

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI

—FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1896.—

NO. 27

OUT-DOOR NOTES.

COME up, April, through the valley.
In your robes of beauty drest:
Come and wake your flowery children
From their wintry beds of rest.
Come and overblow them softly,
With the sweet breath of the South;
Drop upon them, warm and loving,
Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

April has come—the capricious in mien,
With her wreath of rainbow and sandals of green;
Storms on her forehead, and flowers at her feet,
And many toned voices, but all of them sweet.

THE INVINCIBLES SHOW THEIR METAL.

Those who were outside of the Y. M. C. A. Hall last Friday night, and heard the clapping of hands and the outbursts of laughter and applause by the audience inside must have been heart-sore with remorse at not being a society member.

The occasion was a select entertainment given by the Invincible Debating Society to the other societies and the faculty of the school. There were a few special friends also present.

The affair was gotten up so quietly and without the usual fuss of orders for extra work on the part of teachers and others, that it was a perfect surprise and all the more appreciated.

Many a society entertainment put upon the boards has originated in the minds of the faculty critics, with the result that all the credit of a good entertainment could not in justice go entirely to the society.

But, on Friday night, the Invincibles gave an evening entirely their own, and in that they are in advance of the other societies.

Of course they sought advice and counsel, as any well ordered organization of young people should do at such times.

A few timely suggestions were gratefully received by them from friends interested. Miss Hill kindly played the accompaniments to the musical selections and practiced with

them, but the brunt of the work was shouldered by the members themselves in a very creditable and quiet manner.

A stage had been improvised in the front part of the Hall. The opening address by the president, Alex Upshaw, was a dignified and vigorous effort in which he told briefly the purposes of the entertainment. It was intended to be a sort of a good-by meeting for the boys who were going to the country for the summer, but many having left before the society was ready, it was thought a good thing to invite their brothers and sisters of the other societies, for an enjoyable evening together.

The music by the orchestra charmed the audience and was more than once encored.

James Wheelock's clarinet solo pleased everybody and he was called out for the second time.

Caleb Sickles made a happy hit in a recitation very naturally rendered, and Frank Crouse caused several bursts of laughter in the rendition of his witty selection. Artie Miller, too, spoke earnestly and well.

Bruce Patterson and Lewis Webster enacted a scene called "The Lost Pig" in which Lewis drew on a blackboard, a stately and well rounded animal of the swine species, talking as he chalked.

The foot-ball scene was highly appreciated, and the prophecy that "Yale will not be in it" next Fall, it is hoped will come true. In this scene Ernest Peters, who had suddenly grown portly, represented Capt. Pierce of the Carlisle team.

Perhaps the most side-splitting scene of the evening was the Quartette, in which James Wheelock was a manager in distress. He appeared to be collecting an Opera troupe. The first applicant as a singer was Thomas Hainbury, dressed as a sweet young miss of sixteen. His falsetto voice, in imitation of a young lady, was perfection, and the hearty

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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.

Indian nature is only human nature bound
in tan.

Mr. and Mrs. George, recently married at
our school, have established themselves comfortably in the city of Syracuse, N. Y. They
are housekeeping and enjoying life generally,
judging from recent letters. May their peck
of troubles all through life be of scant measure.

Walter LeRoy Kennedy, class '96, took his
departure for home in New York, on Friday
last. Walter is a fair printer, and will be able
to care for himself wherever he goes. It is his
intention to go to school in the vicinity of his
home, where there are excellent academies
and normal schools.

The officers elected for the ensuing term by
the Standard Debating Society are: President,
Frank O. Jones; Vice-President, Robert Depoe;
Recording Secretary, Frank Cayou; Corresponding
Secretary, John Kennedy; Treasurer, C. L. Butler;
Sergeant-at-Arms, Richard Grant; Editor of
The Panorama, Leander Gansworth; Critic,
Thomas Marshall; Assistant Critic, Howard Gansworth.

Miss Shaffner went as far as Philadelphia
with a large party of country girls to see them
properly distributed from that point. While
absent she attended the Commencement Exercises
of the Williamson trade school in Delaware
County, and was a guest of Superintendent
Crawford and President Shrigley. She gives
a glowing description of the school and
promises an article about it for the April
Red Man.

