

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

VOLUME VI.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1891.

NUMBER 30.

THE TWO WAYS.

HERE are but two ways in life, my friend,
The wrong and the right; the false and
the true;
They're counter to each other from end to
end,
Save that eternity limits the two.

There are but two roads in life, my friend,
The straight and narrow, the broad and
plain;
Think well which one you will take, my
friend,
You never will travel this way again.

The one is beset with foes, my friend;
'Tis full of allurements, but danger is there;
The other leads steadily on, my friend
To a heavenly land that is bright and fair.

PETITIONS FOR A STORY.

Pawnee James.

They were all seated when A-te-ka entered the room.

Bessie and Kate, Richard and Tad, little Lady Elsie in her rocker by mamma's side, while darling curly-headed Rob had climbed into her lap, that he might cuddle close to his sweetfaced mamma, and all exclaimed, "Now Grandma has come and we can have a story!"

"And what shall it be about," asked A-te-ka. "Let me think what have I told you?"

"O! About your Indian children," said they all, and added Richard, "you have told us all about the Florida boy who gave you that cute little tin cup, with his name written so beautifully on the bottom and who always told in prayer meeting that he was trying to serve God by making good tin cups."

"Yes," echoed Bessie, "and you told us of the Iowa girl, who swept the parlor over early Monday morning after sweeping it on Saturday, and when one of the teachers asked her why she did it, she said, 'I am afraid I did not sweep the corners clean.'"

"You told us the reason she thought of it, was that the speaker in the chapel on Sabbath afternoon said 'God saw them while doing their work and they should do it perfectly, if they wanted to please Him.'"

"And, too," added Tad, "you told of the Apache boy who was taken captive by the United States soldiers when he was small, and he was taken to Fort Laramie and made a kind of pet by the soldiers and officers, too."

"When grown to young manhood, the commanding officer heard of Carlisle and sent him to Capt. Pratt to be educated; and he wrote you such a funny note, saying, 'I have the honor to inform you that the boys do not treat me well at the table.'"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Katie. "And of the band of little boys who caught lightning bugs and holding them in their hands, marched across the lawn in the evening, opening their hands at every step to show their little lamps."

"Well! that was about Carlisle boys and girls," interrupted Richard. "And we want to hear about the children you taught where you lived so long ago, away out in that Great Desert near the Indian village."

"Yes," responded A-te-ka, sorrowfully.

"Then I will tell you of the first Indian boy we took into our family."

"Whenever I think of him, I wish there had been a Carlisle School then, so he could have learned what he so much wished to know."

"A white man had come to his people, who was very anxious to do them good, but he was not wise in his plans for doing it."

"He thought he should go into their lodges, live as they lived, learn their language and talk them into industry and cleanliness and all the new ways they needed to know."

"But, after staying with them a year or two, he did not see he was doing much in that line, so he concluded to go back to the States and tell the people there what great mistakes those who were trying to teach the Indians were making."


"Two Indian boys, whom he had told of the wonderful things they might see and learn if they would go home with him, started to go, taking their bows and arrows, each wrapped in a piece of an old robe, for they were very poor and had no friends who cared for them."

"But they had not gone many miles before they were homesick, and at night they came

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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.

Stiya is on sale at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia.

From a farm report: "We read in papers of Indian cruelty, but if all our white boys were as kind and good as G. we might have cause to be thankful.

William Morgan writes the sad news of the death of Luther Kuhns at his home in Indian Territory. Luther had been a brave and patient sufferer for a long time.

Walter Anallo has had various jobs of work since he went home to New Mexico, and now is about to start out with Col. Robert Marmon to take the census of the Zuni village.

The Patterson sisters who have recently gone to Sisseton, Dak. write that they are not at all enthusiastic over Dakota as yet. There are some very bright children in the school.

From a Carlisle boy at a college preparatory: "When I was at Carlisle, I thought four topics in History made a long lesson, five examples were tough, and six sentences to diagram, tremendous. Now when I get fourteen pages in World's Outline, it is a short lesson. Regular lessons are twenty pages. I always wondered why white people got bald-headed at an early age. I had no idea what hard studies they have to confront."

The latest from our friend Mrs. Dr. Miller directs that her address for the INDIAN HELPER be changed from Springfield, Mass., to Ft. Simcoe, Wash. She goes as a worker among the Indians in that vicinity. She will act in the capacity of physician and missionary, and we know the Indians will find in her a staunch friend. We shall expect something of interest from her when settled in her new work.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly, an eight page quarto, of standard size, called **The Red Man**, the piecemeal part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matter, 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.

Stiya, and What is Said of the Book.

"The book Stiya I was very much pleased with. I handed it to several persons for their opinion of its merits and each one pronounced it excellent. The book ought to sell."

"We looked through it, thought we would read one chapter and close for the evening, but the cry of the members of our household was 'Go on, go on,' and I went on until I finished it. Then there were remarks and criticisms to make, all complimentary. It simply is a little gem, delicious in its simplicity and moral beauty."

"Have read Stiya with much interest."

