


# The Indian Helper.

## A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1891. NUMBER 50.

### SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

 HERE spades grow bright  
And idle swords grow dull;  
Where jails are empty,  
And where barns are full;  
Where field-paths are  
With frequent feet outworn,  
Law courtyards weedy,  
Silent and forlorn;  
Where doctors foot it,  
And where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds,  
And where youth is multiplied;  
Where poisonous drinks  
Are chased from every place;  
Where opium's curse  
No longer leaves a trace—  
Where these signs are  
They clearly indicate  
A happy people  
And a well-ruled State.

### ONE OF OUR TEACHERS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

With considerable trepidation the Man-on-the-band-stand takes the liberty of stealing for his readers a few rich, rare and racy descriptions from a private letter recently received from Miss Luckenbach who had just arrived at Chautauqua, that haven of repose and letters. She says:

"Where shall I begin? With the satisfaction of the present, the vexation of the past, or the tribulation that intervened?

The ride here was not all tribulation, for in spite of the heat and discomfort of early rising I could not be insensible to the beauties along the road.

Sometimes the banks of the river were a far-reaching level, and again they were abrupt and wooded as if the domes, peaks and ridges of hills had been like a group of romping children chasing each other over the country and some had accidentally got one foot into the water and stuck fast.

There was a profusion of flowers. Plenty of golden-rod sprinkled with green.

There were great patches of milk-weed, bright bunches of cardinal flowers, clusters of scarlet lilies, plenty of Bouncing Bets and brown-eyed Susans, while the river lazed by

them as if reluctant to take itself away from their reflection on its smooth bosom.

Growing smaller and smaller we finally lost sight of it and were reminded by the four sided, high, light frame structures which dotted the country that we were in the oil region.

I had no difficulty in finding comfortable quarters here; comfortable for Chautauqua, though a contrast to those of the night before in the 'Commonwealth.'

There the discriminating clerk assigned me No. 1, and I felt the seal of 'quality' had been set upon me.

The attentive porter had no sooner put the key into the door and taken himself off than I set out to find the lay of the land, always the first thing to do, you know, in a new hotel, to be prepared in case of a fire.

As my foot pressed the thick, soft carpet, the conviction that luxury was my native element was borne in upon me.

Seeing a figure approaching and taking her for a chambermaid I was about to address a question to her when I recognized myself.

Mirrors in every angle of the walls give one a deal of companionship, but there is no use in so many chambermaids.

Here there are no delusive carpets.

But the same cannot be said of the mirrors, for out of the 10x12 glass on my wall hardly less than forty eyes glare at me, while mouths and noses are duplicated often enough between the top and the bottom, to convince you of the existences of ogreses.

By a true Chautauquan, however, such things receive no notice.

Soul and sense are completely absorbed by the intellectual opportunities of the place.

The amphitheatre is a little to our right on the opposite side of the street, and resting in my room this morning I could hear the choir practicing 'Gounod's Redemption Chorus' and other music, while the cornetist's solo in this afternoon's entertainment could not have been more enjoyable there than it was to me, sitting pen in hand on the balcony outside of my room.

(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.

General Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Mrs. Morgan, are in Europe.

Etta Robertson has a creditable notice in the Good Will Press, for her graduating essay.

John Frost's employer says of him: "John is the most conscientious and faithful young man I have come across in many a day."

Pleasant word comes from Felix I. E. Feather, in the country, and he sends the names of three friends who wish to take the HELPER. That's the way to do.

The kind of business letter the Man-on-the-band-stand enjoys opening: "Find enclosed ten cents for another year of cheer from your bright little paper."

One of the boys in the country wants a "him book" sent him. Now if a girl had written for that kind of a book we would not have wondered so much.

One of the boys on a farm says he don't "amused" the horses and cows. He means "abuse" probably, and the same boy says he is going to follow the Captain's advice to "Never keep up the ship."

To prevent the Indians from dancing on the reservations, and then to send them to Europe to dance with the Wild West shows, may be civilization, but it certainly is not a very high type.—[The Indian's Friend.

Kish Hawkins seems to think that the Ghost Dancing at which the Cheyenne and Arapahoes are now engaged is interesting, but he has not yet been caught, he says, and does not mean to be. John Tyler is still working at the traders, and Kish himself is clerking in the Agent's office.

Miss Dittes who is on the round among the girls on farms suffered with the intense heat of last week and spent Sunday at the shore. Miss D. is an old and experienced teacher on the reservation and knows what she is talking about when she says she wishes that all the Indians could have such homes as she has found our girls occupying.

