

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XV.

FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1900.

Number 24

EASTER LILLIES.

EASTER lilies, pure and fair,
Bloom for us to-day;
Whispering words of love and hope
In their saintly way.

For the winter, dark and drear,
Now is past; and see
How from sleep the earth awakes!
Every shrub and tree

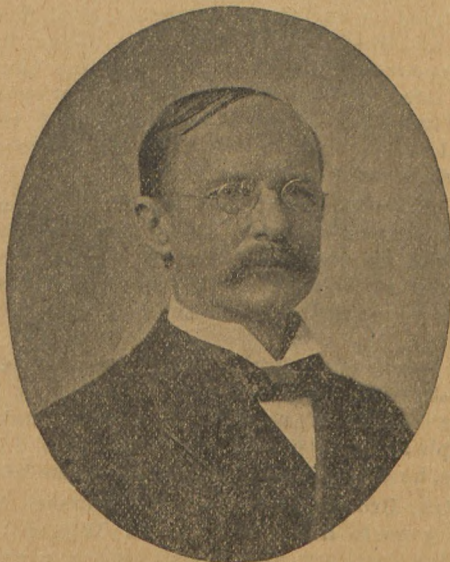
Bursts into a shower of green;
And the April sky
Laughs and smiles and softly cries,
"Ah, you did not die

"When the winter chilled you so,
Hiding you from sight!
No, you only SLEPT, and now
In the Easter light,

"Strong and fair and sweet you rise!
While a joyous band
Of flowers and little tender buds
Springs up, through all the land."

Oh, the world is fair and bright,
And the earth is gay;
For peace and joy and love and hope
Make glad our Easter day!

—[The Little Pilgrim.]



SENATOR JOHN M. THURSTON, NEBRASKA,
Chairman Senate Indian Committee.

SNAP SHOTS FROM THE BAND ON THE ROAD.

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

From Trenton to Boston is a long flight, but we made the journey as the birds do, a little at a time, testing the temperature.

With New York for head-quarters, Newark and Brooklyn were visited.

It was at Yonkers that Earl was asked by an elderly gentleman:

"What is your nationality? Were you born in this country?"

"Yes, indeed! I am a REAL American," was his reply.

Residence in a large city often causes a change in a people, as you know, but you will be surprised to learn that the Slasher became so very high toned while in New York that he actually went to bed in his choker!

Perhaps our most enthusiastic audience was at Newark, where a good house gave encore after encore, and the local manager urged another visit promising a packed house and fine returns.

It is a noteworthy fact, however, that not a single cold audience has greeted us. Almost universally the original program has been nearly doubled under the inspiration of the heartiest will-not-be denied applause.

When in Brooklyn, who should appear but two of our soldier boys—Bonnicastle and Barker, who had leave to run over and say "How do you do?" to old comrades. They were looking well and hoped to sail for the Philippines on the 6th of April.

The week in Boston has been full of pleasant things. In spite of two performances a day and a rehearsal, there were odd moments for the Public Library, the Old State House, the Old North Church,—where we almost expected to see the lantern that caused Paul Revere's gallop,—the Bunker Hill monument, and the navy yard, where a few had the pleasure of visiting the Olympia and seeing some

The Indian Helper

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—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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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.

Before another issue of the HELPER the April Red Man will be mailed. This number contains editorial matter on "Twenty Years of Indian Education," and live squibs on present situations; "Club Women on the Indian Question"; a column or so of racy correspondence bearing upon present issues; Indian Music; a quantity of very interesting extracts from Graduates' Letters to the Alumni Association Book Reviews of the latest and best outputs on the Indian question; the most salient parts of the Report of the Commission of the Five Civilized tribes; a poem by Chinubbie Harjo, and Dakota Lyrics translated by Elaine Goodale Eastman; an interesting "Story of Celiast"; "The Lost Colony of Roanoke Island," as given by Hon. John D. Belamy, in the U. S. House of Representatives, recently; a good page of "Scissors and Paste"; a communication from Levi Levering, '90, on "Treat the Indian as a Man;" fresh Washington news with all the appointments and transfers for March; pointed extracts from speeches made in the Senate on the Indian Appropriation Bill that caused considerable excitement at the time, besides locals and Miscellaneous squibs. Terms of subscription, 50 cents a year, mailed the fifteenth of every month. The HELPER and Red Man to one address for 55 cents. Postage stamps in amounts less than a dollar acceptable.

Chief Richardville, of the Miamis, Indian Territory, is in Washington, attending to tribal business. The chief is an uncle of Mrs. Dagenett, and through him, Mr. Dagenett met a number of prominent people when he was in Washington a few days ago.

Base Ball Schedule for 1900.

Sat. April 7th, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; lost, 6 to 7.

Wednesday, April 11th, Mercersburg at Mercersburg; lost 11 to 12.

