

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1898.

NUMBER 27.

## IN THE APRIL RAINY WEATHER.

SOME nice little frogs moved into a pool  
In the April rainy weather;  
And they straightway started a singing school,  
And sang all night, though the air was cool,  
In the April rainy weather,—  
Solos or all together.

And their song seemed all about the spring  
And the coming of sweet May weather;  
And happy the children who heard them sing.  
For they knew their song was a sign of spring.  
And their hearts were light as a feather  
In the April rainy weather.

## AN INDIAN GIRL WHO BECAME USEFUL TWO GENERATIONS AGO.

The following letter from the wife of Col. R. Cromer, of Logansport, Ind., is interesting in its revelations.

Had all the little Indian girls of the period mentioned been so fortunate as to have been left in the woods, to be picked up by civilized people, and had they been served in the same way as the little girl of the story, the Indian of today would be like the rest of civilized America, and there would be no need of a Carlisle, a Lawrence, or a Genoa.

### The Letter.

DEAR BOYS: I have been taking your paper for two years, and when I tell you who I am you will not wonder at my being interested in you.

I am the Granddaughter of Joseph Barron, who in the early settlement of Indiana, was the interpreter for the Pottawottamies and Miamis at Vincennes and Logansport, Indiana.

I was so glad to see in your paper that there was enough left of the Pottawottamies to have a school.

My mother has often said to me:

"I am afraid that those two tribes of Indians will soon be wiped off the earth!" and she has often told me how she went in the house, and sat down and cried when they were all taken away west of the Mississippi.

They feared Grandfather but loved him, too.

There was one Indian who would not go west.

His name was Swagauh.

His wife was dead and his little girl, two years old, was found sitting in the woods, one day, crying.

Grandmother tried to persuade her to go with her, but she would not at first.

Finally she consented, and lived with her until Grandmother's death.

My mother has often told me how kind she was to Grandma during her sickness.

After her death, Nancy Swagauh (that was her name,) lived with my mother and at our house.

She learned to be a nice housekeeper and neat sewer and made all our gingham aprons. I have often heard my mother say:

"She kept you all clean and neat as wax."

## GOOD WISHES IN AN OPEN LETTER.

CHARLES CITY, IA., Apr. 11, '98.

EDITOR INDIAN HELPER:

The little INDIAN HELPER is and has been for several years a very welcome guest to my home. I could hardly get along without it. Much of my life has been among the Indians. I endorse the modes adopted by Capt. Pratt, in his excellent Training School at Carlisle, as the very best to bring the Indians into pulse with the practical every day activity of our times and for the future good of the Indian race.

I hope, in the near future to visit this school and see its many interesting features that have, as yet come to me only through the camera, the press, and personal acquaintances with a few of the teachers and pupils.

That the school and its various lines of work may long continue to educate is the wish of one interested in Indian education.

Yours Truly,

Mrs. HELEN R. DUNCAN.



# 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.

A little bird flew over from Landenburg, and this is what it said: Lydia Clute is doing well in her country home and is happy.

John Webster, '98, orders his HELPER sent to Morris, Minn., which looks as though he had found work there.

If you once acquire the reputation of being reliable in your work, it matters not how humble that work may be, you may feel assured there will always be a paying demand for your services.—[Advance.

John Miller who lives at Dolington, in a country home reports that on the 13th, he killed the largest snakes he ever before killed. They were black snakes and about five feet long. His instrument of destruction was a fencerail.

Masters Edward Biddle and George Bosler were out on Saturday. The former keeps his eye open for new ideas in the job line. He is working up a good trade in town, and is fast getting out of amateurism into professional job printing.

Samuel Deon, ex-pupil, now of Lower Brule Agency, So. Dakota, is acting disciplinarian of the school there, and also works at his shoemaking. He sent us a nice list of subscribers, for which we are obliged. Samuel was always good at getting subscriptions in the East.

