

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XII.

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✧ EASTER NUMBER. ✧

AT EASTER.

I DID not grow tired of winter,
I was glad of the snow and cold;
I liked the weather when flake and feather
Were flying o'er field and wold;
But now I am glad of the sunshine
That is calling the robins back,
Of the beautiful flowers, the long bright hours,
And the bloom in the springtime's track.

I have heard that Mother Nature,
A dame so wise and kind,
Is always spinning a sweet beginning
For the lives she keeps in mind.
She tends the snowdrop hardy,
And the jonquil's merry race;
She lines her pillows with pussy-willows,
And kisses the pansy's face.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



SOME CARLISLE INDIAN GIRLS IN THEIR COUNTRY HOMES.

Is it not a resurrection of the womanhood that has long been allowed to lie dormant in the Indian for want of opportunity, when through such refined homes and families as pictured above the Indian girls are brought into surroundings that elevate and make them self-respecting? And what more appropriate occasion than at Easter time in our Easter Number to show this bright and only hopeful side of Indian Education? Would that every Indian girl who is kept back by the false sentiment of pretend-to-be friends, and by ignorant parents, into degraded conditions that are shameful for a so-called civilized land to contemplate, could have such opportunities! They ALL could if proper measures were taken.

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, and EDITED by The Man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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Miss Marianna Burgess, Manager.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office or if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

The man who never has anything to do is the man who never has time for anything.—
JOHN WANAMAKER.

Professor Kinnear is travelling in the South, we see by letter. He has been spending some time in California, since he left the school.

Yesterday, the opening of the troutng season, was a disappointment to many fishermen hereabouts, as it rained too hard for successful angling.

The Twenty-ninth Anniversary of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, occurs on the 22nd of April a little earlier this year than usual.

John Kennedy, who went away some time since without leave or license writes from his home in Montana: "Please put my name on your subscription list, as I am longing to hear from Carlisle."

A card directing a change of address tells us that Miss Emma D. Johnson, has gone to Shawnee, Oklahoma, from the Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia. She does not say whether temporarily or for good.

We are very sorry to learn of the death, on April 4th, of Sarah Petoskey, at Petoskey, Michigan. Our informant, a sister of the deceased, says that Sarah was loved by all who knew her, and that she talked much about Carlisle and how she liked it. Sarah is known here as a sweet, lovable, and attractive girl, and the family at home has the sincere sympathy of all at Carlisle, in this their sad trial.

In the history of all self-made men (See p 4) MEN whom our country loves to honor by placing in high positions of trust, do we see them in their youth giving up good places and wandering aimlessly about only because they were tired of a certain kind of employment? When they did change their places of work was it not always to better themselves? And as young men, can we suppose they were spendthrifts, or did they SAVE their earnings? We do not have to SUPPOSE. We KNOW they saved their money and improved their odd moments in useful reading and study.

They call the gaurdhouse at Chemawa Indian School, Meditation Hall. Good!

Bosler hall was comfortably filled last evening with an audience to hear a lecture on "Iceland" by Miss Ruth Shaffner of the Indian School. The lecture was intensely interesting because illustrated by 50 views never before shown on canvas. Prof. J. F. Mohler of the college kindly loaned and operated his stereopticon. The treasury of the W. C. T. U. will be somewhat swelled, but would have been considerably more so if the inclement weather had not kept so many away.—[Carlisle Evening Sentinel, April 9.]

Mrs. Hannah Jonas, mother of Julia Jonas, Class '97, arrived on Tuesday from Ft. Lapwai, Idaho. Julia's brother, Levi Jonas, and Mrs. Harriet Stuart, known when a pupil of Carlisle, as Harriet Elder came with Mrs. Jonas. They were detained some time by high water along the Mississippi and Missouri. Julia, is very ill with pulmonary trouble.

The price for visiting cards is 10 cents for 25; by mail 12 cents. We have never deviated from that, and unless an order runs up into the thousands, can we do the work for any less, yet we recently had a customer who, on failing to put in the extra 2 cents for mailing and on being reminded of the error tried to argue the case with us. Mailing does not necessarily mean postage alone. It requires time and trouble to wrap, tie and weigh packages and a part of the 2 cents is to pay for this extra expenditure. Twenty-five orders from Massachusetts were filled last week and gave satisfaction.

Among the old Carlisle students whose names figure in the last issue of the Haskell Institute Leader, are Johnson Adams, '96, who is second sergeant of Company A at Haskell. Samuel Townsend of whom it was said; "The Leader doesn't need a type-setting machine as long as it can claim him as a member of the force," George Bent, who is a member of the Commercial Class, and Isaac Baird, '95, who delivered what was termed by the Leader "One of the most earnest, thoughtful Orations," in a recent Oratorical Contest, there. He is also a member of the Commercial Class.

