

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. XV.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1899.

NUMBER 2

THE BETTER WAY.

HE serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record, which all men may read;
This is the better way.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

OUR BELOVED PASTOR IS NO MORE.

The school was greatly shocked on last Friday morning to learn by telephone message from town of the death of Rev. Dr. Henry B. Wile, pastor of the First Lutheran Church, Carlisle, and for the past eight years, our school Chaplain.

Dr. Wile's sickness began about three weeks ago with serious head trouble and cerebral exhaustion. He had the best physicians that Carlisle, Harrisburg and Philadelphia could afford, but they could do nothing to save him. Although the deceased had been the picture of health, he was not a strong man, and had symptoms in the summer which caused his physician to advise a rest from his too arduous pastoral duties, but he would not.

On Sunday afternoon, appropriate and very impressive memorial services were held in the school chapel. To quote the words of a student "a feeling of deep solemnity" came over the school as the student body and faculty filed into their accustomed places. The pulpit was covered with flowers and there were other floral decorations. After a word or two from Major Pratt, explaining the nature of the service, the choir sang most beautifully and touchingly a hymn in which Miss Senseney took the leading part. Then Assistant-Superintendent A. J. Standing led in prayer. With hearts that are filled with tender memories and grief by the absence of the counsellor, friend and guide, who has been accustomed to meet with us, whose face shall be seen no more, and whose tongue is silent for-

ever, we bow in prayer that the great lesson of the uncertainty of life be not lost to us. Dr. Wile had preached to us Christ, and he failed not to entreat us to follow in the pathway of righteousness.

Major Pratt read several appropriate selections from the Bible, Miss Senseney sang a beautiful solo, and then the Major spoke feelingly for a few moments.

It seemed to him that when anything stirs us deeply we cast about to see what it means and draw lessons from the occurrence. Never in the history of the school has there been one who has stood before us so long, who seemed to be in better health and vigor, with the possibilities before him of a long life, but in a moment he is taken from our midst. The greatest lesson of life is death. Our friend Dr. Wile was a peculiarly companionable man. He was a counsellor and adviser and was strong in his wisdom. He was universal in his geniality and companionship, and his friendship was most gracious and helpful.

The school sang "Jerusalem the Golden" in excellent harmony and feeling and then Professor Bakeless made a brief address on behalf of the faculty. He alluded to the mystery of life and death, and felt that God alone knows why the noble and good are called, when those who might better be spared are held. He would always remember Dr. Wile's vigorous talks and the manner he came up the stairs and walked across the platform, as well as his force in presenting the truth. His God was a God of righteousness, and by his earnestness he impressed us that he was about his Father's business. His words may be forgotten, but his life, his earnestness and enthusiasm can not be. He has gone, but what he was will live; and "To live in the hearts that are left behind is not to die."

On behalf of the large boys, Mr. Elmer Simon spoke most fittingly of the noble, beautiful, helpful character of the man in whose honor we had met. Dr. Wile always took illustrations from the daily walks of life and

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.

WE ARE GETTING ON.

We see by a small leaflet, sent out by the Atlantic Monthly giving a summary of important contributions to appear in early issues, that:

"Miss Zitkala-Sa, a young Indian girl of the Yankton Sioux Tribe of Dakota Indians, who received her education in the East, has written 'The Memories of an Indian Childhood.' These unique and genuine records of the mind of an Indian child are told precisely in her own words, in which the slight flavor of the foreign tongue will be perhaps detected. The second paper will describe her life in the Indian schools, and bear in the most interesting way upon the problem of Indian education."

Zitkala-Sa, interpreted from the Sioux tongue into English means, Red Bird, and is Miss Simmons' Indian name. Miss Simmons was of our corps of teachers a year ago and has since been taking a course of violin instruction at the Boston Conservatory. She is a fine violinist. If her interesting articles get into such papers as the Atlantic Monthly her reputation is made along literary lines. We understand that she is writing a series to be illustrated by a Hampton Graduate—Angel Decora, a young Indian maiden of the Winnebago tribe who has been studying in Philadelphia for some time and is making a name and fame as an artist. Thus the Indian is entering into the highest and best places. We are not content to be mediocre.

