

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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Number 23

APRIL! APRIL! ARE YOU HERE?

APRIL! April! are you here?
Oh, how fresh the wind is blowing!
See! the sky is bright and clear,
Oh, how green the grass is growing!
April! April! are you here?

April! April! is it you?
See how fair the flowers are springing!
Sun is warm and brooks are clear,
Oh, how glad the birds are singing!
April! April! is it you?

April! April! you are here!
Though your smiling turn to weeping,
Though your skies grow cold and drear,
Though your gentle winds are sleeping,
April! April! you are here!

—DORA READ GOODALE.



MISS ESTELLE REEL,
Superintendent United States Indian Schools.

POLITE INDIAN.

"Ho! Ho! See the dandy!"

It was a farmer's boy who spoke, and he was not loud about it, but loud enough to at-

tract the attention of his companions as they were walking home from school.

The so called dandy was an Indian, who with dinner bucket in hand was hurrying home to do the night-work. He met his Sunday school teacher, and was noticed as he bowed and tipped his hat in a very polite way.

"That's all right," said a white fellow in the crowd. "If an Indian wants to tip his hat let him tip it."

"Oh, you! You are not so smart," said the first speaker. "No dandy in mine."

"Yes, 'cause you don't know enough," said the Indian champion.

The Indian boy was a class mate of the second speaker, who had learned to like him very well. The other white boys liked him well enough, too, but they didn't like to have a fellow from the plains act more civilized than they did. The farm boys around there didn't tip their hats, and to have an Indian come out from the wild and woolly west to teach civilized white boys manners, was a little too much for some of them to stand. What made it worse, too, their mothers were always holding the Indians up for example.

"Look at Mr. Jones' Indian boy," they would say. "Why can't you be as mannerly as he is?"

When speaker number 2 had finished, a third boy sneered, turned a handspring in the road and said:

"Sam will be tipping his hat yet. How are you dandy Sam?" and they all shouted.

"Look here boys, no joking." Replied Sam, who was a little older than the others. "You have noticed this, haven't you? Them Indian fellows are so gentle, and quiet and polite, that they get invited to places that the rest of us are not always asked to go? I tell you the BEST people around here like the Indian boys."

"Aw, you! What you talking about? Why some of them fellows don't know enough to

The Indian Helper

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School

Carlisle, Pa.

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

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.

National Field Secretary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, Miss Henrietta A. Brancroft visited the school last Saturday.

The country boys are always glad to take with them some of the discarded text books, and we know that they use them some, and almost always return them.

The little poem on first page will be recognized as coming from "Apple Blossoms," that popular book of poems by Elaine Goodale Eastman, now with us, and her sister Dora written when they were children.

Dr. Eastman arrived at Cassa Grande with his sick charge, after a hard journey, as the boy was ill most of the way. The Dr. speaks of the mild climate of Arizona, but thinks the heat would be excessive in summer.

A class of seven from the Normal room was promoted to third and fourth grades. This will enable them to get into the sewing room and into other places where hand as well as brain will be used effectively in process of education.

Ex-student, Alice Aubrey, of Browning, Montana, wishes to be remembered to her Carlisle friends at the close of a business letter in which she also states that her interest in the school is unabated, and she reads the HELPER weekly, it seeming like a letter to her.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has begun to think that it were well for all maiden ladies who care not to enter a state of double blessedness to shy the girls' quarters. Miss Campbell is the fourth matron who has married from those quarters. Can it be in the atmosphere over there?

The baseball schedule for 1900 will be published next week. Dates for this month are 11th, Mercersburg at Mercersburg 12th, Syracuse, here; 18th, Lebanon Valley College at Lebanon; 21st, Cornell at Ithica; on the 26th, our 2nd team at Mercersburg.

The Man-on-the-band-stand recently saw a most excellent letter from Joseph LaFromboise who has joined the navy and is for the present stationed at League Island. The wide range he has taken of conditions there and here speaks well. Large extracts of this letter will be printed in the May Red Man, along with other soldier letters.

The following officers were elected by the Standards last Friday evening: President, Edwin Smith; Vice President, Joseph LaChapelle; Recording Secretary, Ed. G. Willing; Corresponding Secretary, Fred Tibbetts; Treasurer, Herman Niles; Critic Delphia Pepin; Asst.-Critic, Samuel Miller; Editor, John B. Wapito; Sergeant-at-arms, David Masten.

