

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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NUMBER 30

THE SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click,
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case;
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace;
And one by one as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Traverse the earth to its utmost bound;
Words that shall make
The tyrant quake
And the fetters of the oppress'd shall break;
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Or treble its strength in a righteous fight.
Yet the types they look but leaden and dumb,
As he puts them in place with finger and thumb;
But the printer smiles,
And his work beguiles
By chanting a song as the letters he piles,
With pick and click,
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!
O, where is the man with such simple tools
Can govern the world as I?
With a printing press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die,
With paper of white, and ink of black,
I support the Right, and the Wrong attack.
Say, where is he, or who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?
To no monarchs that live the wall doth he give:
Their sway lasts only an hour;
While the printer still grows, and God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower!

THE POETIC IN THE INDIAN.

TO THE CHIEF CLERK OF THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND.

DEAR FRIEND:

In fulfilment of my promise to give you once more an article for the HELPER, I begin by asking if you think the bard who wrote

"Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind,"

would pronounce that poet "Poor," and speak of him as having an "Untutored Mind," who wrote that inimitable song in praise of the

mighty God he worshiped, and sung of Him as He

Who made the clouds His chariot
And walked on the wings of the wind?

Were not many of our Indians poets? and is it not to be regretted, that while able men have been busy collecting "Folk Lore" others have not added to the research and made a collection of the poetical utterances of Indians of different tribes?

In reviewing the very limited opportunities that have been mine to assist in such a collection, I have much wished I had always sat with pencil in hand, in social talks and in listening to council speeches, and secured the figures of speech that flowed so naturally from many of our Indian friends.

Had our interpreters been good English speakers, much of the poetry that is lost to us would have been stored in the speeches made by our Indians when in council with their agents.

I was often impressed with this that when permitted to sit in council, and became assured of its truth, by an incident which occurred near the close of my stay with our adopted people.

A Reverend gentleman from New York City visited us, and Eagle Chief with his braves made our guest a call. Eagle was as usual very enthusiastic in speaking of his people, their possessions, their aims and their desires.

At the close of the interview the gentleman turned to the agent and said: "Either your Indians are very eloquent or you have a poetical interpreter."

The compliment belonged to Eagle. I had interpreted his thoughts in pure simple English.

The Whiteman Chief had crossed "The Silent River" before you came to us. Perhaps his mind was "Untutored," but he thought very wisely and his words often brought to us beautiful imagery.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Through a business letter of but a line or two we see that Albert Mulligan is at Poplar, Montana.

Mr. Ushaw and his boys have their hands full these days, cleaning up the yards and planting new trees.—[The Indian News, Genoa, Nebraska.

Robert Emmett, '99, who has been in the Harrisburg Telegraph office since graduation, has gone to the sea-shore for the summer, and expects to return to Harrisburg in the Fall. He stopped off to see his friends at the school before going East.

Dr. Carlos Montezuma, Chicago's Apache physician, says at the close of a business letter: "I am as usual hustling to live, but I am growing fat. So you see hustling agrees with me as it will with all of us."

Mr. C. Y. Robe left for his home in South Dakota on April 10, where he hopes to recuperate. Our high altitude did not agree with him and though sorry to leave us, as we were to part with him, he found it necessary to do so.—[Ft. Lewis, Colo. Outlook.

A letter from Seichu '99, who went to her home at Laguna, a few weeks ago says she has found a delightful home with the Missionary there. She also says that Annie Lockwood, who has been teaching at Albuquerque, is taking a two months' leave and is now at Laguna, New Mexico.

The writer of the letter to the Chief clerk of the Man-on-the-band-stand, printed on the first page, is over eighty years of age, and has spent thirty or more years among the Indians of the plains. Her testimony on Indian habits and thought is the truth learned through actual experience and observation.

Isabella Cornelius, graduate, now teaching in Connecticut sends her dime for the "Weekly Letter," saying that "she cannot afford to lose that good friend." The Man-on-the-band-stand is always glad to have his little paper appreciated, and especially so when words of cheer come from ex-pupils and graduates.

The first letter from Mrs. Shaffner Etnier has been received. Miss Ericson kindly gave us the following items: They had a good voyage and had arrived at San Juan where they were in detention on account of the longshoremen striking for higher wages. Those natives in days before the war worked ten and fifteen hours daily for fifty cents. Since the United States came into power they have received \$2.00 a day of eight hours, and extra pay for extra hours. The extra pay does not satisfy them. They want a dollar an hour while those hiring wish to pay but twenty-five cents. Mrs. Etnier says they do not know when they are well off. She does not know how long they will have to wait before they can get their cargo unloaded for San Juan. Ponce is on the Southern shore of the island which they have to sail around and touch two ports before they reach their future home. The weather is hot, but the rainy season has set in and the daily showers cool the air. At the time she was writing her shirt-waist was too thin a garment for comfort. She met about a hundred Americans at the reception given in honor of General Henry who was about to depart. The mosquitoes there are something terrible and they have to protect themselves as she did in China with a very fine netting. She is enjoying the cocoa nut milk fresh from the nut as it comes from the tree, and it is like nectar, she says, and quenches thirst better than any other drink. She is altogether well, is perfectly happy, and sends love and greetings to all her girls and friends at Carlisle.

