

THE INDIAN HELPER

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A WEEKLY LETTER

FROM THE

Carlisle Indian Industrial School To Boys and Girls.

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VOL. VI. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1891 NUMBER 24  
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THE path that leads to a Loaf of Bread  
Winds through the Swamps of Toil,  
And the path that leads to a suit of Clothes  
Goes through a flowerless soil.  
And the paths that leads to a Loaf of Bread  
And the Suit of Clothes are hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a house of Your Own  
Climbs over the bouldered hills,  
And the path that leads to a Bank Account  
Is swept by the blast that kills:  
But, tho men who start in the path to-day  
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.

In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade  
By the Dreamy Brooks of sleep,  
And the rollicking River of Pleasure laughs,  
And gambols down the steep;  
But when the blasts of the winter come,  
The brooks and the rivers are frozen dumb.

Then woe to those in the Lazy Hills  
When the blasts of winter moan,  
Who strayed from the path to a Bank Account  
And the path to a House of their own;  
These paths are hard in the summer heat,  
But in winter they lead to a snug retreat.

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THE CHIEFS.  
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Yes, they have "been and gone."

Forty-one persons in all arrived Saturday afternoon. The party included:

Rev. Chas. Cook, Native Missionary, Robert American Horse and Clarence Three Stars, old pupils of Carlisle, Chiefs American Horse Fast Thunder, Spotted Horse, Fire Thunder Big Road, Young-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses, Little Wound, Spotted Elk, White Bird, Grass. Turning Hawk, He Dog, Capt. Geo. Sword, Chief of Police, and Louis Shangrau, and Baptiste Pourex, interpreters, all of Pine Ridge;

Chiefs John Grass, Mad Bear, Louis Primaux, interpreter, and Mrs. Louis Primaux of Standing Rock; Louis Richards, interpreter, Chiefs Hollow Horn Bear, Two Strikes, Good Voice, High Hawk, Quick Bear, High Pipe, and He Dog, of Rosebud; Rev. L. C. Walker, Native Missionary David Zephier and Alex Rencounter, interpreters, Chiefs One-to-Play-With, Big Mane and Medicine Bull of Lower Brule; Chiefs White Ghost and Wizi of Crow Creek;

Chiefs Little-No-Heart, Straight Head, and Hump of Cheyenne River.

Some in the above list will be recognized as "friendlies."

Why have they been so called?

Because in the recent disturbance among the Sioux Indians in Dakota, although they have felt for many years that they were being driven to the wall, promise after promise of the Government having failed to be

carried out; although they have suffered abuse heaped upon abuse, still in the heat of the excitement when their homes were being burned by a frenzied mob of Indians excited to this condition by the presence of ten thousand soldiers, who were sent as they supposed to wipe the Sioux from the face of the earth, notwithstanding all this the leading men among them whose bitter experiences in former years had taught them that to fight the unmerciful whites would do no good, concluded it wise to smile and turn the other cheek also, and so have been denominated "friendlies."

Then there were hostiles in the party - men who bore as kindly faces as the friendlies, but who, when starvation was threatening, and their little ones were dying daily because of not having proper care when sick and for want of food, hesitated for a time as to whether it were not better once more to fight for liberty and the right to live.

While here, comfortable quarters were given them in the old chapel. Each man had a bed and toilet set, the room was heated by steam, and they were made as comfortable as Carlisle could make them, and the chiefs who themselves gave many evidences of appreciation of kindly attention from officers and pupils.

Not until evening did they meet the whole school.

Then all gathered in the new chapel where a little programme gotten up hastily in the afternoon was carried out.

As the different boys and girls performed their several parts the Man-on-the-band-

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The Indian Helper.

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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.

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Price: - 10 cents a year.

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

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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.

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Miss Dittes who returned last week from a visit among the farm girls, is delighted with the homes she found them in, and says that nearly every one is doing grand, good, work. She brings back such words as these that the farm mothers say about the girls:

"Just as good as she can be."

"Interested in all that pertains to the home."

"Like her very much."

"The best girl we ever had."

"Would like to keep her as long as Captain will let her stay."

Miss Dittes only wishes that all the Indian girls could have the individual training that nearly all of the country girls are experiencing. The bread-baking and cooking they are learning will make little women of them all.

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Raymond Stewart writes from Rosebud Agency that White Horse Little Bull was killed by cow-boys. He had gone with some ghost dancers to interpret for them. They rode up to the cowboys' ranches and bought

some sugar. As they were on their way back other cowboys rode around the hill and shot at them, and Little Bull was hit, dying the next morning from the effects. Raymond seems ashamed of the fact that he was with the ghost dancers and insinuates that the boy who reported it was perhaps no better than he, but we are in hopes that the severity of the lesson learned will help him to do right hereafter. The foolishness of the ghost dancing has brought great sorrow upon his people, and this no doubt he sees.

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A subscriber asks if we care to receive answers to the enigmas. We are glad to get anything that shows an interest, and we do receive many answers to enigmas.

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"Your delightful little paper ought to go into every family."                      SUBSCRIBER

Good for Genoa.

