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# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. VIII.

—FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1893.—

NO. 26

## MARCH.

**B**OLD March! Wild March!  
O you saucy fellow!  
Even tho' your voice is rough,  
We know your heart is mellow.  
Hush! You'll wake the children up,  
They are sweetly sleeping,  
Daffodil and buttercup  
Still are silence keeping,  
Sing, then, low, softly low,  
Whisper sweetly, softly--so.

There, now! So, now!  
Listen to the clatter!  
Pink arbutus stirs in bed  
And wonders what's the matter.  
All the icy fleets set free  
Down the streams are rushing  
Toward the everlasting sea,  
Wildly, madly pushing.  
Blow, then, blow! Let them go!  
Winter's reign is o'er, we know.

Up hill, down dale,  
Over moor and mountain,  
Shout and sing: "Awake! 'Tis spring!"  
Burst forth, O laughing fountain!  
Bend, tall elms, your graceful heads!  
Swing low, O weeping willows!  
Stretch, little blades of grass! For March  
Has come to air your pillows.  
Arouse, O pine! Awaken, larch!  
And greet spring's trumpeter—brave March.

### A TRUE STORY OF THREE INDIAN LADS WHO TRIED RUNNING AWAY FROM SCHOOL.

*(Continued from last week.)*

"If we go home," said Harry as he brought down the ax with a heavy blow which sent a chip flying half away cross the wood yard, "they'll soon catch us and bring us back. The policemen can smell us out because they get pay for that business and every one of us will get a whipping, when they bring us back. I don't enjoy that prospect."

"I'll fix that," said Ben with a twinkle in his black eyes. "I have thought it all out. We will not go home to the village. I have

had enough of that kind of running away. We will strike for the rail-road. If we go straight in this direction," said he as he lifted his heavy lips toads the south, a true Indian style of pointing, "It is not more than half a sleep's walk. Some white people in that town over there" again raising his lips, "are kind; they will give us something to eat. I have often been over there and they are always kind to me. I know one man in that town he is a very good man and I know he will give us some warm coffee and good bread to eat, and he will let us sleep in his shed, then when we get tired of that place you know we have to pay nothing to ride on the freight cars so we can go easily to another town and ask for something to eat and after while we get some work to do, don't you see? That is better than stayng here, aint it Harry?"

"Yes! Te Kit-tow-ee larixsis" shouted he in Indian, which interpreted might mean, "That is fine," and he continued. "We will go where YOU go, won't we, Ed? You be our chief, Ben. Whoop la! I'm ready; when shall we start?"

"To-night!" answered Ben unhesitatingly for he had the plan well laid.

"We must take along something to eat," said Harry. "I don't like to steal it, do you? But how are we going to get it. I believe what my Sunday School teacher says. She all the time talking about stealing and she says it is wrong. I don't want to steal, do you Ben?"

"No," said Ben, thoughtfully, "I don't want to steal, but this time we will just *take it* some bread, we will not steal it, because, you see, if we go away, we will not be here to eat our share; so Ed to night after supper, when the girls are putting away the things, you slip in the store room while the door is open and take a loaf of bread for each of us."

"All right," said Ed "if it isn't stealing. I don't think that would be very wrong, so I

*(Continued on Fourth Page.)*

# 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 A YEAR.

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The INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office for fear a bill will be presented.

Never sign any paper without understanding thoroughly and considering well what you are doing.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Garry P. Meyers and Dora E. Van-Felden, at the Blackbird Presbyterian Church, Omaha Agency, Nebraska.

A good hearted but partially deaf old lady is much disturbed by the talk about the Kickapoo Indians. She doesn't see why anybody should kick a poor Indian.—Ex.

The *Red Man* for March is about complete as far as the type setting is concerned, and we hope to get out by the latter part of the month. This number will contain the graduating essays in full.