We are not content to whip the lesser college teams at foot ball, for instance, but some of the "big four" must succumb to our skill and training. So the "big four" in literature, art and science, will find ere long among them the Indian, who climbed to the top through the same drill, experience and hard knocks that men and women of fame usually have to pass through.

We hope the Indians will not get too big heads over their football victories. With Captain Wheelock disabled they yet scored against what is conceded by the best football authority to be the heaviest team in the United States to-day. SCORED against them and thousands who witnessed the game said if the last half had been ten minutes longer they would have come off victorious. No team that has played Harvard this year has scored, so the Indians are not ready YET to hear that the conceit was taken out of them by defeat last Saturday. The Harvard men are gentlemen, and class us where we belong, by THEIR side. With Captain Wheelock himself, and Scholder at his place Harvard very likely would have fallen. So says many a Harvard man and sympathizer. We are not overrated. Where Harvard and like Universities have men by the thousand from which to choose players, we have but a handful. Many a college player has had years of experience in high school and "prep." life and was classed as an experienced player before he ever entered his college course, while many of our boys never saw a football or heard of the game before they came to the school, and YET, yes, YET there are college men who weakly claim that the Indians do not live up to the four year limit.

The Susquehanna College paper comes out in a clean, clear cut and fair criticism of the Indians, acknowledging their own defeat and crediting it to the superior playing of the Indians. And there are others!

A subscriber from New Cumberland renews and says he thinks the HELPER is a delightful little sheet. It keeps him posted on all the news of the Indian School, and then he has a big brother attending Dickinson College who keeps him posted regarding the college news. He is always glad when the Indians beat at football, only he wanted Dickinson College to beat. We are somewhat sorry that we could not accommodate our interested subscriber in every respect.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, of Pawnee Agency, are on the employee list of Chillico, at present. It will be remembered that Mrs. Roberts is our long-time-ago Rose Howell, and we still remember her rosy cheeks and vivacious spirits as a little girl with us. Her husband went to school to the writer in the Indian Territory over twenty years ago, and was one of the bright little boys of the class. We wish them unbounded success in all their undertakings. Mrs. Roberts says "Thanks to Major Pratt for the things I learned at Carlisle."

Mrs. Shaffner-Etnier, of Porto Rico has been ill and had to flee to the mountains and hot springs. We are glad to learn through an interesting letter to Kittie Silverheels that she has quite recovered. Miss Ericson has been to see her and she feels that she has had fresh news from us all. She sends messages of strength and interest to the Susans, begging that "they keep the fire of enthusiasm kindled brightly on the altar of Susandom." She would have every member be very jealous of the Society's honor and success.

Do you know how to carve a turkey? It is time to brush up on those little points.

Answer to last week's enigma: Williams Grove.

The Dickinsonian says 16-7.

The storm is over; let us proceed.

The term door is again in evidence.

Where is Mr. Kensler's snow for Thursday?

Nearly time to sharpen the carving knives!

Miss Senseney took a business trip to Baltimore last Thursday.

Even the little boys are talking about Dewey's prospective marriage.

We do not have to pay extra postage now on papers and letters to Porto Rico.

To-night Mrs. Eastman and Miss Barclay visit the Invincibles; Misses Burgess and Carter, the Standards, and Messrs. Beitzel and Taylor, the Susans.

The Typos and Goosos had a snappy game of ball on the athletic field last Saturday, while the regulars were playing Harvard at Cambridge. The Printers won by a score of 5-0.

Mrs. Dorsett, Annie Morton, Amelia Clark, Nancy Cornelius, Mary Morris, Ella Sturm and Nora Jamison, have gone to attend the State Convention of King's Daughters, at Williamsport.

Mrs. Cook, Miss Bowersox, teachers, Miss Craft, guest and Misses Poodre, Chouteau, Metoxen, Rodgers and LaMere, students, took an enjoyable wheel ride over to the North Mountain on Saturday.

Do you see 152 on your wrapper this week? Notice that this issue is Vol. XV. Number 2, and the figures show that you are paid up to this volume and number. Those not wishing to miss any papers would be wise to renew immediately.

