

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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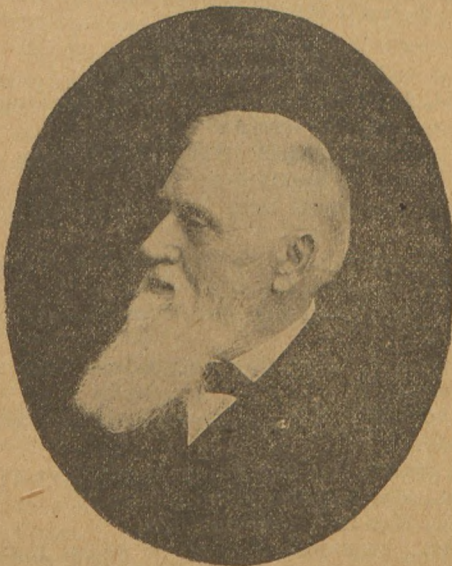
Number 26.

A ROBIN'S EGG.

ONLY think of it—love and song;
The passionate joy of the summer long;
Morns and vespers, ah! how sweet;
A nest to be in the village street;
A red breast flashing in happy flight,—
Life's full ecstasy and delight
Thrilling God's minstrel through and through—
All of them packed in this egg of blue!

Would you believe it, holding dumb
Lime and pigment 'twixt finger and thumb?
Would you think there was love within
Walls so brittle and cold and thin?
Such a song as you heard, last night,
Thrilling the grove in the sunset light!

—[JAMES BUCKHAM,
in Sunday School Times.



GENERAL JOHN H. EATON,
Ex-Commissioner of Education.

WILD INDIANS I HAVE KNOWN. II.

My nearest neighbors in the Indian village
on the Missouri river were two sisters who liv-

ed alone, and the younger of whom, although more than thirty years old, had never been married. This is a very unusual circumstance among the Indians; so much so, that Miss Bird, (if we may translate her name literally,) was said to be the only veritable "old maid" in the tribe! However this may be, it is certain that the proverbial traits of her class were written all over her delicate, sharp-featured face and slight, erect figure.

I am not sure but that they were written as well over the double log cabin, with a rude arbor by way of veranda, which domiciled this feminine household!

Their housekeeping, both indoors and out—and Indian housekeeping is largely out of doors—was really immaculately neat. The yard was swept as clean as a floor, and all debris consumed by frequent bonfires. The blankets were aired daily in fine weather, and afterwards folded and arranged with perfect precision.

Miss Bird was exceedingly industrious, and was known far and wide by the fame of her exquisite embroideries with the dyed quills of the porcupine and the more modern beads. The dolls and trinkets which she manufactured for sale commanded the highest prices. The sisters possessed considerable property, such as horses and extra robes and fine clothing, and their virtuous and independent lives commanded general respect.

They became in time very friendly and pleasant neighbors, but could never be persuaded to come to church or to sewing society. Both were, in their ideas and habits, immovably conservative. Whatever may be the reason, I have observed that some of the finest characters among pagan Indians are least accessible to missionaries.

The elder sister, whose poetic name was Dawn of Day, was a childless widow—quieter, softer-voiced, and more matronly-looking than her companion. Miss Bird had a sharp tongue of her own, and was particularly fond

The Indian Helper

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—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.

That tired feeling often comes from not taking proper care of self.

Hugh Sousea, (Carlisle '91) who holds the position of disciplinarian at Santa Fe Indian school, sends in his subscription to the HELPER and Red Man. Every ex-student of our school and everybody in the Indian service should take the latter. Progressive people desire above all things to be well informed in their own line of work.

Fanny Harris '00, writes Miss Senseney that she has charge of the small boys at Cantonment, Oklahoma, and is enjoying her work immensely. After leaving here, she spent three happy weeks with her mother and two married sisters, each of whom has a home of her own. On her way to Cantonment she stopped at Darlington and saw Amelia Clark, Joseph Black Bear, Naomi Wilson, and lastly Mabel Buck Block and her baby girl. She sends her love to all her friends, and we know they are many.

We are indebted to Dr. George Bird Grinnell, who was a recent visitor to the school, for a complimentary copy of his latest book, "The Indians of Today." The volume is a very handsome one, effectively illustrated with Rinehart's photographs of living Indians, and contains chapters on the reservation life, Indian character, Indian education, and a very informative summary of present condition at each of the existing Indian agencies. It is a book that every one interested in Indians will like to own. "The Indians of Today" will be reviewed at length in a forthcoming number of the Red Man. (Herbert S. Stone Co., Chicago, \$5.00)

Miss Richenda Pratt is having a hard struggle with the grippe, at Wilson College; but her sister, Miss Nana, who is nursing her, expects to bring her home in a day or so.

