

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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For THE INDIAN HELPER]

TO A WILD ROSE FROM THE BATTLE
FIELD OF WOUNDED KNEE,
SOUTH DAKOTA.

THOU dainty rose, close pressed with tender bud,
Where thou wast plucked, has been the scene of
blood,

In brave array thy mates deck all the land,
Wherein the long ago, roamed many an Indian band.

The wild free life that once the Red Man knew,
Was simple as thine own, 'neath sun and dew.

Careless and free, no piteous shade of doom,
Obscured their lives with fatal, fateful gloom.

E'en as the plow lays low thy stalk and stem,
Leaving thee withering, dead—so 'twas with them;

Torn from their haunts, they knew not where to fly,
Robbed of their own, they knew naught but to die.

Hast all the warm rich blood shed near thy bed,
Enriched and nourished thee, thou wild rose red?

Both Red and White men's lives in thee have share,
Changed but in form art they—and thou art fair.

Art thou the token of a higher life,
Art born to shadow forth the end of strife?

May it be so! Bloom, sweet wild roses, by the limpid
stream!

Proclaim with fragrant breath the glorious theme
Of Brotherhood of Man! The lives that blend in thee,
Waft now this message o'er the miles to me.

MARY ALICE HARRIMAN.

THE "HELPER" GOES THIS WEEK TO
THE VERY HOUSE WHERE
"MARY, WHO HAD A
LITTLE LAMB,"
WAS BORN.

Our esteemed friend, Miss Pomeroy, of Sterling, Massachusetts sends a new subscription for the HELPER and writes in her letter of transmission in a very unique and interesting manner.

MY DEAR HELPER:

We enclose a sufficient sum for your fare, so please don your travelling suit and start for the following destination—William F. Sawyer, Sterling, Massachusetts, and you will soon find yourself in the house, yes, in the very room, where "Mary, who had a little lamb,"

was born and married, and on the farm where the lamb lived its happy life, until it met its tragic fate on one thanksgiving morn by being tossed on an angry creature's horn.

The lamb ran to Mary and died in her arms, and you can imagine her deep grief after having loved and cared for it so tenderly.

It is a pleasant place and you will meet with a cheery welcome from the relatives of Mary Sawyer, who later became Mrs. Tyler, and resided in Somerville, Mass.

We once wrote a short sketch for you, and perhaps a few more words may be of interest to tell you how the world wide incident came to pass.

Mary's brother Nathan, in a playful mood, proposed that she take the lamb to school, and offered his aid to lift it over the stone walls, across lots.

It was a twin lamb disowned by its mother, and had not yet grown very strong.

Mary consented, not dreaming that the lamb would make any disturbance, and it cuddled down under her desk, very quietly, until she went to her class, when soon to her mortification, she heard its little hoof taps.

Of course, the scholars laughed, which increased her discomfiture, so she turned it out and took it home at noon.

A college student was present and the next morning handed her the lines which have become so famous, or at least a part of them; it is claimed they were added to by some one else.

Mrs. Tyler was a very good and a very beautiful woman.

We have seen her, and was well acquainted with a brother and his family, and other relatives are very pleasant friends.

The family were very musical, and would have appreciated the singing of the song by your band.

We little know how far the influence of even a trifling act may extend.

Surely a bit of fun, in this case, has been

The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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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.

Mary Barada likes her home at Ocean City. Miss Botsford, Superintendent of the Potawatomic School, Kansas, was at Chautauqua at the same time that Mrs. Given and Miss Carter were.

The new arrivals—Mrs DeLos, Mrs. Ewbanks and Miss McIntyre seem to settle down to the Carlisle ways very comfortably and are already a part of us.

Genus Baird and Jacob Horne have joined the boys at Beacon-by-the-sea, while Frank Be'e has gone to take Louis LeRoy's place in the country, the latter having come back to the school.

Edgar Rickard writes from Sanborn, N. Y. that he is getting plenty of fruit to eat at home and that one of the things he enjoys most is not having to begin to eat when the bell rings and stop when it rings.

"Patrick Henry" is himself again, now that Mrs. Given has returned. He is a wise cat, and has been known to go the nightly round of inspection to see if all the small boys were in their proper places.

"I wish to give her special mention for her kindness with the children," is what the Man-on-the-band-stand read on the monthly report that came in about Minnie Finley, class '99, who is out temporarily.

Miss Bowersox sent blue-berries on tiny bushes by mail to Miss Peter who was formerly a resident of the plains country, and never saw the berries growing. The former reports that Snyder county is a great place for "black-berries and stones in the valleys and huckle-berries and stones on the mountains."

From latest advices, Major and Mrs. Pratt and daughter Miss Richenda spent Sunday at some hot springs on their way from San Francisco to Klamath Agency, Oregon, where they will remain a few days, thence to the largest Indian School on the Pacific Coast—Chemawa, Oregon, then to Portland, Tacoma and other places of interest on the Puget Sound; then east, to stop at several places on the Great Northern.

We have another nice letter from Mrs. Cook, who is at Pasadena, California, with her little son. She speaks in highest terms of the Teachers' Institute at Los Angeles which closed on the 25th.