Several of the Pimas, who know but little English, and have had but little experience out in the world, have gone to country homes this Spring. One bright little fellow, Jose Miguel, started off bravely alone. He had to change cars at Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Trenton to reach Frenchtown, but he made it. The development in experience of all such is very interesting to watch.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

It is said that the 9, 2, 4, 3 of a lion can be heard for miles.

The 10, 11, 12 of a horse is told by his teeth.

A 6, 5, 4, 1 is 1st cousin to an oyster.

The Carlisle school is 7, 8, 9 school.

My whole form the key words of Capt. Pratt's talk Saturday night, and is what a person must have if he would leave his old ways and associates to take on new and better ways.

Baseball

Please pass the eggs.
The fishing season has begun.
Is the Easter bonnet in trim?

Sunday was as beautiful a day as is often seen in these parts.

The schools are doubling up and some of the rooms have been vacated.

Useless, reckless expenditure of money makes our thrifty friends detest us.

Miss Luckenbach is off for a little Spring vacation. She will visit Bethlehem, Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

Elia Rickert has a '96 Cleveland, and takes pleasure in riding around with the rest of the wheelers when duties permit.

Not to save our pennies for a rainy day, makes our friends despise us when we ask for help in the time of suffering or need.

Clarinda Charles is back from her home looking well and as happy as ever. She brought quite a list of new subscribers.

On Monday morning it snowed while the robins and sparrows were chirping tunes of unwelcome to the beautiful white flakes.

In speaking of the game on Saturday, Mr. Thompson says he is well satisfied with the team work of our boys, and that Jacob Buckhart is famous on a catch.

The score:

Dickinson.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Indians.....	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	x	3

The Seniors are at their usual study of plant life. It is interesting to observe the different members watching certain trees in the process of budding and blooming.

The Carlisle team plays our second team, tomorrow afternoon on our own grounds. In the morning there will be an interesting game between first and second teams.

Mr. Norman, instructor in painting, has what he calls a new "talkaphone." It is an ear trumpet which enables those speaking to him to do so in a natural tone of voice, and not only he but everybody else rejoices.

That maple syrup from Jamestown, N. Y., which Mr. Levant Mason sends to friends at the school every Spring, is an ever welcome sweetness. Some came this week and lips are smacking over its delicious flavor.

Who likes to see an apparently well-dressed girl with white pins showing in collars and other parts of the dress? A neat woman uses no common pins in dressing, and NEVER a white one on a dark dress where it shows.

Miss Emily S. Cook, of the Indian Office, Washington, D. C., is with us to superintend the planning for the Nashville Indian Exhibit. Miss Cook is always a welcome guest at the school. Her friend, Miss Thayer, is with her. Both ride the wheel and have already enjoyed a spin in the gymnasium one rainy evening.

Brigman Cornelius, '97, has gone to a country home to get the wherewithal for a start in life, and the mailing department of the printing office loses a most efficient and valuable assistant. Brigman was the kind who never flinched or showed signs of "giving up the ship," no matter how much the work piled up, nor how disagreeable or tedious it became.

A number from the school took in Joe Jefferson last night at the Opera House, in Harrisburg.

A person who allows his appetite to run away with his money is in a very weak state of mind.

Many people seem to appreciate the look through the school that a study of the sixty views in our Souvenir gives them. We receive orders continually for them. Twenty-five cents cash, or ten subscriptions and a two cent stamp extra will secure one.

The noon lectures from the steam plant under the printing-office are well worth listening to and should entitle the deliverer to the name of "Professor." Mr. Weber knows "a heap" about steam, boilers, and fitting, and believes in giving his boys the benefit of the same.

Miss Paull arrived on Tuesday evening from Blairsville on her way to Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, where she has accepted the position of Principal teacher in the Indian school at that point. In Carlisle's loss Mt. Pleasant has secured a well-trying, faithful and valuable worker.

One of the boys who not long since went to his home in the West says: "I have the honor of assuring you that I will not forget to thank you for what you have given me. I left Carlisle about five months ago and I am already tired of this reservation. I only hope and wish for another chance."

The person who is required to do something he does not LIKE to do, and does it uncomplainingly, makes for himself a CREDIT in the minds of those over him which is sure to come back to him sometime with compound interest in the way of privileges or extra allowance.

Dickinson's Indian Freshmen—Howard Gansworth, Thomas Marshall and Joseph Adams on going to town to attend the Freshman Banquet, last Friday night, were obliged to be escorted by several friends to insure a safe arrival at the hall on account of the Sophomores lying in wait to hinder and oppress their everlasting foes—the Freshmen.