Our band, at the invitation of Company G
(Gobin Guards) of Carlisle, played the
funeral march in the procession that carried
to the station the remains of Charles Spangler,
who it is attested by his physician died of
cigarette smoking. He was a bright and
promising young man of the town, but could
not control his appetite for the cigarette, in
the folds of which are hidden a deadly poison,
which, if it does not kill, makes weak lungs
and eyes and stunted bodies.

From Mr. Hudelson, who taught in No. 11
two years ago: (It will be remembered his
marriage notice was given last year.) "We
have the sweetest, brightest, dearest little girl
in the world, and in order to bring her up in
the way she should go and give her a broad
missionary spirit, I suspect she must have the
INDIAN HELPER. To that end I enclose one
dime." Of himself he says: "I have just
finished a very pleasant year's work here. I
often think of Carlisle No. 11 and its inmates.
It speaks well for old No. 11 pupils, that while
they formed less than one-fourth of class '96
they should deliver three-fourths of the addresses.
I often wondered if all the other
classes were as interesting, intelligent, industrious
and as nice as mine. I dearly loved
them, nor is my interest abated."

The little Sloyd workers make butter-ladles,
coat-hangers, table-mats, plain and ornamental,
match scratchers, flower-pot stands,
knife-rests, egg-cups, fish-line winders,
wall-brackets, book-holders, etc. Most of the
beginning articles are sold for five cents cash,
(by mail 7 cents,) and will be sent free for two
subscriptions and two cents extra to pay postage.
To thoroughly enjoy the articles, imagine
the little Indian boys and girls at work,
eager, happy and interested, in a room
specially fitted up with tools and benches, and
under the instruction of a thorough teacher. No
estimate can be given of the amount of good
that this new department of our school is doing
and will do for our growing pupils. The
articles are sold to replenish the lumber pile.

On Tuesday evening, during study hour,
the Johnnie Morris, Johnnie Covert and Thomas
Smith combine favored the little pupils of 13
and 14, and a few invited guests with a
pleasing magic lantern performance. Master
Smith, with mouth organ, was the orchestra,
Master Covert the lantern manipulator and
Master Morris the lecturer of the evening.
The lantern was a toy instrument which
reflected rays on a sheet 3x6 ft. In approved
style the magic wand of the lecturer marked
the change of scene, the pupils sang songs
at intervals; there were encores and the
whole little affair was characterized with a
touch of genius and tact on the part of the
performers that quite astonished the guests
of the occasion.

Mr. Campbell, Superintendent of the Wind
River Boarding school, Shoshone Agency,
Wyoming, writes: "Jimmy McAdams dropped
in this morning to see me. He has a farm
about a half mile from the agency and is
hard at work farming. He is now digging
fence holes and tells me he will commence
plowing tomorrow. Our fine weather
continues and I smile when I read of your
snows and slush. This certainly is a fine
climate. Trout! We had 'em for breakfast
both to-day and yesterday; our boys catch
them in Trout Creek which flows through
our farm. They weigh one and two pounds.
The country is full of ducks, so between
fishing and hunting and wheeling we get
some diversion."

Don't forget the 2-cent extra for postage
in ordering the Souvenir FREE for ten
subscriptions. Also remember the Souvenir
contains 60 fine views of the school.

It was a cloudless Easter.

Soon be time for frog concerts.

Capt. Pratt is on a business trip to Washington.

Bicycle excursions are in these mild April breezes.

Miss Paull's sister Mrs. Ray is with her for a brief visit.

Jane Smith, of Gowanda, New York, went home on Tuesday night. She is in ill health.

Amelia Clarke came in from her country home to attend school so as to make her grade in the Fall.

Milton Kline of Girard College is again visiting his uncle Mr. Morrett, our "Professor of cobbling."

Melinda Thomas who has a delightful home in the country came in for a little visit. She looks remarkably well.

Mr. Mark Weber is spending a few days with his brother at the school. He made the trip from Reading on his bicycle.

