

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XV.

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Number 22.

THE CACTUS.

ALONE in bristling armor
A giant cactus stood,
Whose prickly thorns repelled us,
Whose heart was made of wood.

When lo! from out its depths
Came forth a birdie's song!
Ah! many hearts there are like this
Amid life's passing throng.

Within whose rough exterior
The dearest song is found,
And oft the sweetest music
In homeliest bindings bound.

—Native American.



HON. WILLIAM A. JONES,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

OUR BAND ON THE ROAD.

One who is travelling with the band has promised to keep the readers of the HELPER informed of some of their doings on the road.

Fifty-three members of the Band with Dr.

Montezuma, of Chicago, as care-taker and health-keeper of the crowd, and Mrs. Cook as chaperon for Zitkala Sa, and J. Quincy Eaton as treasurer, left last Friday morning, giving their first concert in Philadelphia. One whose nom-de-plume will be known as Xena, writes thus:

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND STAND:

Now that we are so far away that even your eagle eye can not rest on the Bandstanders we begin to realize our distance and hasten to send you our loyal greetings, for no matter how far we may go or what fortunes are ours we started from THE Band Stand!

Less than a week has passed since we last saw you, but already we feel at home on "the road" and only wish you might sometime join us, if only to see how we take the fun that comes to us and how bravely we meet any adverse conditions.

Philadelphia showed us its "brotherly love" in the enthusiasm of the audience.

Our arrival in Trenton was a bit disturbed by the mistaken notions of our advanced guard in conjunction with our would-be "mine-host." Cots galore were found sardined into 9x10 rooms, and when one of them boasted a sheet it proved a strip of unbleached muslin without the grace of a hem.

Our capable manager soon set matters straight, gave the command "Right-about-face!" and found comfortable quarters elsewhere. We think he was most strongly moved thereto by Dickie who sat on his cot in a hallway and declaimed "Behold Me! I have no room today!"

A good audience greeted our matinee, and tickets are selling well for Tuesday night.

The evening proved the old saying false, for our prophets found honor in their own country, and all Bucks County turned out for the Bristol concert to show their regard for the boys from Carlisle.

They entered into the concert, heart and

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 M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office or if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

Spring MUST be here, for the marble boys are down and at it again.

Etta Catolst, 99, who went to her home in North Carolina a few weeks since, writes that she had a pleasant trip and arrived safely.

An easy way to make a dollar is to send us TEN subscriptions for the Red Man. For every club of ten, the getter up of the club may keep ONE DOLLAR.

Judge Ashman of the Orphans' Court, took the Band Boys to call upon the Mayor of Philadelphia, last Friday. He made a speech in presenting them and the Mayor responded in what the Telegraph says "one of his felicitous addresses."

Frank Vasseur, a graduate of the Mount Pleasant Indian School, Michigan, and recently attending the Michigan State Normal, arrived Wednesday. Frank was an officer of the Indian school and a member of the Band, and brings with him a reputation for integrity and good work.

Miss Miller's topic at the monthly meeting of King's Daughters Circles, held last Sunday evening in the Girls' Quarters was "The Glory of Obedience." She brought out the thought that even the most unruly is continually obedient and those who boast most of independence of action although they may disobey the right, in so doing obey Evil.

Mr. Dagenett has an excellent letter from Arthur Bonnicastle. He says he likes soldier life so far, but speaks of a good many in camp who are idolot and doless. There is much profanity but he hopes to escape that as well as other evils he sees. He likes the officers over him, and the Carlisle boys are well liked.

Mrs. Craft has returned to Jersey City.

Antonio Martinez writes from New Mexico that he is sorry that he left Carlisle so soon.

Dr. Alice Seabrook has just returned to Philadelphia from a little trip to Jamaica, West Indies.

Mr. and Mrs. Barclay are in town packing their goods preparatory to going to Washington to live.

Some books will go astray, but the wonder is where so many books are handled that there are so few missing.

Miss Forster and some one in Mrs. Cook's place will attend the Invincibles to-night; Misses Cutter and Hill the Standards; Misses Cochran and C. Smith the Susans.

As the time for the quarterly report comes around we always feel great admiration for the rank and file of the students who have not lost, torn nor defaced their books.

