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The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1891. NUMBER 21.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And your earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

—[Selected.]

THE TOO WOR UX-TY STONE.

"Toot-kux-a-hoo Ter-er-e-kow-a," cried a score or more of my Pawnee pupils at recess, as they came rushing in from their play, for they had been long enough with us to learn the civilized method of all speaking at once.

Ter-er-e-kow-a was first chief of the Kit-kaha band, and as he called for me I must go.

Passing from the school-room into our spacious, well-lighted hall I found the chief surrounded by the children who had learned also to be natural and look with curious and inquiring eyes upon anything that seemed mysterious; and their chief showed that he desired to keep his errand hidden, as he stood

with his blanket drawn tightly around him, evidently to conceal something beneath it.

"I want to go to your room," said Ter-er-e-kow-a as he gave me his hand and I led the way while he limped after me for he was lame now, though he had no such gait when I first saw him.

A company of chiefs and braves had come to welcome us to their villages, for they were absent on their summer hunt when we arrived, having hurried away after the great Sioux battle in 1843 when a large number of their people were killed, and among them the noblest and best men of their tribe.

During the visit as they were eating the food we must of necessity give them in proof of our friendship, a man glided by the door saying:

"Ter-ra-de-da," (The enemy are coming.)

In a twinkling every guest caught his bow and arrows or gun and was rushing toward his pony, for they rode, as their villages were five miles away.

The figure of Ter-er-e-kow-a, (known at that time as Ne-shar-o Pit-ko,) as he moved among those terror-stricken chiefs and braves was indelibly photographed on my memory.

It was not his size that so impressed me for he was of medium stature, but his erect symmetrical form, his long, black, glossy hair and his graceful, agile movements, in all these he was every whit my ideal Indian.

And now as I contrasted his changed appearance with my memory picture, my heart was full of pity for him.

As no child had come to that point in civilization where he dared to follow his chief to try and pry into his secret, we quietly entered my room, and as the door closed Ter-er-e-kow-a opened his blanket, solemnly drew forth a tablet of red pipe-stone about ten by fifteen inches in size, and one inch in thickness.

He gave the stone to me saying:

"Keep this till I call for it, and let no common eyes rest upon it, for it is too-wor-ux-ty (mysterious or miraculous.)"

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

Price:—10 cents a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

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.

We hear that Thomas Wistar has married a white young lady, and the couple are living happily at Galena, Kansas.

Would that every Indian young man and woman, in America, thought, spoke and acted, like the young man who writes "A brave letter," on the fourth page.

Rev. Enmegabowh writes from White Earth Agency, Minn., that the Indians there are all quiet, and not troubled at all with the Ghost dances, or anything of the kind.

I received the printed copies of Apache and Pueblo contrasts. Please accept thanks for the same. We think Carlisle can do wonders in the line of changing personal appearance. I am much pleased with the copies sent.

(SUBSCRIBER.)

We hope the sphere of Carlisle's usefulness is not limited to mere change in the personal appearance of her students. We aim ever to instill into our Indian boys and girls, principles of true manhood and womanhood, holding any physical change secondary to change of thought heart and soul.

The despatch which has been sent out over the country, saying that a son of No-Water, "and a graduate of the Carlisle School," was the slayer of Lieut. Casey, is utterly false, so far as it relates to Carlisle.

No-Water's son has never been a student of this school, and inquiry among our Sioux students has developed the fact that No-Water has never sent his children to school anywhere.

Furthermore, there are but two Sioux in the country, who can produce diplomas of graduation from Carlisle school. One is George W. Means, now a clerk at the Pine Ridge Agency, and the other is Nellie Robertson, who is now here, attending Metzgar Institute for young ladies, in Carlisle.

Some news about returned Carlisle students in Dakota.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, So. DAK.

CAPT. R. H. PRATT, January 23rd. 1891.

DEAR SIR:—In this letter, I send you a picture of the battle that occurred at Wounded Knee last month. I went to the battlefield, after it was over to pick up the bodies into a wagon to bring to the Agency—that is, the wounded ones. I see in the HELPER that Mack Kutepi, Paul Eagle Star, and some other Carlisle students were killed in the fight. Whoever wrote that letter must have been scared at the time he wrote the letter. Mack Kutepi, Paul Eagle Star, and the others are here, none of them killed as the HELPER stated. That is I want to tell you.

Your Friend, MOSES CULBERTSON.

The photographs sent by Moses, were views of Wounded Knee Battlefield, taken shortly after the fight, the bodies of those killed still on the field.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, So. DAK.

CAPT. R. H. PRATT, January 24th. 1891.

