

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XV.

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Number 27.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE WILL.

NOW, when the race is just begun,
With all its warmth and zest,
And twice the needful gifts and powers
Are trembling in your breast:
While Fortune beckons just before,
While Hope is in the van,
Resolve with all your strength and soul
To do the best you can!

The best you can! The time will come
When that will seem too small—
Ambition scarcely worth the pains,
So glibly is its fall!
To pick the shattered fragments up?
Accept the altered plan?
It almost needs a hero's heart
To do the best you can!

Dangers and downfalls lie in store
For every soul alive,
And life, in truth, is not a case
Of three and two are five,
But trust me, he, and only he,
Is wiser than the rest,
Who puts his shoulder to the wheel
And simply does his best,

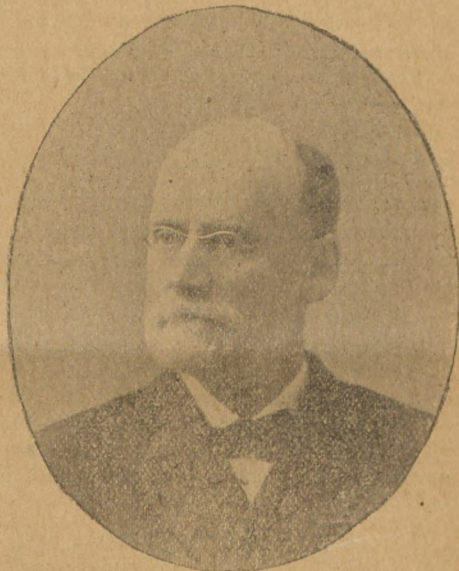
Some chance is always left at hand,
If not the chance we sought,
And none can tell what good may fall
From the least deed or thought;
Then take the troubles as they come,
Acquit you like a man,
Accept your part with all your heart,
And do the best you can!

—[DORA READ GOODALE.

PROMPT PEOPLE.

DON'T live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going right through it from the beginning to end. Work, play, study,—whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it squarely, then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they pick up the moments which dawdlers lose. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing that you hardly know how to begin let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very first thing that comes to hand and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after, like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

—[Selected.



DR. W. T. HARRIS,
Commissioner of Education.

AN OLD TIME FUNERAL.

It was in the early morning of a dreary day in November that I heard that weird and plaintive wailing of the women which announced that the end had come. On the next afternoon I saw the funeral procession about to start from the door of my neighbor's cabin, and immediately resolved to follow at a respectful distance to one of several little unfenced burying grounds on the hill.

There were many stragglers like myself, and when we reached the shallow, open grave, I saw that this was to be in all respects save one, an old time Indian funeral such as is seldom seen nowadays. The only difference was that a good many years ago, the dead were buried in trees or on high scaffolds instead of in the ground.

A beautiful white horse had been led at the head of the procession, laden with gaily col-

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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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 Story of the Little Big Horn," as told by Dr. Eastman from the Indian standpoint and illustrated with portraits of some of the chiefs who took part in that famous battle, will appear in the Chautauquan for July.

We regret to learn of the death at his home on the Osage reservation of Edward Albert, a student here for a number of years who left us sometime ago. His family have the sympathy of friends and classmates at the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Levant S. Mason will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary Wednesday evening, May ninth, at their home in Jamestown, N. Y. Many friends at Carlisle will join in congratulations to this couple upon their long and happy journey through life.

Miss Reel, the general superintendent of the Indian schools, says she is glad to get back to the Phoenix Indian School. She considers this place one of the most beautiful of all of those she visits. A number of the Indian schools lack the advantages of green grass, shrubbery, flowers and shade and in these essentials the Phoenix Indian school will become more beautiful each year.—[Native American.]

Joseph Flynn of troop C, 4th Cavalry, writes from Manila that he has been in several skirmishes during the last campaign. He is now stationed four miles south of old Manila along the bay. There are five ex-Carlisle boys on the island, and Joseph says he saw Lovet Halftown not long ago, but did not have a chance to talk to him. We are glad to hear that he is doing well, and has many friends in the troop.

A recent letter from Supervisor Charles D. Rakestraw contains the following: "Not long since I had the pleasure of inspecting the work of a 'Carlisle boy' as a teacher, and I found him doing excellent work. He is certainly a credit both to himself and to the school where he was educated."

Would you know the secret of success; why some people succeed where others fail? Here is the answer that Turner, the great artist, made to the query of a lady: "What is your secret of success?" asked the lady. Mr. Turner simply said, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Whatever a man's work may be, the road to success is the road of common sense, energy and industry.

