

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME IV.

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WE can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seed of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along the way,
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Wait us at the harvest day.

—[Selected.]

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE A SPIDER OR A FLY?

The White Man Like a Spider.

Mr. Seger, a hard-working man who for many years has lived among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes—a man of true worth and integrity, writes the following interesting article for the HELPER.

"As many of your readers are beginning to learn the English language, perhaps they have already begun to think in English also, and have found that it is one thing to speak the words of a language and another to understand just what they mean.

I will tell you something about my learning Indian. I found that I could not remember a word well without I knew the interpretation.

I soon learned that in both Cheyenne and Arapahoe languages, the word coffee, interpreted literally would be black water, milk would be white water and whiskey would be white man's water.

I also learned that both the Cheyennes and Arapahoes called the white people, spiders.

My attention was particularly called to this word by a returned Carlisle student. It happened in this way.

I asked the student if she could persuade some of the camp women to take up with the ways of white people.

After looking down a few moments she said rather discouragingly, 'I don't know, the Indians call the white people, spiders.'

This girl had learned to keep house while in the East, and no doubt had swept down spider webs from the corners of rooms, for she seemed to be prejudiced against them.

In the seven years she had been in the East, she had only learned in her Indian language that she had succeeded in becoming like a spider, as the Indians frequently call the returned Carlisle children, 'white folks'.

In this Territory there are a good many kinds of spiders and some of them quite venomous.

Of these the Indians are very much afraid. In view of this, could we feel surprised that the Indian girl felt a little discouraged at being called a spider?

Let us inquire if there is not something about spiders worthy of our imitation.

They are mentioned in poetry and prose.

Solomon writes some seven hundred years before Christ 'That the spider taketh hold with its hands and is in Kings' palaces.'

He also says they are of four things upon the earth which 'are little but exceedingly wise.'

I think that any of our INDIAN HELPER readers would feel quite proud to have such a compliment passed on them, by the reputed wisest man that ever lived.

Yet we never heard that the spider put on any airs on account of it.

Yet we are to understand that he calls his web a parlor, from the lines, 'Will you walk into my parlor?' said the spider to the fly.'

I do not think the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were thinking of what Solomon said or the poem of the spider and the fly when they gave the white man the name of spider!

Let us try and find out what they were thinking of! First, let us inquire a little into the character of the spider!

As we know that Indians are close students of nature and are well acquainted with the habits of animals and insects around them, it is probable they had watched the spider weaving his web and studied the textures and observed how ingeniously and exact the threads crossed and the web was woven with some purpose.

No doubt they had watched to see what use the web would be put to.

Here comes a fly carelessly buzzing along and is entangled in the web.

Continued on Fourth Page.

The Indian Helper.

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By 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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THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

I would rather be right than be President.
—[Henry Clay.]

Don't suspect people of being dishonest until you know them to be so.

James B. Garcia's teacher writes of him that if all who attend our school are as obedient and studious as he, it would be a pleasure to teach Indian boys and girls.

Our good friend Mrs. Kilborn again kindly remembers the tailors with pretty needle books, making twenty-five in all that she has sent. The books are greatly appreciated by the boys.

David Osahgee, a pupil at the Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, received a certificate with honors at the recent Civil Service Examination, and will now enter on his duties as a Junior Clerk in the Indian Department at Ottawa.

We see by the Pipe of Peace, published at the Genoa Nebraska Indian School, that, "Spotted tail, the grandson of the famous chief, is the latest addition to the printing office." Wonder if it is our Pollock!

We have an interesting letter from Millie McIntosh who is now at Eufaula, Indian Territory. She says she is well but is in deep sorrow over the loss of her favorite brother who was killed by the outlaws in November, and now they are after her father and other brother, so that they feel uneasy all the time. Millie would like very much to come back to Carlisle. She is obliged to talk so much Indian and so little English that she feels that she is losing her English. "Oh!" she says, "How I would like to see dear old Carlisle and all the teachers and boys and girls who were there when I was!"

Married.

BASSETT—KING—In the Seneca Nation, Indian Territory, by the Rev. Jeremiah Hubbard, Joseph Bassett to Frances King.