Mrs. Joshua Given sends for "Stiya", and says "the book was loaned me by a returned pupil and I took so much pleasure in reading the simple though trying experience of a returned school-girl. I now get the book to loan to friends who have not heard of it." And then Mrs. Given goes on with some interesting news of our boys and girls at the Kiowa and Comanche Agency. She says: "Julia Given, who is living with us is a *marvel* to a camp girl living with me, 'Julia just like white girl, bake, sew, talk cook everything just like white girl.' I hope she may induce this girl to return with her East that she may learn and be made to put in practice the clean neat ways of doing work. Mr. Given has the Govt. contract to cut seventy-five tons of hay. He has seven returned pupils to help him. The field presented a very picturesque appearance as I saw them a few days ago. Otto Wells put the new mower together and was cutting the grass, displaying much skill. Lucius Aitson was raking while Below Cozad and Ned Brace (a Chillocco boy) assisted by the others were loading. Very soon, three good loads, over three tons, started for the Agency. 'The Hay Makers,' can be told at some distance away. They all wear Government suits consisting of a red shirt and brick-brown trowsers. One young man was so unfortunate as to burn a hole in the rim of his hat and I saw that the other hats were cut, no doubt in sympathy. While they are hard at work in the hot sun, I judge that they have a jolly time of it camping together. They hire an Indian woman to cook. I was told by one of the company that 'the boys were so tired of the Indian bread, it was so tough,' that I am now baking some light bread for them. Trusting that this little bit of information may encourage others, I am with kindest regards to all the girls and boys of the school,

Very Respectfully,  
Mrs. J. H. GIVEN.

Mr. Potter has returned to his post of duty at Ft. Totten North Dakota, after spending a little while at his old place Ft. Reno, I. T. where he has landed interests. He writes from Ft. Totten that Stacy Matlack has arrived and says "I never saw a fellow so happy. He says, 'Why these buildings and grounds are nicer than Carlisle!' Our beautiful lake and mountain scenery make it a rare spot—this Ft. Totten, of ours.

Mr. Canfield says, 'Capt. ought to be proud to turn out such boys as Eustace and Stacy,' and he is well pleased."

John Elm is the leader of a very excellent band at Oneida, Wisconsin. He had some prospect of an appointment as teacher of band-music at Ft. Totten, but has received word from Washington that the appointment cannot now be made. In a recent letter he speaks of a very enjoyable sociable held at Jemima's home on the reservation at which there were a large number of returned Carlisle students. Peter Cornelius expects to come east before long with a delegation of pupils.

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not like to hear his boys in the country calling their employers "bosses." It sounds better to say "employer."



Miss Merritt has returned.

Peaches are becoming cheap.

Mr. Claudy is absent on a weeks' vacation.

The new barn is painted white and has green trimmings.

Mark Evarts is home from Newark on a two weeks' vacation.

Maud Coffey has been visiting her cousin Miss Campbell.

The two yards back of the teachers' quarters look quite fine since they were fixed up.

The stilt fever has arrived at Carlisle and four-legged boys are frequently seen about the grounds.

Our Catholic pupils, employees and some others attended the Catholic picnic at Mt. Alto, last Thursday.

Clark Gregg has gotten over his mumps, and now Malcolm Clarke and Samuel Gruett have them.

The cave seems to be a popular resort about sun-down or before, for our boys who enjoying swimming.

Messrs. Norman and Kemp have returned from their vacation and are again on duty at their old stands.

"Stiya" is still being read and appreciated. Address HELPER. Price fifty cents; by mail 57 cents.

Miss Shaffner who has been spending the summer at Cape May Point, intends starting for Carlisle in a few days.

Any flies on Robert Mathews? No, but the one he took internally the other day was enough to last a life time he thinks.

Miss Hamilton is at Northville, N. Y. Part of her vacation has been spent among the mountains of Vermont. She feels that the rest has benefitted her much. She expects to be in Carlisle by the 28th or 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Gage, and Miss Myra, who have been visiting friends in Bucks County have returned to the school and will stay two or three weeks before going South to Beaufort, their home.

Miss Woolston, of Beverly, N. J., arrived Saturday, and expects to remain with us as one of the teachers. She has been principal of the public school at Riverton, N. J., and comes to us feeling much interest in this work.

When Joseph Hamilton bounced into the printing-office on Tuesday afternoon, with a big water-melon, he was considered a "gentleman and a scholar" until all the printers had their fill, then he was just the same as any of the rest of us.

Mr. Gardner says the new walks make him tired. Fetch in a couple of cart loads of cobble stones and gravel to make him a special walk, or let him take a run down the pike for a rest. Granolithic pavements are good enough for us.

Miss Seabrook as the guest of Miss Sparhawk, at Newton Centre, Mass., has been enjoying a sight of the many interesting places in and about Boston. Among other spots she has stood on the "identical rock" upon which the Pilgrim Fathers first planted their feet.

The catterpillars have to go.

New sweet potatoes are good.

Digging for the new steam pipes has begun.

Mildred Sikieh and Georgie Parrish left for their homes on Tuesday, the former going to Laguna, N. M., and the latter to the Indian Territory.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt and Richenda returned from Asbury Park, Monday evening, but do not feel benefitted by the few days' sojourn at the shore.

A package of very pretty calendars, published by Lea & Shephard has been received through the kindness of Miss Sparhawk for distribution as may seem best.