She says that the "Carlisle school exhibit was greatly admired. Levi Levering packed it up for shipment back to Carlisle. When he had driven the last nail, a gentleman came in and looked about with a disappointed air. He said he had hoped to get some of the school work to take back to Stockton with him. 'It is better work than we do in our school,' he said, 'and I thought a few specimens would stimulate our pupils.' This may be regarded as high praise, for I heard several of the teachers say that the Stockton exhibit at the N. E. A. was extremely good.

The art work was looked at over and over with doubts as to its being done by Indians. I had to assure more than one person very emphatically that it was wholly the work of Indian pupils." She says the general verdict was that the Institute was the most interesting of any held so far.

Florence George and Emma Skye had a recent trip to Willow Grove, through the kindness of Miss Kate Allen, so Florence writes, and they all had a delightful time, as there are so many things of interest at that near resort to Philadelphia. Damrosch's famous orchestra is one of the attractions, and a beautiful electric fountain. Oh, it is not ALL work and no enjoyment for our pupils in country homes, and the authorities at the school wish to thank the patrons of the school for the individual interest they take in their Indian charges.

Miss Seneca, of the Medico-Chirurgical, Philadelphia, and class '97, Carlisle, who has been visiting at the school, was taken by surprise last Friday evening when a few of her friends were invited over to the hospital to partake of refreshments with her about half an hour before her departure for her New York home where she will spend the rest of her vacation. She said she enjoyed her visit at the school for the short time she was here, and she thanks those who so kindly remembered her.

Miss Senseney just before she left Marblehead, Massachusetts, where she was attending summer school, says she has been very hard at work in the school-room, but after each day's duties were done they frolicked like young lambs. "There are so many interesting old fashioned sights, that one could spend a long summer here and not tire," she says.

The Loysville Orphan School was represented at the Lutheran picnic last week by their brass band. Returning from Pen Mar they stopped off to see the Indian School and played some very creditable music on our band-stand. The band is composed of very young boys, and the drummer was not much larger than the drum he carried.

Band practice these evenings is usually held in the shop court where plenty of light and air prevail. The group is quite picturesque in appearance not to say grotesque, dressed in all sorts of athletic and work apparel.

Roasting ears!

Delicious plums now in market.

The Athletic field is taking a rest.

Byron Wilde has gone to his home in the West.

Mrs. Dorsett has not fallen in love with the Jersey mosquito.

Miss Carter has gone to Stockbridge to spend the rest of her vacation.

Mr. Snyder is spending his vacation at his home in Lock Haven.

Miss Hulme has gone to Atlantic City to spend her annual leave.

Miss Forster will be at home in Harrisburg during most of her vacation.

Farcy, the pet dog of the Standing family has been quite ill, but is better.

The east and west additions to the school building are up to the second floor.

The grass on the campus is crying for drink, especially on the croquet patches.

A number of our boys are hiring out to near farmers for a few days at a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Standing passed the 19th anniversary of their wedding on Wednesday.

Teachers' rooms are nearly all in an upside-down state getting calsonimed and cleaned.

Miss Noble left yesterday to visit friends in the vicinity of Philadelphia and Lancaster.

Mrs. Bennett's niece, Miss Rundall of Bucks county, came Tuesday and will remain for a while.

Miss Weekley left on Tuesday for South Carolina. She goes by steamer around Hatteras.

Miss Jacobs, of the sewing department is off on her annual leave. She will visit friends in Illinois.

A new clarinetist—Allie Tourtillott—has arrived from Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas.

Mrs. DeLos plays the piano for the mandolin and guitar girls. Why not have a girls' orchestra?

Miss Wood is back to her home in Trenton, N. Y., from the summer school at Martha's Vineyard.

The ditch that is being dug in the flat for sewerage pipes is assuming quite extensive proportions.

When is a bed not a bed? When it is a little buggy. Of course we do not sleep in vehicles at Carlisle.

Miss Cutter has left the summer school at Cold Spring Harbor and is now at her home in Amherst, Mass.

There have been some spirited games of ball recently on the grounds south of the school-building.

Miss Miles gave her watch an accidental bath in a pan of water the other day, and had to send it to town for repairs.

The band is tackling some difficult pieces and by hard and painstaking effort the boys are getting the finer and more difficult parts down to perfection. Some may think this is "play" for the boys. On the other hand it is WORK.

Miss McIntyre, who has been teaching at Warm Springs, Oregon, is now of our force of teachers, having been transferred.

Miss Hill met Miss Ackerman, the all-around-the-world missionary, on the Sound boat, going to Boston, and enjoyed a social chat.

Tommy Griffin has an invitation from Mrs. Joseph Taylor, West Chester, where his sister Ida lives, to spend a few days, and left yesterday.

Mrs. Given and Miss Carter arrived from Chautauqua early Sunday morning, having had a delightful time for three weeks among the intellectualities of that famous resort.

Edward Peters, class '99, arrived yesterday 10:30 P.M. from Langhorne, where he has been spending some time. He made the entire distance of 150 miles on his wheel, after dinner.