It is thought that pupils on going home are sometimes given to nunting up the evil about their fellow students and reporting it. This may be true in some instances, but the practice of evil reporting is not confined to students. A missionary who recently visited the school was asked about a certain young man who had returned to the agency. "Well, I am very sorry to say that he is not doing well," was the disheartening reply. Nothing more was said at the time, but the young man's teacher wishing to find out further concerning her pupil, discovered upon close inquiry that the boy was not known to drink or gamble or practice old Indian customs. He did not attend Indian dances nor frequent places of evil, but he had what is known as the "big head," and did not pay the missionaries that deference they thought was due them. This of course was very wrong but hardly sufficient to entitle the young man to the charge of "not doing well," given with a long drawn sigh as though he were on the downward road to death and destruction.

News of returned pupils at the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, comes to us this week as follows: Isadore Labadie is at home and is as usual very good and kind to her aged grandfather. Esther Miller Dagenett is very happy in her work assisting her husband

Charles Dagenett (class '91) in publishing the *Chief* for the Land and Town Company. Eva Johnson is teaching at the Quapaw school. Delia Hicks is employed in the Wyandotte school, though she has been troubled this winter much of the time with rheumatism. Lydia Flint is married. Eliza Peckham is now at home though she was employed at one of the schools for a long time. Ella Barnett has gone to the Sac and Fox country. She has two dear little children. Mary White is in the Quapaw school and has grown to be quite a big girl, is good, too. Arthur Johnson has arrived safely and is enjoying the horseback rides. He has already found work at good pay.

Bad roads are improving.

A very pleasing musicale was given last evening by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. in the Y. M. C. A. parlors. They gave quite a number of these entertainments during the past winter, but this was one of the most successful.

The rendition of the entire programme was highly appreciated, but special mention must be made of the cornet solo by Dennison Wheelock. He is undoubtedly one of the most perfect cornet players of the state.—[*Carlisle Herald*].

Then came the cornet solo by Dennison Wheelock, musical director of the Indian band, and those familiar with that gentleman's musical ability need not be told that it was a treat.—[*The Carlisle Evening Sentinel*].

The farm mother with whom Luke Pequongay, Ota Chief Eagle, Leonard Kenesewah and others have lived for a while, says in a letter of renewal of subscription: "When Indian boys come strangers, as these boys do to our homes, taking up life with us—honest, industrious, patient and faithful, although the place that knew them once knows them no more, memory of them remains, and no matter where we hear of them we feel they are all right and are climbing the ladder of manhood nobly."

A writer in an exchange says: "I visited a white school last week at Genoa, Nebraska, and as I neared the playground some boys called out, 'Hello, Red-head! Hello, Plug-hat!' I visited the Indian school next day, and was met everywhere by the courteous salutation, 'Good morning, sir.' The first were sons of civilized people; the last, sons of uncivilized people!"

A correspondent from New England says "When I read that the girls were ahead on English speaking and secured the hearing of the solo I exclaimed, 'Good for you girls! Get ahead as often as you can!' The effect will be beneficial, for of course the boys will hasten to bring up in line at the earliest possible moment."

If you don't mean to keep the rules to govern boys going on farms DON'T SIGN THE CONTRACT! If you think the rules are JUST, sign them and then KEEP them or DIE. That is the only spirit which will bring success to your life at the Carlisle school and on farms.

"Root it out!"

We all know what that means.

Keep off the grass!

How familiar are these words!

Let us obey for a few weeks, then we shall have a lovely lawn.

It is too soon yet to get the Spring fever.

Cleaning up winter debris will soon begin.

The farm fever is now epidemic at our school.

Was Tuesday's and Wednesday's storm the equinoctial?

What will the robins do now poor things! Liars are cowards.

BRAVE men tell the truth and take the consequences.

Misses Botsford, Moore and Shaffner spent Saturday in Harrisburg.

The breezes from the West are very coolifying, just now.

Miss McAtee is taking charge of the schools as Principal for a few days.

We can pay no attention to Enigmas received whose answers are not given.

