

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XV.

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Number 33.

THE PLODDER'S PETITION.

LORD, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher!

Help me to long for mental grace
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find.
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thoughts to suit
A shriveled mind.

HELEN GILBERT.

MISS WEEKLEY HAS ARRIVED AT PORTO RICO—THE VOYAGE AND HER FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

In a letter dated, San, Juan, P. R., May 30, Miss Weekley speaks thus in part to her friends and class left behind at Carlisle:

Having the wind with us as we left New York, Tuesday afternoon, we hoisted our sails and were soon out of sight of familiar scenes.

Wednesday, the winds again favoring us, we passed Hatteras and crossed the Gulf Stream to find ourselves in the path of the trade winds. They retarded our progress, making us a day late.

From Tuesday night until Sunday night we were out of sight of land. Few ships passed us, the water grew bluer and bluer as we neared tropical seas, and with the exception of an occasional flying fish or a bunch of sea weed there was nothing but the blue of the sky rivalled by the blue of the ocean.

For hours at a time I sat on deck wrapped in my heavy cape, watching the play of the sunlight on the water, content to let the time pass without so much as a definite thought as to the morrow.

Sunday night, the cry went around:
"Land ahead!"

We rushed to the bow of the boat to get our first view of San Juan.

There it lay right under the southern cross—

the lights of the city gleaming across the water like so many stars.

It was too late to enter the harbor; the water the deepest in the Atlantic was too deep for us to anchor in, so we drifted around until the pilot came early Monday morning to take us in.

The first sound I heard was the bugle for rising at Morro.

In a few minutes the sun rose, and there lay the closely built city with its flat roofed buildings protected by the frowning fort.

Tall, graceful palms raised their feathery heads to the sun, and stood out dark against the sky.

The hills in the back-ground were green, making a beautiful setting for the city nestling so close to them.

As soon as we were anchored, for there was not a pier for our boat, we were visited by the health officer and custom house officials.

Long before this, however, the steamer had been surrounded by numerous small row-boats with a covering over one end and manned principally by negroes, who jabbered away in a mixture of English and Spanish. These boats were to take the passengers ashore.

One of our Indian Soldier Boys—Russell
Whitebear.

While watching the custom-house officers, I heard some one speak to me in Spanish.

Looking around, the familiar and smiling face of Russel Whitebear was before me.

He soon remembered his English, asked about his friends at Carlisle and wished to be remembered to them. He looks well.

Our Former Sloyd Teacher.

Soon after Russell left me one of Miss Ericson's friends came to take me to her. We found her in a well-equipped sloyd room, surrounded by a class of earnest pupils that did not look very unlike some of her Carlisle classes.

(Continued on the last Page.)

The Indian Helper

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—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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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 Carlisle Indians are the only competitors worthy of our steel within striking distance; and therefore are our natural rivals.
—[Mercersburg Monthly.]

Martha Owl, who graduated in '97, takes a diploma from the Carlisle High School, this year. The Commencement exercises occurred yesterday in the Carlisle Opera House, to which a number of the faculty and special friends were invited by Miss Martha.

We, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association wish to thank the employees and students of the school for the aid which they have given us in erecting a monument to the memory of Thomas Marshall.

EDWIN SMITH }
GUY BROWN } Committee.

Picnic Notes.

For an account of the picnic in a nutshell, read June Red Man, just out.

Thursday the 7th.

Ten coaches.

Best friends meet.

Two meals! Jolly! Jolly!

Singing birds and babbling brooks.

Band music and playing fountains.

Real Virginia reel.

Bumblebees and yellowjackets.

Botanizing and mountain climbing.

No dry bread after the rain.

Rambling in groups of three and more.

Landscape never more beautiful.

Tennis racquets but no tennis racket.

The waiter girls who had to forego some of the pleasures to help make ready the tables and wash dishes are to be commended for

their cheerfulness through it all. There were but one or two exceptions.

Miss Cutter's golf bonnet was one of the attractions.

The repacking of a hot box on a car wheel as we were about to return was interesting.

The behavior of the students was all that could be desired except in one or two cases.

Amusing game of ball—teachers and girls—three innings—score 21 to 1 in favor of girls.

The girls were seated opposite the boys at table, which was pleasant to nearly all.

Mr. Mason Pratt and Mrs. Pratt, Master Dick, Misses Sara, Roxanna and Marion all of Steelton were in attendance.

As we passed a train load of Wilson College girls near Chambersburg going home on their vacation excitement ran high.