The friends of George Hazlett, '99, who went to Hoopa Valley not long since as one of the workers in the School there, are very sorry to learn that he had a hemorrhage of the lungs a few days ago, but are pleased to hear that he got over it, and is on the mend. George seemed so strong and well when here that we never dreamed he had delicate lungs. We trust that his condition is not serious, and that he may speedily recover his full strength.

A pleasant business letter from Joseph Blackbear, '98, says he likes his position at the Chilocco School, Oklahoma, very much. He has been an eastern man so long that it will take him some time to get used to the winds of Oklahoma. Some tell him that is a cyclone country, but it does not seem to disturb him much, and he closes with the remark that he cannot express in words all that Carlisle has done for him.

Maggie Escacerga, who lives at Chester-ville, has heard some one say that if the Indian gets too much education it would make a fool of him, but she thinks it is right for them to have some education, anyway. She likes her country home "right well" she says, and she has a little pet maltese kitten of which she is fond.

Paul Teenabikezen of the 8th Cavalry is stationed at Bedlow's Island. Edward Oga was sent to Cuba, and Paul is only anxious to get to his regiment. He says he likes the army but expects to like it better when he gets to his regiment. Through the kindness of Mr. Kensler who received a recent letter from our soldier boy, we get these items.

Miss Burgess met Kendall Paul, '99, in Philadelphia last Sunday.

Plenty of rain now.

The wire to stone-crusher has been removed.

Miss Newcomer has conquered her new wheel.

Miss Forsfer went home to Harrisburg on Sunday.

Our boys go to Norristown to play Ursinus tomorrow.

Miss Cochran spent Sunday at her home in Miller-town.

Miss Luckenbach spent Sunday with friends in Harrisburg.

This week 29 girls and 31 boys went to country homes.

The Bennetts are getting around them a big family of chickens.

Miss Richenda Pratt, of Wilson College, spent Sunday at home.

A new croquet ground has been started under the Grand Old Walnut.

William Paul, brother of Kendall, arrived from Alaska Wednesday evening.

Our baseball team defeated Mercersburg on Saturday last by a score of 4 to 3

Geo. Pocatello has gone to Sisseton Agency, South Dakota, to work at his trade of harness-making.

Mr. Gardner was off for a few days last week, for a little rest preparatory to his big summer's work in building.

Oscar Davis who was one of the shut-ins is again at the case. He has put on flesh and looks better than we have seen him for many a day.

Interesting and impressive memorial services were held on Sunday afternoon in the school chapel for the late Thomas Marshall.

The Invincible and Standard Societies will hold a combined farewell entertainment in the Assembly Hall this evening.

Rain interfered with the game between Dickinson College and our team which was to have come off Wednesday.

Mrs. Wheelock and Edmund have returned from Hunters' Run, in the mountains, looking much better than when they went.

Doctors Hamilton, Allis, Hummel and James of Harrisburg were among the visitors on Tuesday escorted through the departments by Major Pratt.

Those who were quarantined at the hospital for two or three weeks were allowed their liberty this week, and they came out looking fair, fat and funny, as though they had just returned from a trip for their health, and had found it.

Yes, there is such a thing as being too careful of one's body, but when a person deliberately sits or lies in the wet grass and declares the ground is not damp, their is something wrong in the upper-story of that one individual.

The eminent Professor T. A. Schurr, whom we all remember as the "bird man" from his lectures a few years ago has his interesting exhibition of insect specimens in the gymnasium and will be with us for several days, giving the school an opportunity for scientific study in "bugology."

Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., arrived on Saturday as was expected. They are the guests of Major and Mrs. Pratt, and will remain a few days.

Albert Screamer expresses satisfaction with his country home in these words: "Ever since I ben out this Spring, I never see anything wrong about me or somebody else."

Mr Standing has been to Philadelphia again for a day or two on the whiskey trial of men furnishing whiskey to Indian boys. One offender was convicted. Mr. Wheelock went as one of the witnesses.

One of our finest looking young trees was blown down by the storm on Tuesday evening. On examination it was found to have a weak heart. Like some people, it was fine looking on the outside, but when a test of strength came, such as a big storm, it broke in its weakest place.

Dr. and Mrs. McKensie, of the great Lawrenceville School, New Jersey, were among the distinguished visitors of the week. Judge and Mrs. Biddle, of Carlisle, whose guests they were, and Mr. Herman Biddle, were of the party who went the rounds of departments.

Programme for Saturday evening, May 20, on the band stand is as follows:

1 Overture, "Fra Diavolo"—Auber; 2. Fantasia, from "Maritana"—Wallace; 3. Cornet Solo, "Daphne Polka"—McQuaide; 4. Clog Dance, "Extravaganza"—Barrington; 5. Medley, "Sweet Old Songs"—Dalbey; 6. Prison Duet from "Trovatore"—Verdi; 7. "Sambo's Cake Walk"—Wheelock; 8. "America"—P.S. Gilmore.

