

# The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM  
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

VOLUME VI.

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## ARBUTUS.



FT have I walked these woodland paths  
Without the blest foreknowing  
That underneath the withered leaves  
The fairest flowers were growing.

O prophet soul! with lips of bloom,  
Outvying, in your beauty,  
The pearly tints of ocean shells,  
Ye teach me faith and duty.

Walk life's dark paths, they seem to say,  
With Love's divine foreknowing,  
That where man sees but withered leaves,  
God sees the sweet flowers growing.

—{Leighton.

**REV. B. SIDNEY DEALEY OF JAMESTOWN,  
N. Y., READS "A CARLISLE INDIAN GIRL  
AT HOME," AND COMMENTS UPON THE  
BOOK.**

**He also Makes Some Excellent Points on the  
Indian Question.**

I have read with much pleasure and a good deal of feeling, the story of Stiya and her return from Carlisle school to the Indian ways of her own Pueblo village.

I think the little book might do good service to the Indian cause if it were put into the hands of those who are fond of saying that there is "No good Indian but a dead one," and of those also who express surprise and indulge in contemptuous remarks about Indian school training, because not *all* of those who are trained maintain their civilization on their return to their own homes.

The Indian has feelings and affections like our own, implanted in him by our common Creator; and a character like that of the father of Stiya may well be as common among them as that of the cruel Governor of the village.

It may need but a "touch of kindness," and a steady impulse toward the right such as Stiya gave her father to show that the Indian is truly akin to us after all, and in spite of the debasing influence of centuries of savageism.

Some of us to-day are proud of our Anglo-Saxon descent.

I wonder if we should enjoy the manners,

customs and society of our ancestors, say in the fifth century, any more than Stiya did those of her Pueblo kinsmen.

Yet out of such conditions we have been developed.

It was hardly, however, by the process of cooping us up in reservations and barring us out from the best influences of surrounding civilization.

The school, the Gospel, the law, and the touch of all that was best in the surrounding world has made us what we are to-day.

I think the Indian race judging from what we see of it when you touch it with such things, and expose it freely to such influences as is done in such a school as Carlisle would not have been any more unyielding than the fierce Saxon or Dane to such a process.

It ought to have been thoroughly tried a century ago; and would have been a cheaper, as well as a better method than that which is said to cost \$1,000,000 for every one of those "dead" Indians, who are the only "good ones."

That some of the boys and girls who after a training of but two or three years return to Indian conditions to which they are shut up should fall from their steadfastness is not strange. The wonder is that more of them do not fail to maintain it. Let us take the average boy or girl of fifteen or sixteen from one of our own schools and expose them to such influences without hope of escape and what sort of a result should we be very likely to find if we saw that boy or girl five years later?

Would it be fair to sneer at our school system, or our civilization in general, or at the character of our race, if we found a practical savage?

Only a strong will, a firm character, can stand successfully against influences which tend in every way to degrade and deteriorate, and all men and women do not have these.

The story of Stiya is an encouragement to those Indian boys and girls who are feeling bitterly the discouragements of their surroundings on their return to their Indian homes. And it is an apology, if not for those who fail under the discouragements, yet for the system of Indian training, which does not and cannot guarantee that there shall be no failures under the stress and pressure which is brought to bear on those, who after having been the subjects of its civilizing influences are suddenly returned to the circumstances and conditions of savage life.

# The Indian Helper.

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## The First.

We have had all sorts of meetings but never until Thursday evening last had there been a *bona fide* Missionary meeting held by the Y. M. C. A. For the first attempt it was certainly a success. The meeting was opened by a short address from the President, Stacy Matlack, followed by readings from the Scriptures by Levi Levering after which, papers relative to Missions and Missionary work were read by Chauncey Y. Robe, Henry Standing Bear, Charlie Dagenett, Robert Mathews, John Tyler and Miss Lydia Flint. The audience enjoyed the Hymn rendered by Edwin Schandore, Reuben Wolfe and Harvey Warner, softly played upon brass horns.

