

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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MOTHER EARTH'S FOUR QUILTS.

FOUR quilts are ready to fold and spread
On Mother Earth's old trundle bed.

The first a brown and white old thing,
She puts it on in early spring.

The summer one is green and bright,
With daisies nodding left and right.

And then when the winds begin to blow,
She spreads a red quilt on, you know.

And sews it through with yellow thread;
It makes an autumn-leaf bedspread.

And by and by, all in a night,
She'll spread her quilt of snowy white.

WHO IS ZINTKA LANUNI?

About six years ago there was a terrible war between the United States and the Sioux Indians.

On the most famous battle field of that war the writer travelled only the year before in her visitations to Indian camps for pupils for Carlisle.

It is not worth while to go into the details of the so-called Sioux outbreak, nor speak as to the cause of it, but one day when the soldiers were thick among the bluffs at Wounded Knee and orders had been issued for disbanding Bigfoot's band, the Indians could stand it no longer, and a medicine man throwing a handful of earth into the air gave the signal for the warriors to fire.

The United States troops, Custer's old regiment, under command of Colonel Forsythe, charged back, and after the battle was over nothing that wore a blanket was alive.

The slaughter of the Indians was terrific.

The next day a terrible blizzard set in, and for four days the dead were left alone in the ravine where the battle had waged.

On the fourth day a little babe was discovered nestled in the arms of its dead mother.

A bullet had killed the mother, but as she fell she had gathered her blanket closely about the child.

This with the heavy covering of snow, had kept the babe warm.

It was almost perished from hunger, but soon rallied when placed in the care of some Indian women.

As the woman crooned over it and slowly nursed it back to life they constantly wailed, "Zintka Lanuni," meaning "poor lost bird."

Colonel Colby and wife, who have no family, were touched by the incident, and as the parents of the babe, had both perished in the battle, they brought the little one to their home, and for six years little Zintka has been cared for with devotion by her foster parents.

The blanket and little bonnet worn by the baby are treasured possessions of Mrs. Colby.

The little bonnet had been wrought with great skill by the mother.

It is soft leather, exquisitely worked with colored beads in geometrical patterns, and with a special design on either side of a United States flag.

Mrs. Colby states that she never looks at the two little flags, wrought with so much skill by the poor Indian mother, without a feeling of intense sadness that a United States bullet should have entered one loyal life.

"The little flags, if nothing else," Mrs. Colby says, "would make little Zintka dear to us."

The training of the little one, and her education will be watched with interest. Belonging to a tribe that has proved itself almost unconquerable, the development of the child with civilized surroundings will in the future have weight.

Zintka attends kindergarten now, and the differences between her and other little ones have not yet been marked enough for comment.

In disposition at home and in the kindergarten she is extremely affectionate, willful, but amenable to reason.

Mrs. Colby is one of the prominent officials of the National Woman's Suffrage Association and editor of "The Woman's Tribune," the organ of the body.

Her home is in Beatrice, Nebr., though her duties call her frequently to Washington, D. C.

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

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Superintendent Potter has been instructed by the Office to take charge of the Indian Summer Institute at Portland from the 2nd to the 7th of August next.—[Chemawa American.

Invitations for Dickinson College Commencement Exercises have been received, and the program for the week beginning Saturday June 5th, has a very promising and interesting look.

Supt. McConville, of Ft. Lapwal, Idaho, was here on Friday. He has been a good friend to Carlisle, and sees the benefits of taking pupils from their homes when conditions are right for such a change.

We see by the "Laramie Boomerang" that Donald Campbell is playing first violin in the Lowell Literary Society Orchestra of the Wyoming University. They gave a public entertainment on the 30th of the month.—[The Indian Guide.

A part of to-morrow's ceremonies will be sad. Many are the fathers, brothers, cousins and friends who fell in battle. The weird funeral march, and the viewing of the graves of loved ones will call to mind the days when they were with the living.

