

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1891. NUMBER 51.

TWO LITTLE OLD LADIES.

BY H. MAUD MERRILL.

TWO little old ladies, one grave, one gay,
In the self-same cottage lived day by day.
One could not be happy, "because," she
said,
"So many children were hungry for bread;"
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song;
"She had no time to be sad," she said,
"When hungry children were crying for
bread;"
So she baked, and knitted, and gave away,
And declared the world grew better each day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay;
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?
—*Parish and Home.*

MISS FISHER AT LAKE GEORGE.

Do you remember on the map of the State of New York how long and narrow, like a few wavy lines put together Lake George looks?

Now I want you to go with me by the quickest and cheapest of all ways of traveling, in thought, and spend a day on this lake.

About ten we will get on the steamer which will carry a thousand people, they say.

There are perhaps 400 on now, though, so there is plenty of room, though every one does rush for a chair as if he might be obliged to stand if he didn't get that particular one upon which his eyes are fixed.

We start from a pier near a very fine hotel for summer visitors, called the Ft. William Henry, named after a fort that was built by the English about 1755, to keep off the French and Indians.

Nothing remains now of this fort but heaps of earth.

We are comfortably seated in the bow of the boat, and off we start.

The sky is beautifully blue above us, with here and there a white cloud, and beneath is the silvery water, which deepens into dark blue as we look away toward the foot of the Lake, thirty miles distant.

As you would know from the map, we are not far from the shore on either side, for the lake is nowhere more than three miles wide, unless where little bays or inlets extend into the land.

On both sides, the shores rise away from the water's edge in slopes and hills, and a few mountains, the Adirondacks, wooded to the top mostly, very like the North and South Mountains we see from Carlisle.

But here is one that is higher, and rougher and rockier—Black Mountain.

It is well named.

And here is another that rises directly from the water's edge, in a solid wall of rock, 1000 feet high, they say.

This is Roger's Slide, and this is how it got its name:

Once in the days when the English were trying to drive out the French and Indians from that region, Capt. Rogers was sent with a message to Ft. Ticonderoga, at the foot of the lake.

Just as he reached this height he found the Indians were following him.

So he slid the pack he was carrying down the steep side of the cliff to the frozen lake, turned his snow-shoes the other way on his feet, and went quickly down a little valley at one side.

The enemy came and saw the snow shoes pointed toward the edge of the cliff, and also saw the mark on the snow of the pack he had sent down.

So they said, any one who could have gone safely down that steep wall of rock, must have been helped by the Great Spirit, and they would let him alone.

This is the story which maybe is true.

On both sides of the lake, sometimes down at the water's edge, sometimes perched like bird-houses upon the heights, there are buildings of all sizes and kinds.

Some are hotels large enough to hold four or five hundred guests, and some cottages for a single family.

These are summer homes.

In the winter we should find them all closed and deserted.

(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.

"Stiya" may be had at Wanamakers, Phila.

Thoreau says: "Be not simply good—be good for something."

"A word once spoken, four horses cannot catch it."—Chinese Proverb.

HELPER—Help me to find my watch! It was stolen from my vest pocket in my room. My initials, A. C. W., are engraved on the case.
ALEAMO COTTON WOOD.

One of our girls writes: "I am enjoying the little paper very much. It makes me get along with my work on Saturdays in thinking it will come in the evening, and I want my papa and mamma to enjoy it too so I will put ten cents in here for them."

Stacy Matlack thinks that Ft. Totten is a truly lovely spot. He says: "Everything here at this place is beautiful and pleasant and also its a very healthy place." He says that Mr. Canfield and the teachers are very kind to him and Eustace. The pupils have not yet come in, and Mr. Potter and he are employing their time for a few days in the hay-field. Eustace is doing well. The Indians come in and gaze at them with wonder. The old men wish that they were young again so that they could go to school and learn to be useful. Mr. Potter calls the Ft. Totten School, "Young Carlisle."

The Superintendent of the Umatilla Boarding School, situated in Pendleton, Oregon, subscribes for ten copies of the HELPER for his pupils and a copy of the *Red Man*. In the letter comes these encouraging words:

"The HELPER is a bright little paper, and I always read it from beginning to end, including the Enigma. I wish the extra copies for some of the larger children in the school. I have an abiding interest in the Carlisle School, first on general principles, and then because of its being located in my native state, and because of my acquaintance with some of its students, viz: Stephen Reuben and the other Nez Perces who arrived there last year from their homes in Idaho. It is very gratifying to note the increasing usefulness and general prosperity of the school."

Levi StCyr writes pleasantly of Carlisle recollections from his home at Winnebago, and would like to return. He has been at work nearly all the time since he went home in the summer, at one thing and another, but he finds it, to use his expression, "a pretty tough place for a young man." Benjamin Lawry is the assistant farmer at the school. He has seen Levi Levering, Joel Tyndall, Robt. Penn and some others of the old Carlisle boys. Levi Levering conducted the prayer meeting and service the Sunday before the letter was written and all seem to be lively and prospering.