A little Indian girl, originally from California but late of the Carlisle Indian school, is living with Mrs. Lindsay of Charlestown (Stone Creek). Her name is Juanita Bibancos, and she is apparently about fourteen years of age. She is attending school in this place, and her teacher says she would like to have more Indians, if all are as bright as Juanita.—[Huntingdon Monitor.

In a letter addressed to John Steele, Carlisle, Levi Levering, '90, who is teaching at the Ft. Hall Indian School, Idaho, says he likes his work very much among the Blackfeet. He says if he is alive in 1900 he is coming to visit Carlisle. The Commencement number of the Red Man made him homesick. Philip Lavatta, ex-Carlisle pupil, is band-master and Miss Bourassa, '90, is teaching there.

Miss Mary Bailey Seonia, and her little brother Harry, visited Mr. and Mrs. Collins of Philadelphia, last week. It was with Mrs. Collins that Miss Mary lived for a number of years while attending the Philadelphia public schools. Her sister, Howice, is now living with Mrs. Collins, and goes to school. Harry remained a few days with his younger sister, Miss Mary's duties as teacher of No. 4 school-room, demanding her return.

Electricity was short, on Monday, and the laundry, which depends upon the Traction Company's power, was obliged to shut down on one of its busiest days. The printing-office having considerable foot power left, managed to kick the presses all that was necessary for the one day. The Traction Company deserves great credit for the steadiness and excellence of the power furnished the school thus far, laboring as it has under great difficulties.

The game, Saturday, on Dickinson Athletic Field, resulted in giving our boys a great surprise. Gettysburg played well together while our boys especially in the beginning were considerably below their proper form. At the end of the 7th inning, when the Indians were warming up to the conditions confronting them, the game was called, to permit the Gettysburg team to take the 4:38 train. The game resulted in a tie, each team scoring two runs.

The Carlisle Indians in the country played a game of ball at Buckingham, Bucks Co., last week, with a team of white boys, and are to be congratulated because they won by a score of 11 to 5. Wallace Denny is the manager of the team. The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes, however, that his boys in the country will remember that the working hours of each working day belong to the farmers who employ them, and not to themselves. The farmers will willingly give a day off once in a long time, but if the ball fever runs too high in the country, we fear that a few of our boys may lose their chance of holding a good place.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt returned from Delta, Ohio, on Monday. They were called to the bedside of Captain's dying mother. She had been unconscious for some time, but on the day after their arrival in Delta, her consciousness returned, when she knew both the Captain and Mrs. Pratt, and talked of her going, and bidding all good-bye. On Friday evening she passed peacefully away. Mrs. Dagan lived to be 81 and a half years of age, and spent most of her life in Indiana.

Capt. Pratt is in receipt of a pamphlet—"Birds of the Pacific Slope of Los Angeles County," gotten out by Joseph Grinnell. It is a creditable work and shows large information on the subject of birds. The Man-on-the-band-stand remembers Joseph as a mere boy, when his father was physician of our school. He was interested then, in birds and birds' eggs, and was seen frequently climbing trees on the hunt for something new in the line of his chosen science. Captain visited the Grinnell home in Pasadena, Calif., last year, and saw a beautifully mounted collection of all the book describes, and they were of Joseph's own gathering.

The Academic part of our Omaha exhibit was shipped to Washington, on Wednesday.



Cherry blossoms!

Next holiday—Decoration day.

Fine weather brings the visitors.

Soon be time to put in fly-screens.

Capt. Pratt has a new chainless Spaulding

The Arbutus is now at its height, in market.

Rope jumping is a popular amusement, just now.

The board walk in front of the laundry is a home for rats.

Miss Wilson is spending a week in Washington, D. C., her home.

The wet weather of the past week has had no element of dryness about it.

Miss Hulme is spending a few days among her home friends in Mt. Holly, N. J.

On Saturday afternoon we play Dickinson College on their athletic field.

The lawn-mower hath begun its cheerful song and is the busiest bicycle around.

