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The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1891.

NUMBER 36.

A COLORADO PHILOSOPHER.

HE stood by the fence of a mountain ranch,
A pitiful, sad-eyed burro;
There wasn't an edible leaf or branch,
And the alkali ground
For miles around
Had never a sign of furrow.
"Ah, me!" he sighed, "I'm sad it's so,
But life is an endless tussel;
They've let me go in the storm and snow,
For they know I am used to rustle.
"I can go a day on a sardine can
And two on a scrap of leather;
I have lived a week on a Chinese fan,
And it's even plain
That I sometimes gain
On only a change of weather.
The lazy ones feed on hay, indeed!
But I, who have nerve and muscle—
They say: 'He'll do; he will worry through;
He's a wonderful brute to rustle!'"
O! sorrowful burro, thin and sad!
I feel to you like a brother.
With the human race it's just as bad,
For the tramp and shirk
Must escape from work
By the bountiful sweat of another.
There are some that stand with glove in
hand
In the infinite toil and bustle;
They sing and play, but they've lots of hay—
They never have learned to rustle!
—Charles P. Allen, in *Cosmopolitan*.

THROW IN A LINE FOR YOURSELF IF YOU WISH TO
CATCH A FISH.

A thin, poor-looking, dejected young man was standing on a bridge watching some fishermen.

He was a lazy fellow who wanted all good things without the trouble of getting them for himself.

Finally after watching the fishermen for some time and every once in a while yawning to pass the time away, he walked up to the basket filled with splendid fish, and with a long face he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as

fine fish," said the owner, "if you will do me a little favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The thin looking young man said, "Of course I will be glad to do that, if I can get so many fine fish as this for so little work."

The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be tired.

But while he was gone the hungry fish snapped greedily at the hook and the young man began to feel interested.

In fact he became quite excited over the many fish he pulled out of the water, and when the owner of the line returned he had caught a large number.

There were many more than there were in the basket, and the old man counted them out from the pile the young man had caught and gave them to him, saying:

"I keep my promise and take the fish from those you have caught yourself, to teach you, that whenever you see others earning what you need, WASTE NO TIME IN SILLY WISHING, THROW IN A LINE FOR YOURSELF."

The Kind of Farm Report That Pleases the old Man's Heart.

About two of our good little girls in the country their farm mother says:

"L. and E. have regularly attended school for four months and have made satisfactory progress in their lessons as well as having finished some very creditable drawing.

Three sketches now adorn the walls of our library. On my birth-day, L. made some very cute little bead moccasins which are much admired. They have each made a patch-work quilt for themselves this winter as well as sewed carpet-rags for which they were paid five cents a pound. They have never been sick a day since they came and one has gained sixteen pounds and the other as much I think, though has not been weighed. They seem happy and contented and we hope will remain with us another year. We presented each with a copy of "Stiya" which pleased them very much."

Who can say that these dear girls have not far better chances in the country to become real little women, than we could possibly give them here, or that they could get at home? They are part of the family, loved and helped in every way and are happy in the thought that they are trying to earn what they receive.

The Indian Helper.

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

43—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.

The *Red Man* will be out as soon as the boiler comes in, and that will be in a few days. April and May will be printed as one number.

Those living in Philadelphia can secure a copy of *Stiya* at Wanamaker's. Go and look at it even if you do not buy.

"Your little paper has the honor, if it could be considered that, of being read every week when other and larger papers wait for more time."—SUBSCRIBER.

Since the Omahas have become citizens of the United States they say "the white people instead of calling us 'savage redskins,' call us 'fellow citizens.' They find it pays them to treat us well on account of our votes."

"If you have any copies of *Stiya* left please send one to me. I have the story in the HELPER but would like it in the more convenient book form. I hope the day is not far distant when a Carlisle girl will not have to endure such things on her return home."—Mrs. E. W. I., Chautauqua, N. Y.

We have only about 1,500 left. Price 50 cen. s. By mail 57 cents.

Word comes from Rosebud Agency, Dak., that Samuel High Bear, Walter Bull Man, Maurice Walker, Cecil Iron Wing, Conrad Roubideaux, George Bull, Arthur Two Strikes, Edward Iron Boy, Charles Running Horse and Ralph Iron Eagle Feather have enlisted for five years in the regular army. They belong to Troop L, 9th Cavalry and are stationed at Ft. Niobrara.

When you feel that you *must* have an hour or two off for recreation never think of asking for the time from your school period. That seems criminal when the period is so short and what you are getting here may be all that you will ever have an opportunity of getting. You will *always* have a chance to WORK. Ask for the extra time off of the work period, and if convenient for those in authority to grant it, take it and make the most of it, but again the Man-on-the-band-stand would urge you to make the best possible use of the school period of four hours daily. Only twenty hours in a week at the very most. Make every one of those hours tell!

More Funny Things Seen by The Man-on-the-Band-Stand This Week.

Gardening by candle-light in Miss Fisher's back yard.

The combination suit worn by Mark Evarts on the ball-ground.

Where in the world Martha's turtle went to—the one she thought she was bringing from Gettysburg.

