

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

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NUMBER 26.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

“A FELLOW'S mother,” said Fred the wise, With his rosy cheeks and his merry blue eyes,

“Know what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

“A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Rags and buttons and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top.

“She does not care—not much, I mean— If a fellow's face is not quite clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

“A fellow's mother is never mad, And only sorry if you're bad; And I'll tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive you, whate'er you do,

TREES WHICH WORK.

Trees and Indians Together Make Comfortable Blankets.

Frank G. Carpenter, the popular newspaper correspondent now in South America, is writing a series of articles for the Philadelphia Press, in which the Man-on-the-band-stand is very much interested.

The stories are descriptive of his travels, and in his last one he tells these things about the Indians of that country:

I slept last night in a blanket made of the bark of a tree which grows on the slopes of the Andes.

The blanket is six feet long and over five feet wide, and it is as soft and pliable as though it was made of flannel.

It is of about the thickness of a good flannel blanket and I can easily roll it up and put it in my shawl strap without hurting it.

This blanket is merely a strip of bark cut from a section of the trunk of the demajagua tree.

The Indians made a cutting around the trunk to get it, and they then prepared it by soaking it in water until it was soft.

They then pounded it so that the rough outside could be stripped off and the inside alone left.

The inside is of fine fibres so joined together by nature that it makes a beautiful blanket, warm enough to be used as a cover and soft enough for a mattress.

He says the Indians there are hard workers, but thriftless. They are accustomed to being in debt and manage to keep themselves so.

GRACEFUL, ISN'T IT?

Have you noticed how the fashionable young lady of the day, who wears the fashionable “heads-up” collar which digs into her palate at every breath, throws her head frequently for relief somewhat like a horse too tightly reined?

She also reminds the Man-on-the-band-stand of a plains Indian who, when he points to some distant object does it not with extended finger in the natural way, but with protruding lips and significant fling of the chin in the direction of the object to which he wishes to call attention.

Yes, very graceful, but then we must be in fashion, “don't you know?”

WEST AGAIN.

We are pleased to learn through a private letter from Mr. B. F. Bennett, who a few years since was the Superintendent of farming at our school, that he has gone back into the Indian service, having been appointed Dairyman and Gardner at the Government School at Fort Shaw, Montana. Mrs. Bennett will join him soon. From here, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett went West for a time, but for a while have been living in New Jersey.

COMING EAST.

By the Osage Journal we see that Fred Lookout is on his way from the Osage Agency to Washington, D. C., in company with several others.

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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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.

Marguerite Trombly has gone to the Ursuline Convent, St. Peters Mission, Montana, so she says by card advising change of address.

Mr. (Bicycle) Harris of Carlisle has sold six Crescents to members of our school, within a week. He is fast getting his money's worth in teaching the different purchasers how to ride.

The Thirtieth Anniversary of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Va., is booked for the 21st. A number at our school have received invitation cards.

We learn that Emma Seawitsa, who went home to Laguna, New Mexico last summer, is very sick. She is with Mrs. Sayre, and will have every attention. Emma has been running down in health for a number of years. She spent some time previous to her going home with Mrs. W. C. Wood of Philadelphia, and was greatly benefited.

Bessie West Cully who was a pupil of Carlisle years ago occasionally writes. She was here as a Creek, but found after returning to her home in the Indian Territory that she was a Seminole and is now living with her husband in the Seminole nation. She has two children, and her oldest boy is attending the Mission. Mrs. Cully shows a progressive spirit all through her letters.

Dahnola Jessan is printing the labels for the Indian articles from various Indian schools which are to be put on exhibition at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, Omaha. Miss Alice Fletcher, of Washington, we understand, is to be in charge of the Indian Exhibit. Miss Fletcher and Miss Cook of the Indian Office are expected here soon to arrange the exhibit in the handsome cases now finishing by our carpenters and painters.

Last week Miss Ericson, teacher of Sloyd, visited Miss Cummins in Washington, D. C. She was especially invited by the latter to address a Methodist missionary meeting in regard to mission work in her native land—Finland. Our friend Miss Olafia Johannsdottir, of Iceland, was also present and spoke. It was Miss Ericson's first visit to the Capital

City, and of the many fine cities of the world she has seen, Washington surpasses them all, and is charming beyond description, she thinks. While there she called on and had a social chat with Senator and Mrs. Knute Nelson. Senator Nelson was born in Norway, and they find many things of interest to talk about in the Norwegian and Swedish tongue. Miss Ericson also saw our former co-workers, Mrs. Thomas and Miss Quinn, both of whom hold excellent positions in the Agricultural Department, but Carlisle still retains a warm place in their memories.

The school has been visited this week by an interesting delegation of Arapaho Chiefs, on their return to Indian Territory from Washington, D. C., where they had been attending to tribal business. Left Hand, Sitting Bull, Black Coyote, Washee, Sage, Little Chief and Pawnee formed the company, with Benjamin Roadtraveller as interpreter. Joseph Blackbear, '98, paid them special attention while here. They were dressed in citizens' clothes, and wore broadrimmed black hats. Most of them had long hair. When Joe took them to Harrisburg to see them on their right train he was asked if that were the famous Carlisle Indian football team.