CARLISLE, PA.,

RESPECTED SIR:—It is with pleasure I write this letter to inform you of the excitement at this point. As far as I know there have been killed about two hundred Indians in all, and about forty or fifty wounded. There may be more, but I don't know of any more. In regard to the soldiers, I don't know how many were killed or wounded. The Police and Agency force were attacked by a few hostiles. In this attack three of the hostiles were killed and two wounded. A great many head of cattle were killed, houses ruined, and horses stolen by the hostiles. They have been giving in their arms for the last week or over. They have come to their right senses and have come in and made peace with the military, but how long they will remain so is hard to tell.

Ota Chief Eagle, Charlie Bird, Alex Yellow Wolf, Moses Red Kettle, several returned pupils, and myself carried a rifle for two days. In last week's HELPER I read that Paul Eagle Star, Mack Kutepi, Clayton Brave, were killed. Paul Eagle Star came here from Rosebud, but did not take part in the fight. He was one of the friendly ones. Clayton got wounded, and Mack is still living. Eleven of the returned Carlisle boys are working in Agency and one in one of the trader's stores.

The Rosebud Indians will probably be sent back to their Agency.

I have told about all I know, so I will close. Hoping to hear from you again,

I remain, as ever, your friend,

GEORGE W. MEANS.

On account of the demand for "Capt. Pratt's Views on the Indian Question," which appeared in the last *Red Man*, we are printing a special edition of the article in pamphlet form. It will be out soon.

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 1, 2, and 3 subscribers for *The Red Man*, we give the same premiums offered in standing offer for the HELPER.

Address, THE RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa.

Mr. Standing has been in bed, sick for the past two days.

Did you enjoy the Y. M. C. A. entertainment, last night?

Mr. Jordan has received the good news that he is a grandfather.

Good news, boys and girls. The monthly sociable this evening.

For ten subscriptions to the INDIAN HELPER, the *Red Man* will be sent free.

The sad news was received this week of the death of Susie Bond, on Jan. 15th.

Is La Grippe trying to get hold of us again? So many of us are feeling sick, it seems like it?

We shall expect to hear something fine from the debating societies on Emancipation Day.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has heard many words of praise for the speakers of the exhibition.

Did you not like the handkerchief applause at the exhibition, much better than the noisy stamping and clapping of hands?

John D. Miles, formerly Indian Agent at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, was the guest of Capt. Pratt, part of last week.

Mrs. Pratt was quite unwell during the early part of the week, and Misses Merritt and Stanton have been on the sick list also.

The Kings' Daughters have sent \$15.00 to Miss Goodale, at Pine Ridge Agency, to help the sick, wounded, and destitute Indians there.

Clara Faber, Jennie Dubray and Lydia Flint have had some practical teaching to do this week, owing to the illness of several of the ladies. Lawrence Smith has helped, too, at study hour.

In writing to change the address of your paper, ALWAYS GIVE THE OLD ADDRESS, as well as the new one to which you wish the paper sent. Otherwise, we cannot give the matter any attention.

There was no school yesterday morning and most of the industrial departments were closed also, as it was the day of prayer for colleges. Those of the school who wished to, attended the services held at Bosler Hall.

The many friends of Chester Cornelius, who has been in Philadelphia during January for treatment, will be glad to learn that he is much better, and will be able to leave the city soon for Eastman College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he will take a business course.

The monthly exhibition last Friday evening was a great success. There were so many good things that we would like to go over the whole program and tell our readers all about what was said and done, but our space does not permit of that. Everybody did well. The singing of the choir was especially good, several very pretty pieces being rendered. The school used for the first time, the new books "Whip-poor-will," and sang well.

A-te-ka sends us another story of her experiences among the Pawnees, and we know that all our readers will thank her for it.

Snow-balls have been flying around furiously for the last week. Be careful, boys, and don't hit somebody you didn't intend to throw at.

Visitors at the Girls' Quarters are attracted by the large picture in the parlor, presented to Miss Dittes, the work of Rosa Bourassa. It is very beautiful.

During the last few weeks the band has frequently invaded the Man-on-the-band-stand's quarters, but the old man has enjoyed the music. Let us have more of it.

Miss Carter, although not yet able to walk without crutches, is rapidly getting better. She has been in her school-room quite often during the last two weeks, on duty.

How pained the Man-on-the-band-stand, was to read, in a letter from the country last week, of the disgraceful behavior of M—— T—— in the home where only kindness is shown her.

The three girls, who came from the country in disgrace and who, for so long have been denied every social privilege, having been conducted to school, meals, and all other places by a sergeant, are at last released.

We are to have Mrs. Mason Pratt, her mother, and baby Sarah, with us until a suitable house can be found at Steelton. Mr. Pratt has resigned his place at Johnstown and has accepted a position in the Penna. Steel Company's works, beginning February 1st. This is good news to their many friends at the school and in Carlisle, as well as to the Capt.'s family.