Willie Carfield, our one-armed but most efficient mail-carrier is having the mumps, and Eddie Davis and John Yellow Robe, two faithful little orderlies now take turns carrying the mail in Willie's place. They do the work as well as the larger boys.

One of the girls writes that the lady with whom she is living in the country is going on a visit to Minneapolis, and while in the west will go "to see Jemima Wheelock for her health." From all accounts, Jemima has a good bunch of health and some to spare.

Not only will the September *Red Man* contain what our patrons say of the Indian boys and girls as helpers, but we have taken largely from letters that our boys and girls themselves have written telling how they like it in the country. To subscribe, Address *Red Man*, Carlisle, Pa., and enclose fifty cents in stamps or in any way the most convenient.

Green Crow, Green Feather and Buffalo Head, Winnebagoes of Wisconsin, have been east travelling with a show and were stranded at Atlantic City. The police of Philadelphia sent them here, where they will be obliged to get down to steadier occupation and will have to stick to it probably until they earn enough to see them to their homes. Just the school of experience such men need.

Yamie Leeds was riding horse back at his home in New Mexico, and the horse fell into a hole two feet deep, throwing Yamie badly and hurting his head and shoulder somewhat but not seriously. His father and mother are so pleased at his progress that they are willing for him to return to Carlisle or go anywhere his best judgment dictates. The Pueblo's are reaping a good peach crop and they have some apples.

Mr. Goodyear was called to the telephone. The usual "Hello!" was gone through with and then followed a telegram.

What's that?" he called in a disturbed tone.

Message repeated.

"Spell it, please."

Then it came, "List failed me Etingspyna have sent to Hatboro."

No one being able to make it out a boy was despatched to town to the telegraph office, and the message then came, "Smith failed in Etingspyna have sent her to Hatboro," which could now be readily translated into "Smith failed meeting Spyna. Have sent her to Hatboro," the whole thing showing that others than the Indians sometimes get things mixed. The letters were all in the message, but the operator failed to space correctly.



(Continued From the First Page.)

Presently I shall go over to hear Prof. Bam's on 'Complaints of the Farmer and the Wage Earner.'

Once a day we must go to the amphitheatre or where is the use of being in Chautauqua?

You see, the injunctions of my friends are being carefully followed up and I am not being drawn into the vortex of intellectual dissipation, whose end is exhaustion.

Chautauqua is a charming combination of nature and art.

On the map it is carefully laid out, 'streets named and houses numbered.'

In reality, the houses, many of them very pretty cottages stand under the original trees, and the streets going by them seem to have been an after-thought.

They are unpaved and there are no sidewalks, but they are kept very clean and the soil is sandy, so sandy that even after a very heavy rain the walking is good.

The amphitheatre is built in the upper end of a depression that looks as if it might once have been the bed of a stream flowing into the lake.

Entering it by a door under the stage, you face a large semi-circle of seats rising to the level of the streets above, covered with a great roof, but open on all sides to the winds that make a soothing murmurous sound in leaves of the great trees which stand protectingly about it.

Maple trees predominate, but I am told a lumberman among the visitors this season said he had never seen a greater variety of trees within the same compass, before.

By the way, I had pleasant thoughts of William Baird when I found I could not unbuckle my trunk strap and the little blade he sharpened so well cut through the strap as if it were cheese, and ended my perplexity."

### A LITTLE WHITE BOY WHO WAS A BORN LAWYER.

**Wonder if an Indian Boy Would Have Been Switched off Under the Same Circumstances.**

A lawyer advertised for a boy to help him in his office. The next morning his office was full of boys who wanted a place to work.

The lawyer told them to stand in a row, and said he wanted to tell them a story.

"When I am through telling my story I want to hear what each one has to say about it," he continued.

From what the boys would say about the story he would judge whom to choose for his office boy.

So they all stood in a row and listened while the lawyer related the following:

"A certain farmer was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn.

He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity.

Seeing him go in at the hole one noon, he took his shot-gun and fired away; the first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answer, continued: "And seeing the barn on fire the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out."

"Did he put it out?" said another.

"As he passed inside, the door shut to, and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water—"

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.

The lawyer went on without answer:

"Then the old lady came out and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did anyone burn up?" said another.

The lawyer said: "There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story."

But observing one bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said: "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy, and stammered out:

"I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know."

"You'll do," said the lawyer; "you are my man; you have not been switched off by a confusion, and a barn burning, and the hired girl and water pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel. I will take you."

#### Erasing.

1. Erase the middle letter from the number of legs some stools have and leave a word that Friends use a great deal.

2. Erase the middle letter in what we should all try to earn for ourselves and leave what are used in gardens.

3. Erase the middle letter of the object we eat off of and leave what we like to hear when interesting.

4. Erase the middle letter in the word which tells what many, too many of us like to be doing and leave an instrument some hotels use to call people to meals.

5. Erase the middle letter of what is used in driving and leave terrible things to tell.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Give me grease.

**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 4½x6½ 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 9x14 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.