United States Indian Inspector, A. J. Duncan, was with us for a few days last week.

Master Albert Weber, son of our busy Steam plant man, has a chainless, but it is a baby tri-.

The Stenographic class numbers 15, and they are already able to make pot-hooks galore.

To make money, a man's brain must be CLEAR, and not clouded by strong drink or tobacco.

The trade of the ice man was cut suddenly short by the cool wave of Wednesday and Thursday.

Quite a party of teachers and others expect to take in Joe Jefferson, next week in Harrisburg.

"If I read as poorly as some of my classmates, I would read ten hours daily until I could do better." GOOD READER

The uni-cycle propelled by an Indian boy in the rear, is a familiar sight these days of Spring "cleaning up."

The trees are fast donning their summer costumes, except "Old King Walnut," who takes his own good time.

Mr. Mason Pratt, of Steelton, frequently runs over to the school, these days, to see how the work progresses on the new Athletic field.

The large boys' library is to be consolidated with the Reference Library. A new library card-case was received this week.

Louis McDonald, of Oklahoma, went to Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, to meet his father who is in the Capital city.

Miss Estelle Reel, of Cheyenne, Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Wyoming was an interested visitor of the week.

The mosquito with his bayonet proboscis and melodious trumpeting has not become troublesome, but we hear already his notes at a distance.

Chimes of Normandy, by the Carlisle Opera Company Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was well patronized by our faculty, and students.

Mr. C. H. Dunbar, of Elgin, Ill., was a guest of Miss Reasoner, last Thursday. It was Mr. Dunbar's first visit to the school and he was greatly interested in all that he saw.

James Wheelock has been on another concert tour this week with the Dickinson College Orchestra and Glee Club, to the towns not distant. Mr. Wheelock's clarinet and the blower of it seem to be in demand.

The newly appointed Supervisor, Mr. Bower, who took the place of ex-Supervisor Peairs, when the latter was appointed Superintendent of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, recently, was here for a day or two last week.

There was a little scare with fire, occasioned by a flash light for a tableau presentation, last Friday evening at the Susans. There are the three—first bakery; 2nd the printing-office; 3rd the Susans. Is it true that happenings come by threes?

Do you read poorly? Then open your mouth wider: use your eyes! Your brain is a little torpid. You need to WAKE UP. There are some very good readers in the low grades and some very poor readers in the advanced grades.

As the war cloud gathers and rolls toward us in ominous blackness, the daily paper, with its 12-inch scare-lines, sells with increased rapidity, and there are no more interested readers of the news than our Indian boys of the higher grades.

Mr. John M. Rhey, Esq., of Carlisle, and Miss Derr, of Williamsport, who took a leading part in the "Chimes of Normandy" so beautifully played this week in town by the Carlisle Opera Company, were interested visitors at the school on Wednesday.

On Wednesday, Miss Elizabeth Riddle and Miss Helen Boyd, of Chambersburg, and Miss Sharp and Miss Anna Sharp, of Woodbury, N. J., were guests of Miss Senseney, who escorted them through the various departments of the school.

When oranges, apples and dainties, or money with which to buy them are sent to the hospital for the comfort and pleasure of the "shut-ins," Head-nurse, Miss Barr, shows as deep gratitude as the patients themselves, who are always delighted with such thoughtful remembrances. Contributions of this kind are ever gratefully received.

The friends of Miss Olafia Johannsdottir, of Iceland, were made glad on Monday, by her return to the school, after an extended tour through Canada and the United States. This will probably be her last visit to Carlisle as she contemplates returning to Iceland in May. Miss Johannsdottir will lecture on Iceland, in Bosler Hall, Dickinson College, next Monday evening at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the "Y's." Tickets of admission, 25 cents.

Leander Gansworth returned from his visit to Princeton, on Saturday, and reports having had a good time. His brother Howard, '94, is working his way through college, and although hard pressed at times to get work done and lessons perfect, he is getting on, and Leander says is getting fat. The latter stopped to see his sister Alberta, who has a pleasant home with good people, in Lansdowne. She too looks better than she ever did, and is contented and happy.