Miss Burgess writes that she is having a good rest and is enjoying herself among the many attractions of Washington City. She says further: "I saw Miss Fletcher and Mr. Frank La Flesche and had a pleasant call with each. They inquired about their friends at Carlisle, and wished to be remembered to them,—especially to the Omahas, was Mr. La Flesches' request. He looks splendidly, and is employing every spare moment in the study of law. He certainly is a brave example to his people in pluck and perseverance, as Miss Fletcher is a brave example to all womankind."

The two debating societies, Invincible and Standard, propose to discuss jointly, on Feby. 9th. the following question as part of the commemoration of Dawes' Bill Day.

Resolved, that the breaking up of the reservations, and the giving to the Indians individual holdings of lands, does not constitute the most important step in their progress toward civilization and citizenship.

The principle speakers on the affirmative, will be, Benj. Caswell, Henry Standing Bear, Chas. Dagenett, and Gary P. Myers. On the negative, Kish Hawkins, Edwin Schanandore, Stacy Matlack, and Levi Levering. Six additional speakers are also on the program. Affirmative, Peter Cornelius, Frank Everett, and Robert Mathews. Negative, Mark Everts, Levi St. Cyr, and Isaac Baird.

(Continued From the First Page.)

"My father was a priest, (medicine man) and he gave it to me when he died.

"I am now a priest and when I have entered a sacred lodge, covered my face with black paint and marked into lines with my finger-nails (suiting the action to the words) and taking this stone, look up toward the sky before bending down, and fixing my eyes upon it, you cannot think what wonderful things I see.

"Truly it is Too-wor-ux-ty, and I want it kept sacredly for me till I come or send for it."

Receiving the stone I promised to care for it, and added:

"If you die, perhaps it will be mine."

Soon after this the Pawnees moved to the Indian Territory, and on going to my own home I carried the too-wor-ux-ty stone with me, holding it as one of my most precious curiosities, and it stayed with me so long I began to hope it was surely to be mine.

But one morning my sitting-room door swung open very deliberately and on looking up I saw Big George standing at its entrance.

This Indian merited his name "Big," though so well proportioned he must be seen beside a man of common stature to realize how tall, broad shouldered and deep-chested he was, and he was as big in heart and good nature as he was in size.

After a most cordial hand-shaking without being seated, he said:

"Ter-er-e-kow-a sent me for his too-wor-ux-ty stone."

"But," said I, "It was to be mine if he died. I heard he was dying. He will be gone before you get home."

"Ah, ha!" answered Big George, "I shall get a horse if I carry that stone safely to the Pawnees."

I hesitated no longer, but carefully wrapping the treasure committed it to the trusty Indian with a sigh of regret that I could not have kept it to show to my people, making it an object lesson, while I would plead for my beloved Pawnees, in their ignorance and superstition.

A-TE-KA.

A Brave Letter from an Ex Carlisle Boy.

Jan., 23rd., 1891.

CAPT. R. H. PRATT,
CARLISLE, PA.,

DEAR CAPT.: Your letter of the 19. inst., did me more good than if you had sent me a hundred dollars to help me along. I have told you before, that I am getting so that I can but pity those boys and girls who return to their western homes, to help their strong headed relations to become civilized, before they themselves are really established in the arts of civilization.

Mr. — of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes

advises me to think nothing of going back to my people till I am thoroughly qualified to do so. In a second letter from — of the army he said, "I wish there were more Indians as well situated as you are." This certainly means that I am doing more for my people right here. I think the Government means business with the so-called bad Cheyennes. They were fighting with the army in '75, yet they have now declared to break up their loafing bands and try to become independent. I hope many of them know what it means. I firmly believe there is as much devilment in this issuing of heaps of money to the Indians, as there is in their having too much land to loaf upon. I am now working like a good soldier and I am glad to tell you that no man in this vicinity considers me as a Cheyenne Indian, except a few Quakers who think there is too much music and dancing in me, but they are mistaken. I thank you for notifying me about the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agreement and to what it contained, in regard to staying east.

Sincerely Yours,

Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 2, 20, 5, 10, 11, 16, is the name of a southern tribe of Indians, noted for their ferocity in battle.

My 3, 12, 21, 23, means—a small portion.

My 13, 9, 4, is the way a small boy might spell the word, "right."

My 24, 22, 18, 8, 19, you will find by supplying the same word in the following sentence, "My boy, do not—on the way."

My 1, 15, 6, 17, is a part of the face.

My 9, 7, 14, 6, 12, 17, is an improper name for a race of people.

If you place all the letters that form me in their order, you will find that I spell the name of one of the biggest and best friends that Indian boys and girls ever had.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA. Speak only English.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photograph group of the 17 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.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand (boudoir) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

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

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x15 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8x10 showing all our buildings.

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

For TWO Subscribers and a One-cent stamp, we send the printed copy of the Apache contrast. For ONE Subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo contrast.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.