Several of the party of girls who went out last week have written to friends at the school expressing their satisfaction with their new homes. Several are sure they have been assigned to the very best place there is.

Society visitors are frequently careless about sending in their reports. Some of the visitors are careless about meeting their engagements. We invite them to consult the visiting schedule. This plan of systematic visiting is showing good results in bettering the society work, and all should feel it a pleasant duty to help.

We are pleased to see the interest which the boys are showing in track athletics. There is no reason why, with the amount of undeveloped material there is in the school, we should not with proper training turn out a track team capable of proving more than an "ice wagon after a comet." The main trouble with this sport, as with most others in school, is, that if a fellow doesn't think he is a star performer and can beat anything in sight, he won't come out and train. Boys, "get together" and help keep up the interest, don't let a few fellows do it all!

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; won 7 to 5.

Wednesday, April 18th, Lebanon Valley College at Annville; tie 4 to 4.

Saturday, April 21st, Cornell at Ithaca; lost 13 to 4.

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

Wednesday, May 2nd, Georgetown at Washington.

Thursday, May 3rd, Susquehanna, here.

Sat., May 5th, Mercersburg, here.

Sat., May 12th, Albright, here.

Wed., May 16th, Lehigh at South Bethlehem.

Sat., May 19th, Albright at Myerstown.

Sat., May 26th, Bucknell at Lewisburg.

Tuesday, May 29th, Gettysburg, here.

Wed., May 30th, Pennsylvania R. R. Y. M. C. A. at Philadelphia

Sat., June 2, Lafayette at Easton.

Sat., June 9, Gettysburg at Gettysburg.

Wed., June 13th, State at State.

Lawn mowers at work.

School exhibition Thursday night.

"Keep off the grass" signs have disappeared.

The willows and cottonwoods are first to put on their summer attire.

Mr. Dagenett took a flying trip to Washington on business this week.

Miss Paull has an interesting colony of tadpoles in process of development.

Miss Luckenbach has been visiting friends in Bethlehem, preparatory to taking leave of us in the east for a season.

Mrs. DeLoss has returned after a two days absence. She was called to Washington by the death of a relative.

Miss Margaret Scott King of Chambersburg and Miss Beckwith of Pittsburg, were visitors to the school on Wednesday.

There are at present 218 girls in quarters and 210 in country homes. It is expected that over forty will go out May 3.

Our baseball team was defeated by Cornell last Saturday. Score, 13-4. The second team played Mercersburg yesterday.

Walks to the Grove are frequent; the girls have put their wheels in order, and the grounds begin to have a summer-like appearance.

Dr. Eastman came in Sunday night, having seen about thirty boys, all of whom he found in good homes and giving good satisfaction.

Grace Thumbo came from Moorestown last week and has been in the hospital with inflammatory rheumatism since her return. She is improving.

Miss Cochran is back with her class again. Her pupils are delighted; although they appreciate the earnest work done for them during her absence.

Miss McIntyre, who has been ill for the last week, is sitting up to-day, surrounded by most beautiful flowers, the offerings of her many friends.

The Teachers' Club has been greatly edified by a clever literary conundrum distributed by Misses Bowersox and Hill, which kept all the boarders guessing for two days.

It is delightful to see so many "harbingers of spring" find their way into the school-room, in the shape of flowers, plants, twigs with awakening buds, and so on. "Readin', Ritin', and Rithmetic" must be, and must be well done; but the school that stops there has not begun education. We want power of observation, of thought, of expression, awakened sympathies with life and the things about us.

James Flannery, cornet, Robert Bruce, euphonium, the two soloists of the band, both played solos in their usual effective style at the concert on the band-stand Tuesday evening.

Supervisor Dickson of the Third District Indian schools, called Wednesday on his way to Colorado and the West. He was accompanied by Mrs. Dickson. Mr. Dickson understands the printer's trade from the case up to the editor's desk, and says he never worked harder in his life than as a boy in a printing office at \$1.00 per week.

While the first and second baseball teams are hard at work these evenings, practicing on the athletic field—the shop teams and company teams are struggling for supremacy on the old field back of the school house. Home runs, over throws, playing "marbles" with baseball, hitting the wind, catching "flies," sliding to first, crooked umpiring—all go in as part of the game.

The Standard-Invincible reception last week was a very pleasant affair. The officers of the two societies received their guests, who afterward played games at little tables scattered about the room, while some promenaded the balcony to the music of the band. Refreshments were served later, and the occasion was pronounced more enjoyable than the large sociables, because less crowded and the conversation more general.