The means resorted to by some people to protect their windows from others looking in after lamp-light.

The office girls tugging furiously at Miss Bender's desk to place it in its usual position after she had gone to considerable trouble to secure boys the evening before to turn it around in its summer position; and it was funny to see her look of amazement when she entered the office.

The cable chess game now going on between Miss Wood, whose room is at one end of the Teacher's Quarters, and Miss Ely, who rooms at the opposite end. Their cable is the balcony and the means of transmittal, human electricity, in the shape of any one who happens along when a message is ready to be sent. The fun of it is that they start a game coolly, sometimes hours intervening between the moves, but before it is finished their self-possession flies and they fly to one end or the other of the balcony and fight out the latter part of the game at one board.

The Standard Debating Society held their farewell meeting last Friday night. A number of the members presented very interesting speeches, Frank Everett's remarks upon the history of the society from its beginning when there were only nine members, up to the present time when there is a membership of one hundred, being especially worthy of mention. Joseph Hamilton, the President, closed the meeting with appropriate remarks, expressing appreciation at having been chosen as their leader. Before adjourning all joined in singing "God be with you till we meet again."

We are having calls for the picture of Richard Davis and family, a most interesting group. It will be remembered that Richard is the Carlisle Cheyenne who married a Pawnee maiden at our school, and is now living in Chester county with his family, supporting himself as a citizen of Pennsylvania. Their children are bright and pretty. The photo. may be had for five subscriptions, and a one-cent stamp extra for postage.

It takes a quick mind, a quick ear and a quick eye to be a successful waiter at table, and the girls who are detailed for the month to wait on the teachers' tables, are in luck to have an opportunity to gain this quickness. A stupid slow-poke has no place in this world. Such a person is continually run over and abused. So, rejoice girls at the chance to learn to move quickly, and to hear quickly, and to see quickly.

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: 10 cents a year, in advance.

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

Address: THE RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa.

Exhibition to-night.

We will *whistle*, next time.

Harry Iron Claw has gone home.

Teachers' Club dining hall was kalsomined, Tuesday.

The Girls' Quarters look fresher since the late coat of paint.

There is much of truth in the article next the poem on first page.

Robert Mathews and Eustace spent Saturday in Harrisburg sight-seeing.

The girls are grateful for the beautifully bound volume of *Youth's Companion* for their reading room—a present from ten of the teachers.

Will all hands remember that it is exceedingly annoying to the office clerks for people who pass in and out on business or pleasure to slam the doors?

The first edition of the *HELPER* this week was "kicked off" in the old fashioned way by foot power, the boiler having to take a vacation for repairs.

What a despicable spirit for a person not to do her work as well at the end of the month when she knows the details are to be changed, as at the beginning.

That is the *way* to go riding. Plume your horses and go off in style. It was the band this time who took the large coach. They went Saturday to Boiling Springs and Holly, and had a fine time.

Miss Seabrook returned from Princeton, N. J., on Monday, with Johnson Spencer, whom she had been nursing through a serious siege of sickness following close upon the measles. Johnson is getting well rapidly, in fact growing fat.

Who was a happy man on Saturday? William Petoskey, of course, when his wife arrived straight from their Michigan home. Mrs. Petoskey will live at the near farm to assist Mrs. Bennett, while William will board there but continue his work in the printing office, and go to school.

All who wish to hear one of the greatest colored orators of the age, Prof. J. C. Price, D. D., at Bosler Hall Monday evening next, on the subject of "The Future of the Negro Race," can purchase tickets of Mr. George Foulk. Quite a number of the employees have already purchased tickets.

In the place of our boiler which is out for repairs, nothing but empty air rests upon the exposed grates, but the engineer is so in the habit of being on the safe side, that when he left the office for a moment, he called out, "Somebody watch my engine," which brought down the house, and the engineer that morning was Robert Big Bear.

The Pawnees took tea at the Teachers' Club on Wednesday evening, and were guests of Misses Ely and Burgess. All that are left of these faithful hangers on are Stacy Matlack, Robert Mathews, Mark Evarts, Phebe Howell and Rose Howell. Three others are in the country. The tea was given in honor of Miss Phebe Howell, who returns to-morrow to her duties at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia. Phebe and Lydia Flint were guests of Miss Luckenbach, the evening before.

Have you seen Mrs. Dixon's splendid tuberoses, now in bloom?

Syna says the hospital bell is *not* cracked. Then it must be sick.

The Musicales at Metzger, this week, was attended by several of our ladies.

We omitted to credit the little poem "May Time" of last week, to the *Child's Hour*.

The poem on the first page will be appreciated by those who know the Mexican burro and his habits.

Pete Ocotea and Victor Tozski have enlisted as tailors in the Army, and started to Omaha, Nebr., to report to General Brooks.

Miss Cook, R. Bourassa, Flo. Miller and Martha Napawat had a pleasant day together on the battle-field of Gettysburg, Saturday.

The pleasant reception given by Miss Schaeffner at her town home last Saturday evening was greatly enjoyed by all who called.