The inside pages of September *Red Man* are being printed. Miss Gay's letter is specially good this month, and the contributions taken from pupils' letters on farms are very interesting. There is considerable news from the Indian field gathered from exchanges, and other reading matter well worth perusing. Five cents for single copy, or what is better, take it for a year. Terms fifty cents a year in advance. Address, *Red Man*, Carlisle, Pa.

A friend to the Indians says at the close of her letter: I cannot close up father's note without telling you how pleased I am with those premiums that you sent him. I look at them often, and when I see the contrast of four months I think you are doing a grand work. May God speed you in your labors is my wish."

If you DID read "Stiya, a Carlisle Indian Girl at Home" as it came out in the HELPER, buy the story as it now appears in attractive book form, look over the pretty pictures, which alone are worth the price of the book, and present the little volume to a friend that he or she may become acquainted with the trials of a returned Indian girl. Price fifty cents; by mail 57 cents.

Sam Sixkiller is having a splendid time among his friends at home in the Indian Territory during his short vacation. He begs to stay a little longer than the first of September, and he says he will have lots of news to tell of returned Creek boys and girls when he gets back.

The Man-on-the-band-stand heard the question asked recently, Why is it that the horses are looking so much better than they did for a while? And the answer came back, Because James King takes such good care of them and his brother Lewis is not far behind.

The new barn stands at last, complete, 120 by 72 feet, one of the largest barns in the State. The 18 Guernsey and Jersey cows which arrived from Chester county Tuesday morning already feel at home each in her own clean and roomy compartment, because they are so well and kindly looked after.

The small boys wish to express thanks to their kind friend, Mrs. Geo. B. Townsend, of Chicago, for a large roll of papers and illustrated picture cards.

People in town can subscribe for the HELPER and the *Red Man* at Richards book store for convenience.

Mr. Jordan says the steam-pipes will go in rapidly. His machine for cutting thread works like a charm.

Jersey milk.
Maybe butter, eh?
School next Tuesday.
Get out your slates!
Sharpen your pencils!

Mrs Dr. Anna Broomall, of Phila. renowned for her good works and skill as a physician visited the school yesterday.

Mr. Goodyear went with quite a wheeling party from town to Doubling Gap, recently. They went by train as far as Newville.

The small boys after considerable digging and mowing on Wednesday now have nearly as nice a diamond as the Regulars, for ball playing.

What is the matter with the electric light by the flag-staff? The inhabitants in that part of the grounds have been groping around in darkness the past few evenings.

As we go to press, Peter Cornelius arrives with sixteen pupils from Oneida, Wis. Among them were Rosa Metoxen, Mary Parkhurst, Thomas Metoxen and Martinez Johns, old pupils.

Prof. H. L. Martindell and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Martindell, all of Bucks County were guests of Miss Ely on Wednesday and part of Thursday. They are attending the Prohibition Convention at Harrisburg, as Delegates.

Wonder if the boy who blows the bugle for practice so very early in the morning ever thinks that he might possibly be disturbing the rest of people who go to bed much later than he and need the sleep that is due them after three o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Nannie Davis and babies Richenda and Mary arrived Tuesday from West Grove. Mr. Davis, the babies' papa, came Wednesday morning with the eighteen head of cattle newly purchased for the use of the school, which he was detailed to bring from Chester county.

The *Herald* seems to think that the boys swimming in the creek at the cave will contaminate the water. The hydrant water was muddy for two weeks recently after one of Carlisle's citizens took a bath not in the running creek, but in the reservoir itself. We do not have to drink that water, however, as we have cisterns.

William F. Campbell, Class '89 arrived Sunday night from his home Minnesota, bringing with him Ida Warren, Mary Beaulieu, Donna Campbell, Daisy McIntosh, Alice McIntosh, Fred Peake, George Martin, Jennie Beaulieu, Dona Brown and Robert Van Wert, all Chippewas, who have come to Carlisle for an education. Mr. Campbell will remain a few days and then return to Minneapolis where he is taking a course in Law at the Minnesota State University.

At an informal little gathering given by Mrs. Pratt on Tuesday evening, in honor of the Gages, there were mingled with the refreshing ices very interesting talks and reminiscences of Japan, much enjoyed by the strangers as well as the others. Her albums containing exquisitely executed views of Japan continue to excite the wonder and admiration of all who look at them, and the parlor is full of interesting objects from the little Empire across the sea.

The vacation mania is about over. New steam-pipe is arriving by the car-load. How do you like the new bugle-call for supper?

Phillips White is visiting Miss Girtton and other friends in Newtown.

The school-rooms are being cleaned and we are getting ready for school on the first.

Williams Grove picnic brought more visitors than usual to the school.

A few of the boys have attended the big picnic, this week, at Williams Grove.

Mr. Seth Ely, of Trenton, N. J. was a guest of his sister Miss Ely on Wednesday.

Miss Ely and her friends the Gages spent Tuesday on the battle field of Gettysburg.

Miss Jennie P. Cochrane, of Newport, this State, has entered our employee force as a teacher.

The addition to the hospital is under roof. The hospital could now be called a large building.

The new walks costing about three thousand dollars are nearly completed, and what a comfort they are to pedestrians!

Miss Luckenbach has returned from Chatauqua. We don't see but she looks about the same as before she went.