Mrs. Rumsport is back and at her old stand in the teachers' club kitchen. Mrs. Jordan who took her place for July did well and has the appreciation of the teachers whom she served.

A little party of friends on invitation of Misses Weekley and Forster gathered at Mrs. Given's quarters on the eve of their departure Tuesday for their vacation, and enjoyed ice-cream and a parting chat.

Koklilook has gone to Mrs. Canfield's at the shore for a little visit. She had a good time at the shore last year and is always benefitted. The little traveller is one of the Esquimau girls, and likes fish.

Miss Nellie Robertson, teacher in No. 7, arrived on Monday with six girls and one boy from Sisseton Agency, South Dakota, to enter our school as pupils. They are bright intelligent appearing young people.

Jose Ayarro, one of the boys from Porto Rico, had an experience with some bees, and when Mr. Jordan asked him what was the matter he said—"Fly scratch me," when the bees had stung him several times on the neck.

A sociable on Saturday night cut into the band concert, but they gave several pieces, and there were a number of visitors from town, among others, Dr. and Mrs. Himes of Dickinson College, Miss Beatty and Mr. and Mrs. Bratton.

Dr. Eastman tried his first "try" at bicycle riding one evening this week, and it is strange what a magnetic influence the 2x3 sample cotton field and peanut plantation had for his wheel, but the Doctor will accomplish the task, as he always does everything he undertakes.

The printing office had a close call from fire from the electric motor, a ground wire at the end of the trolley having caused the trouble. Donald McIntosh saved the day by rushing in when it seemed dangerous to do so and shutting off the connection. He was given a holiday next day for his bravery.

Mrs. Dorsett, Manager of Girls' Department, is having experiences among the girls in country homes, that seem rich, rare and racy to her, it being her first visit. She sees much to commend and shows wise judgment in her criticisms. From her letters we judge that the girls have secured a new "mother" who will look well after their best interests.

the means of happiness to thousands of little ones the world over.

The little story is known in foreign lands.

We once saw a pretty foreign class-picture in which was a little girl and her lamb, its neck encircled in flowers.

Her father had been induced to buy her pet, from hearing of Mary's.

WHITE BULL.

The Indian is very slow to confess himself a Christian.

He will come to church and attend the Y. M. C. A. meetings, but if asked why he does not join himself with those who acknowledge themselves Christians, he will probably say:

"I do not understand; I must teach myself first. When I understand, I will come into the church."

Then we often hear.

"I am afraid to join the church. I am afraid that I cannot keep doing right. Such a man is in the church and he is no better than I."

White Bull is a good example of a heathen Indian. He became a Christian. Little by little he stopped wandering.

He built a house and barn, put up hay for his horses and has been faithful in attending church services. He is a great talker, and the Indians sometimes think him a fraud. But he is good to his wife, does not quarrel with his neighbors and is always ready to help them.

A year after he became a Christian he wrote in this way to a friend:

"Last May I joined the church. It pleases me to be a Christian. I am understanding more things so I have cut off my hair and now I feel as if I were wholly a man."—[Word-Carrier.

DO WE KNOW HOW TO OPEN THE BLADE?

The great Henry Ward Beecher once said: "Education is the knowledge of how to use the whole of one's self.

Men are often like knives with many blades; they know how to open one and only one; all the rest are buried in the handle, and they are no better than they would have been if they had been made with but one blade.

Many men use but one or two faculties out of the score with which they are endowed.

A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty—how to open it, how to keep it sharp, and how to apply it to all practical purposes."

THE PEACE SIDE OF THE QUESTION

From a very respected friend in New Jersey we have received the following words with his letter of subscription transmission:

"The planet Mars seems to be in the ascendant, and military heroes who have slain their thousands receive the plaudits of the multitude.

Great benefactors of the human race would hardly be heard amid the shouts and clamor of war times.

The defenceless heathen barbarians in the far-off Philippine Islands must be Christianized if powder and ball and swords and bayonets of this Christian nation can accomplish the great task.

But it is always best to keep one's OWN household in order and not meddle with the management of others

The millennium seems far distant, and the relics of the dark ages—war, conquest, the gallows and other great evils seem still to prevail."

The writer in the same letter sent a few appropriate verses from Whittier's "Reform," which will be printed in some future issue of the HELPER.

There are two sides to every question and the war people may answer the above if the spirit moves them so to do.

AT THE SEA-SHORE.

Daisy Florence Doctor seems to be having a good time at the shore. She says by letter that she has a very nice country home, and the ocean is so close to their house that she sometimes is almost afraid when it storms. She is afraid the high waves will roll in over the little sand bank.

Mary Wolf lives near at hand, and when their duties are done they often take strolls upon the beach and gather shells as they walk.

They have been sea bathing several times and

"Oh, what fun we did have. The first time I went in was the most fun for I got a dose of salt water, and I do not ever wish to have another like it. The wave was so strong that it knocked me over."

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 4, 2, 7, 8 we get four times a day at the Carlisle School.

My 1, 6, 10, 11 we have to pay when we ride on the trolley car.

My 5, 9, 3 is the best kind of clothing on cold winter days.

My whole is what we consider a disgrace at the Carlisle School.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Kept cool.