"I've just finished reading Stiya and like it very much. The interest holds one so closely it is hardly possible to lay it down when you have once fairly begun it."

"From the beautiful girl in the frontispiece—the girl with a purpose—to the very last page, the interest is sustained, and if only one life like hers were sent back among the Indians it would be argument sufficient for the Carlisle school. The typography of the book is beautiful, the illustrations, the paper, and take it all in all, it is complete."

We are always having something better than the last thing. "Man never is, but always to be blest." Friday of last week will long be remembered for the deepest snowfall of many winters and the most intellectual entertainment ever given by the students of Carlisle School. Upon the invitation of "The Standard Debating Society," its friends rallied round it in the gymnasium. They came gladly, though it was blowing blizzards outside. They came merrily, though some ran the risk of being lost in snow drifts in crossing the campus, and none were sorry that they came. The banquet was set out in the upper end of the hall. The tables were tastefully decorated with bouquets and no one noticed the absence of perfume in spite of so many flowers. Mr. Goodyear presided with an ease and grace which would have led no one to suspect that he was "new to the business." The first toast "Our Guests," was responded to by Sergeant Hawkins in a graceful speech of welcome. He addressed the different classes of guests severally, alluded to the sundering of ties formed at this school which for him was near at hand, and paid a tribute of warm appreciation to the "Captain's crew of Carlisle School Ship." His words struck an answering chord of pleasure in many a worker's heart, and strengthened the bond of sympathy existing between them and him, for whom they have high hopes. Hopes, not for fame, but of that more enduring achievement, a noble manhood. Other toasts followed and were responded to with more or less wit and wisdom. The last "Our Future," called forth an inspiring picture of the possibilities which lie before us, from the Captain. Some one said his speech had the "old-time ring." Before separating, the company rose and gave utterance to the gladness and thankfulness of their hearts in the grand old choral, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." As the notes rose to the rafters of the high roof, a true benediction fell upon the listening hearts of all present.

Thursday.

5:30, A. M.

What means that merry shouting?

One hundred and thirty-two boys are starting for country homes; that's all.

Each boy wore "success" stamped up on his brow.

Each boy possessed the manly bearing that commands respect.

One hundred and thirty-two trunks and valises!

And then the lunches, 132.

Miss Noble is a most generous secretary of the interior; she provided each traveller with two kinds of cake and pie as well as an abundance of the more common edibles.

Who more deserves the extras than hard-working farmer boys?

Good bye!

Good luck to you, young men of courage, grit and will!

The book *Stiya* is for sale at both Means' and Richards' book-stores in town.

The snare drum had the old-time inspiring ring to it when Joe Harris had hold of the sticks last Tuesday night.

Last Friday evening the Y. M. C. A. gave a public rehearsal of speeches and singing preparatory to meetings in prospect up the valley.

The usual Sabbath School exercises were dispensed with on Sunday morning and general exercises were held in the chapel. The sacred quartette, "Rolled Away," was nicely sung by four of the pupils.

Miss Rote reported last Saturday's market the worst she ever saw. On account of the big snow few farmers were in with produce; butter was fifty cents a pound and other things accordingly. It was amusing to see the people scrambling for the few things there were.

The Union Reserves have reorganised for the coming season with the following players: Harry Kohpay, pitcher and captain; Morgan Toprock, catcher; Joe B. Harris, 1st base; Josiah Powlas, 2nd base; Levi St. Cyr, 3rd base; Charles Damon, right field; David Turkey, centre field; Harry Hutchinson, left field; Henry Froman, short stop.

The interesting group of Richard Davis and family may be had for five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra. Richard Davis, once a Cheyenne Indian, is now a citizen of the United States and living with his family on a farm in the East. His wife was a Pawnee girl and his children, who might in the Indian Territory be called "Chey-Paws", are, in a civilized community only bright, attractive and pretty babies.

Now we have THE premium. The prettiest little Indian baby you ever saw, and right from the reservation. The cute little child is dressed in the peculiar but beautiful baby bonnet of the tribe, and is bound tightly to a board, with only its pretty little face uncovered. It is a striking and handsome picture. Five subscriptions and a one cent stamp extra will secure it. Or the picture may be bought for twenty cents cash.

An Easter anthem was beautifully rendered by our choir.

Beautifully neat day-books can be seen in No. 12, kept by the A. M. class in book-keeping.

A-te-ka's story on the outside will be read with interest. The writer, Mrs. Platt, whom the Pawnee tribe address affectionately as Grandma, or A-te-ka, has had forty years' experience among Indians.

We believe that all the boys and girls away from the school would like to know just who went to the farms yesterday, but the list is too long for publication in our little paper. George Vallier, James Wheelock and John Ground are the printers.

Count Magri, of Italy, his wife, who is known the world over as Mrs. General Tom Thumb, and Baron Magri, (Hiliputians) were on the grounds Wednesday and excited no little excitement and curiosity. As the Count and the Captain walked side by side the size of each seemed magnified tenfold. Nina was taller than any of the three visitors. In the dining-hall, the visitors stood upon the table, and then were not as tall as ordinary people.