County Superintendent F. C. Bowersox and wife and little daughter of Middleburg, are visiting a few days with their sister Miss Bowersox of the school faculty.

The croquet triangle in front of the administration building is being levelled off and made even with the walk. The sod is being rolled back, dirt filled in and the same sod relaid.

A collection for the Armenian sufferers was taken up this week at the school. One couple who had engaged tickets for the Opera remained at home so as to give the money to the suffering Christians. This is true heroism.

Joseph Denomie has taken his departure for his home among the lakes of Wisconsin. Joe was a printer and a steady, faithful workman. He has many friends at the school who regretted to see him go, but it may be best all around. He is a little run down, and it is hoped that the change will do him good.

It took exactly 2223 eggs to give our young regiment an Easter feast. 1177 of them were colored to add interest to the occasion. Some of the little folks were delighted to find their names on the shell made in fanciful letters. Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge spared no pains in making the Easter breakfast an attractive meal, as far as eggs could go.

On last Friday, Miss Nana Pratt gave a little talk at the opening exercises of school, taking for her topic Washington Irving. Having visited his home, her descriptions were doubly interesting. On Monday, Robert Jackson gave a description of how salmon are caught at his home in Washington. The pupils greatly enjoyed this talk, also.

The little pupils of 13 and 14 remembered Easter by painting tiny Easter cards for friends. The M. O. T. B. S. received a handsome handpainted envelope photo-holder made by Martha Bozell, a morning-glory leaf painted by Cynthia Cooper, Lillies of the Valley painted by Lillie Archiquette, and another pretty little painting with no name signed. Every body who received mementoes was pleased, and Miss Hamilton said the children very much enjoyed the painting of them.

Mrs. Adley, of Harrisburg was a guest of Mrs. Dandridge on Thursday last.

Dr. Daniels paid a visit this week to Peter Howe, who is ill at a country home.

Miss Tietze, of Linden Hall Seminary, Lutz, was a guest of Miss Peter on Sunday.

There were 180 volumes taken out of the reference library during the month of March.

Miss Bowersox is acting principal of the academic department in Professor's absence, this week.

Clarence Whitethunder is taking regular lessons in photography at Mr. Andrew's gallery in town.

Professor Bakeless is visiting a number of educational institutions of Philadelphia and vicinity this week.

Mrs. Sprout dressed her tables at the teachers' club beautifully in floral decorations on Easter morning.

Some of the left-over snow of a Wisconsin blizzard reached Carlisle last Thursday evening, since which time we have had beautiful Spring weather.

The singing on Sunday afternoon was so fine that Rev. Dr. Wile wished there had been fifteen stanzas to one of the hymns. He gave a most impressive talk.

On Tuesday, the friends of Miss Jessie Paull were delighted to have her run in between trains, over night, as she passed on her way from her home at Blairsville, to the eastern part of the State.

We are grieved to be obliged to record the death of one of our number—Cora Price, of Cheyenne River Agency, Dakota, who died of Tuberculosis. The funeral services occurred last Friday, Rev. Dr. Wile officiating. Cora has a sister here, who, in her great bereavement has the sympathy of the entire school.

On Saturday, Mr. Gallop, editor and manager of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, joined Mrs. Gallop and son Brewster who have been guests of Mrs. Gallop's sister, Mrs. Thompson, for a few weeks, and the three took their departure for New York on Monday. Brewster likes the Indian boys, some of whom think there is no body quite like Brewster.

The Misses Norcross, of Carlisle, are Bryn Mawr students and have had as guests the Misses Lawther and the Misses Nichols also of Bryn Mawr. On Tuesday evening the young ladies mentioned and Mr. and Miss Cannon of Delaware, and the Misses Hench and Bourassa of our school, were met at the home of Miss Nana Pratt, by fourteen of our young men, and escorted to the gymnasium to witness a game of basket ball. After the game, the remainder of the evening was spent at Miss Pratt's home, in social chat.