It costs \$1,000 to get married in the Indian Territory, that is if you want to marry an Indian woman. The price of a Chickasaw marriage license to white men was formerly \$500. A year ago it was raised to \$600, and now the price is \$1,000. Each Chickasaw usually has property valued at about \$5,000. The license act was passed with the approval of President McKinley because many indolent white men marry Indian girls, gain possession of their property, and then desert them.—[Oklahoma Sun.]

The tailors and the printers seem to be having trouble of their own—they having played two games of base ball since the last issue of the HELPER and neither side can yet claim the victory. The first game resulted in a tie, score 3-3 and the second 6-4 in favor of the typos, but it was an uneven inning game. The championship game will be played Saturday evening. No doubt Mr. Shelley, their able instructor, who is an old base ball player, will give his boys lectures on "base ball science" in the meantime, and post them so well that the typos will have to use some of their "art preservative" to preserve their name and record.

Speaking of the recent visit of the Carlisle Indian Band, "The Boston Transcript" says: "Fifty-five Indian youths, all in charge of a full blooded Apache Indian, with no white manager or disciplinarian nor any other white man with them at all, spent a week in Boston without the smallest incident of disorder. There was no drinking, nor any other infraction of the most seemly requirements of good conduct. It is almost unimaginable that the same number of students from Harvard, Yale, Cornell, or even Amherst, should spend a week in a distant city on a concert or any other sort of tour without some of their members indulging in a spree."

Flower beds are planting.

The bakers make good bread.

Miss McIntyre is out again.

Mr. Frank Hudson spent Sunday in New York City.

After two weeks rest the band has again resumed its practice.

Miss Jacobs, of the sewing room, who has been ill for sometime, is improving.

Miss Cochran is giving one half day to the magazine work in the library.

Among the "farm goers" this week two typos went: Oscar Davis and Thomas Saul.

A party of 40 boys left for country homes Tuesday morning and 36 girls on Thursday.

And what did our relay team do at Philadelphia last Saturday? Ask the Dickinson boys.

The newly repaired roads and freshly white-washed fences give the grounds a trim appearance.

A leading and progressive Sioux chief sends us a dollar for two years' subscription to the Red Man.

The Standard society always receive favorable reports as to the sensible and often spirited programmes presented.

Miss Cutter has received some violets and ferns from May Riley in Kansas, which arrived perfectly fresh after their long journey.

The successive country parties are materially thinning the ranks in the lower grades of the school. The higher grades, however, still hold their own.

Miss Nana Pratt came home Sunday morning, leaving the rest of the family at the Philadelphia hospital. Both Major Pratt and Miss Richenda are improving.

Miss Sara Smith, Librarian, is rapidly bringing to completion a type-written shelf list of all books in the library, which will be placed in the various rooms for consultation.

17 to 0 is what Georgetown University gave to our base ball team on Wednesday, at Washington. Defeat, it is said, is sometimes our greatest glory, and that is a good way to look at this one.

Miss Luckenbach, who has completed a ten years' term of service at this school, left us on Monday for Phoenix, Arizona. Her many warm friends among students and employees bade her a reluctant farewell, and wish for her all success and happiness in her new field. A brooch of gold and pearls, in the shape of an edelweiss, was among the parting tokens offered.

Miss Lida Standing has returned to her work at the Pennsylvania Hospital.

The three literary societies are planning to hold a joint entertainment in a week or so.

Sarah LaBelle, who is seriously ill, left for her home in South Dakota Tuesday night, under the care of Dr. Eastman.

The drawing classes are reveling in color these days. What dainty violets smiled upon us from the Normalites on Tuesday! The frog-ponds in each room are teeming with life. No. 6 can boast the largest.

The Junior girls and others who spent Saturday afternoon on the mountains near Hunter's Run were more fortunate in their weather than the previous party had been, and equally successful in the search for flowers.

Boo! so close did the Alumni team come to being shut out by Oom Paul's team, alias Frank Beaver, Wednesday evening that they actually felt chilly. Overthrows galore on the part of the Alumni team and runs plentiful for the Boers, hence the "awful" score of 5 to 1 against the "dignitaries."

Miss Weekly gave an interesting talk on Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, to both divisions this week. Pictures of some of his most renowned works were shown and others described. The chapel talks are sources of pleasure and profit to all, and most of profit, perhaps, to the teachers who give them.

At teachers' meeting for the week Misses Bowersox, Cutter, Wood, Newcomer and Mrs. Cook discussed various phases of Interest and Will stimulus. Prof. Bakeless continued the topic of language work in sixth grade, showing the necessity for a logical presentation of the technical and practical side in all composition work.

