

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1898.

NUMBER 28.

FOR COMPOSITION WRITERS.

IF YOU'VE got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down;
Make it short and crisp and snappy,
Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

Take out the surplus letter,
Boil it down;
Fewer syllables the better,
Boil it down;
Make your meaning plain—express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

Boil down all the extra trimmings,
Boil it down;
Skim it well, then skim the skimmings,
Boil it down;
When you're sure 't would be a sin to
Cut another sentence in two,
Send it on, and we'll begin to
Boil it down.

HOW CARLISLE TEACHES THROUGH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

When a new pupil first arrives, he is often put to doing light work, more to occupy his mind than to get the work done.

This Spring a number of new arrivals may be seen almost every morning going around with baskets and picking up the parade.

A certain amount of litter naturally gathers daily, where so many hundreds of people are passing to and fro continually.

This work is sometimes given to convalescents who need the out-door air, and who are not able to do heavier tasks.

The other day a small company of boys from the beginning grades were engaged in digging out dandelions.

Each had a knife or a small trowel, and were walking the campus on hands and knees, the more easily to see the weed.

A teacher in passing noticed a lack of interest and slight discouragement at the hopelessness of getting all over such a large parade, and thinking to divert them and at the same time impress a lesson asked:

"What are you doing?"

"Digging out the dandelions," drawled one who happened to be her own pupil.

"What for?"

"I don't know!" he replied sleepily.

"You don't know, why what did we learn in school, only last week about this very plant?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you remember? What do they do with this green plant in the kitchen?" said she, pointing to the place named.

"O, yes," he replied now interested. "Cook and eat them."

"Yes; and are you digging them for that purpose?"

"I don't know."

"Give me one, please," said she. "Let me tell you something."

All three boys gathered around the teacher, as she showed them the different parts of the plant, and pointed out the seed deposit.

"By and by this pretty yellow flower will be full of ripe seeds," she explained. "You have seen them, haven't you, when they look like little balls of cotton?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That is when the wind likes to catch up the little seeds and send them flying all over the campus; and wherever a seed drops, what comes up?"

"A dandelion."

"Yes, and many seeds would make many dandelions, wouldn't they? And you can see how they would kill out all this pretty grass, if you did not dig them out."

"O, yes," said the boy now alive with interest.

"And that is the reason it is so important to dig them up now before they go to seed, see?"

"Yes, ma'am. I work hard now," and the leader of the party went to digging with more spirit than he has been seen to apply himself for many a day.

GOOD WISHES EXPRESSED.

The President of the Waynesburg College Athletic Association says at the close of a business letter.

"I sincerely hope the Indian students will be as successful in the battle of life as they are on the ball field."

President Ebbert evidently had not read of the game with Dickinson, last Saturday, before he wrote.

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.

Jemima Wheelock Cornelius, class '90, was married on the 13th, to Mr. Simon Webster, at Oneida, Wisconsin. It will be remembered that Mrs. Cornelius has been a widow for some time. May her life from this on be happy and prosperous is the wish of her Carlisle friends.

Miss Della F. Botsford, formerly one of us, writes an eleven-word business letter of renewal, and requests that her address be changed from Ft. Yates, N Dak., to the Indian School at Netawaka, Kansas. We are left to guess the rest, but presume it means a transfer.

In a cozy nook at Omaha, there is to be a unique and picturesque lounge, to lure people to rest in the midst of the Indian exhibit. The divan will be spread with Navajo blankets, and four large pillows covered with the Navajo weaving will give to the seat a luxurious aspect.

Among other interesting things of the Omaha exhibit of Indian School work now here, there is a fine little model, in clay of the Industrial Boarding School, Crow Creek Agency, South Dakota, made by pupils from 6 to 9 years of age. The model was damaged on the way, and cannot be used, but its mechanism is a wonder for children of the age named.