Out of 305 pupils returned from this school to the Sioux reservation, it has been ascertained that not one was engaged with the hostiles in the late rebellion. Several aided the government in the capacity of scouts, and many exerted a strong influence in keeping relatives and friends from joining the revolt. This concert of commendable action on the part of those Indian children who have been given educational advantages and civilizing influences speaks volumes for our institutions of learning and ought to be an eye-opener to the fossil who still maintains that "education will not educate" the Indian race. -[The Pipe of Peace.

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Carl Leider writes to a friend saying that he has just returned to the Agency or Ft. Custer from the Sioux campaign, where he was sent as a scout. He now has two positions offered him - herding cattle and surveying. He will probably take the latter. Albert Anderson has enlisted as a scout, and Joe Stewart is married.

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Lieut. Wotherspoon, in charge of Indian prisoners at Mt. Vernon Barracks says Talbot Goday and Burdette Tisnah, who recently returned to their people there, after spending a few years at Carlisle are doing well and have steady work. He speaks well of Lot Eyelash, who had just arrived a few days before he wrote.

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Esther Miller sends from Quapaw a dollar for two subscriptions for the \*Red Man.\* She says to the Man-on-the-band-stand. "Old pupils of Carlisle seldom forget 'Grandpa' as some call you, nor can they do without your newsy paper."

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An encouraging letter has been received from Mr. Standing in regard to returned pupils at Pine Ridge, Dak.

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The HELPER is always appreciated by us, in fact it is read before the larger journals received by us." - SUBSCRIBER.

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Eva Stanton and Nellie Bates of Haskell sent for the HELEPER this week.

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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 premium in Standing Offer for the HELPER.

Address, THE RED MAN, Carlisle, PA.

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Blue birds already.  
Did you get a valentine?  
The M. o. T. B. S. did, and a nice one, too.  
John Ground has entered the printing office.

Special Agent Lewis arrived on Monday, to take the Indians home.

It pays to take good care of one's health. Every fresh cold pulls us down.

Ye editor's sanctum was brightened by a little call from Miss Hilton, Saturday.

The printers had a treat to some sherbet the other evening through the kindness of Miss Rote.

Revs. Chas. Cook and Luke Walker of Dak., made impressive addresses to our pupils on Sunday.

Mrs. Herbert Johnson of Lancaster spent Sunday at the school a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

Preparations for the twenty-second are booming. Washington's birthday will be celebrated here on the 23rd.

When one of the guard was carrying food for a boy confined in the guard-house, he stole the meat. Which was the meanest boy, the one in the guard-house or the other?

Jos. Hamilton's birthday anniversary came on Saturday and he was remembered by a friend who presented him with a cake. The printers got a generous slice of the same, and wished that he or some one had a birthday oftener.

When one of the chiefs was watching the long line of boys and girls reaching from quarters to chapel he turned to the person at his side and exclaimed, "You bet," which were probably the only English words he could command to express his admiration and approval.

The Dickinson College Glee club gave the school a treat last Friday evening. The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks they beat the Johns Hopkins Club who favored us some weeks ago with a similar entertainment but others at the school think they did not sing as well. We were delighted with the music, to say the least.

Mr. William H. Pattison, a Tuscarora of New York, brought his two sons, Homer and Moses to take the Carlisle course of study. They are bright looking boys and we are sure will do well. Mr. Pattison has seen hard times and has a very limited education, hence appreciates the advantages that such an institution as Carlisle affords. He was delighted with all he saw and was full of praise of our methods. At the Sunday meeting Mr. Pattison spoke very earnestly.

When Mr. Campbell stands at the rear of the chapel and starts each company of boys and girls with left foot on the accented note of music, they march up the aisle in beautiful order. When will the sergeants of the companies be able to bring this result without aid? The sergeants are responsible for the marching of the companies. At least, each boy and girl is himself and herself responsible but the sergeants should see to it that each feel the responsibility of making the line look well.

La Grippe is in style.

125 cases on Tuesday.

All getting better, fast.

Miss Bratton has been down with it.

Mrs. Crane has been quite ill, but is better.

Miss Clark spent Sunday in Washington.

Miss Luckenback his spending a few days in Washington.

The sociable Monday night was attended with the usual amount of enjoyment.

Mr. Choate brought his camera to bear upon several groups of chiefs last Monday.

Rev. Mr. Cook suggests that the battle ground of Wounded Knee be called "Wounded Heart."

The Sioux boys and girls came in from farms to see the chiefs, and enjoyed the visit very much.

Charlie Dagenett of the art class has made himself an easel on which to paint. It stands over six feet.

Mr. Walker our instructor in the tin shop has been laid up with illness for several days at his home in town.

How delightful in Miss Annie Boswell to send a little box of flowers gathered from her little green house at home.

The desks for teachers, that have been made over, varnished and supplied with drawers are found very convenient.

Jack Standing seems to be enjoying his temporary sojourn at the club, but with his mammy he wishes papa would soon come back from the west.

Our engine has been running smoothly for a long time when to be in fashion, it suddenly was seized with the grippe. Dr. Phillips being called, soon dosed it with some common sense and brought it out O.K.