The Seniors and Juniors have been playing interesting games of ball this week attracting the attention of the girls as well as the teachers who turned out in large numbers.

The farm work is rushing, now, and the new barn progressing. Just think, it will be the largest farm barn in this part of the country—120 feet by 75.

Messrs. Goodyear and McConkey went to the race one evening this week, but it was a *mill* race and they brought a nice taste of fish home for breakfast.

On Sunday Charlie Dagenett paid an enjoyable visit at the Hilton's two miles in the country. He came back laden with dogwood blossoms and lilacs, for friends.

Miss McAdam and Miss Bratton, with Captain as escort, took a fly around on horse back one evening this week. It being quite an innovation, the parade was covered with spectators to watch them mount.

The Green Club with Norman Cassadore as Captain played with a club known as the Secrets, Martin D. Archiquette, Captain, on Tuesday, and made some excellent hits and runs. The score stood at close of game, 12 to 10 in favor of the Secrets.

John Bull, of Ft. Belknap Agency, who has been a patient sufferer for a long time was quietly laid away in our little cemetery last Thursday afternoon. When a loved schoolmate is called to his long home we mourn for the departed, yet the occasion brings a useful lesson.

The King's Daughters Circle known as the "Sunshine Scatterers" entertained a corresponding number of the Y. M. C. A. on Saturday afternoon at a five o'clock tea in Miss Fisher's room. From the pleasure manifested by the guests we think the girls fully deserve the name they have adopted.

Our last Sunday evening service was conducted by Nellie Robertson and Rosa Bourassa. This service and the mid-week prayer meeting may properly be said to belong to the students, as they frequently conduct the service and always take part. Whatever our students may become or wherever they may go, this part of their life at school will never be forgotten.

Some of the Fourth Grade Boys and Girls Go to the Farm and Have Interesting Ways of Telling on Paper What They Saw.

One of the boys says:

"First we went and took a ride in the boat. It is big enough for us to take three at a time. Then we went down in the cellar and saw how they hatch eggs without a hen. They kept them in a box where it is warm. It is a dark place and they carry a lamp in the cellar, and we came out again to where they kept the little ones when they are hatched out. The woman picked up one and put a horse tail in the little chicken's mouth and took out some worms which had stuck in its throat and the chick sneezed when they let him go."

The party also visited the poor house about which a little girl writes:

"In the poor house we saw the blind man rock the cute little baby and another baby was sleeping. The poor little things are sleeping up stairs. Their mothers have to do lots of work but they don't get any pay. We saw where they eat. There was no table cloth, nice stools, nice dishes or knives and forks. I pity the poor man because I guess that is all he can do to sit there and rock the baby."

Another said:

"We saw little ducks stand on their heads in the water."

About the incubator he says:

"It was heated by a light. The light kept water hot all the time. When it got too hot a little weight came up and the light goes out," showing that his eyes were open.

All who wrote about their farm trip made nice papers, indeed of which the Man-on-the-band-stand was very proud. He likes his boys and girls not only to be *learning*, but he wants them to *learn* to TELL what they learn.

WHAT THE "JAMESTOWN JOURNAL," N. Y., SAYS OF STIYA.

This is a story of the trials of an Indian girl of the Pueblos on her return home after being educated at the Carlisle school. The power of the tribe was invoked to force her to conform to Indian customs. Refusing to take part in a disreputable Indian dance, ordered by the governor of the tribe, she and her father and mother, who stood by her, were publicly whipped.

Her adherence to principle and filial devotion were at length rewarded in the improved condition of the family who were led to adopt the modes of civilized life. Stiya had been given by her parents to be educated when a mere child, and returned to her native home after years spent in the school and in domestic service in a northern home. The disgust approaching despair, felt in being compelled to return to a life which she had forgotten, is portrayed in a manner calculated to awaken deepest sympathy. The instruction she had

received and a sense of filial duty came to her aid, and the result shows what may yet be hoped for in leading the Indians of the west into the habits of civilized life through the return of those who have been educated and trained to habits of industry in the schools which have been established for this end.

The story was written by one of the teachers in the school at Carlisle, Pa., and bears the imprint of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

Those wishing to order this book by mail, send 57 cents to

THE INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

A Dish of Ice Cream to the Indian Boy or Girl in the Country who First writes to the "Indian Helper," the Answer to the Following:

(Distance will be taken into consideration. Send in the answer at once.)

"If eighteen cows were going through a narrow gate where only one could pass at a time, which cow could look back and say, 'There are eleven pairs of horns behind me.'"

Enigma.

I am made of 16 letters:

My 16, 3, 15, 4 is something that kills dust.

My 11, 16, 9, 10, 7 a kind of fish the Captain likes to catch.

My 1, 13, 14, 12 something at the farm that the pupils like very much to get into.

My 2, 6, 3, 5, 8 if the last article does, the pupils who get in might get their feet wet.

My whole is what makes a gay sight at the school some bright mornings.

The Name of a Popular Book and its Author—An Old but Good Enigma—Who Can Guess It?

A _____

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Let the Indians tussle.

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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ 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 (bandoir) 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 9×14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

(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.