Elijah Brown, who for a short time was a student here and later attended Haskell has a position on the San Francisco Call. In a recent Sunday edition he has almost a full page illustrated article about the Indian, which is a very creditable output. When with us Elijah showed considerable bent in the line of journalism, and we hope he may reach the highest notch attainable.

That was a happy group of boys as they passed out at the guard house gate last Saturday, and looking back, waved hats and handkerchiefs to their friends and teachers. Where were they going? Out to work; out to get health and money and experience; out to show to the world and to learn it for themselves, that they can take the hard knocks of civilization better than the civilized man could endure the hard knocks of the Indian way of living. They were going OUT into the world to prove what stuff they are made of—out for LIFE and LIGHT.

The visiting committee of the Susans last week reported the chairman as presiding with marked ability, though some of the girls were rude and wanting in parliamentary courtesy. They did not wait for the president to recognize them before speaking and were pert in their remarks. We know that this results from youthfulness, thoughtlessness, inexperience and possibly ignorance, and will mend as the attention of the individual is called to it. The committee will hereafter call such to order and correct them. One or two public corrections will help all to see what is courteous and what is not.

New moon!

It was moving time this week in town.

The roads, round about, are being repaired.

The robin singeth his evening song these days.

Mr. Dagenett spent a day in Washington this week.

As some of our boys grow up their faces grow down.

Sociable Saturday night, and the same balcony walk-around!

Edgar Rickard is back from the country to go on with his class.

We play University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia to-morrow.

April fools were rather scarce this year. It may be because the first fell on Sunday.

Rev. Noll, who served as chaplain during March, was well liked.

Professor Bakeless made a business trip to Philadelphia, on Tuesday.

Mr. Thompson went with the farm boys as far as Philadelphia, on Saturday.

The band is playing in Boston, this week, and is meeting with good reception.

Miss Cutter has been elected vice-president of the Fortnightly Literary Club of town.

Mrs. William Kennedy, of Carlisle, was a guest of the Sensenys at luncheon, Monday.

52 girls went to country homes yesterday. Mrs. Dorsett escorted them to Philadelphia.

William Murdock, William Pallado and Charles Butler are the latest to go into the army.

The hens at the farm are doing well this spring. They average 75 dozen or so eggs a week.

Miss Stewart gave a reception for her little country sloyd boys last Friday, and it is needless to say they had a good time.

Mr. Taylor, who has been serving as assistant disciplinarian of several months, has returned to his former home, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

New milk-cans have replaced the old ones at the dairy. The fifty cows are said to be in good condition. Dairyman Gray is down to business and things are on the shine.

Rev. Hagerty, of the First Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, preached for us on Sunday, and will continue for the month of April. He seems to have struck at once the key-note of holding the attention of our student body. He was very deliberate and strong, and used language easily understood, without any apparent effort to simplify.

Charleston, South Carolina, is the place chosen for the next Indian Teachers' Association, July 7th to 13th, inclusive.

Tonight, Miss Luckenbach and Mrs. DeLoss, Invincibles; Misses Miles and Peter, Standards; Misses Paull and Robertson, Susans.

Mr. Velder, advance agent for the Band, and Mr. Eaton, treasurer, are here for conference as to future movements of that organization.

Ground has been broken for a new cottage to be occupied by Professor Bakeless' family and Dr. Eastman's. The building will be situated south of Mr. Weber's.

Ah! Not so pleasant in the country as you thought it was going to be? NOW is the time to show whether you have any thing in you WORTH trying to make a man of.

The heavy snow in March, made spring farming a little late, but Mr. Bennett says onions will soon go in. In the hotbeds, tomato plants are nearly two inches high.

The house given up by the dairymen for some sick boys, has been thoroughly cleaned and put in good shape for living, and Mr. Gray and his boys have gone back to their former abode.

Miss Senseney entertained the choir in her rooms on Wednesday evening, previous to many of them leaving for country homes yesterday. Stories around the open fire, and music were the chief pleasures.

Mrs. Ege, of North Hanover St., was out Saturday, and with old time friends reminisced on the early days of the school when some of our first Sioux students, now fathers and perhaps grandfathers, were her Sunday School scholars.

Guy LeRoy Stevick, Esq., of Denver Colorado, spent Sunday at the school, leaving for the West the next day. He left Mrs. Stevick and family in good health. Little Mary, last with us, is fast improving. His trip was a flying one and mainly on business.