Many friends of the Indian are interested to know the difficulties the educated Indian boy or girl must meet when he or she returns home. The story of "*Stiya, A Carlisle Indian Girl at home*," tells how a brave, courageous young girl fought her way through difficulties, even suffering a whipping at the hands of the governor, but she came off victorious, conquering all obstacles. The book contains eight pictures showing groups of Pueblo children and scenes in the quaint old Indian villages. Price fifty cents a single copy, or four dollars for ten copies. Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Who said the Invincibles were always coming to grief? Let him hide his diminished head. In the entertainment they gave on Tuesday evening, the Invincibles showed themselves fully prepared for peace or war. The presented bayonets of those well drilled and determined soldiers, would strike terror into the hearts of the stoutest foes; while the sweet music, both vocal and instrumental, given by other members of the society was well calculated to soothe the spirit in times of peace. Truly a great variety of talent was displayed. The slender, bent, little old man, who wasn't "as young as he used to be," acted his part so well that he seemed really to be many years older than the stalwart, dignified president of the evening, while in fact he is younger. The actors' studiousness in school, which made them so familiar with the three great kingdoms of the world; their activity in play; their skill in playing upon instruments, in singing, in doctoring, in writing and delivering speeches, we feel will be equalled only by the industry and usefulness of the whole society here or on farms, where many of them are now wrestling with pitch-fork and plow. The entire program was very creditable and one of the speakers struck the key-note of *all* success, when he said the society did not profess to be Invincible in achievement, but had for its motto "Invincible in Endeavor."

(Continued From the First Page.)

to us, on their way back to their village.

"One whom the white man had named James Mathers, for the Superintendent of the farms (for Government had sent farmers there to teach farming) stayed with us and the other went to help the farmer."

"Why! would they work?" asked the children. "We thought Indians would not work."

"I know, dears," responded A-te-ka, "the Indian is proverbially lazy, but I never saw one tested yet, whether he was chief or brave or one of the common people, who would not work industriously, if a proper motive for the labor was presented to him."

"My heart always swells with indignation when I hear people talk about 'Lazy Indians.'"

"I wonder who of them would do much hard work, if they knew they would have just as much in the end if they took their ease."

"But I must make my story short now about James, for he could stay with us only a short time."

"When his people saw him at work for us, they thought we must be great gainers, and so his uncles and grandfathers and a crowd of others, who were ready to be his relations then, took him back to the village to live."

"Do you wonder I wish I had then known a school to which he could have been sent and taught to become a useful man?"

"He was a bright boy, with a very pleasant face and graceful form and he taught me some lessons in politeness while he lived with us."

"You remember the story I told you of our beautiful Durham cow Kate, whose calf the great white wolf caught and dragged out on the prairie, while the cattle in the corral belled and raved around, but could not break down nor leap over the strong high fence."

"James learned to milk the cow and was fond of having a cup of warm milk when he brought in the foaming pail."

"One night being in haste to put everything in order, I said to him as he sat sipping his milk, 'Hurry, James, I want to wash the cup.'"

"He stopped drinking and looking at me very placidly, said, 'I am not a horse.'"

"I saw then he had been taught it is only brutes that drink hastily, and I had many an opportunity afterward to note how leisurely an Indian eats even though he has been many days without food."

"At another time, I was preparing dried fruit to cook and James, who sat a short distance away, asked for some."

"I tossed some into his lap and with an expression of grieved dignity, he said, 'I am not a dog.'"

"He was not impudent."

"He tossed food to dogs, but never among his people, had he seen food thrown toward those whom they respected."

"There is many a lesson of delicate courtesy to be learned in an Indian village, if we do call them savages."

"One other thing in connection with James interested me much."

"You have heard of Indian totems."

"If I were asked to interpret the word, I would say they are their monitors, suggesting to them what to do,—perhaps they are to them what our guardian angel is to us."

"During one of the winter months, James received permission to go to the river about a half mile away."

"He returned much sooner than I expected, carrying in one corner of his robe a large quantity of the wild peas—turkey peas they are called—which grew in abundance along the sandy river banks, winding their delicate vines around the weeds and underbrush."

"But how he could have found such a quantity in so short a time in winter, I wondered."

"When I asked, he said: 'The mole is my monitor and last night while I slept, he came to me and told me he had stored peas for me in a hollow log in the timber that grows on the river bank. I knew the log when I saw it and here are the peas.'"

"Do you wonder Grandma mourned so much because she was not permitted to stay with such interesting people and help them?" asked the Mamma as A-te-ka finished her story.

"No," all answered in chorus. "And why does she not go back to them?"

"Aha!" said A-te-ka, "look at my gray hairs."

A-TE-KA.

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 3, 4, 1, 7, is something we burn.

My 3, 6, 4, 2, is neither hot nor cold.

My 5, 1, 7, 2, is a passage or entrance of a house.

My whole ruins many people.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Tobacco.

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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ 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 (boulevard) 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 premiums 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.