James Kawaykla is one of the new printers, having entered on Tuesday. There is an Apache physician in Chicago, and an Apache writer of considerable note in the same city, an Apache master workman at Steelton, and several Apaches in various parts of the country doing creditable work, and now we hope to give James the rudiments of the printer's trade, which may lead an Apache into the editorial chair of some great paper. Who dares to say our hopes are vain?

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laughter elicited was of the kind that brings tears.

Levi St. Cyr took the part of a dutchman, "Mit hees leetle dog," which part he carried very well. Timothy Henry capped the climax by appearing dressed in his best as a young Irish maiden, who sang "My father and mother are Irish." The audience did not greet Miss Henry with bursts of laughter, but the kind of laughter that laughs all over from "the top unto the toe."

At the close, there were those present who said they had laughed more in that one hour than they ever had before in the same space of time. There were those who had gone to the entertainment from a sense of duty after a wearisome day's work, but they laughed and became rested.

The young maidens (?)—Misses Henry and Hanbury were elected by the Susan Longstreth Literary Society, present, as honorary members, and were escorted from their seats on the gentleman's side of the house by Capt. Pratt and Mr. Standing, (on whose arms they leaned heavily) to the ladies' side, and were received with a warm welcome. Badges were pinned upon them, hence they are now, when dressed as young ladies, honorary members of the Susans.

Addresses were made by Capt. Pratt, Dr. Daniels, Miss Cynthia Webster, President of the Susans, Mr. Frank Jones, President of the Standards, Mr. Standing, Miss Hamilton and others. The evening was one grand intellectual feast, musical charm, and merry laughter, which did every body good who was in attendance.

MAKING HER OWN WAY.

Julia Dorris is still making her own way in the city of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

She writes that she has had many offers to work in places nearer her home, but her better judgment tells her to stay where she is, in a very good home, with a kind lady who takes an interest in her.

Sarah James is working near her home and doing well.

Stiya is still going to school at the Government school, and Barbara has a nice place to work and is doing well. Barbara is called a very fine cook.

Such news is very gratifying.

Indian girls have a much harder lot than most of the boys who return.

When an Indian girl who leaves school at a young and tender age, branches out for herself in the right lines of a useful woman it is something to be proud of.

CHEMAWA.

Mr. Potter, for a time a member of our faculty, receives the following commendatory item in the Salem, Oregon, *Daily Capital Journal*:

After numerous changes in the management, the Chemawa Indian School seems to be at last under a good superintendent. Mr. Potter seems to have the qualifications necessary for the work at this large and important government training school.

Mr. Potter is still a young man though eleven years in the Indian service. He has executive ability, is an educator and disciplinarian combined. Besides he has the happy faculty of recognizing the children under his care as his equals and not as creatures beneath him. He also issues all the rations.

The Chemawa school is one of the most successful industrial experiments at educating children of Indian parentage to the trades and farming. It now employs about thirty persons and has at times in the year three hundred boys and girls in its care.

A LITTLE HERO.

Miss Cory writes that one of her little friends in Delphi, Indiana, came to her the other day and said:

"Papa gave me fifteen cents to go to the show last night, and I staid at home so I could have my dime for the little Indian paper."

Conundrums.

1. What is the noblest musical instrument?
2. How do seamstresses resemble rascals?
3. What is the oldest furniture ever read of?
4. What consolation has a homely girl?
5. What is the best way to raise strawberries?

Answers next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CONUNDRUMS: (1) It makes a lad into a lady; (2) When it has a little Indian in it; (3) He makes a little hair go a great way; (4) It is (o) without its tail; (5) In violet.

Enigma.

I am made of 20 letters.
My 3, 2, 10, 6 is what paper is made of.
My 16, 2, 4 is something to ride in.
My 17, 18, 13 is an animal.
My 6, 12, 13, 1 is a deep breath.
My 7, 8, 13 is an insect.
My 20, 18, 10 is what we call a tree after it is trimmed.
My 19, 9 is a conjunction.
My 11, 8, 15, 14 is a word used to indicate silence.
My 5 is a pronoun.
My whole is a school where 600 boys and girls are now being educated. C. A. S.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Country homes.