Every one must regret that the Christian powers of the earth think it their duty to take sides with the Turk in the present Cretan disturbance, and a member of our force writes a hymn (p 4) which has a ring to it that should be sounded throughout the land. In olden times the Western nations of Europe defended the Christians, but expediency has produced an astounding change in policies of nations.

The game of baseball between the Indians and the college team on Saturday afternoon, was won by the former team by the score of 3 to 1. Dickinson made its run in the fourth inning, on a hit by Runkle to Shelafo, who overthrew to first, permitting Runkle to score. The Indians made their first run in the second inning. Hudson got to first on an error by Runkle, who advanced by a hit and came home on a wild pitch by Williams. Jamison made two runs, the first by a hit and fine base stealing, the second by an error of Bindenberger and a sacrifice by A. Miller.

The best playing for the Indians was done by Pierce, Eastman and Shelafo.—[Carlisle Herald, April 12.]

For the HELPER.]

HYMN OF THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

ONWARD Christian nations
Marching to the War
With the flag of Islam
Going on before.
Your noble Turkish master
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle
See his bazouks go.

CHORUS.

Onward Christian nations,
Marching to the War,
With the flag of Islam
Going on before.

At the sign of Abdul.
Europe's fleets do fight,
On then Christian nations,
On to Greece and Crete.
Hell's foundations quiver,
Moved by demon's roar
Cannon roll your thunders,
Quick your volleys pour.

CHORUS.

Armed with mighty power
Nations of the West
Christians they are treading
Where Sultan wills them best.
They are not divided
All in concert they
One in hope and purpose
In deep duplicity.

CHORUS.

Armenians may perish
Cretans starve and die
But European concert
Steadfast shall abide
Widows' wails and orphans'
'Gainst it shall ne'er avail
One and all do swear
The concert shall not fail.

CHORUS.

Onward then ye powers
Join the Sultan's throng
Blend with his your forces
In the matchless wrong.
"Glory, life and honor
Unto George the King!"
This through town and country
Greeks and Cretans sing.

Onward Christian soldiers
March to right the wrong
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF POOR BOYS.

Following the excellent talk on Saturday night in which strong allusion was made to self-made men who had worked up through poverty and hardship to places of honor and trust, a few words concerning some of the members of President McKinley's Cabinet, who are striking examples of self-made men, will be appropriate:

"The Review of Reviews" for April says:

Hon. C. M. Bliss, Secretary of the Interior, worked his way up in a mercantile house. After many years of faithful service as a clerk, he became a junior partner, and in due time, through his own meritorious work, became the head of one of the greatest mercantile houses of the world.

Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of State, attended good academies while a small boy, but at fourteen he became his own master and found a position as junior rodman in a surveying party. At fifteen he was managing a flat-boat expedition of his own on the Ohio river, carrying salt to Cincinnati and apples to the Kentucky farmers as a speculation; and at seventeen he was reading law and interesting himself keenly in politics.

General R. A. Alger, Secretary of War, was in the fullest sense a poor boy and made his own way by dint of PLUCK and industry BRAINS.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury began life as a poor boy in western New York.

In the March "Review of Reviews" Mr. Moses P. Handy says of Mr. Gage that when he was eighteen he was offered and eagerly accepted work as an office boy and junior clerk in the Oneida Central bank at Rome, New York. His duties were to sweep out the office, go errands and to help in the book keeping.

His wages were \$100 for the 1st year, and when he asked a raise for the second, the firm urged that he was already well paid for a beginner and rather than pay him more gave him his walking papers.

Soon after this he caught the western fever, and at the same time made up his mind to be a Chicago banker, but there was no opening for him in a bank, so he determined to take any job that might be offered. The only opening for him he did not like, but he took it.

He had to be a sort of roustabout in a lumber yard. His duties were to do as he was told. He carried logs from the wagon to the pile, fed logs to circular saws, and occasionally drove a team of mules.

His pay was very small but the exercise in the open air broadened his chest and hardened his muscles. Three years passed before he could find an entrance to a bank, but he clung to the idea that he was cut out for a banker, and so had become a familiar applicant for employment at every bank in town.

Finally he was summoned, and the cashier asked him if he could keep a set of books.

"I can try."

"That is not what we want. Can you do it?"

"I can, if it can be done in 23 hours out of 24."

On that assurance he was engaged at \$500 a year.

A few months later he was promoted to \$1,200.

In a couple of years his salary was raised to \$2,000.

Fourteen years later he was offered \$20,000 but declined, and in 1891 his salary was \$25,000 a year, as president of the First National Bank of Chicago.

Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, was the son of a Scotch emigrant farmer and made his way by farm work and school teaching until in his early twenties he had a farm of his own.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: April Showers.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA OF MARCH 12, (by request): Excitement.