A most interesting talk upon mission work in Japan was given by Miss West, the distinguished young missionary who has spent a number of years in that country and intends returning in a few months. Miss West gave a thrilling account of a young native who is doing good among his people, teaching a school started on a small scale by himself, and paying the rent of the building by drawing Jinrikshas after school hours. The King's Daughters decided at this meeting to send a part of their collections to this teacher to aid him in his school, so vividly described. Miss West spoke warmly of the King's Daughters of Tokio, who were helping a King's Daughters' circle in India thus adding a link to the chain of Christian influences that seem to be reaching around the world. Capt. Pratt gave a short talk, and the meeting closed with brief remarks from the Chairman, Levi Levering, in which he said that though all may not be missionaries, yet all could be interested in missionary work.

## To be Congratulated.

The Y. M. C. A. boys are to be congratulated on the success of their reception to the visiting delegates of the Harrisburg District Association on Saturday evening. The weather was all that could be desired, the rich velvety green of the grass, the delicate tints of the trees in the early dawn of the evening made as pretty a picture for stranger eyes to look upon as one might wish to see. The boys took their guests over the grounds, through the school-rooms and shops, and at six o'clock

brought them to the sewing room, which would hardly know itself, with sewing machines put away and in their places in the corners of the room tables of potted plants. Down through the center was a long table covered with good things, and here and there a dozen smaller tables around which the guests sat. The lightness and brightness of the room, the flowers on every table, made sandwiches, cake, jellies, fruits, and coffee, more tempting still. Appropriate addresses were made by Capt. Pratt on behalf of the school association and by Mr. Hurlburt, State Secretary, on behalf of the sixty-four guests. After the blessing, asked by Mr. Hurlburt, all drew up around the tables and were served by "King's Daughters."

The supper over, enthusiastic words of thanks were given by several of the guests, familiar Gospel Hymns were sung, and all adjourned in time to attend the evening service in town. Surely, as one of the speakers said, we have been witnessing the kinship, not of race or color, but of the Gospel of Christ. At the meeting in the Lutheran Church, after the reading of a paper on "Finances" by Mr. Gibson, of Chambersburg, short addresses were given by the Indian delegates—Stacy Matlack, Chauncey Yellow Robe, John Tyler, Chas. Dagenett, Henry Standing Bear and Levi Levering. Mr. Hurlburt, chairman of the evening, in a bright and telling little speech, introduced as one on the right line toward solving the Indian problem, Capt. Pratt, who responded in a ten-minute talk that seemed to round up and finish out well the pleasant experiences of afternoon and evening.

## Not Enough for all.

Does not each one of the HELPER readers wish a copy of the little "Stiya"—the story of the Carlisle girl at home? We hope not *all*, for we haven't one-fourth enough to go around. Still there are some left. Send fifty seven cents. That pays postage and all. The price of the book by single copies is fifty cents. Or ten copies for \$4.00; sent by mail or express at cost of purchaser.

The Girls' Endeavor Society held its farewell meeting last Friday night. After going through the necessary closing business a very interesting program was carried out. Minnie Billen's recitation of "The Old Oaken Bucket," being excellent and Julia Dorris' Lullaby song very pretty indeed. Etta Robertson favored the society with a bright essay and Nellie Robertson with a piano solo. In the debates Jennie Dubray, Veronica Holiday, Susie Metoxen and Emily Peake were the best speakers. Jennie Dubray gave an appropriate farewell address, the society sang "God be with you," and adjourned to meet again next year, having had a pleasant and profitable winter together.

Hon. E. A. Morse, United States Congressman from Massachusetts calls the Honorable M. A. Smith, the delegate from Arizona whose vociferous remarks upon the Indian are printed on the 4th page, "Young-Man-Afraid-of-Indian-Education."

Monday was like a Nebraska day. The wind blew our hats askew, and the dust flew till not a few did raise a hue, and —, that'll do.

Flies are coming.

Time for straw hats.

Rain is badly needed.