Ask Mr. Miller if he ever got left. He and baby got off at East Fayetteville to visit friends and Mrs. Miller remained on train. They soon found each other, however.

Dinner call by bugle was a welcome sound to all.

Chicken, cake and lemonade were some of the good things taken along to eat.

The superintendents of shops and their families who reside in town seemed to enjoy the day as much as the rest of us and they were welcome associates.

Rev. Diffenderfer, Miss Williams, Miss Diven and Mrs. Eckles were among the guests of the occasion.

A stray football thrown by careless boys hit Miss Miles and Mrs. DeLoss and hurt them badly for a few moments.

Virginia Eastman and Miss Ely were the hammock sleepers, and were photographed. Don't tell 'em!

Instructor of tinsmithing and wife Mrs. Harkness stepped the Mazurka to the admiration of all.

The most tired people must have been Major Pratt, Mr. Kensler, Miss Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Vandermay, Miss Noble, and Mrs. Rumsport, who had the management of affairs and the serving of the food.

The boys and girls who stuck their heads and arms out of windows as the train was in motion made the M. O. T. B. S. hold his breath more than once, he remembering the student that was killed in that way a year or two ago.

The mix-up in seating on the train for the home trip was due to a misunderstanding of orders. The boys behaved like gentlemen through it all, but some of the girls showed a petulant and ungrateful disposition, anything but becoming, after having had such a delightful day.

School closes to-day.

Lawn sociable Saturday night last.

The Fourth is less than three weeks off.

Miss Miller spent Sunday in Philadelphia.

The storm on Monday night was no light one.

The Standings returned from Gettysburg on Friday.

Miss Nana Pratt is visiting friends at Pottstown.

The meet with Bucknell last Friday resulted in a tie—52 to 52.

We won the game from the Gettysburg team on Saturday; score 12 to 6.

Ernest Robitaille was one of the graduates of the Dickinson Law School, this year.

Master Hobart Cook, of the St. Luke's Academy, Bustleton, is visiting his mother.

The game of baseball with State College on Wednesday was lost to us by a score of 5 to 3.

The baseballers held a reception in the Y. M. C. A. hall on Monday evening.

Mrs. Dorsett is in Philadelphia for a day or two, on school business, and Mrs. DeLoss is in charge of the girls.

The honeysuckles in front of Major's and elsewhere, are contributing their fragrance to the air.

Louis Sanchez has gone to his friends at Huntingdon, this State, for the summer and is a happy little boy.

"Ice! Ice!" crieth certain by-standers to one who moveth slowly, but it has not the most cooling tendency.

Miss Pauline Cope, class 1900, Wilson College, was a guest of Miss Richenda Pratt for a day or two, on her way to her home in Easton.

Miss Reasoner, of Chicago, is visiting her aunt—Mrs. Given. She has been here before and received a warm welcome from her Carlisle friends.

Too many changes among the students this week to note by name. A number have gone to their homes in the west, and another large party has gone to the country.

Miss Cutter spent Sunday with her sister Miss Ruth Cutter, at Kensington, Md. The latter has a recent appointment to the Census Bureau in Washington.

Major and Mrs. Pratt tendered the Band an informal reception on Saturday night. Each member was privileged to have the company of a young lady friend. Games and a social chat were indulged in; refreshments were served and the evening was highly enjoyed by all who participated.

Ohiyesa is the handsomest young man on the grounds now.

We have had some fair samples of rain lately, but the grass needs more.

A number of the faculty of the school were invited by our neighbor, Mr. Wetzel, to his beautiful residence, to see the opening of a fine Night Blooming Cereus. It was the most perfect plant of its kind that most of the company had ever seen, and the same was greatly admired.

The June Red Man is mailed to-day. Among other interesting reading matter this issue contains Mrs. Cook's Outlook article on The Representative Indian, which excited considerable comment and which takes the new view of the way to represent the Indian.

Frank Teeple, '00, is working for the Sturgeon River Lumber Company, Michigan, and is most of the time on the jams. He sometimes falls in and is forced to swim. Before his present employment he was working for the same company, running rapids, which is regarded quite dangerous business, yet he enjoyed it.

Several at our school have been invited to be present at the 17th Anniversary and Graduating Exercises of the Chilocco Oklahoma, Indian School, June 17 22; and we should be pleased to attend, but are afraid that official duties will keep most of us at home. We wish them success, however, and that the class turned out will be a credit to its alma mater.