Mr. Bennett says that he is planting a larger garden than ever before, to supply the increased number of students, and the season so far is favorable. He has just set out a large addition to the strawberry bed, which is certainly good news; and also tells us that he has fifty setting hens at present. The farm premises are looking unusually attractive, this spring.

The Susans had an interesting impromptu debate last week on the question: Resolved, That civilization increases human happiness. The speakers on the negative side brought out very effectively some of the arguments used by ethnologists and others against the civilization of the Indians. However, the judges decided unanimously in favor of the affirmative.

ored cloth, with beaded pouches and moccasins, finely tanned skins and other articles of value. He stood quietly by while the coffin was lowered. It was a plain pine box, two or three times larger than was necessary. When I inquired the reason, in a whisper, of one of the women, she replied that after dressing the dead in her handsomest garments and as many ornaments as could be possibly worn, they had wrapped her in a number of blankets and placed about her in the coffin as many of her most cherished possessions as it would hold. The rest were put upon the horse for general distribution at the close of the ceremonies.

A large tent, which had been her personal property, was now carefully spread over the box, and the earth slowly filled in. During all this time, the relatives and other mourners stood about in a circle, and there seemed to be regular times for crying and mourning, succeeded by periods of profound silence. While the crying was going on, one or two old women would chant the praises of the dead in a peculiar wailing tone.

Other members of the family who had died long before were likewise mentioned, and their names were signals for fresh demonstrations of grief. During one of these intervals of excitement one of the women bent over the partially exposed coffin of a relative who had slept there peacefully for many years, and with a loud burst of sobs removed her new shawl and spread it over him, remaining uncovered in the piercing wind to the end of the long ceremony.

At last the rough mound was complete, and amid a breathless silence, the favorite horse of my little neighbor, with all his gay trappings, was led close to its side.

Then the man who had been selected to perform the act placed his revolver almost against the forehead of the beast, and fired! One thrilling scream, almost human in its death agony—one leap into the air, and the noble animal lay beside his mistress.

The horse's scream was instantly repeated in a louder and more long-continued storm of sobbing and wailing than any which had preceded it, and in the height of this outburst the animal's burden of finery was released from his body and distributed among the mourners. Thus ended this strange scene.

LACOWA WIN.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.—Phillips Brooks.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER FROM ALASKA.

Saxman, Alaska, April 16, 1900.

Dear Readers of the INDIAN HELPER:—

I was born in Alaska in the year 1890. I go to school to Mrs. Young and I learn very fast. I have been through the Fourth Reader twice. I like the school very much.

This is a new town; there are some little houses and big houses. Sometimes two or three families live in one house. It is all in one room. Some houses have no stoves, but build a fire in the middle of the room and the families all sit around it. There is a hole in the roof for the smoke to go out.

In the spring we go away in big canoes to catch fish and kill some deer for winter.

We have plenty rain here; it rains most all the time. It rains more than the sunshine, and it snows some in winter.

If you like this letter I will write you more about the country and our people.

EFFIE OLAFSON.

Base Ball Schedule for 1900.

Sat. April 7th, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; lost, 6 to 7

Wednesday, April 11th, Mercersburg at Mercersburg; lost 11 to 12.

Thursday, April 12th, Syracuse here; won 7 to 5.

Wednesday, April 18th, Lebanon Valley College at Annville; tie 4 to 4.

Saturday, April 21st, Cornell at Ithaca; lost 13 to 4.

Thursday, April 26th, our second team at Mercersburg; lost 12 to 6

Wednesday, May 2nd, Georgetown at Washington.

Thursday, May 3rd, Susquehanna, here.

Sat., May 5th, Mercersburg, here

Sat., May 12th, Albright, here.

Wed., May 16th, Lehigh at South Bethlehem.

Sat., May 19th, Albright at Myerstown.

Sat., May 26th, Bucknell at Lewisburg.

Tuesday, May 29th, Gettysburg, here.

Wed., May 30th, Pennsylvania R. R. Y. M. C. A. at Philadelphia

Sat., June 2, Lafayette at Easton.

Sat., June 9, Gettysburg at Gettysburg.

Wed., June 13th, State at State.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 6, 7, 10, 11 is what we do to animals.

My 3, 4, 5, 10, 14 is what some people differ about.

My 6, 7, 5 is very black.

My 13, 8, 9, 13 is a hue.

My 5, 4, 2, 3 is to what may be done with a farm.

My 6, 8, 12 is what some people put on their roofs.

My whole is what most people like.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Trailing Arbutus.