The Senior Class held a meeting in Miss Cutter's room last Friday evening for the purpose of forming a class organization. The following officers were elected: President, Edw. Peterson; Vice-President, Sarah Flynn; Secretary and Treasurer, Lillie Complainville; Reporter, Caleb Sickles; Executive Committee: Edythe Pierce, David McFarland and Cora Cornelius.

Madam Marie Decca, of Harrisburg, the famous singer, was a guest of Miss Senseney, on Saturday, and witnessed the baseball game. In the evening she sang three of her enchanting songs before the school, the first of which showed most wonderful power and control of voice. The applause was almost terrific at the close of each song, and upon coming down from the platform she received a large and handsome bouquet of deep red carnations tied with old gold and red ribbons—the school colors. Several were out from town to hear the distinguished prima donna.

Miss Shaffner brought Marie Marmon from her country home this week. She had an attack of pneumonia, and is still weak from it, but she has been examined critically by our physician and pronounced safe. While out, Miss Shaffner saw 25 of the girls who are in country homes, and says she found them all doing well and very happy in their work and surroundings. One little girl not well enough, we thought, to earn more than her board has improved so much and done so well that her country mother is going to pay her wages. The girls have found that work does not hurt them. They are rather proud to be able to take upon themselves the womanly responsibilities of housekeeping. The idea that our girls go out to be ladies and only to have good times while getting the benefits of change of air and diet is erroneous. They do have good times but they go out to WORK and they are not ashamed to own it.

Mr. Spray received an appointment as Superintendent of the Ft. Belknap Indian Industrial School, Montana, and Carlisle loses a valued worker. The pupils of No. 11, will greatly miss him. We have yet to hear a complaint of his teaching. While his pupils call him strict, he governs with a power that wins love and respect, which is the secret of true government. Always interested in the subject he wishes to impress, and thoroughly up to date as to methods, he kept a live and interesting class. Mr. Spray took an active interest in all lines intellectual and for the good of the school. In his frequent visits to boys on farms, he was received with a warm welcome, the boys recognizing his fatherly care and interest. As president of the Reading Circle, his place will be hard to fill. He left for the West on Thursday morning. Mrs. Spray and family will not follow for a few weeks.

Mr. Weber came near having a very serious accident on Monday morning. Greenbird attempted to lift a bucket of whitewash over a high picket fence to Mr. Weber who stood the other side looking up with hands reaching out to receive it. The bucket caught on the picket and the entire contents were emptied into Mr. Weber's face and eyes. He felt for a time that he should go insane with the burning pain. Rushing to the horse-trough, which fortunately was near, he doused his head and face therein, washing off the thick, and then went to the hospital, where his face was carefully cleaned and thoroughly anointed with olive oil. He was about his work soon after, having lost not more than an hour or two.

At English Speaking meeting on Saturday night, Mr. Standing told us more about the Tennessee Exposition. The Art Building, an exact reproduction of the old Parthenon in Greece was described and pronounced one of the most imposing and interesting buildings on the grounds. As a side story he told of an educated horse which is attracting a great deal of attention, and closed with suggestions for serious thought upon the negro problem of the United States.

James Flannery went to Newville last week to play his cornet in an orchestra at their High School Commencement.

Vacation is in sight.
To-morrow, a holiday?
May entertainment, this week.
The store-house roof was painted this week.
A joke—Miss Ericson has sold her wheel.
Emerson calls a man's TASK his life preserver.

Miss Luckenbach is teaching No. 11, temporarily.

Miss Cochran has a new camera which she is enjoying.

Shelab, who was not well a few weeks ago, is looking better.

Miss Nana Pratt has joined the Carlisle Fortnightly Club.

"When I MUST is changed into I WILL, then I am FREE."

The guard house is occupied by a boarder, the first for a long time.

The art class is doing some beautiful pastel work in colors, these days.

George Suis who has had a serious attack of pneumonia is still very ill.