## THE VIRTUES OF WOMAN.

What the "Home Visitor" says on this subject is worthy of the careful, thoughtful reading of our young Indian women, as well as of all girls just budding into womanhood:

### The Clipping.

Of the many virtues of woman there is none more attractive than LOVELINESS OF CHARACTER.

It is not the costly dress, the expensive furs or gold-laden fingers that win the admiration of the good and noble.

Men of good sense look far beyond these.

It is your character they study—your deportment.

If you are trifling and loose in your conversation, no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel, you have no attraction for them.

If it is the loveliness of nature that attracts the first attention; it is the mental and moral excellence and cultivation that win and continue to retain the affection of the heart.

Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks while they bestow little or no thought on their minds and hearts.

Fools may be won by gew-gaws and fashionable and showy dresses, but the wise, and prudent and substantial are never caught by such traps.

Let modesty and virtue be your dress.

Use pleasant and TRUTHFUL language, study to do good, and though you may not be courted by the fop, the truly great will love to linger in your step.

## IN THE SMALL BOYS' QUARTERS.

One of the beginning lessons given to our boys and girls when they arrive, (if they have not been taught before,) is to say "Thank you," when a thing is handed to them, or for favors of any kind.

Some come to us from other schools showing careful training in this important particular, but like all boys and girls the little Indians sometimes forget.

The other day one of the smallest of the 100 which occupy the small boys' quarters, knocked at the door of the mother-in-charge, and timidly asked for a needle.

The needle was cheerfully handed to the boy.

"Thread, please," he piped again, and this, too, was given him.

His wants supplied the little boy turned to go.

"But, Reginald, have you not forgotten something?" he was gently reminded.

The boy turned instantly, and for a second or two looked perplexed. He had gotten all he had asked for, what more could he use? Casting his eyes toward the ceiling in mental search for something he stood in need of, the thought suddenly came.

"O, yes," he smiled; "a button, please."

## HARD TIMES, BUT WORKS FOR THE INDIAN CAUSE.

An interested subscriber in Nebraska gave by letter recently this picture of hopefulness, which is worth studying and ought to make us ashamed of ourselves if we are of the complainers alluded to.

Says the letter:

I take my HELPERS to Sunday School and distribute them when I get a lot on hand.

They seem all eager to get them.

We have had a four years' famine here, and people are not very flush of funds, or I'd try to get some subscribers.

Last year we had crops some places not very good, but we were thankful for any.

People who moved away are half of them back and others still coming.

Grasshoppers took fields of wheat and millet, also corn.

The stalks were covered with them till they could be seen an eighth of a mile on the side of a field, which looked as if fire had browned it.

Wheat fields looked afterwards as if they had been reaped low. Only short stubble left.

Eastern people don't know anything about hard times, yet they are making great complaint. Enclosed find five stamps. They were sent by my friends to help keep up our correspondence, and I want the letter from Carlisle, too."

## POINT OUT THE ERROR, O, YE JUNIOR OR SENIOR.

STUDENT—"What would you do if you was me."

LADY FRIEND—"I think I'd take a few lessons in grammar."

### Number 5.

Why is a dude ashamed to show his sunburn like a tanner, oh? One HIDES HIS TAN, from foolish pride; the other always TANS HIS HIDE.

### Enigma.

I am made of 17 letters.

My 14, 6, 7, 17 is a storm that damages crops.

My 15, 3, 9 is a kind of fish that some lovers of fish cannot bear to eat.

My 1, 2, 10, 16 is a pronoun used much by Friends.

My 4, 5, 10, 13 is what some men who always have unclean mouths do to tobacco.

My 11, 7, 8 the world is full of.

My 12, 15, 13 is something our little Esquimaux girls can do better than some of the girls who have been to school for a long time.

My whole is something that is beginning to enter our school and is making quite a fever.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The good wheeling.