The apprentice who is found with coat on ready to run as soon as the bell rings is getting into business habits that will be to his injury when he gets out into active business life.

Two of our soldier boys—Hugh Leider and Arthur Bonnicastle have recently been made corporals. They are still stationed in New York Harbor awaiting orders, expecting to start for the Philippines almost any day.

We are pleased to hear that Miss Fannie Harris, who went to her home in Oklahoma immediately after graduating this year, has received an appointment as Assistant Matron at the Cantonment Indian School, Oklahoma.

Some of the boys in the higher grades are going with the first party to country homes. They realize that to take Carlisle's complete course they must pass through some of the splendid man-making experiences of hard work on a farm.

"The Western Trail," a new monthly Magazine published in Seattle, Washington, comes to us this month. Mr. Frank S. Shively, graduate of Carlisle school, is editor of the Department of Sports. His maiden effort in the editorial line is very creditable.

A telegram came on Wednesday morning conveying the sad news of the death of Dr. Helen Lord, in Phila. She had typhoid fever accompanied with heart trouble. It will be remembered that Dr. Lord, before attending medical college, was connected with our school a few years ago, as special instructor in dress making, and there are a number at the school now who knew her then. Dr. Lord was loved by all who knew her, and her loss is mourned by many friends.

House cleaning!
Colds are the fashion.
Storm-doors are all down.
A little snow still in sight.
Trunks are packing for the country.
Printer Frank Jude is on the sick list.
Return all stray books to proper authorities.
Baseball practice now at four o'clock, is the order.

The entire hospital corps is suffering with a grip cold.

Printer William Paul has begun to take piano lessons.

The baseball team plays Pennsylvania University April 7th.

A dead issue—the broken-down Keep off the grass sign.

Miss Newcomer spent Sunday with friends in Shippensburg.

More cold weather in March than in any one month this winter.

Work upon the athletic field making over the tracks, etc., is progressing.

Are there stray books in your rooms? Then report them at once!

Professor Bakeless spent Sunday with his father at Shamokin Dam.

117 boys will go to country homes before next HELPER 105 go tomorrow.

A careful thoughtful girl or boy, becomes the careful trusty man or woman.

May Jackson writes from Michigan that she has completely recovered her health.

The various grades have begun the work of the new school year with much promise.

The Juniors are doing good work in illustrating "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Nothing shows the real true material in a boy or girl so well as the care taken of books.

Dr. Eastman went to Arizona on Monday with Yonessa Lewis, Pima, who is seriously ill.

George Peake, Von Washburn and George Ferris have joined the printing-office force this week.

Little things in the aggregate make character, and character is the man or woman, after all.

Frank Campeau quits Carlisle to work for Mr. Snyder at Lewistown, and the latter secures a good tailor.

The last snow man of the season stands before the teachers' quarters. He is about one foot high, and wears a feather in his hat. He may be Yankee-Doodle.

That was a great catastrophe which Mr. Simon told at table the other day. The wind blew up the street.

It is NOTE worthy that the new grade music books have produced a wonderful incentive musicward.

The many who take good care of their books must watch the few who do not, and help them into line.

The small boy with his big mitten, is seen wending his way toward the south playground, these evenings after supper.

Sixteen choir members have lately withdrawn for necessary reasons. Miss Senseney will fill in gradually with the best voices.

Miss Luckenbach is busy over the cash books, this being the time of the month to draw cash from the "money mother's" bank.

We are glad to learn that Miss Forster's sister, who has been critically ill at her home in Harrisburg, with typhoid fever, is recovering.

Major Pratt gave a strong talk before the student body on Saturday-night against the tobacco habit and on the necessity of obedience to law.

Miss Campbell, for many years an efficient and faithful assistant matron for the girls, has found it necessary to rest, and has asked for a three months' leave.

At the last meeting of the Susans Miss Bowersox gave some points on parliamentary practice, and to-night by special invitation Misses Burgess and Cutter will talk along the same line.

Printer Sam Miller received a letter from his brother Artie Miller '00, now in Gresham, Wisconsin, who says he met with a cold reception at home as far as weather is concerned.

Interested in Indian affairs and do not take the Red Man? Through no other channel may a person get so much Indian news in a nut-shell. Fifty cents. HELPER and Red Man to one address 55 cents.