Mrs. Standing has a kodak with which she has taken some interesting pictures.

The school herd is looking well these fine days when the clover is good and plentiful.

Capt. Timothy Henry, of Company E (class '96) has gone to the country to take a turn at farming.

Miss Cummins spent Saturday on the Battle Field of Gettysburg. Where there is a will there is a way.

No ball games are booked for tomorrow, but the team goes Monday to Lock Haven to play the State Normal School.

It is claimed that Saturday's game was won by the superior all-around work of our boys aided by phenomenal batting.

Foreman Gansworth came walking in yesterday morning after 27 days' leave, rusticating among the hills of New York.

Our band has lost ten of its members and still makes quite creditable music. The band plays in to-morrow's parade in town.

Miss Cutter has had her school in No. 2, for a few weeks so that she does not have to climb the stairs during her days of lameness.

Mrs. Chamberlain of Harrisburg, Miss Bosler of Carlisle and friends from Chicago and elsewhere were among the visitors on Tuesday.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt spent Saturday and Sunday in Washington, D. C. The Captain was summoned before a special committee of the Senate, making inquiries into the Civil Service.

Messrs. Morrett and Harkness look a little lonely in their respective shops, having but a few boys to instruct, but those who are in, get the more individual attention and thus learn the faster.

The young fruit trees planted out on the farm last fall are nearly all growing and doing well. Mr. Gardner and boys have been busy this week putting up stakes for protection. There is no end to odd jobs for the carpenters, and Mr. Gardner says he is glad there is no end, for what better experience is there for the apprentice, than the emergency job?

Frank Hudson is acting disciplinarian in Mr. Thompson's absence.

The space in front of the laundry is filled in and sown with grass seed. Now Misses Bowersox and Hill can put on a bold front.

What crop is more enjoyable than the strawberry crop? and Mr. Bushman says he has a fine patch coming on, sufficient for the entire school.

The surgical work at the hospital for the past few days has been confined to the screen doors, which have been court-plastered in scientific order.

We have invitations to the Metzger College Commencement exercises beginning tomorrow evening and closing with a Lawn Reception on Thursday evening.

There is no finer field of clover in all the country than the ten acre lot on the left of the road to the near farm, and Mr. Bushman says he planted it by the sign.

In fitting up the new laundry a steam kettle was placed for making soap, which is now being used, and barrels of old fat are being turned into excellent soap.

The potatoes are not much above ground, but find the same old bugs standing in line waiting for something to eat. The enemy of the potato bug, however, is the Indian boy who picks for ten cents a quart.

So many of Mrs. Given's boys have gone to the country that she could if she would and she should take an occasional breathing spell, but the Man-on-the-band-stand does not see her indulging in any such luxury.

When whitewash barrel on wheels, Monday morning went to work, it thought it would kick up its heels, which boys provoked by ugly jerk; then whitewash, sand and dirty mud, was in a mix, right in the road.

Misses Mariana and Fannie C. Ely, of Trenton, N. J. have been visiting their Aunt, our Miss Ely. On Wednesday "The Three" visited the Battle Field of Gettysburg. The neices have been on a tour to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson left Wednesday morning for Albany, having been called by the death of Mrs. Thompson's father. Mrs. Thompson had returned from Albany only a few days before, thinking at the time she left Albany that her father was better.

The useful old Herdic is now at the blacksmith shop for extensive repairs, under Mr. Harris' supervision. He rarely meets with a piece of machinery he cannot repair, and is thus able to give his boys practical lessons in his line of work.

The near farm furnishes a good supply of rhubarb and young onions which are much appreciated by the pupils as a change from winter diet. Now for green peas and cabbage. Fruit and vegetables are much better for us than meat. There is danger of eating too much meat at this season of the year.

The topics discussed at the opening exercises of school during the past week have been: Thursday last, Work of Sand and Sand Blast, Professor Bakeless; Monday, Queen Victoria's Jubilee, Miss Carter; Tuesday, The Commerce of the Nations, Miss Williams; Wednesday, Bryant's Sower, read and commented upon by Miss Peter.