A postal card from Idaho brings to us the sad news of the death of Levi Jonas. It will be remembered that a few weeks before Julia Jonas, Levi's sister, passed away, in our hospital last year, Levi and his mother came all the way from Idaho to be with Julia during her last hours. Levi then looked as though he was fast going. He is the last, we believe, of a family of several children to go with consumption. The sympathy of the school goes out to the stricken mother, who has lost her husband and all her children in the same sad way.

Little Louie Parker, of North Hanover Street, who is a frequent and welcome guest at our Sunday services, was very anxious to know how we shall be sure when the war begins. He asked his mamma the question, and before she had time to answer, said: "I know; the Indians will give the war-whoop. Then everybody in town will know." The Man-on-the-band-stand wondered if he heard the whoops, yesterday morning, over the scare lines of the sensational dailies.

Edward Marsden, of New Metlakahtla, Alaska, graduates on the 5th of May from the Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, and the Man-on-the-band-stand and others at the school have been favored with invitations to the Commencement Exercises. Mr. Marsden is a notable example of an Indian, who through perseverance and pluck has worked himself through college and a Post Course. We believe he intends finishing law before he goes back to Alaska.

Those who expect to take a dollar's worth of stock in the prospective bicycle path to Harrisburg had better do so at once if they wish to get registered. By paying a dollar now, there will be no toll charged the person who wears a numbered badge showing that he or she has helped to build the road. After the amount promised by Carlisle is raised there will be no chance to register, so it is said, and all not thus registered will be obliged to pay toll. Apply to Mr. Snyder.

There has been good wheeling for ten days. Services in town were well attended on Sunday.

Miss Forster, went home to Harrisburg for Easter.

Miss McCook spent Easter with her parents in Philadelphia.

The alterations in the gymnasium are rapidly nearing completion.

Mr. Norman, our instructor in painting, was -1 years old yesterday.

Good Friday WAS a good Friday—fine weather and a holiday.

Miss Barclay has been visiting a few days with friends at Atlantic City.

One of the most interested visitors last Saturday was Master Robert Henderson.

Our baseball team will play Gettysburg tomorrow on the Dickinson Athletic field.

Miss Wood has a new Crescent and is fast solving the mysteries of the handle-bar.

A number of our boys are practicing earnestly for the athletic meet with Dickinson in May.

Mrs. Dr. Daniel and Mrs. Dr. Bender were out from town making business calls, on Wednesday.

Jeannette Rice visited Miss Fletcher in Washington, D. C., last week, and enjoyed the trip greatly.

The Seniors are studying "falling bodies", and find the upper veranda a good place from which to experiment.

Miss Richenda Pratt returned to Wilson College on Wednesday, after an enjoyable Easter vacation at home.

Foreman Gansworth of our printing office is spending the week with his brother Howard, who is at Princeton College.

In sixth grade, the pupils, this week, in drawing, reproduced the radish from the object in such perfect color that the glint of the morning dew was actually on them.

It was a happy thought on the part of our Sunday School Superintendent, Miss Weekly, to suspend lessons on Easter Sunday and hold a general session, bringing the festival prominently before the mind.

The leveling of the new athletic field is about complete. Now comes the sodding which will be a big and expensive task. In a few days, work on the track will begin. It is to be a quarter-mile track and a fine one.

Frank Cayou is limping about with cane, being on the mend from some affection of the muscles of the leg which seemed like a strain, but which he cannot account for. He was made very sick with the pain for a few hours.

The band gave its first* Spring concert on the band stand, last Friday evening, and band music never sounded better. The players have come up wonderfully this year. The days of inharmony and rasping notes are over.

Frank Shively, one of our Graduates of '97, has received his diploma from Carlisle Commercial College for completing the course in Shorthand and Practice. He will continue at the college another month to put more work on book-keeping and give him time to look about for something to do. We hope that some town somewhere between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts will afford him a chance to be useful.

The foot-ball schedule for next fall is about complete.

Miss Peter spent Easter Sunday with friends at Bethlehem.

Miss Anthony, of College Street, is learning to ride a wheel, and has conquered the obstreperous machine in so far that she can "go it alone." She comes out to the school where there is plenty of room to practice.

Miss Kate Lonabaugh, of Philadelphia, was Miss Hulme's guest on Easter Sunday. Miss Lonabaugh and Miss Hulme met last summer on the Christian Endeavor excursion to California. They travelled in the same coach.

The Junior class can do nice work, but grow careless in their written work at times. The use of commas, periods and correct spelling, too, are essentials, and should not be kept for special occasions. "Acts make habits; habits character; character men." Men make Seniors, and then men again.