The band has given up its trip to Paris and has disbanded. Many of the boys have gone to their homes in the west and some to the schools whence they came. Storekeeper Kensler has taken charge of the instruments and there will be no band music for some time. No one is more sorry for this than the Man-on-the-band-stand. And the school in general truly mourns the breaking up of the organization that has given us so much pleasure.

A brief, impressive service was held on Wednesday afternoon at the grave of the late Thomas Marshall, in whose memory a stone of gray granite has been erected by the Young Men's Christian Association of our school and other friends. Rev. Alexander McMillan, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church Carlisle, officiated, and his remarks were most appropriate, recalling the manly, Christian life that we still miss sorely. He said that we were not met to consecrate anew the ground, but to consecrate our hearts anew to the service of the Master whom Thomas so delighted to follow. His was indeed one of the "lives that lift."

Continued from 1st Page.

She gave me a warm welcome and asked many questions about Carlisle, showing she had not forgotten her friends there.

The people on the island have coffee at six, breakfast at twelve and dinner at six, so I had breakfast with Miss Ericson. It was, I thought very good.

Visits The Grave Yard, First.

After breakfast we went to the cemetery, which is one of the sights.

The newer part looks very much like our cemeteries, but in San Juan the grave is rented, and if the relatives of the deceased do not pay the rent the body is dug up and the grave is rented to some one else, even the coffins are sometimes rented.

In the old part we found a solid brick wall, nearly 30 feet high and ten feet thick. In this were four horizontal rows of niches each large enough for a human body.

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The Grave Wall.

These niches or graves are rented the same as those in the newer cemetery. There were many vacant, that had been newly white-washed showing that the bodies had been removed recently.

The ground was covered with bones while immense lizards darted in and out among the weeds.

She Reaches Ponce,
Where Mrs. Shaffner-Etnier Lives.

Leaving San Juan at six we reached Ponce early Thursday morning. Here again we had to anchor away out from shore and be inspected before we could land.

If Mr. Etnier had not come to the boat for me I fear I never should have had the courage to come ashore alone, for I am afraid of the boatmen who chatter in Spanish.

Mrs. Etnier gave me a very cordial greeting, and soon I felt at home in her cosy house. My room is small, but cool, neat and comfortable with electric lights.

San Juan is on the coast, but Ponce is back about two miles from the ocean, and there are hills all around us.

Tomorrow I begin work in the schools of Porto Rico. For a little while I shall have third or fourth grade work, then later seventh or eighth. I am sure I shall like the work here, but will not forget my class and friends at Carlisle, and the helps they have given me.

We see by the Haskell Leader, Kansas, that their Commencement will occur June 17 20; that ex-superintendent, now President of Shaw University, N. C., Charles F. Meserve was married to a Miss Julia Philbrick, of Waterville, Maine, in May; that our former Miss Stanton is at Gloversville, in the foothills of the Adirondacks; that Miss Kemp, for a short time with us, has resigned her position as teacher at Genoa, Nebraska, and accepted a position in the Census Bureau at Washington; that Mr. Peairs has said something nice about returned Carlisle students whom he met at Laguna, N. M., which will appear in the July Red Man; that Miss Daisy Dixon received her Masters degree at the University of Kansas, last week; that Dr. Dixon recently gave his Sunday School class a band-wagon ride and an ice-cream treat and that they have a Joe Setter in the painting department while we have twenty "setters" in our printing department.

A letter from Libbie Archiquette's country home expresses her pleasure in her work. She is being urged by her friends to return west, but is very anxious to remain at school until she graduates. If home friends could realize how they hinder the progress and disturb the peace of the boys and girls here who are struggling to make men and women of themselves, they would write only encouraging letters, and would cease their begging their children to give up a good thing.

We get most encouraging reports from Isaac Seneca, '00, who has established himself in the blacksmithing business near his home in New York State. He sent for Sydney Burr, to whom he will pay first class wages. There we are,—Indians in business hiring Indians. We have turned out mechanics who became "bosses" of white men.

Zitkala Sa is spending the summer with her mother in South Dakota. An editorial on her Atlantic Monthly articles which appeared in the Word Carrier will be reprinted in the June Red Man.

Enigma.

I am made of 18 letters.
My 5, 7, 12, 10 is the way a tennis ball feels to a person.
My 3, 8, 1 is a young bear
My 13, 15, 13, 14, 10 is to be clever and active.
My 6, 2, 17, 16 is to make well.
My 4, 9, 7, 10, 10, 11 is full of hard places.
My whole is what are robbing the printing-office of hands just now.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Vacation.