The many friends of Frances King at Carlisle wish the happy couple unlimited joy and unbounded prosperity.

Mending Done.

Anyone on the grounds wishing to have darning or mending done with neatness and dispatch can be accommodated by applying at the Girls' Quarters where a number of the young women hold themselves in readiness for such orders.

We all remember Mr. William A. Burman, the English gentleman who has worked for many years among the Indians in Canada. We remember his good talk to us last year. A letter this week from him says, "I am much obliged to you for sending me the *Red Man* and *HELPER* so regularly. I have been much impressed with the value of the copy of the former containing the report of the Sioux Commission, and am anxious to obtain copies for our Bishop and some of my friends here. For these I enclose a dollar. We are hoping to get our new Industrial School in working order by the end of the summer. It is to be on the Red River, six miles north of Winnipeg. The children will be chiefly Crees and Ojibways with I hope a few of our old friends the Sioux." Mr. Burman closes with expressions of pleasant recollections of friends at Carlisle.

White Wolf, Comanche, Lone Wolf, Kiowa, and Koh-ty, Lieutenant of the Police of the Kiowas came last Thursday and spent a few days at the school. They were fine looking men, but what a pity they have no education! All their thoughts have to pass through another's mouth before they can reach the ear of the white man. It makes them very weak and dependent. They are not as independent as educated boys of ten and eleven years old. The Man-on-the-band-stand could but feel sorry for them.

The employes and pupils of Genoa tender Carlisle heartfelt sympathy for the damage and loss sustained by the recent cyclone, and are glad to know that the misfortune was not as great as at first supposed. We hope that generous contributions and also appropriations will enable that Institution to carry on its great work without its usefulness, even for a short time, being impaired. [—*Pipe of Peace*.]

Our Present Numbers.

Boys, 400; Girls, 224; Total, 624. Boys on farms, 122; Girls on farms, 57; Total, 179.

The foot marks in the gymnasium are being retouched.

Mr. Seger's letter on the first page is well worth reading.

The examining room in the Gymnasium has a cosy look.

Our last Sunday evening's service was full of the right spirit. Let us have them often!

The boys hope to have the painting in the gymnasium finished soon so they may have it fitted up with apparatus.

We were glad to see the old familiar hand writing of Henry North once more. He copied the piece written by Mr. Seger.

The girls and little boys are enjoying Crokinole, but the large boys are not able to "crok" on account of not having any board.

Mr. William Harvey, with whom Richard Davis lives, spent Wednesday night with us. He says Richard, Nannie and the baby are well.

Hattie Long Wolf has gone to Colora to live in Ellwood Balderston's family, where she will have superior advantages of a select school.

Yes, there was a man on the band stand this week but he was a snow one. The little girls built him up and dressed him in a cloak to keep him warm.

Dot and Amy are real little carpenters for they made a sled this week, good enough for their dolls if it wouldn't do for the Man-on-the-band-stand to ride on.

On Sunday evening Company A kept the best step as they marched out of chapel. With heads erect and soldierly bearing they presented a line most pleasing to the eye.

Lida Standing had a very pleasant birthday party last Thursday evening to attend which a few of the small girls were invited, and they claim to have had a good time.

The Exhibition which came off last Friday night was the first regular school entertainment in the new chapel. The programme was much as usual, consisting of recitations and singing.

Messrs. Wilson Woodman and Thomas Smith, patrons of the school from Bucks County spent Sunday at the school. They seemed much interested in our work and claimed to have enjoyed their visit.

The printers had their pictures taken in a group last Saturday, and Mr. Choate did a good piece of work for us. There are a number of new faces in the group and it will be given for a premium instead of the old picture of thirteen faces. This group contains fifteen.

The boys are talking of forming an Athletic Association.

Ota Chief Eagle manages his company of small boys, well.

George Williams has gone to a place in the country to work.

What every one would like to know: is there to be a sociable to-night?

The Y. M. C. A. will hold its meetings in the old chapel for the present.

Many of the large boys have been weighed in the balances (scales) this week.

There were no meetings of the Literary Societies last week on account of the exhibition.

If a snow would only come now there would be good sleighing as the ground is in the right condition.

Nellie Carey has found a most charming country home, where she will have privileges we cannot here give.

