

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

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NUMBER 25.

On Easter Day.

ON Easter day the world seems sweet, yet sad;
The fair buds burst, the little birds are glad;
The air is tender with the breath of spring,
And all the little children sing
On Easter day.

On Easter day the world seems sanctified;
Forgotten is all pomp, and greed and pride,
The lowly violet and the lily tall,
Shed side by side, their fragrance over all
On Easter day.

On Easter day methinks she shows to me
A richer grace, a kindlier charity;
And, as the lily to the violet bends,
She stoops to me, and we are almost friends
On Easter day.

On Easter day—if it could only last,
And all the warmth were not so quickly past,
I think perchance the world would happier be,
For dear Christ came to her and me
On Easter day.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Easter is a festival observed to commemorate the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The time of its observance depends upon a very strange rule, which is as follows:

"Easter Sunday always comes on the first Sunday that occurs after the first full moon that comes after the 21st of March."

This rule makes it possible for Easter to occur as early as March 22nd, and it may occur as late as April 25th.

THE DEEPER MEANING OF EASTER.

Easter means more than lilies and music.

It is a great day in all Christendom.

It is observed with gladness, with bursts of song and profusion of flowers.

Even the world that knows not Christ joins in its festivities, finding it, if nothing more, at least a date in the calendar for the renewal

of unrestricted pleasure after a period of more or less restraint.

But not all who welcome the Easter-tide, and share even in the gladness of its religious observance, catch its deep meaning, or take from it the comfort which they might receive from it.

They miss the spirit, while they share in the formal observance.

Easter ought to leave in every Christian heart new inspirations, a new uplift, new revealings of hope.

Death has been conquered.

A grave is no longer a hopelessly sealed prison,—its doors have been broken.

This is the message which Easter carries to every home of sorrow, to every lonely, bereft heart.

The way to our best in character and in fruitfulness is through death. We must die to live; we must lose to gain.

This is the great Easter lesson.

It is not one which applies only to death and the hope of immortality; it applies to all life's experiences.

It does not come in merely once a year, with its brightness and its joy; it is a lesson for every day, and it has its inspiration for us in every phase of living.

We are continually coming up to graves in which we must lay away some hope, some treasure, some joy, but from which the thing laid away rises again in newness of life and beauty.

Every call for self-denial is such a grave.

The lower is to be sacrificed for the sake of obtaining the higher.

As in the grain of wheat is hidden a secret of value and growth which can be realized only through the dying of the grain in the earth; so in every fragment of human happiness and comfort there is covered up a secret of blessing and of good which can be brought out only through the losing of it, the giving it up.—[Sunday School Times.]

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.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss Marianna 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.

Rienzi Moore, '98, is clerking in his father's store, in Dent, Oklahoma.

The Superintendent and teachers of the Sitka school, in Alaska, recently presented Mr. and Mrs. Austin with a purse of fifty dollars.

Any one who questions the possibility of elevating the Indian is referred to the picture of the class of '98 that appears in the HELPER (Carlisle, Pa.)—[The Bethlehem Comedian.

Thomas Hanbury has gone to join his father in the Klondike, and promises that if he finds more gold than he can carry, to send a nugget to his old friend—the Man-on-the-band-stand.

A Muskogee man who was asked by an agent to buy an Encyclopedia replied that he wouldn't have one of the hateful things about the place and if he caught his daughter trying to ride one he would thrash her.—[Indian Journal.

Governor Clough of Minnesota has been so overwhelmed with letters from people who want to fight Spain that he said not long ago: "If I had known how many fools there were in this State I would never have run for the Governorship."

Eugene Tahkapeur, our Comanche citizen of Massachusetts has gone from Conway, where he has lived for many years, to South Amherst, to work on the town farm. He says he is well and desires to be remembered to his Carlisle friends.

Edith Miller is in love with her country home. She says: "I would almost say that it is best of any of the other girls, but maybe all the rest think so, too" about their homes. Edith has read ten books through since she went there. She studies at home.

The small boys' team made it lively for the band team last Saturday after supper. It caused the band team to smile when they received a challenge from such diminutive creatures, but at the close of the game, when the score stood 8 to 2 in favor of the small boys, the smile came from the opposite corner of the mouth. They went hunting their horns to play "In the sweet by and by."

Williamson Life is out in gorgeous array of fancy type and color for its Commencement Number. This monthly is published by the students of the Williamson School, with no aid of a practical printer, and it presents a most creditable appearance each month.

Superintendent M. Dupay, of the schools of the New York children's Aid Society closed a business letter thus encouragingly: "I read the HELPER with the greatest interest, and want the account of your Commencement Exercises. The importance of your work cannot be over estimated."

Miss Nellie Carey is at Otoe, Oklahoma, where she has taken a temporary place in the Indian School there. Miss Carey has been in the Government employ for several years in the South West, among the Kiowas & Comanches, while her own tribe is Apache. She is another of those dread "Gila Monsters," who, Hon. Marcus Smith, of Arizona says, can never be educated, except perhaps to a very limited extent through a school in the midst of the Apache wilds.