Miss Campbell, of whom it was stated last week was off on a leave, has taken more than a leave—e'en a husband. Mr. Kensler took a trip to Harrisburg, on Tuesday, and secured more—e'en a wife. The husband and wife are Mr. August Kensler, our genial store keeper and Miss Mary E. Campbell, assistant matron for the girls. They were married in Harrisburg, on Tuesday, and returning to Carlisle the same evening took up their abode in Mr. Kensler's ready-made and cosy home on North Bedford street. This will be a surprise to many people, but hosts of friends are pouring in congratulations upon the happy couple.

talk straight English," said the first speaker in derision.

"That's all right, boy!" replied Sam, still holding his own. "But they are learning fast enough, and when they do get the English they will be ahead of us for they will be master of TWO languages, see? And, what did teacher say to us the other day? I guess from what she said OUR English is nothin' to brag on."

And here the boys passed on out of sight and hearing. MR. MAYBETRUE.

STRAIGHT ADVICE FROM AN INDIAN OF GOOD REPUTATION.

The addresses that were made during Commencement were all taken down, word for word, by an expert stenographer, Mr. Reginald Bottomley, of Carlisle. Many good things were said by the speakers that we did not have room for in the Commencement number of the Red Man, and so the Man-on-the-band-stand proposes to publish in the HELPER from time to time some very interesting stories and sentiments that were left over. In other words he will gather up the fragments that nothing really good may be lost.

It will be remembered that Reginald Oshkosh, whose name when a small boy at Carlisle was Aquinimy Neopet, was with us and made an excellent speech at the Wednesday evening meeting. Among other things he said:

Our good Government has provided nicely for you that you may get an education. You have a nice institution here. Shops are provided wherein you can learn a trade. You have plenty to eat and to wear, and what more would you want? You should appreciate all these things for you don't get them at home. There are hundreds of poor white children who would be glad to have these advantages and would appreciate them.

You were not sent here to play; not merely to enjoy yourselves. You were sent here to get an education; to learn every good way of the white man.

Let us try to show to the world that the Indian can be a MAN and be independent. We hear that the Indian as a nation is lazy.

Let us show to the world that the Indian can be industrious and be a self-supporting people as well as any nation.

When I return to my people I shall tell them what a high standard this school has reached.

I have always praised Major Pratt and always will, for I can never thank him enough for what he has done for me, and every child that passes through this school feels the same. If they don't they ought to. (Laughter.)

INDIAN SOLDIER BOYS A SUCCESS.

If the placing of groups of Indians together in the army in Indian companies to be set apart as Indians, proved a failure, as Major Pratt predicted it would when the enlisting of Reservation Indians in that manner began a few years since, the placing of men as individuals in companies of white men, on the same footing as the white soldier has not so proved

Some of our boys have gone to Manila; some are in Cuba; others are in Porto Rico.

They keep well and maintain a good standing, some having been promoted to the rank of non-commissioned officers

A recent letter from Reuben Shoulder, Troop E. 2nd U.S. Cav'y, Cuba, says he likes his army life and enjoys the cavalry drill. His captain—Capt. Pearson, is a good man, he says, and he himself "is getting along all right."

THE HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH OFFICE RAIDED.

Printer, Samuel Miller, secured permission two weeks ago to play newsboy in Harrisburg, and took a hundred copies of the Commencement Red Man to sell.

He disposed of the most of them and then hid himself to the Telegraph office to see what there was in a great city printing office that we have not in the Indian School office.

The type-setting machines, the huge presses, the stereotyping process all proved intensely interesting to him, and he must have shown it, for the next day the following paragraph appeared in the evening paper:

"This afternoon, just before the hour for going to press, the "Telegraph" office was raided by an Indian from the Stockbridge reservation, who had dropped into the city this morning. He was on the lookout for something to interest him, and broke loose on the "Telegraph" office. The editorial, business, composing, job and press departments were successively the scenes of his desire to roam and for a while he kept the attention of attaches from wandering.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 3, 9, 1 is almost as wet as rain.

My 4, 2, 6 is a house for lions.

My 8, 5, 7 is what little folks want to be.

My 12, 2, 11, 10 a man may do to his farm.

My whole was a joyful sound this week to the ears of the Man-on-the band-stand.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Admire it.