Our dear friend Susan Longstreth pays her subscription to the \*Red Man and HELPER\* with a ten dollar bill. A number of handsome and interesting books have also been received from her and are placed in the reading rooms.

When chief Hollow Horn Bear was called to speak the other evening, he deemed it a waste of time to go out in the aisle, but took a short cut over the backs of the seats. He caught the button of his coat in the long hair of his neighbor chief, but succeeded finally in getting to the front, and made a very good speech.

It is hard to learn to speak, read and write a new language when one is eighteen or nineteen years old, but results in No. 1 show that it can be done. All honor to the young men and women in that room, who have been patiently learning a little each day till now, nearly at the end of their first year, they can read, write and cipher just a little. Among those beginners who came a year ago last November, Maggie Simpson leads her class. The M.O.T.B.S. caught a glimpse, the other day in No. 2, of some well written letters, short, but each said something, as letters should. He noticed also that these pupils were adding on the black board long and neatly written columns of dollars and cents.

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stand was greatly interested in watching the faces of his Indian friends.

Some carried hearts too full of grief to admit to a show of pleasure. But others of the company allowed their countenances to light up with the joy that filled their hearts as they witnessed their own flesh and blood performing what seemed like miracles, and as one of the chiefs afterward expressed, in "just the same voice as white children."

Some of the dignified old gentlemen even clapped their hands as heartily as the rest of the audience.

Three or four of the more conservative looking, those, for instance, who had not taken pains to use the brushes and combs provided, as the well-kempt locks of American Horse proved that he had still such as these stretched their necks and gazed with open mouths as well as eyes, so Interested were they to see all and to catch every sound. Robert American Horse, son of the chief, and member of the first class of Indian pupils who came to Carlisle, was the first of the visitors to speak.

Robert left the school long before he had finished the course; and with but a smattering of English, yet his friends were greatly surprised to hear him ask for an interpreter. The fact is, Robert's life at home has been a most helpful one to his people.

He is an Episcopalian catechist at a very important station, but uses the Indian language only, both in the service and in his preaching, so it is no wonder that he is losing the power to use English.

Failing to secure an interpreter, however, he bravely came to the front with his little English, encouraged by an almost deafening round of applause from the students.

He reminded the boys and girls at Carlisle that the door to knowledge is open for them, and he would have us all work and strive to be Christians as well as learned in books and trades.

Clarence Three Stars, also one of that first memorable class who came to Carlisle eleven years ago, nearly all of whom were dressed in blankets:

Ah, we remember them well! How they began with "box" and "boy" and "horse" and "Is the cow white?"

Clarence followed Robert, but his remarks were brief. They showed however that he has been using his English more than Robert. Having served as assistant disciplinarian at the Pine Ridge Agency school for Several years, he was obliged to. He is now a clerk in one of the stores, and has the name at the agency of being a steady, honest faithful and efficient worker in all that he finds to do. The speeches of the chiefs will be given in the coming \*Red Man.\*

The party left on Monday night, well pleased with their small sojourn with us.

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INDIANS NOT SO FAR BEHIND IN THE FASHIONS.

Among the elite of our civilized circles- in Washington, for instance, it is the fashion on days that the wives of the Cabinet officers and Senators receive, for persons to go from house to house to eat, (to put a plain truth in a homely way.) 'Tis true one may partake of the most delicate food prepared in the most approved style and served in the daintiest of china, at Mrs. Morton's, Mrs. Proctor's, Mrs. Wanamaker's, and so on, but it is also a fact that some women eat a dozen times in one morning. (Let it be remembered that morning reaches till evening, in Washington.) They have no afternoons and the reception hour is generally in what we call the afternoon.

On going the rounds of a recent reception the writer was reminded of a similar feast custom of an old Pawnee Chief, the very one of whom Ateka wrote in her story a few weeks ago. It was the habit of Chief

Ter-er-e-kow-a to make early morning calls upon the agency employees, and during any one morning he could put away with ease and satisfaction a half-dozen hearty breakfasts.

Sure enough, he did not carry a card case, with engraved cards separated by delicate bits of white tissue paper to float off accidentally as it were in the soft southern breeze, telling the proud tale that the cards were truly engraved, and Ter-er-e-kow-a name was not announced in the stentorian voice of the polite southern door-keeper, but he got in the house just the same, and did eat, and he was as welcome as is the average caller at the fashionable reception.

One difference was noticed, however, it was Ter-er-e-kow-a himself instead of the receptionists who wore the full dress, at least he was wearing his apparel, but taking it all in all we could but conclude that the customs of civilization and savagery are not so far apart, after all.

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Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 3, 6, 1 is what most people like to do when tired and what lazy people do most of the time whether tired or not.

My 1, 5, 6, 3, 8 is a word that every little boy or girl who steals should be made to wear, fastened on the back and the word should be printed in big letters.

My 4, 2, 7, 3, 9, 3 is something made of milk which people as well as mice generally like to eat.

My whole is what has interested us more this week than anything else.

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Answer to last week's Enigma: Majority is king.

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STANDING OFFER: - For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic 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 a piece.

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 9x14 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 6 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.

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