Director Dennison Wheelock, of the band, is not such a late riser, hence the mystery to his wife when he was so fearful of oversleeping Tuesday morning in his planning to take the early train for Philadelphia. He was so afraid that he said: "I believe I will go Monday evening so as to be sure." But the cat was soon out of the bag when Mrs. Wheelock picked up the evening paper and read that a number of Carlisle people attended Forepaugh's circus in Harrisburg on Monday evening, and among them Professor Dennison Wheelock. Mrs. Wheelock was ready for him when he returned from Philadelphia, and it is said he is beginning to wish now that he had run the risk of oversleeping.

Messrs. Jonas and Timothy Ely, the former of Newtown and the latter of Hatboro, surprised their sister, Miss Ely of our school, on Thursday evening last by coming in upon her unannounced, or rather she came in upon them at supper on her return from town. The brothers are twins, and were born May 12th, 1829. They came to Carlisle to celebrate the anniversary of their birth, and remained two days, one of which, they went with their sister to visit the Battlefield of Gettysburg. Miss Miles accompanied the party. The brothers had an enjoyable time in the two days with us and made many friends. They proved themselves crack croquet players, which also was a surprise. We like to be surprised at Carlisle, and we hope that the Ely brothers may surprise all their friends by piling up their birthday anniversaries for many years after the ordinary period for man to live.

(Continued from First Page.)

One instance will suffice:

He was telling of his visit to Washington and of the wonders his white brothers showed him; of the bowl of shining liquid he was told to lift, that came near falling to the floor because he did not know its weight; of the drop he was told to gather up, that so persistently eluded his touch, as it broke into many tiny drops running hither and thither.

Then there was a gun, into the barrel of which he saw the bullet forcibly pressed, and saw, too, the mark on the distant target that the bullet had made, but he heard no explosion, and it impressed him it would be well for his people to have such arms, that when their enemy came to fight, they would see their men fall, and hearing no sound, they would believe "The Miracle Worker" was fighting against them and would flee.

There came a day when the people were dressed very nicely and gathered in a large house, where they sang songs, and a man standing above the assembly seemed to be speaking to "The Invisible One" and afterward talked to the people. The next day when all went to their work, they looked very happy, shaking hands with each other. He wished his people to have such a day.

He was taken to see "The Great Waters" and there was something the white man had not done and his people could not imitate.

He looked, that he might see the other side, but it was all water; he looked again thinking the distant shore had eluded him; still he saw nothing but water. The third time he gave a piercing look; then with hand on mouth and breast and bowed head he said:

"I could not comprehend; it was like God."

Chiefs and braves were not alone in their poetical fancies.

I cannot forget the magnificent young man who came from the village one day, dressed in waist-cloth and moccasins, and with quiver at his back and bow in hand, leaned on the low window sill of our log school room, that he might see the pupils and note the furnishings of the room.

The portrait in miniature of Daniel Webster which hung against the wall caught his eye, and after looking at it for a time he asked permission to enter the room and take a nearer view.

He gazed long and earnestly, then turning asked:

"Who is that?"

On being told he was a chief whose home was near the Great Waters, who sat in the council halls of our nation, he looked again at

the picture seeming to try to write every lineament on his mind, then stepping backward with that peculiar Indian grace which we have seen but cannot imitate, and placing his hand on his heart he said:

"To-day I have seen a man."

I would like to be an artist and produce in bronze the figure and attitude of that splendid manly form when he made that terse poetical speech.

Yours Sincerely,

MRS. E. G. PLATT.

OBERLIN, OHIO, May 1, 1899.

A CARLISLE BOY.

Ed. Chouteau, one of our boys, was in town today. Edwin informs us he is farming south of town six miles and his crops look well. Ed. is an ex-student of that worthy Carlisle school and the training he received there in his early days bids fair to remain with him through life. It is to be regretted that more of our young men do not attend that school. —[The Osage Journal.

CYCLONE PROOF.

There is a saying among all American Indians that none of them were ever killed by a hurricane, cyclone or gale of wind. No full-blood Indian is afraid of a storm and if one was ever killed in that way, it has escaped record and tradition has ignored the incident. —[Indian Journal.

CHILOCCO.

Chilocco Indian ball team started Wednesday for Purcell, Oklahoma City, Norman and other points where they will cross bats with the pale face. Chilocco has a good team. —[Blackwell Sun, Okla.

Schedule for Future Ball Games.

May 20, Ursinus at Norristown.
" 24, University of Md., at Baltimore.
" 27, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg.
" 30, Dickinson, here.
June 3, Albright, at Myerstown.
" 10, Harrisburg Country Club, at Harrisburg.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters:
My 9, 10, 7 is made into bread and sometimes into whiskey.
My 13, 12, 3 is found on roofs.
My 1, 2, 4, 6, soldiers do with swords.
My 14, 15, 12, 11, a boy is sometimes called.
My 5, 4, 8 is what the Filipinos are "at."
My whole is what our boys are watching these days with expectant eyes.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA. Vacation.