The great cornetist, William Paris Chambers, who was to play at the Band concert last Friday night, arrived in the afternoon and rehearsed with the Band. Those who heard him were charmed as well as amazed at the wonderful playing of the famous artist.

Miss Mary Stevick, of Denver, who is a guest here at present, went home with Miss Sarah Pratt of Steelton, to spend a day or two and returned Wednesday. From her general demeanor we risk the judgment that Mary thinks Carlisle is about right, even if the photographs of papa and mamma in her room do make her think of her western home, once in a while.

Mrs. Thompson and Miss Barr went with the footballers to Boston, last Thursday, besides Mr. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Warner. Miss Barr with Charles Roberts and Artie Miller called on Rev. Robert MacFadden, while there, and had a pleasant chat on old times. They picture Mr. MacFadden's home an ideal one, with wife and babe, and his interest in the Indians seems to be as strong as ever.

Those in the twenty-five dollar contest who have sent in fifty and more names are Miss Mary Shields, Carlisle, Pa., Master Irving F. Merrill, Jr., Moore Station, Pa., Jacob Rhule, Pittsburg, Pa., George Muscoe, at the school, Howard Gansworth, Princeton, University, N. J., and Palageia Tutikoff, Emigsville, Pa. We give these names thinking that they may have friends among the subscribers who would like to help them by sending subscriptions to be placed to their credit.

The Band Concert which was billed for Friday and which had the promise of a big house in town, was postponed on account of the death of Dr. Wile. The concert will be given on some date in the future.

On Saturday the band went by livery conveyance over the mountains to New Bloomfield, 18 miles, to play at the Odd Fellows' Anniversary there. Starting at four in the morning, giving a concert at noon, parading in the afternoon and riding back late in wagons so overcrowded that many had to walk over the mountain, made a hard day for them.

Miss Ely has returned from Kansas. What is there in that Kansas air or water that brings back youth and beauty? It might pay a NUMBER of the Carlisle people to go out to Kansas for a time. The fact is, it is the change and rest that every one needs, and it matters not much where one goes to get it. If Kansas people who are worn out would come to Pennsylvania we would treat them as well, and send them back with youth and beauty restored.

Major and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Nana Pratt were invited guests at the launching of the great Russian cruiser Variag at Cramp's Shipyard, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, and to the breakfast that followed where there were Counts, Countesses, Embassey people and attaches, Generals, Commodores and all sorts of distinguished people from foreign lands in attendance, as well as a large number of military and other notables from our own country. It was a rainy day, but otherwise a very enjoyable event.

A Hallowe'en party given by the ladies at the East end of Teachers' quarters—Misses Forster, Paull, Weekley, Cutter, Carter and Peter, on Tuesday evening was an enjoyable affair. The "Indian" man and wife attracted a great deal of attention and entertained the guests a few minutes by fanciful medicine steps. There was singing, also refreshments galore and unique, as well as games. Fire places and the old fashioned ghost story in the dark had a place. One of the most grotesque ghost stories we ever listened to was given by Dr. Eastman in his inimitable way. What the Doctor does not know about primitive Indian customs is not worth knowing. Being a Sioux himself he has secured the heart beatings of the old Indians in legend and in family and tribal lore, and that without white man adulteration. The fortune poems were beautiful and appropriate, some of which were original, from Mrs. Eastman's fertile store.

Miss Ericson of San Juan, Porto Rico, has written to Miss Ely, telling interesting things of herself and country. One thing, she says we would enjoy seeing the stir there among "Americanos" on the days that the mail steamers arrive. They all turn out to the post-office, and one would think some great convention was in progress. She has found a home with Americans and has her Carlisle things around her. The longer she stays there the better she likes it, although she does get vexed at times over the slowness of the natives. "Manana" (to-morrow) is the standard word for them. It is no wonder that they are poor, for everything has to be done "manana."

through his sermons the INDIVIDUAL was benefitted. His chair is empty, his lips are closed and we feel the sting and sorrow in the loss of so great a personality.

Pasaquala Anderson spoke on behalf of the girls and referred to the earnestness manifested in his prayers for the enlightenment of the Indian.