We felt sorry for the large party of girls and teachers who went to the mountains for arbutus Saturday afternoon, when a gentle but steady rain set in and lasted for the better part of the afternoon. They returned, however, in high spirits, with quantities of the Puritan flowers, and had evidently enjoyed the excursion, if it was a trifle damp! The Senior girls and Miss Weekley's class, with several of the employees, made up the party.

Miss Mollie V. Gaither, who was with us for a time, and is now Superintendent of the Umatilla Boarding School, Umatilla, Oregon, was here several days on her way to Washington. She brought five pupils for Carlisle. Miss Gaither has now one hundred children under her charge, of whom 75 are full Indians, and thirty of this number are under six years of age. She considers the kindergarten department to be one of the most successful features of her work. As these Indians are citizens, and receive no help from the Government except in the way of education, the attendance at her school is entirely voluntary. An interesting interview with Miss Gaither will appear in the May Red Man.

of descanting upon the faults and follies of the men!

There was a romance about her youth; a tradition, I know not how accurate, that there had once been among her many suitors one especially favored. The story ran that while out hunting one day with the younger brother of his sweetheart he accidentally shot and killed him. This terrible misfortune the maiden visited not only upon her lover but upon all mankind, for ever after she positively refused to accept a husband.

On the opposite bank of the "Smoking Earth" river there dwelt a tall and stately Indian whose curious name had been rudely translated "Little Forked Tail." The reference was to the tail of the swallow, so he was really called after that bird. He had a fine aquiline profile and a manner of considerable dignity.

These facts impressed us upon his first introduction of himself, on the morning school opened, as father of two of the strangest-looking little boys we had ever seen, dressed in new suits of clothes several sizes too big for them, with uncombed elf-locks and the accumulated dirt of several months apparently untouched upon their hands and faces. They were blue with cold and looked terribly frightened as well; but he presented them to us with paternal pride, seeming quite unconscious of their grotesque and pathetic appearance.

The outer boy was soon modified to a surprising extent by a bath and a hair-cut—strange ceremonies proposed by us, and courteously permitted by Little Forked Tail—and it could then be seen that one of the pair was a handsome little fellow, while the other was dreadfully disfigured by a hare lip. The one proved to be clever and conceited; his brother painfully awkward and shy.

We soon learned to respect the father for his conscientious efforts to treat his sons with absolute impartiality, while it was evident that the one wounded as much as the other flattered his pride. His concern for their education was great, and to it he was willing to make considerable sacrifices. Either he or the mother of the boys brought them to school every day—a walk of three miles, with a stream to cross which was not bridged save by the ice in mid-winter. At certain seasons the passage could only be made by leaping from block to block of ice, or by wading waist-deep in the ice-cold water. All this the devoted parents accomplished; carrying one boy at a time and returning for the second. The mother would often remain at the school all day, and take the children home at its close. And these were genuinely "wild Indians!"

IACOZAWIN.

A FAVORITE PET AMONG THE INDIANS.

Very little credit has ever been given the raccoon for its cunning or sagacity, and seemingly they are valued alone for their fur, but a careful study of their habits will prove them quite intelligent.

A friend possesses a pet coon that for reasoning power and good sense certainly surpasses a great many animals.

Because of the coon's particular relish for chickens, he is kept chained to a stake driven in the ground, but even with this precaution he has been known to outwit his owner. He is fond of corn, and will shell it from the cob, then sprinkle it all around him, and when the young chickens come up to get a share, he waits until one is within easy reach, and quickly he has it in his paws. One peculiarity of this raccoon is that he will not pick up anything so long as he is looking at it, but with his eyes roving all about, he reaches out and blindly gains possession of the coveted object, and has never been known to miss his aim.

One day an egg was placed where he could almost touch it by lying down and stretching out the full length of his chain. For a long time he sought in every way to secure it, but in vain. At last, as if the happy thought had just come to him, he turned around with his tail toward the egg, and by stretching out he could reach it with his hind feet and pull it within the grasp of his paws, after which he broke the shell by striking it upon the ground and ate it with a great deal of satisfaction.

—[Pets and Animals.]

Enigma.

I am made of fifteen letters.

My 3, 4, 5, is out of health.

My 8, 2, 3, 4, 7, is good for food.

My 15, 12, 7, is sometimes called the source of life.

My 15, 13, 4, 7, 8, is what we are apt to dread in the summer time.

My 1, 10, 12, 15, 13, is what it is not always safe to do.

My 11, 14, 8, is frequently a nuisance.

My 7, 3, 6, 5, is necessary to men of several trades.

My 2, 4, 11, is what Adam lost.

My 5, 4, 9, 2 is distrusted by everybody.

My 8, 2, 6, 13, is an excellent quality in a man.

My whole is a universal favorite at this season of the year.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Rainy weather.