. Selection from Opera Martha—Flotow; 3. Valse Mexicaine—Estrada; 4. Medley, Black Brigade—Beyer; 5. Romanza from Zelmina and Azor—Spohr.

Part II. 1. Overture, William Tell—Rosini; 2. Andante from First Symphony—Beethoven; 3. War Songs of the Boys in Blue—Laurendeau; 4. Scenes from Cavalleria Rusticana—Mascagni; 5. Star Spangled Banner.

At all of these concerts so much enjoyed by the school, the people of town are welcome, and they cannot find a pleasanter park in which to take a ramble.

A gentleman riding along the country road not far from Hillside, saw two of our girls come from the postoffice with their Indian HELPERS. He says: "I noticed how eagerly they perused its pages as they walked along the roadside toward home." That little act brought a subscription to the Man-on-the-band stand, for the gentleman went home and sent a letter at once saying he wanted the HELPER.

One of our Indian-American teachers is suffering from a small lack of flesh, and a friend who was deprecating the fact that she herself, had too much of the "too, too, solid flesh" was talking about anti-fat, when the former said she believed she would begin taking "anti-lean" if she thought it would do her any good.

Seven of the small boys were caught after dark knocking small green apples from the tree back of the teachers' quarters. They walked around the flag staff for an hour, with the promise of more severe punishment should the offense be repeated. During the twenty years of the history of our school, there has been scarcely any trouble from our students raiding fruit trees or orchards in the vicinity of the school, and the intention is that there shall not be any trouble whatever on this line.

Charles Roberts, James Johnson and Edwin Moore of the Printers' Fraternity, have gone to the sea-shore to wait on table for the summer. Several of the Indian boys are already there, and we shall expect to hear of them having great times battling with the waves and sail-boats to say nothing of the table orders they may expect to get puzzled over.

School closed on Friday last. Some feel it a little hardship at first to work all day, but when they look at it in the right light, they immediately change their minds, and are glad of the opportunity to work as MEN and WOMEN work for eight hours a day. Some are even sorry that the hours are not TEN so that they may still more prove their capability of enduring REAL MEN'S work. With all-day work come opportunities for learning that cannot be gained in half day periods.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Before another HELPER reaches its subscribers we will have celebrated the Nation's Birthday.

In 1776 the Congress of delegates from the Thirteen British Colonies in North America appointed a committee to draft a paper which should proclaim the separation of the colonies from the British Government.

On the Fourth day of July, this document was adopted and it has ever since been called the Declaration of Independence.

To celebrate this great event people generally think they must make a noise.

Children buy fire-crackers, pinwheels and rockets, and no one who is patriotic says to them "Keep quiet" on the Fourth of July.

It is a general holiday, and families take pleasant excursions to the woods and eat dinners on the banks of streams.

The United States Flag floats from every spire and the houses in towns and country are decorated with red, white and blue.

"Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!"

Bells ring and the firing of cannon begins with sun-rise and even earlier.

There are public meetings in which the Declaration of Independence is read and martial music and processions are in order.

In the evening, fire-works play a prominent part of the celebration, and altogether it is a long day to be remembered by young and old as filled with thrilling experiences and pleasant pastimes, until the mid-night hour.

WORSE THAN CHEWING AND SMOKING.

A young man, reeking with the odor of tobacco, was accosted by an intimate friend with the question:

"What ever set you to smoking?"

"Oh! all the fellows do it," was the reply.

The confession was more pitiable than the habit itself.

The use of tobacco is bad enough, but to be a weak and unreasonable follower of "the fellows," is ten-fold worse.—[Wellspring.]

WAS PROFESSOR BAKELESS SMOKING?

The following incident is a good illustration of how evil stories start, sometimes.

A gentleman was passing two ladies the other evening.

"Who is that?" asked one, as he approached.
"Professor Bakeless."

"Why, no. That is not Professor Bakeless. That man is smoking. Professor does not smoke."

"Well, it is Professor, anyhow."

And just then he stood in a position to show that the light which was supposed to come from a cigar, was a fire-fly near his nose; and so the Professor is still clear of the charge of being "a fool at one end with fire at the other end" of a twisted weed.

PLUCK, NOT LUCK.

A boy of my acquaintance is always whining about his ill-luck.

Most of it is the result of laziness or carelessness.

When people have youth and strength there is not much bad luck that cannot be overcome by good pluck.

Luck has to do with people who are always looking around for crutches and props.

Pluck has to do with those who stand erect and do their share of the lifting.

It requires pluck in life not only to do things but to bear them, but it is a grand quality that will help boys and girls to grow into men and women worthy of respect.—[Our Boys and Girls.]

DO YOU RIDE A WHEEL?

The Farm Journal says:

If you ride a wheel, avoid the monkey on-a-stick style. It is not only ungraceful, but unhealthy and idiotic to ape professional racers.

The same excellent Journal says in regard to milking and milkers:

The unalterable rule should be enforced in regard to milking suits or overalls.

They should be changed often and kept clean.

Never allow the milking to be done in clothes loaded with perspiration.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 7, 3, 5, 10 is something that is in glass and must be in people if they expect to amount to anything.

My 2, 1, 6 comes from the sun.

My 9, 11, 12 is another word for "No."

My 2, 8, 4, 9 is where young people go who drink whiskey freely.

My whole is something that came to Carlisle on the 25th, and was very much appreciated.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Blankets.