We have experienced two patriotic occasions this week. Besides seeing the volunteers off for the war, yesterday, on Arbor Day—last Friday, the air was filled with the spirit of love and loyalty to our country. The band played national airs, and the schools in their various outdoor exercises, sang America as they planted trees in different parts of the grounds. The ceremonies around the choir tree were especially impressive. It was planted by a representative of Iceland, Miss Johansdottir; an appropriate and eloquent address was made by a representative of Africa, Mr. Pela Penick, now a student of Storer College, Harper's Ferry, while the tree itself will thrive in the progressive soil of our "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

Eunice Baird was playing in the grove and found a bird's nest. In the bottom of the nest was John Wanamaker's name on a slip of paper, the bird having put it there. The nest was sent to Mr. Wanamaker, and Eunice received in return a copy of Wood's Natural History, illustrated, on the fly-leaf of which were these words in Mr. Wanamaker's own writing:

"To EUNICE BAIRD:

With the good wishes of her friend

JOHN WANAMAKER

Philadelphia,

and many thanks for the bird's nest.

Thousands of years before the world had any books, the Heavenly Father taught the people to be kind to each other and thoughtful of animals and birds by teaching a lesson by a bird's nest. You will find it in the Bible at the 22nd chapter of Deuteronomy, the sixth verse, where it says:

"If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."

These are God's words to you and to me."

Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, has a very creditable exhibit for Omaha; also the Crow Creek, South Dakota, Oneida, Wis., Cheyenne, Oklahoma, Riverside, Oklahoma, and Hoopa Valley, California, Boarding Schools; the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Agency Day Schools of South Dakota, and the Mission Day Schools of California. The Genoa, Nebraska Manual Training work and accompanying drawings make a good showing. Miss Cook explains that instead of a large number of schools in the service being asked to furnish exhibits, as on former occasions, it was thought best to present work from a few representative schools, whose articles arranged according to system and sequence would the more accurately and pointedly demonstrate the sort of training given by Indian Schools and what the Indian student can do.

The Carlisle display at Omaha will be quite equal to that of the other schools. Mr. Harris' show of work in iron is the best his shop has produced and is very attractively arranged. The case of needle-work, will be taking. There is very little fancy work, but such articles as our girls make by the thousand, yearly, have conspicuous places. Lizzie Hill's embroidery, however, makes a beautiful display, and it is safe to say it will not be equalled. The handsome cases which speak with telling effect, were made by our carpenter boys; the harness display, the tin and shoe shop work, printing office specimens, tailoring, painting, etc., give striking evidence that the Carlisle Indian boys and girls are taught to work well. The school-room work is being arranged in Washington, but we are informed compares well with the others.

The Evening Sentinel and Daily Herald now furnish the town with later evening news than the City papers can possibly bring to us, and our home papers deserve the commendation and support of the public for such enterprise.

21 more boys go to country homes today.

Mr. Sturm's class in Phonography was photographed by Mr. Choate, on Saturday.

Miss Noble and her teachers' club girls visited the printing office on Wednesday for the first time.

Miss Wilson has returned from Washington, D. C. She reports having had a pleasant time among friends and relatives.

Mr. Mark Wolfe, '96, came in from Bucks County this week, and left on Wednesday for Crow Agency, Montana, to work.

Tomorrow, our relay team goes to Philadelphia to participate in the relay carnival of the University of Pennsylvania.

Barbara Raney asks to have her HELPER changed to Cubero, N. Mex., which shows that she is going there to live.

Saturday's game with Dickinson College was poorly played by both teams. Our errors were the more costly and gave the game to Dickinson by a score of 15 to 6.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson dropped in upon us from Sitka, Alaska, one day this week, bringing with him George Willard, of the Sitka Indian School, to enter Carlisle as a pupil.

Through the courtesy of Rev. Mr. Wile, Miss Olafia Johannsdottir, National President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Iceland, spoke on Temperance, in the lecture room of the Lutheran Church, on Wednesday evening.