Mark Penoi came in from a country home this week, looking remarkably well and with an exceptionally good record.

The fine set of Double Harness that was exhibited at the Fair last Fall, was sold to a gentleman in New York City.

Prof. Woodruff has gone on a tour of visiting the public schools attended by our pupils in the eastern part of the State.

The subscriptions of quite a number of the papers and periodicals in the large boys' Reading Room have expired, and they hope for the renewal of them at any date.

It will hurt the tobacco chewers this year if they are not allowed to go to the country, but of course they cannot expect privileges when they pay no attention to the rules of the school.

The new blanks for school use, which when filled monthly will show the exact standing of each pupil in lessons and conduct, are well liked by the teachers, and no doubt the pupils will try harder than ever, if such a thing can be, to have perfect lessons and good conduct, so as to get as high marks as possible.

Owing to the stupidity of a green folder, one who had never worked in the printing-office before last week, a very few papers were folded and one or two sent out with only one side printed. One of them came back with "Latest Style" on the wrapper. We deserve the criticism, and will try to have all eyes open next time, Apache or no Apache.

(Continued from First Page.)

The spider rushes out and makes it fast.

Soon another fly is caught and then another.

The Indian now sees what the spider has been working for, but says the Indian, 'Why don't he eat them?'

'If I had that much provision ahead I would make a feast, and ask the whole camp to eat with me.'

If the Indian was given to philosophizing he might say spiders are not like Indians, but Indians are more like the idle flies, which go first here and then there without purpose except to bask in the sunshine and live in the present.

In the Indian Territory there is a large spider called Tarantula. Its nest is the most ingenious of all ingenious things.

It is a subterranean abode about the size of a pint cup, lined with material as fine and glossy as white satin.

At the surface of the ground is a small opening into which fits a door made of sand and gravel glued together with some gummy fluid and lined with the same satin material as the nest.

The door opens and shuts on hinges made of many strands of a silken sort of thread.

When the Tarantula goes out into the world the sharpest eye could not detect the nest or its entrance, for the outside of the door is formed of sand and gravel that looks like the surrounding soil.

The most perfect have their faults and the Tarantula is no exception.

When imposed upon he is ready for fight and his bite is very poisonous and is much dreaded by the Indians.

There is another kind of spider in this Territory that is said to be more poisonous than the Tarantula. This is a small black spider covered with fine black hair.

When a person is bitten by it, he becomes crazy and acts very much like a person that has been drinking frontier whiskey.

After what we have said about spiders let us go back to the time when the Indians saw white men for the first time.

As we know that the Indian names are generally descriptive, let us see what they saw about white people that reminded them of a spider!

We will suppose that when they first met white people their clothes attracted a great deal of attention.

They noticed the cloth was woven, that the threads crossed evenly, that it was made for a purpose.

Is it strange that they are like spiders?

Then when they saw the white man build his house with a door to shut up when he went out; when they compared it with the home of the Tarantula; is it strange they would say he is like a spider?

Then again, when some of them were made drunk by the white man's whiskey and acted as if they had been bitten by one of the little black hairy spiders, we told about, is it strange they would say they are spiders?

Thus the name is fastened upon us and will probably remain as long as the Cheyenne and Arapahoe language is spoken.

After all the name does not affect us as much as what we DO.

There are many good things that can be said of the spider. And we never heard of a fly catching one."

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 13, 1, 3, is worn on the head.

My 10, 11, 3, 2, are what some scholars don't like.

My 14, 11, 10, is the name of some kind of meat.

My 12, 7, 8, is a metal.

My 13, 4, 5, 6 is the name of a very small room.

My 2, 7, 8, 9 is what birds do.

My whole is what some of our boys and girls enjoyed this week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PIED WORDS: Dress, collar, apron, shoe or hose, cloak, hat, earrings, shoestrings, gloves, coat, rings, ribbons.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 15 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTY, we offer a GROUP of the whole school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once. If the stamp to pay postage on premium does not accompany the subscription list we take it for granted that the premium is not wanted.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Red Man**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

For 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Red Man** we give 1 and 2 same premiums offered to Standing Offer to the HELPER.

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.