SATURDAY'S GAME.

A big Score in Favor of the Indians.

On Saturday, at noon, the large Herdic went to the station and brought out to the school the baseball team of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, who had defeated the Indians by a score of 5 to 3 at Gettysburg a few weeks before.

The Gettysburg men were received with open arms by the Indians, for didn't we intend to send them back with heads down over a defeat? So in everything outside the game special attention was given the visiting team, who proved themselves, all through, gentlemen of the first class.

The game was called at 2 o'clock, and a good crowd consisting of town people and home folk were enthusiastic with expectancy.

The Indians took first bat and scored 6 runs. Gettysburg did not get a run until the 6th inning, and that was the only one they got, while the Indians ran up a score of 27. The players on our side were as follows: Frank Hudson, Captain and 1b., Jacob Jamison, p., Hawley Pierce, c., George Shelafo, ss., Wallace Miller, 3b., Artie Miller, cf., Chauncy Archiquette, lf., Christian Eastman, 2b., Jonas Mitchell, rf.

THE SCORE BY INNINGS.

Indians.....	6	0	4	0	3	3	5	1	—27
Gettysburg.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1

Remarks Around the Line as the Game Progressed

What's the matter with Captain Hudson? He's all right. Who's all right? Hudson, because he's frank.

What's the reason we are going to beat the enemy? Because we have the right man to shell-a-foe.

Why should Jamison be called a Pine Knot? Because he's full of pitch. But why can he hold lots of lemonade? Because he is a first class pitcher.

Why should Hawley Pierce be able to get a good wife? Because he is big enough to catcher.

What does the Indian team want with two Millers? To grind and saw. Grind what? Grind pencil points for the score men. Saw what? Saw saw-dust for the saw-dust bags.

Why should Archiquette be called "Flour and Eggs?" Because he makes a good batter.

What's the matter with Christian Eastman? He's all right. But he is a Christian and steals! What does he steal? He steals bases.

Who is Marshall? He's the side line man who "marshals" his forces to start the yells. Yah! yah!

Why do the Indians have that man Clark for umpire? Because he's a smith and hits the decisions with a sledge-hammer squareness.

What's the matter with Gettysburg? Oh, the geese they ate laid too many eggs for a good looking score.

Why was it so cool on the side lines? The Gettysburg men fanned the air with their bats.

Why would the Gettysburg team make good workmen in a ship yard? Because they have so many pitchers.

PITIFUL AND DEGRADING.

W. J. T. in "Progress," published in the heart of Canadian Indianism, utters these strong and telling truths:

"It is a degrading and pitiful sight to see Indians bearing signs of youth, ignorant and slovenly. The offspring of such Indians will need to be educated by the government, whereas had said Indians been brought up amidst civilization and educated, they would have been able to teach their own children.

The Indian of the future will not be self-supporting unless the Indian of to-day is educated aright, and it is utterly wrong to proclaim in favor of the reserve for the future generation of Indians.

It should not be said in the future as it might be said to-day: "Why didn't you educate those Indians when they were young, and save the country the expense of keeping institutions for the Indian's education?"

Will he, who is closed in on a reserve, surrounded by tribal influence become a useful citizen?

To-day we are granting annuities to over 20,000 Indians in Manitoba and the North-west Territories, on Reserves, and some people appear to want to see a continuance of this thing.

It should never be.

Uproot this reserve system speedily as possible.

Take the children, and send them out throughout this land to live upright, industrious lives—citizens of a free country, abiding by our laws, fighting in our armies and assisting in the erection and establishment of our public institutions."

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 6, 7, 5 is an unpleasant noise.

Some fleshy people would like to be 1, 2, 4, 9.

My 2, 3, 8, 6 is the most important part of the human body.

My whole is a much misunderstood man.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Bicycle riding.