It is quite in order during the present exciting times for the mechanical instructor to bring his morning paper out, and a few moments before the bell rings to read aloud the head-lines to the breathless listeners gathered to get the latest.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of Pennsylvania and Rev. Dr. C. T. Olmstead, of Bala, Philadelphia, with Rev. Alexander McMillan, Pastor of St. John's Church, Carlisle, visited the school yesterday, and were greatly interested in the various departments.

Was it the Cuban war that occasioned such a big drop in coffee, in the paint shop on Tuesday? In the excitement of getting the latest War news, Master painter Norman's unwarmed coffee made a serious drop into his dinner pail, moistening the rest of the food therein, very much to the distaste of the eater.

On Monday evening, study hour was declared off for the evening, and the Standards, to improve the hour, met in their hall. The number was small, but "One-who-was-there" reports a very pleasant meeting. Each one was called upon to sing a solo, and speeches on various subjects were indulged in. Joseph Gouge, presided and Wingate Temple acted as Critic.

At a meeting of the Wayside Gleaners, at the home of their leader, Miss Nana Pratt, on Tuesday evening, Miss Olafia Johannsdottir was taken in as a member. The King's Daughters' cross was pinned upon the dress of their distinguished sister with an impressive little ceremony. Her parting talk to the girls in which she gave much of her own experience in religious work was interesting and instructive. Refreshments were enjoyed and the company dispersed feeling honored and grateful for the occasion.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, of Washington, D. C., so well known throughout the country for her scientific work in Indian Affairs and her articles on Indian Folk Lore, is with us, superintending the arranging of the specimens from Indian schools, to be placed on exhibition at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition this Summer, at Omaha. Miss Fletcher is no stranger at Carlisle, and is always a welcome visitor either as a guest or on business. She is especially interested in the Omahas, Winnebagoes and Nez Perces, having lived with these tribes for many months while allotting their lands to them.

Miss Emily S. Cook of the Indian Office, Washington, D. C., is with us as Miss Fletcher's lieutenant, in making ready the Indian exhibit to be sent to Omaha. The paint-shop looks like a variety store just now, with a half-dozen helps, busy writing and fastening on labels. There are some excellent manufactured articles from the western schools on display.

The old saying that "too many cooks spoil the broth" is not true at Carlisle, for we have with us besides our regular cooks, Mrs. Cook, of California, Miss McCook, of Philadelphia, and now Miss Cook, of the Indian Office, Washington, D. C., and the broth is all the better with each addition.

The "Bachelors" who reside in Bachelors' Hall, received a box of violets from some friend, and as they do not know who it is, they are obliged to thank the giver through the columns of the HELPER. As the hall is noted for its fine musical talent—two buglers, one baritone singer, a basso profundo, a clarinetist, a tuba player, a saxophonist, and a "goose driver", besides one or two spontaneous warblers who fill the air with vocal dreams when the spirit moves, the Man-on-the-band stand does not wonder that good angels hover near.

The school was favored last Thursday with an address from a native African, Mr. Pela Penick. He is a young man who worked his passage from Africa to America to get an education. He is now in college, at Harper's Ferry, Va., and when he finishes hopes to return to Africa as a Missionary. A collection was taken after his interesting talk, and about \$8.00 raised. He is working his way through college in this manner.

The members of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society extend a cordial invitation to the employees of the school, to be present at their farewell meeting, which is to be held this evening, April 29, 1898. All guests of the school are cordially invited, also.

The meeting will open at 7:15. "Do not hesitate to come; we are not going to have a 'Cuban War' nor 'A Cadet Life at Carlisle,'" says a Susan. "We will give you one of our common weekly programs."

Nothing in the way of manifest patriotism has been witnessed in Carlisle since the War of the Rebellion, like the demonstration yesterday morning, at 7:30 o'clock, when the volunteers from town left for Mt. Gretna. The Indian school band and battalion armed with flags, and headed by Captain Pratt were a part of the parade. The entire town emptied itself onto the streets, bells rang, whistles blew, bands played, guns fired and the jam around the station was terrific.