Thursday, April 12th, Syracuse here.

Wednesday, April 18th, Lebanon Valley College at Lebanon.

Saturday, April 21st, Cornell at Ithica.

Thursday, April 26th, our second team at Mercersburg.

Thursday, May 3rd, Susquehanna, here.

Sat., May 5th, Mercersburg, here.

(Later dates next week.)

The Ogalalla Light is a new publication that has come to our desk, from the Boarding School at Pine Ridge, South Dakota. It is a little larger than the HELPER, printed on excellent paper, in good type and ink, and the make-up is first class, to say nothing of the editorial work which shows a wide-awake appreciation of the needs of school life. The Man-on-the band-stand would like to see a little paper printed at every school in the United States. No trade or calling in a small way has so much real business education to the square inch as the making up and mailing regularly of a little paper; but no paper should be allowed to go out to the reading public unless it be respectable in appearance. We get some sheets that are very badly printed and which are a disgrace to the calling.

A Valse de Concert "Off to Paris," composed by C. M. Senseman, Mechanicsburg, Pa., and dedicated to the Carlisle Indian Band has a "smart" ring. The writer heard it played by our piano instructor, Mrs. Sawyer, and liked the air. The sheet music has on its cover an excellent picture of the band, the latest. Those of our students wishing this music may secure it by cutting out this local and sending it with twenty cents to C. M. Senseman, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

A little bird that had caught itself on a limb of the grand old walnut, in a way that it hung helplessly chirping attracted the attention of a number. It was rescued from peril by some brave Indian boys with long poles.

A cheery letter from printer George Willard speaks of his happy days on the farm, but he ever thinks of us, too. If George makes people as happy out on the farm as he does here, he will be a sun-beam in the house-hold.

Mrs. Brown, formerly Miss Bourassa, '90, has gone to her new home at Wyandotte, Indian Territory, after a visit to her parents in Michigan, from the Phoenix Indian School where she has been employed for some time.

Arbutus.

No April showers yet!

An unprecedented cold spring.

Watch out for Spring fever germs!

The new cottage is beginning to grow.

Patches on the Athletic Field are sodding.

Miss Cochran is home for a few days' rest.

Mr. George Foulke's house is getting a new spring dress.

The corners and worn edges of the grass-plot are being sodded.

As we go to press the Syracuse baseball team are in game with our boys.

The pride of the small boy now is to get a curve on his pitch.

Careful! When a girl gets to be Mrs. she objects to being Missed.

The hens are busy laying enough easter eggs for our regiment of eaters.

The Home Monthly for April, has an illustrated article on our school.

Little Edmond Wheelock looks like a small Professor in his scholarly glasses.

Mr. Morrett went to Bucks county Wednesday to bring into line a wandering boy.

Zenia Tibbetts, Daisy Wasson and Nancy Cornelius have returned to Downingtown.

Mr. and Mrs. Van der Mey, of Philadelphia, have taken the places of cook and assistant.

We were beaten at baseball by the Mercersburg team, on Wednesday, by a score of 11 to 12

Miss Richenda Pratt returned to Wilson yesterday after a restful and enjoyable Easter vacation.

Superintendent Hall, of the Perris School, California, dropped in upon us and left the next train.

If a boy or girl in the country would like to make an EASY dollar send us TEN names for the Red Man and four dollars. Keep one.

Susan Gibbs has received the appointment of Assistant-Seamstress at the Pottawotamie School, Indian Territory, and has left for said post of duty.

Miss Miles and Miss Peter will attend the Invincibles to-night; Misses Paull and Robertson the Standards; Miss Luckenbach and Mrs. DeLoss the Susans.

Mrs. Pratt is the recipient of two handsome Moqui plaques, one made by the Indians called Friendly and the other by the hostiles. They were sent by Mrs. Dandridge who is at the Keams' Canyon School, Arizona, and they are greatly valued.

Luther Standingbear who was one of our first students twenty years ago, from the Sioux country, has a daughter in school in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Kensler have been the recipients of a handsome wedding gift of solid silver forks and dessert, table and teaspoons from their friends at the school.

Richard H. Pratt, Jr., of Steelton, spent Sunday at the school. When John Powlas whom Dick loves, is walking with his little friend, we see the "long and short of it."

Mr. Jordan after several weeks of cooking, about which there were numerous compliments from the student body, is out again at the spring work of clearing up, repairing walks, etc.

Abram Isaac, 1900, has gone to his home, while his friends at the school miss his genial presence. Abram is a good violinist, a good clarinetist, a good carpenter and a good and faithful friend.

A team made up of boys from the small boys' quarters have beaten one from the large boys' quarters once, and are quite proud of the achievement. There are some interesting games these evenings on the south grounds between the scrub teams, and a goodly spirit of rivalry is being stirred up.