The school has purchased eighteen head of Jersey and Guernsey cows and some calves. Now for plenty of milk and the very best kind, too.

Mr. Keck, the newly appointed supervisor of Indian education for Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah visited the school the early part of the week.

The steam-pipe ditch goes straight through Mrs. Given's pretty flower-bed. An effort will be made to dig under it but in vain, the M. O. T. B. S. thinks.

Several of the teachers who have been spending their vacation among friends are expected home tomorrow evening. Others will not report before Monday evening.

Joe Harris has returned from his little outing in the mountains and turns into work with his wonted zeal. Arthur Johnson was acting foreman of the printing-office during Joe's absence.

The new band instruments, eighteen pieces, triple plated silver, C. G. Conn, Manufacturing Co. make, are beauties. We long for the first piece of music from these elegant horns, clarinets, piccolos, etc.

Our pupils in the country are interesting themselves in getting subscribers for the *HELPER*. Among those who have sent in names this week are Dell Whiting, Sophia Hill and Leila Cornelius.

The ball game at the Fair ground last Saturday resulted in a defeat for our boys. Several from the regular team were away and John Baptiste the pitcher was suffering with a temporary illness and could not pitch.

Miss Richenda Pratt celebrated her 9th birthday, on Tuesday afternoon, by giving a little party to her playmates at the school, and everytime the Man-on-the-band-stand peeped that way they all seemed to be having a very nice time.

(Continued From the First Page.)

Our steamer stops on the way down the lake at the various hotels to leave supplies or exchange mails, or let off or take on passengers.

Thirty-two miles from our starting point, at the foot of the lake we touch at Ft. Ticonderoga landing, but we do not get off the steamer, and she soon turns her head the other way.

Our faces are turned toward the head of the lake from which we started, and we take our last look at the water, which is growing dark green as the shadows lengthen.

All the way we see islands—over two hundred, it is said.

Some very very small, others large enough to hold a house and one so large that upon it is a fine hotel, the Sagamore, with beautiful grounds about it, and here we will stop and take our dinner, and will buy some baskets, too, of the pretty little Indian boy, who doesn't know the name of his tribe, but has heard his father talk about Carlisle, and thinks he would like to go there.

Now I think we have had a very pleasant trip, and whenever we see Lake George upon the map, we will think of a long sheet of silvery water, dotted with many green islands and guarded on either side by hill-slopes or rougher mountains.

I will give you the four names by which this lake has been called:

Indian name—Andia-ta-roce-te.

French name—Lac du St. Sacrament, or Lake of the Holy Sacrament.

English name—Lake George, after that English King.

Name given by the novelist, J. Fennimore Cooper—Horican, Or the Silvery Water.

FROM AN INDIAN CAMP TO A CHRISTIAN HOME.

The following letter from one who is thoroughly interested in the welfare of the Indians and a believer especially in Carlisle methods, speaks for itself.

It has reference to two of our girls, one an Arapahoe and the other a Cheyenne, from Indian Territory.

DEAR CAPT. PRATT:

— and — tell me that the girls who are living out in families are not expected at Carlisle until October 1st. Please let me know if this is the case. I shall be glad to keep them until that time. I had engaged a woman to come on their departure, Sept. 1st., and will put her off until October if I can keep the girls.

Their wings have not yet grown to any large proportions, but they are by far the best I can get as house girls. — is an expert at washing, and — cannot be excelled at the ironing table, and they are both good cooks.

I never have to go near the kitchen, when they are preparing a meal, and they keep kitchen, cooking vessels and food daintily clean.

I usually have great trouble with my house girls about sweeping, but these girls both know how to sweep. The dirt is carried along by the broom and not sent into the air of the room in clouds of dust, only to settle back and look as bad as before the sweeping."

In an interview with Capt. Pratt after reading the above letter, he said:

"When one considers that prior to 1871, these tribes had not a child in school, and that these two girls coming to us from the Indian camp, without a knowledge of English and with no experience in civilized ways are now fitted to perform the duties of thoughtful, intelligent woman in a civilized home, there certainly is great cause for encouragement to keep on in the individualizing processes we have here instituted. There is no other way but to gather up the youth, carry them away from and out of the influences of the pestilential camp life, and put them into the homes of respectable people, who are willing to take them, clean them up, become interested in their welfare and for the time being make them members of the household, as hundreds of good Christian families are now doing for the Carlisle boys and girls."

From letters written by the pupils themselves who are living in country homes (numerous extracts from which will be published in the September *Red Man*.) it will be seen that a large majority of the boys and girls out, are happy and content, making the best of their new conditions, and are receiving benefits daily from their mode of living that cannot be estimated. What better and more simple means could possibly be devised to regenerate the Indian race?

Enigma.

I am made of 6 letters.

My 3, 4, 6 is what money is sometimes called in derision.

My 1, 5, 2, 6 is a large reflector that lives in the sky.

My whole is what we firmly believe in at Carlisle.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ERASURES: 1. Th(r)ee; 2. Ho(m)es; 3. Ta(b)le; 4. Go(i)ng; 5. Li(n)es.

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 (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 9x12 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.