A Boston girl has succeeded in finding the cause of bicycle collisions. She says, "It is hypnotic influence of concentrated attention, rendering the movements inordinate, so that the rider becomes the victim of perverted reflexes of purposeless effort and the abject subject of an optical delusion." Some of our dictionary students who do not like to use small words where a big one can be worked in, almost equal the Boston girl's ridiculous effort.

Mr. Geo. W. Opdyke, with whom John Uyya lives writes this in regard to John:

"Have you any boys with a better record for economy than John Uyya? He has been with me since November 13th. His earnings amount to \$45.67; he has taken up \$3.00; saved \$42.67. He has bought with the money spent a pair of rubber boots \$2.50 and spent 50 cents for sundries. His wages are \$10.00 a month."

If there is a boy who can beat this for saving the Man-on-the-band-stand would like him to hold up his hand.

According to accounts our boys put up a fine game with the Pennsylvania University team in Philadelphia, last Saturday. The 'Varsity team beat us by a score of 5 to 2. Last year it was 17 to 1. It is said that pitcher, Frank Hudson gives the ball as cunning a twist as he does his toe in football. James Johnson made a star catch. The boys feel confident from the way they played and from the criticisms made since, that had Hawley Pierce been in good condition we would have stood a fair chance of winning. We were ahead for five innings.

Mark Penoi, '96, with an eye to BUSINESS sends in the largest check this week that has been received from an Indian in a country home—\$139.47. He wants to fasten it in bank where it will draw interest, and where he can't get at it every time he happens to want to buy a mouth-organ, a fine tie, or some other foolish thing. Some of our boys want their money with them all the while. Consequently it easily goes. Mark will be a thrifty man of means when fellows who spend as they go are weak and lazy leaners upon the pocket books of other people.

Genus Baird has joined the typo ranks. The buds and birds were too previous this year.

"Keep off the grass" signs looked rather sad in the blizzard.

Martin Wheelock has gone home in Wisconsin, for a vacation.

Five-minute blizzards seemed to be in order on Wednesday evening.

The unfinished athletic field was completely snowed under on Tuesday.

Where did the robins go, poor things, when winter came suddenly upon us?

The Indian girls of our school have contributed \$35 for the Cuban sufferers.

Miss Peter has gone to spend her Easter vacation with friends in Bethlehem, this State.

Miss Sarah Livezey, of Philadelphia, has been visiting Miss Nana Pratt for a few days.

Those who shout war the loudest are very often those who run to the rear when the first gun is fired.

The pupils enjoyed their doughnuts for supper last Sunday evening, perhaps because they were something new.

Miss Barclay brought the bright eyed, wide-awake little girls of her school to visit the Printing Office last Thursday.

Juana Cham, Rosser Marcha and Flora Moro left for their homes in Arizona and California on Friday, in company with Lottie Horn.

Mrs. and Miss Reinehl, and Mrs. Brubaker all of Lancaster, were guests of Miss Senseney on Wednesday. The Reinehls are her cousins.

Eight more boys have gone to the country, and so the exodus will go on until five or six hundred of our pupils are placed for the summer.

We are anticipating sending a relay team to Philadelphia, April 30th, to compete with the University of Pennsylvania in the relay carnival.

Miss Shaffner went with 72 girls to Philadelphia, yesterday. From that point they scatter to country homes in Delaware, Chester, and other counties.

Professor Bakeless and several teachers went Arbutus hunting, in the South mountain last Saturday. The weather was too cold for real comfort and pleasure.

Edythe Pierce, '98, who was reported quite ill last week at her country home, is rapidly improving and wants to stay out, while the people with whom she lives wish to keep her.

Samuel Gruett, '97, is occasionally heard from. He speaks in highest terms of the present management of the Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, Boarding School, which is near his home.

The Standards wish, through the columns of the HELPER to thank the employees who assisted them in arranging their entertainment two weeks ago. The card was crowded out of last issue of the HELPER.

A small fire in the printing-office on Wednesday morning made the "devils" lively. They showed wisdom in keeping cool, and it was soon checked. A benzine rag used in cleaning the disc, caught fire from a lamp used to warm the disc.

A bad name is a mighty obstacle in the way of good living.

The Pueblos are ahead when it comes to SAVING. What Mark Penoi and John Uyaya have done, all can do.

On Monday, the Band went to Philadelphia where it furnished music, at the meeting of the Women's Home Mission Association, in the Witherspoon building. The boys were entertained by private families, and had a delightful time.

Miss Mabel Craft, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Thompson for several weeks, left, on Monday, for her home in Greenville, N. J. Miss Mabel likes Carlisle, and while here formed many friends who will give her a welcome if she comes again at any time.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Blythe, of Cherokee, North Carolina, arrived with seventeen Cherokee boys and girls to enter as students. Mr. Blythe is an uncle of Elige Crow. He went the rounds of the school departments and seemed well pleased with all he saw.

Special Easter services will be held by the Sunday School next Sunday at the usual hour. Beside the singing of appropriate hymns, responsive Scripture reading, and speaking upon the meaning of Easter, Healy Wolfe, Fannie Harris, Nora Denny, and Samuel K. Paul, will have recitations.