GRIT AND PLUCK SAVED HIS LIFE.

This story was told on a Saturday evening not long since to our student body:

A man out west had to carry the daily mail over a dangerous Rocky mountain pass.

The pass was dangerous because the road was on the mountain side below where the snow fell to great depths.

Sometimes snow-slides came down the mountain and buried people and teams alive.

The mail-carrier always went on foot, and it was noticed that he always had with him a shovel, besides the mail-bag.

Some people wondered why he took the shovel, whether there was storm or not, but he had a long head, and knew what he was about.

One day he was walking along the narrow road when he heard the rush of an awful avalanche above.

He could not get out of the way of it, so he was completely buried.

Seizing his shovel he began to dig and pack and cut.

He worked long and hard, and at times he thought he never would get out, but he did.

He succeeded in shoveling himself out and up into the bracing air and sunlight, and then he went on his journey. Many a man of less courage, would have given up and frozen to death.

And as the Man-on-the-band-stand listened to the story he could but think: that is the way and the ONLY way the Indian can be saved.

He must save himself.

He is now in an avalanche.

He is buried in reservation conditions.

We must bring him out where he can see the use of good shovels, such as "grit," "stick-to-it," "experience," "business."

Seeing that such qualities are good he will BUY them, as the mail-carrier bought his shovel for emergencies, and if he sees there is no other way to live, he will begin to shovel himself up and out of the avalanche in which he is buried, until he occupies a SAFE place, from which he will be able to go forward on life's journey.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

It will be remembered that a few years ago, one of our Osage girls, Alice Longpole, was very ill, and having no relatives in the Osage country to go to, desired to be taken to a near white friend on the Pacific Slope in Oregon.

It was hoped that the change would do her good, and the friend, Mrs. Bowerman, who

had formerly lived in Oklahoma as an employee of the Government, and knew Alice very well, was anxious to have her. Alice had the means, so one of the teachers was detailed to take her to Oregon.

The trip was a long and tiresome one, but Alice, who was on her back most of the way, bore the strain patiently, seeming to improve as the journey proceeded.

For a time, the balmy breezes of the Pacific did her good, but the change was not permanent. In less than a month she was laid to rest in the grave yard at Newberg, Oregon.

Mrs. Bowerman loved Alice as her own daughter, and the sweet gentle ways of the suffering girl endeared her to the hearts of all who knew her.

A letter from Mrs. Bowerman, this week, says: "I still miss Alice."

In the same letter Mrs. Bowerman tells a little incident brought to her mind by an item in the HELPER regarding the last Osage visitor to Carlisle—Chief Bigheart.

When she lived among the Osages she used to know the Chief. She says he never dressed in Indian in those days.

As he was quite Indian in his costume at the time he was at Carlisle during Commencement, it would seem that he has advanced backward rather than forward, "But then," she says, "Bigheart was only a common Indian."

"That little account of him," she goes on to say, "reminds me of an episode of his interpreter.

"Billy Conner was his name, and he used to wear a blanket most of the time.

"Once there were some ladies from Kansas visiting at a house at the Agency and Billy happened to go in.

"One of the ladies, not thinking he could speak English, talked quite freely about his good looks.

"He allowed her to go on with her talk, but when she was through, he startled the company with these words in plain English:

"Madam, I thank you for your compliments."

Mrs. Bowerman says that the lady reached for a fan.

Enigma.

I am made of fourteen letters.

My 9, 10, 6, 3 is a good thing for a man to do who drinks beer.

My 4, 5, 2, 7 is on the lower part of the face.

My 14, 12, 8, 7, 14 is the way Indian tribes talk with each other.

At my 13, 11, 1 there is always room for aspiring youth.

My whole is the funniest game that the Carlisle Indian boys play.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The chainless wheel.