The Missionary Society of the First Lutheran Church of Harrisburg celebrated its tenth anniversary on the 29th instant. Pasquala Anderson contributed an essay on the Indians of Southern California and Maude Snyder gave a vocal solo.

One of the boys who knows very well how to work, but has not yet gained the use of a very extensive English vocabulary, wrote to his teacher that he has been promoted to the "Affectatious Appearance," in the shop, meaning Efficient Apprentice.

soul, and we played our best for them.

The local agent strongly urges us to come again and he will give us a packed house.

We are proud of ourselves for your sake. We are proud of our Minnebaha who takes each audience by storm and holds it breathless till she chooses to release it. Her rendering of the pathos and beauty and truth of Longfellow's lines is a revelation to her hearers, while her violin wins all hearts.

We are proud of our Calm Director who is not even thrown off his base when his remarkable versatility as the ex-captain of the football team is remarked upon.

Some day we may tell you of the Ancient Israelite, who "Stood on the STAIRS at midnight;" of the Sombambulist who nearly gave his bed fellows each a black eye and of the Lucky Sioux, the universal favorite.

These are a few of your devoted Band Standers who send faithful remembrance by the hand of _____

XENA.

What the Papers Say.

The Band does not come as Indians might be expected and permitted to do, with a repertoire of little easy waltzes and marches that any children might learn to play in time, but they come with "Semiramide" and with "Bohemian Girl," "Il Trovatore" and "Lohengrin."

It was not alone in ensemble that the Band made a good impression but there were soloists that ranked high as musicians of soul and execution.—[Trenton Daily Gazette.

The Trenton Times says: It may be strictly in order to say that all of these young men are Americans—there can be no doubt about that, and there can be no more remarkable entertainment than that given yesterday afternoon at Association Hall by the Carlisle Indian School Band. Other bands have played in this city but none ever made such an impression on those who heard it as did this band of young Indians. It would have been a grand musical feast aside from any special features but with these features it stands alone as an extraordinary and unique entertainment. The wonder of the whole thing is how all of these young men—and some of them are but boys—have been taught to play such music.

Perfect harmony, precision of movement and delicacy of expression prevailed throughout, and one could scarcely believe that it was the performance of descendants of the aborigines that one was hearing. —[Trenton True American.

Any criticism of the concert that failed to take note of the wonderful performance by

Zitkala Sa, a charming young Indian woman who must have surprised everybody with the power of her declamatory force would be incomplete. Her recitation was "The Famine" from Hiawatha. Her beginning scarce kept the attention. She warmed and as the lines called for the exposition of the passions the young girl's dramatic power grew till it became marvelous. She held every ear and the recourse frequently to handkerchiefs told how great an effect she was exerting over her audience. She was applauded to the echo.

—[Trenton Daily Gazette.

Their tone is especially mellow and pleasing and even in the crescendo passages developed none of the brassy harshness often heard in bands of the kind. Zitkala Sa recited with much feeling and decided elocutionary ability the "Famine," from Hiawatha. —[Phila. Evening Bulletin.

The admirable execution of these young artists, the precision of their work which, is at all times marked by enthusiasm and spirit, caused every one of the dozen or more numbers on the well-chosen program to be encored, and the high character of the Band's work is indicated by their high grade selections.—[Phila. Times.

The performance was a very praiseworthy one, the organization showing the beneficial effects of careful preparation and drill, while individually considerable skill and musical ability was displayed.—[Phila. Record.

HOW INDIANS MADE SOAPSTONE DISHES

The scheme of the natives was a simple one. With hard implements, probably of flint, they cut a circle on the stone of the dish they wanted to get out.

Then they chipped away and down on the circumference of this, letting it stand out in relief. They fashioned the outside nearly to the shape they desired while it was still attached to the rock itself.

Finally they split it off at the bottom, turned it up, hollowed it out, and the dish was made. —[Hartford Courant.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 3, 7, 8 is a covering for the hand.

My 2, 5, 1, 3 has ruined many a man.

My 8, 4, 5, 6 is part of a wagon wheel.

My 5, 7, 2 is to clear of.

My 3, 6, 5, 4, 8 always wins.

My whole tells how the INDIAN HELPER'S readers regard it. SUBSCRIBER.