On Friday last, Lottie Horn, '98, left for the Hoopa Valley Agency, California, where she will enter the employee force of the Government school at that place. Hoopa Valley is her old home. Miss Lottie has a host of friends and schoolmates at Carlisle who wish her well.

The question Shall the United States declare war with Spain? was again discussed in Number 10, last Tuesday evening. In the fuller light of the last few days, the subject was handled more intelligently, showing greater preparation than upon the former occasion. The judges again decided that the negative had the best argument.

At a recent meeting of the Invincibles the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Artie Miller; Vice-President, Jonas Mitchell; Secretary, Guy Brown; Treasurer, John Lufkins; Critic, Edward Rogers; Assist.-Critic, James R. Wheelock; Sgt.-at-Arms, Charles Roberts; Reporter, Bruce Patterson.

On Friday evening last the Susans discussed whether it were more dangerous to travel by land than water. They were pretty evenly divided. In connection with the subject, Mrs. Pratt gave a very interesting talk regarding the rough sea voyage to Japan which she experienced a few years ago in company with Capt. Pratt and Mr. and Mrs. Wistar Morris.

Many were the April fools on Friday last. Strange letters and packages went through the school mail to be opened with wonder and delight by some who found they were only April fools. Even the Man-on-the-bandstand had to take his share. Birds that were not birds were pointed out to him, and his innocent old eyes followed the wicked finger that did the pointing, and he did not discover his mistake in time to save himself from being a fool with the others.

SHE DID NOT KNOW WHAT SHE WAS SAYING.

We sometimes see in Indian compositions as well as those of others, attempts to use words, the true meaning of which are not known to the writers.

Such was the case of a woman who walked into the office of the judge of probate and enquired:

"Are you the judge of reprobates?"

"I am the judge of probate," was the reply.

"Well that's it, I expect," quoth the woman. "You see, my husband died detested, and left me several infidels, and I want to be appointed their executioner."

Which one of our aspiring Indian youth above No. 8 school room can supply the proper words and say what the woman intended?

To the Indian student on the grounds, sending to the Man-on-the-band-stand the sentences correctly written, he will forward the HELPER FREE for one year, to any friend that may be named in the letter.

Write the sentences in full, supplying the proper words for the wrong words that the woman used.

WHAT IS GRASS GOOD FOR?

Was it a little Indian girl, who, when asked what grass was good for, replied:

"To keep off of?"

No! But she might have, had she stopped to count the number of signs stuck up, in the corners and along the sides of our campus.

Why should we keep off the grass?

To give it a chance to grow.

Is there any other reason?

Yes, when the grass is wet, we should keep off of it, to give OURSELVES a chance to grow.

Wet grass makes wet feet. Wet feet inside of wet shoes, make sore throats, pneumonia, consumption, death.

Dialogues and Recitations on Short Notice.

Mrs. Marie C. Canfield, Matron of the Ft. Totten School, N. Dak., will furnish crisp original dialogues, recitations, farces, comedies in several acts and song and choruses, with or without the music, at prices ranging from one dollar to four dollars.

They contain allusions to features common to every school, are lively in action and without the comprehension of the children.

In ordering give all particulars necessary to an intelligent selection—age of children, if they speak English fluently, the tribes that are represented in your school, and whether industrial.

Enclose stamp for answer to letter of inquiry.

WHY IS IT NOT TRUE OF THE INDIAN?

When such a man as Dr. Parkhurst says that we best learn how to do by doing, every body exclaims:

"How true!"

Dr. Parkhurst's words are in unison with the Carlisle idea for the Indian.

The INDIAN can best learn to do by DOING.

The Indian can best learn to see by SEEING.

He learns to WORK when he lives where there are more workers than idlers, and where work is popular.

He learns the arts and practices of the industrious portion of the population if he is allowed to live with such people, or where industry is more encouraged than idleness.

And yet there are people who claim that we ought to CARRY to him stories and theories of the common achievements accomplished by his brother white man instead of bringing the Indian to see for himself and to take a hand in the works that make and keep people civilized.

FOR THE LOUD MOUTHED.

The emptier the boiler the louder its response to the hammer; and the more vacant the minds the louder the voices in the din of argument.

Wisdom speaks with a still, small voice, and therefore the loud-mouthed and foolish often fail to hear her word.—[Lookout.

IT PAYS TO SAVE THE SCRAPS.

Out of the rejected scraps of glass an obscure workman formed the finest window in all the vast cathedral, and out of odd moments of time picked up while others idled, the wise man built a fabric of priceless learning and knowledge.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 5, 2, 7, 3 is the way careless people shut the door.

My 6, 4, 1, 15 is an animal that hops.

My 9, 10, 11 is a common nick-name for Elizabeth.

My 13, 15, 12 is a carpenter's tool.

My 6, 7, 14 is a kind of grease for wagons.

My 8, 4, 1, 5, 6 is what some fellows like to do when they think they are smart.

My whole is something on Tuesday morning that surprised nearly every one at Carlisle.

Number 3.

Why does a winning jockey resemble one who has a cold? The jockey's HORSE IS SOUND of course; while the jockey's SOUND IS HOARSE.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Can-dor.