Ladies should pass through a door first, but a gentleman is to go first in going up-stairs.

The What-so-ever Circle of King's Daughters has purchased a fine large Bible for the chapel desk.

It is said that the Seniors are taking hold of their new studies with a vim, determined to make a creditable graduating class for '94.

The newly elected officers of the "Wayside Gleaners" are as follows: President, Ida E. Powlas; Vice President, Florence Miller; Secretary, Miss Daisy Dixon; Treasurer, Lizzie Sickles.

Mr. Kennerly, of Piegan Agency, Montana, who brought his two little daughters and little son two weeks ago, has since returned to his home in Montana. Jerome is now the smallest pupil who attends school, he being five years old and the pet of the quarters.

Remenyi! We have laid eyes upon a master genius! In accordance with Captain's theory of giving us the BEST things to look at and to listen to in our upward march to civilization, we have had the exceptional opportunity of seeing and hearing the greatest violinist in the world—Ecouard Remenyi, and we can never forget him or his fiddle. He said he gave us two hundred and fifty dollars worth of music and we do not doubt his word for a moment. One of his violins is three hundred years old for which he would not take six thousand dollars.

The Young Ladies' Literary Society will henceforth be known as the Susan Longstreth Literary Society instead of the Endeavor Society. "Endeavor" was confounded with the large organization in this country known as the Christian Endeavor. It is eminently fitting to thus perpetuate the name of our esteemed friend Susan Longstreth who is conspicuously known as an ardent friend of the Indian and an especial benefactor of the Carlisle School. She has aided the school in hundreds of ways these many years. We regret to learn that Susan Longstreth is at the present time failing rapidly in health.

The Invincibles give a sociable to-night, and judging from past events of similar character the favored few who have been made happy with invitations may well expect a veritable banquet.

The cold wave came just in time to quiet down the swollen streams hereabouts and allow them to run off a little of the surplus water gathered from the melting snows. The Susquehanna has been raging for the past week.

Several of the boys are catching the stamp fever. Leander Gansworth is one of them but he prefers postage stamps to the stamp the small press gave his fingers the other day when he kept them too long between the tympan and the form in trying to recover a damaged sheet he was printing. He will soon be able again to resume his accustomed place at the case.

Our school-room had a short visit one day last week from Mrs. Milliken of Titusville, N. J., and her daughter Miss Bessie Milliken of Tokyo, Japan. Miss Milliken is a teacher in the "Joshi Gakuin," or Girls' Boarding School, at Bancho, one of the choice spots, in the beautiful and quaint city of Tokyo. Miss Milliken went to Japan in 1884 under the care of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and is now taking her first vacation. She was greatly interested in the work here, and was sorry not to be able to stay longer and see more of it. Capt. and Mrs. Pratt made her acquaintance while in Japan.

Miss Fisher has left us for a new field of labor in the Indian work. Yesterday she took her departure for Albuquerque, N. M., where she has been transferred by the Department as Principal Teacher in the Government Indian School, at that place. Miss Fisher is an old and well-tried Carlisle worker, having entered as a teacher twelve years ago, last Fall. She began in one of the higher departments of the school, and after Miss Semple left and Prof. Woodruff's short service, she was promoted to the position of Principal Teacher which she has filled faithfully for six years. During the past week or ten days, there have been numerous teas and evening parties given in her honor.

The King's Daughters' Circle, known as "Sunshine Scatterers" of which she was the leader, gave her an informal party and made her a present of a framed photograph of the Circle. Her Sunday School Class of nineteen of the advanced small boys, headed by Frank Shively, presented her with a beautiful autograph album in which each had written. The teachers and officers of the school presented a large Unabridged Dictionary of the latest style, mounted in convenient holder; and many have been the kindly notes she has received expressing regrets at her severance from our work, and appreciation of her assistance and encouragement she unstintingly gave to those with whom she came in contact. And thus she goes from us, leaving a trail of kindly feeling and good wishes on the part of the pupils and employees, whose memory of the deep interest she took in the welfare of the school and of each individual in it, will ever be cherished. Miss Fisher will be missed. May she have unbounded success in her new field of labor!