Dr. Eastman stopped at the the Osage Agency on his way back from Arizona, and brought with him four Osage girls. It being his first visit to that agency he has considerable to say of the different conditions there from those he has met with at other agencies. The Doctor was kindly received by the Indians and whites wherever he went.

Melinda Metoxen was at home from three to five o'clock, on Saturday last in her pretty room, assisted by Ada Sockbeson, Josephine Jannies and Cynthia Lambert. The guests were Mrs. Dorsett, Mrs. Canfield, Miss Weekly, Miss Kowuni, Susan Gibbs, Sophia Americanhorse, Master O-hi-ye-sa Eastman and Mrs. DeLoss. There were games and refreshments. As the only young man present, Baby O-hi-ye-sa bore himself very graciously.

We are grieved to record the death of another of our Alaska pupils—Tomicock. She was patient, gentle and brave. She bore her illness in silence. Her smile was ready even when too weak to talk. She was conscious to the end. She asked Miss Barr to hold her, and breathed her last while resting in those kindly arms, ever ready to help one in distress. Annebuck was her chosen friend and close companion, and the bereft child has the sympathy of all who knew the tender and sisterly feeling between the two.

of the men who helped to settle that little matter of Santiago Bay.

Then through the kindly intercession of our artist friend, Angel de Cora, we had a morning at the art museum, and at another time we were taken through the splendid "Youth's Companion" building, by the courtesy of Mr. Chamberlain, one of the editors. The few "imps" among us were seen to look carefully at the other "devils" in the building, and to size up the improvements in the various departments, so they will undoubtedly bring valuable hints to the inky sanctum upon their return.

There was one pleasant mid-day when some of us found (and it was not all of us only because her teepee would not hold us all) that however badly Minnehaha had treated her Indian guest years ago when she made coffee for him over the cold ashes in the lodge beside the Missouri, she has certainly now discovered the knack of getting the richest and most toothsome flavor out of Mocha and Java, and she served it with no less hospitality than of old.

Now we are about to say Good-bye to Boston, hoping for a speedy return, for we have had a good time here.

The ever jovial medicine man has not been hard pressed with cases, and has found time to add to his already large assortment of friends.

The capable manager has returned from a flying visit to head quarters. All Here is ready to begin inspection as soon as we have taken possession of our car. Dickie has his club for any spider of unnatural size that Naughty Coky may have helped to escape and threaten his room-mates.

The hardy Scotchman has learned not to turn on the gas by pressing a button, because it brings a bell boy instead of a light.

I and II take turns telling the bear story, each as happening to himself, and Shorty sees that the big drum is in easy reach for a powwow.

By the way, did you know that when the big drum is beaten so hard as to burst it, that it can be quickly turned and used on the other side as if nothing had happened?

We are sorry to leave Minnehaha and her chaperon behind. They have helped to develop chivalry and heroism in our midst.

Our Hard Shell member sat immovable on the stage when the moceasined Reader stepped back upon his foot. Had he moved ever so little, she would, mayhap, have lost the thread of her discourse.

So we are learning in big things and little. If we have our "downs" our "ups" more than

make amends, and though the Bandstanders think often of you (and wish, too, that you realized how very hungry they are for your weekly letter as soon as it is printed) they are glad that they are to see a little more of the world before returning to you. They all send loyal regards to you. XENA.

THE FARM BOY'S GOAL.

"Humph! I knew how to work before they ever put me on this farm!" That may be true but did you know how to take, in a brave and manly way, the adversities and trials of doing for yourself? You work 12 and 15 hours a day? So did Lincoln. So did Garfield. So did Grant. So did Major Pratt. When the boy on a Bucks County farm reaches the high station in life he has in mind, he will look back with pride to the days when he had to work hard for a living, the same as Governor Brady now looks back with pride to those days. It is the GOAL that a farm boy is trying to reach, and if he has the get up and pluck to "down the interference," he is bound to make the desired touch down.

APPRECIATIVE.

We appreciate the Indian Helper of Carlisle, Pa., and the Indian Leader of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. They show more true school spirit and appreciation, for their opportunities, than any of the exchanges from white schools.

—[Lawrence High School Budget.

DISAGREEABLE.

Mr. Brown: Good Morning, Mr. Jones how's your wife?

Mr. Jones (who was deaf, and thought a remark had been made about the weather): very blustering and disagreeable again this morning.

Enigma.

I am made of 18 letters.

My 6, 8, 3 is a neck ornament.

My 2, 4, 1 is the weather that is approaching.

My 7, 5, 9, 17 a washer woman likes.

My 12, 11, 10 is an enemy.

My 14, 15, 18 is a kind of weapon our farm boys are using about now.

My 16, 13, 1 a cat likes to meet.

My whole is what Major Pratt said last Saturday night was good for the inside of a man.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Wednesday bells.