Getting ready for corn-planting.

This is the day for May Day parties, it being the 1st.

Arbor day to-day in town and the schools have half-holiday.

Miss Merritt returned from Hunters' Run, yesterday, where she has been for a week, trying to master La Grippe.

The Captain went fishing for trout on Friday and brought home a nice string, enough for a good taste at the club.

We have several thousand feet of fence to white-wash every Spring and the boys are making a neat job of it this year.

A Photograph of 17 prominent Sioux Chiefs, on card 8x10 will be sent for fourteen subscriptions for the HELPER and three cents extra to pay postage.

Cynthia Webster's first sweet-cake was a decided success as was evidenced by the way the teacher's enjoyed their tea, Sunday evening.

La Grippe has now caught Miss Carter, but she is fighting the dread monster with all the vim that means in Indian English, "me no succumb."

The expenses of the Y. M. C. A. supper Saturday evening were met by the boys themselves—their contributions in the skillful hands of Miss Noble being changed into a bountiful feast.

The fire on the South Mountain attracted the attention of many as they passed from prayer meeting Sunday evening. It was a beautiful sight, but the flames we learned did much damage to young timber.

Sarah Pratt's little feet are not quite big enough yet to propel her aunt Richenda's tricycle, but when the machine is drawn by Rosa and pushed by Lydia, she gets along well, and does not fall out either. She seems to say in her baby way, "I'm not afraid of the measles," and finds much to amuse her in the pretty grass and flowers, the singing of the birds, the fresh foliage of the trees, and the hosts of smiling faces she passes when out for a ride these bright days.

Commencement exercises have been obliged to be postponed till June on account of the measles. The beds at the hospital are still full and a few girls are sick in quarters but unless other cases develop very soon we are practically over the epidemic and not a death, while we hear through a visiting chief that the children of his tribe are dying rapidly, on account of which he was hurrying home from Washington.

Another base-ball club has organized and they call themselves "The Red Men." They bid fair of being the leading men as well. At least, they stand first, so far. In playing for the prize of new suits the Red Men beat the Union Reserves by a score of 15 to 11. In this new club, Henry Standing Bear is Captain and pitcher; Phillips White, c.; Lawrence Smith, 1 b.; John Tyler, 2 b.; Harvey Warner, 3 b.; Benjamin Caswell, r. f.; Robert Mathews, c. f.; Malpass Cloud, l. f.; Benajah Miles, s. s.

First game of tennis Monday night.

What is the matter with croquet, this year?

Miss Seabrook has gone to the country to nurse a sick boy.

Mr. Mason Pratt and family have taken up their residence in Steelton.

Capt. Pratt spent part of Wednesday in Washington, on Indian business.

Mr. Campbell took a flying trip to Bucks County and back this week.

The Chippewas and Pine Ridge Sioux were photographed by Mr. Cnoate in front of the old chapel, yesterday morning.

A large four-horse coach load of girls went on a lark to the mountains, Saturday. Who said they did not have a good time? Not one.

The Standard Nine expected to play the Dickinson College Preps, on Saturday, but for some reason the town club failed to appear.

Dr. Dixon took a flying trip to Millersville, on Saturday to see Cecelia Londresh who was somewhat under the weather. He reports her as suffering from Bronchitis but doing as well as could be expected.

Miss Asbury, Special Agent for the Improved Glove fitting System of Dress Cutting, is giving instructions to a class of our girls who are anxious to become acquainted with the latest methods and they are paying for the special instructions, from their own pocket-books.

Misses Hamilton and Botsford spent Friday and Saturday at Mt. Holly. Miss Hamilton's pupil teachers—Misses Dubray, Perrine, Flint, Peake and Wheelock went up on Saturday for a little pleasure trip and to escort their teacher home. They all took tea with her at the club when they arrived.

We hear that there are two or three ball clubs among the girls. We see them out playing and they play a modest, graceful pretty game which gives them fun as well as good exercise. We have not heard of them giving themselves a name yet. Why would not "The Petticoaters" be a good name or "The Graceful Steppers," perhaps.

Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday at the school, guests of Mrs. Middleton's father, Mr. Jordan. The Man-on-the-band-stand did not get a peep at the baby, but they promise to come back again in a week or two then we shall surely get a good square look at little Rachel Regina.

The cheers that greeted the return of the teachers at chapel exercises Monday morning were as heartfelt as rousing. It has been necessary to work hard to keep happy during these past three weeks of La Grippe and measles. But now we are in good shape again, singing classes and all.

Slow workers are no good: "He is a fair kind of a boy to have around but is too slow to command a high rate of wages."—FARM PATRON.

Extract from a pupil's letter on a farm: "You want me to remember to obey the rules of the school. I will try to obey the rules and keep my eyes open and think about my work, then maybe I am going to be a good farmer some of these days."

**A LITTLE OF THE CURRENT WE HAVE TO  
PULL AGAINST.**

**Bits of a Speech About The Indians from a Man  
in Public Office, Who is Supposed to know  
What He was Talking About.**

Just before the close of the last session of Congress the following sentiments were freely thrown out as Indian meat for the millions of our fellow men to read and digest as truth. That the Indians have strong friends in Congress is shown by the fact that the following words had no effect:

Hon. Marcus A. Smith, of Arizona, in the House of Representatives said:

"I have happened to live for ten years under the shadow of the San Carlos White Mountain Apache reservation. I know the Indian on his native heath. I have seen him in all his conditions, and I know that when you talk about educating the Indian through the schools, you might as well talk of catching crows on horseback. \* \* I went West desiring to see poor 'Lo.' I found him a naked, dirty, lousy vagabond, who will not work, whom you can not make work to save your life—who will not even hunt. If you will feed him he will not walk from here to that door to kill the finest buck that runs the plains. He only wants enough to eat; he does not care to even have it cooked. This is the Indian whom you propose to educate by sending him to the Carlisle school. \* \* The most dangerous Indian to-day on the plain is the Indian who has had the advantages of education of one of our schools."

Ye Apache boys and girls from San Carlos Agency but now of the Carlisle tribe; ye Apaches on country farms who sweat daily for the bread and butter you eat and for the clothes you wear; ye who have learned to work and like it, do you not pity Mr. Smith who has such high opinions of you? Wait till Arizona becomes a State, and you become citizens and voters, Mr. Smith will not talk so about you. He will not then say the Indian "is a brute, incapable of gratitude and fidelity, on whom the education of schools is worse than thrown away." Instead of calling you a "lazy, idle, murderous vagabond," he will probably say "My friend, you know me; I am your friend, vote for me."

When that day comes and it cannot be far distant, the Man-on-the-band-stand hopes to see every Apache youth with sufficient education to manage himself intelligently, and to get that education quickly we must stay East where it is given out in large doses all the time, and where such friends(?) as Mr. Smith appears to be, have no chance to choke us down. Why haven't we as good a right to school privileges as Mr. Smith enjoyed when a young man? And should we even get a fair education we cannot put it to much worse use

than Mr. Smith is doing by exerting his powers to keep from a handful of children the education necessary to make them useful.

Paul Boynton, (Red Feather in the head) a son of White Antelope, and a former student of the Carlisle Indian School, who was employed as an interpreter by the Cherokee Commission while treating with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes last fall, recently received a very large and beautiful engraved silver medal from President Harrison as a token of the esteem in which Paul is held by the Government as an interpreter.—[*Ardmore Citizen.*]

**Enigma.**

I am made of 9 letters:

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 are Latin words, meaning "by itself."

My 5, 6, 7, is the name of a woman very familiar to us all who never had a mother or father.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 is a word we use for those who have no pity.

My whole we must do to be useful here and happy hereafter. And it is a word that was used in Number 32 HELPER three times in one line.

Who can write four figure nines so that they will make 100?

Who can write a word containing the five vowels?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Blue Earth.

**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 Fnebles 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 9x11 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

(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.

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 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.