(Continued from First Page.)

will do it, and you and Harry must be outside to take your loaf, for what would Cool-la-hoos (the name given to the Industrial teacher) think if he saw me coming out of the basement with three loaves of bread in my arms?

The bread was secured and no one detected the schemers.

About mid-night that same night three dark figures might have been seen sliding down the lightning-rod from an upper dormitory into which the boys of the school were always locked at night.

They each had on a blanket tied around his waist with a piece of raw-hide string.

When they all reached the ground in safety and pulled up over their heads, the blankets which in the descent had fallen around their hips, they gave a glance heavenward as if to invoke the blessings of the gods, straightened out their limbs and started off on the nightly tramp.

When the blanket of an Indian is over his head and tied around the waist, the space between the belt and shoulders serves as a pocket, and into this pocket the boys had stowed their bread and a few other things which they considered essential in their wayward wanderings.

The night was perfect.

A lovely moon shone out from behind beautiful soft clouds which floated above the mid-night stillness, and save a bank of mist which was beginning to form along the western horizon the sky was faultless and the air was as balmy as a day in spring.

The boys started off briskly in the direction of the town which Ben had spoken of at the wood-pile.

As they went along in true Indian fashion, one behind the other, not a word was spoken.

They were not as happy as they thought they were going to be.

They began to wish already that they had not been so foolish as to leave a place where everything was being done to help them up out of darkness and ignorance into the light of knowledge.

They were boys of good minds and they KNEW when they stopped to think, that the school was a good place for them, but now that they had started to run away not one would be so cowardly as to propose going back.

So on they kept tramping.

The dark cloud in the west began to grow heavier and the soft southern breeze had veered around to the north and was blowing strong and disagreeably cold.

Snow flakes began to fall, and the boys gathered their blankets which now seemed light enough in such a wind, more closely around their ears, and looking at each other, went tramping on in silence.

Finally they came to a stream with high banks, over which there was a bridge.

Ben proposed as the morning light was beginning to dawn that they stop and eat some bread before going into town.

(To be Continued.)

## A RIDDLE.

The following ingenious riddle is attributed to the late Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and afterward of Winchester, England, thus it is known as

### The Bishop of Oxford's Riddle.

1. I am a trunk with two lids;
2. Two caps;
3. Two musical instruments;
4. A number of articles a carpenter could not dispense with;
5. Two lofty trees;
6. Two good fish and a number of shell-fish;
7. A fine stag and a number of animals of less noble breed;
8. Two playful animals;
9. A number of weather-cocks; Two established measures;
10. Two implements of war;
11. Whips without handles;
12. The steps of a hotel;
13. Result of a vote in the House of Commons;
14. Fine flowers and fruits;
15. Two scholars;
16. Two places of worship;
17. Ten Spanish grandees to wait on you;
18. A way out of difficulty;
19. A poor bed; A desert place;
20. A probable remark of Nebuchadnezzar when eating grass.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Santa Claus.

### STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription for the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache contrast, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra. Cash price 60 cents for the two.

(This is the most popular photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced pappoose in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo. of Piegan Chiefs. Cash price 20 cents each.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boudoir combination showing all our prominent buildings. Cash price 25 cents.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and another of the same pupils, three years after, showing marked and interesting contrast. Or, a contrast of a Navajo boy on arrival and a few years after. Cash price 20 cents each.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5 cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes, choices '89, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo, of buildings. Cash price 50 cents for school, 30 cents for 8x10's.

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Phila. Cash price 20 and 25 cents.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13 1/2 x 16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75 cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces Boudoir-size for 7 subscription, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cts.

Without accompanying extra for postage, Premiums Will not be sent.

For **The Red Man**, an 8-page periodical containing a summary to all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon the subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year for twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.