Pitching quoit has engaged some of our lovers of amusement during the noon hours and other leisure moments, recently. The funny part of it is, that the side that is beaten has to carry the others "piggy back" between the pegs. Mr. Sowerby had the task of carrying Mr. Snyder the other day, which provoked a big shout of laughter from the by-standers.

Captain Pratt received the sad intelligence on Tuesday evening that his mother was dying, at Delta, Ohio. As no trains on the Cumberland Valley would leave Carlisle for Harrisburg in time to make the midnight train for the West, President Kennedy of the Cumberland Valley Railroad sent the Captain and Mrs. Pratt to Harrisburg by a special. The complete arrangements for the special were made in less than one half-hour, and that without President Kennedy having to leave his home study in Chambersburg. Marvellous are the works of invention in this age.

Easter Sunday was observed in our Sunday School by holding a general session for which a very appropriate order of exercises had been prepared. The responsive readings were followed with interest; some new Easter hymns were sung with spirit. Miss Sensesney's beautiful solo breathed the triumph of the festival. Recitations on Easter symbols were given by several pupils, and Miss Cutter closed with a few words on "The Meaning of Easter." In the afternoon, Rev. Wile gave us the story of our Lord's resurrection and his appearances to his disciples in a way that made it all very real to us, and the choir sang a beautiful anthem.

Mrs. Bakeless is learning to ride the silent steed. After a few hours of hard struggle, the other day, she jumped off to save herself from a fall, which was enough to provoke this remark from Master Albert Weber, (in his first knee-trousers), who plays with John Edwin Bakeless, (soon to don HIS manly leg-gear). Straightening himself back and placing his little hands in his side trousers' pockets, Albert said, contemptuously: "Humph! Your Mamma can't ride worth a cent." John's loyalty to his "mamma dear" would not brook any such insulting utterance, so he immediately turned his back upon his playmate, and at the present writing has not spoken to him since.

"THE NORTH STAR" SEES AS WE DO.

In the March number of the North Star, published at the Sitka Government Indian school we find this editorial:

We note with the greatest of pleasure that the INDIAN HELPER, of Carlisle, Pa., almost continually admonishes the pupils of the Carlisle school to be careful to guard against "wet feet," "draughts," "damp ground" and other infraction of sanitary rules.

It is a good thing and we wish our pupils could be taught to be careful also. But from infancy they are taught such silly notions about getting strong that it is difficult to uproot them.

They do not seem to comprehend that exposure does not necessarily develop resisting power.

Even to this day, children are driven into the icy water in midwinter, at the native village, and then switched to start the circulation.

Any one may see native children in the 'Ranch' playing out doors all winter long in bare feet and with only one cotton garment on.

Recently, I passed through the back of the native village and saw, sitting in the falling snow, out doors, a man, quite naked, preparing to take a steam bath by pouring water over heated stones.

And yet the natives wonder why consumption is so prevalent and why their children are so rapidly dying.

Such sights and early training lead our own boys to think it will make their chests weak if they button up their coats when they are out doors.

They likewise cause the girls to neglect their shawls and wraps.

And yet they say they get consumption when they come to the Mission!

INDIAN AS A STATION AGENT.

A prominent daily of Kansas gives this encouraging item:

The Santa Fe has appointed C. H. Bookout station agent at Wilmore, Kan. He is the first full-blooded Indian appointed to such a position on the system, and is probably the first red man to serve in that capacity in the United States.

The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders if the education and experience which fit him for the position were obtained solely upon an Indian reservation.

Number 4.

Why is a man who has dispersed his cold like one who cures your thirst? The first man's COLD IS WELL, we're told; the second man's WELL IS COLD.

BOYS.

Some little white girls wrote this essay about boys, and Indian girls will see the point.

Now, the Man-on-the-band-stand would like to print an original essay on Girls, written by some Indian boy.

Who will do it?

We want it only about as long as this one, and it must be a good one.

The Essay.

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by-and-by.

Man was made before woman.

When God looked at Adam He said to himself:

"Well, I think I can do better if I try again."

And then He made Eve.

God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there has been more women than men.

Boys, are a trouble; they wear out everything but soap.

If I had my way half of the boys in the world would be girls and the rest would be dolls.

My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND'S IDEA EXACTLY.

The Easter Bonnet.

Ribbons and roses—
A-nod with bright postes,
With knots of white laces, bejeweled and shirred,
And right at the top,
With a sawdust crop,
And old, dead, beady-eyed corpse of a bird.
—[N. Y. Press.

Before we enumerate our trials, let us make a list of our blessings.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 12, 13, 14, 3 is what the boys and girls at our school deliberately fall into, several times every day.

My 9, 5, 7 is carried by a man who serves a plasterer.

My 8, 13, 15 is worn by some old gentlemen and ladies.

My 1, 2, 13, 14 is what most fat people would like to get.

My 11, 15, 4 tastes good about Easter time.

My 2, 6, 10 is a tool that will come into very vigorous use in a few weeks.

My whole is what the Man-on-the-band-stand has enjoyed seeing his young people enjoying the past week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Almost a blizzard.