S. Kendall Paul spoke for the small boys, and alluded to the many hours of study the deceased had devoted to the interests of the pupils, for he had said that he thought it a most important duty to give to those who were just coming into the light the best that his intellect could furnish. His intense interest in the school has been appreciated by the small boys as well as the entire student body. We honored and loved him.

After this the following resolutions were read and adopted by a rising vote of the audience:

The Resolutions.

Inasmuch as Almighty God has seen fit to remove from works to reward our beloved Chaplain, the Rev. H. B. Wile, this school in all its membership of faculty and students, deploring deeply the loss we are called upon to bear, and bowing to wisdom infinite in its designs, yet desire to place on record our appreciation of the labor amongst us of our late friend and Chaplain, who during eight years of faithful service had become endeared to us all, so that along with his regular parishoners we regard him truly as "our Mr Wile," our Pastor.

Combined with ability and scholarship of a high order our friend was endowed beyond most men with those genial qualities of mind and heart which made all who were brought in touch with him feel that in him they had a friend able to guide them in their spiritual life, but who yet was a man amongst men, interested in the occurrences of the day, rejoicing in the day of joy, and in time of trouble full of sympathy with the distressed and afflicted.

His work amongst us was remarkable, in that while presenting his discourse in a way to interest the slow understandings of some of his hearers, he never failed to present in their fulness the vital truths of Christianity, in the spirit of the Master himself, who spoke not to sect or class, but to all who would hear the word.

The congregation ministered to here is unique; nowhere in the world is there another like it; representing 70 tribes and languages, gathered from all sections of the country for the purpose of education and receiving under his ministry instruction in the way of salvation. From this place hundreds have passed out, as teachers and workers, carrying in their hearts and minds the good seed of the word, to bear fruit; some in the far North, under Arctic shadows, others to the torrid plains of Arizona and New Mexico and the pine forests of Michigan and Minnesota, while still others have followed the flag of their country to Cuba, Porto Rico and the far off Philippines.

Hundreds are yet here who have listened to him who will, in due season also pass out, taking with them to remote places the words of life so faithfully dispensed by him whose voice we shall hear on earth no more but who, verily, being dead yet speaketh.

Reverently in imagination we draw aside the veil that hides from us the spirit world, behold the great white throne, and hear addressed to our friend the glorious greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

RESOLVED: That we feel deeply with Mrs. Wile and her bereaved children, and tender to them this memorial as embodying our sincere sympathy for herself and family, and our love and esteem for the deceased husband and father.


Signed in behalf of the Faculty and Students,
R. H. PRATT,
Major & Superintendent.

Schedule for Football.

Sept. 23, Gettysburg at Carlisle; won, 21-0
Sept 30, Susquehanna at Carlisle; won, 56-0
Oct. 14, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; WON, 16-5.
Oct. 21, Dickinson at Carlisle; won 16-5.
Oct. 28, Harvard at Cambridge; lost, 22-10.
Nov. 4, Hamilton at Utica.
Nov. 11, Princeton at New York.
Nov. 18, University of Maryland at Carlisle.
Nov. 25, Oberlin University at Carlisle.
Nov. 30, Columbia at New York.

The History of the Indian Rights Association of Iowa, and the founding of the Toledo, Iowa, Indian school. is before us, compliments of Superintendent George W. Nellis. It is an interesting illustrated pamphlet, for which we wish to express our thanks.

Mrs. Harriet L. Root, of Battle Creek, Michigan, who is 87 years of age, renews her subscription for the HELPER, saying: This may be my last, but as long as I am able to read I desire to keep in touch with the good that is being done in the world. I feel that Major Pratt has done a noble work. May the Lord abide with him and bless abundantly the school."

 TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!!! The person sending us the most subscriptions before Thanksgiving Day, 1899, will receive in cash the sum of twenty-five dollars. There are certain easy rules and restrictions which must be followed. Send for them at once if you are going to enter the contest.

Enigma.

I am made of ten letters.

My 6, 7, 8, 5 is a fate.

My 4, 3, 8, 10, 2, 1 is what a chicken does at night.

My 9, 7, 6, is what lightning may be conducted by.

My whole is what are in evidence again at Carlisle after hiding themselves out of sight for the last six months.