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THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VII.

—FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1892—

NO. 35.

MAY.

MAY, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month when pleasure is a duty,
Month of bees and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers,
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lover's love, and poet's praises,
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up, and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face rosily
Flushing from the papers white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Startled in a summer bower.

—Leigh Hunt.

LEGEND OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

At a meeting of the American Folk-lore Society, held recently in Washington, D. C., the Indian legend of the trailing arbutus was thus told in a paper prepared by Representative C. F. Belknap of Michigan, and read, in his absence, by Dr. Bolton:—

On the south shore of Lake Superior, in the vicinity of the Pictured Rocks, grows to perfection that dearest and sweetest of all wild flowers, the arbutus,—the plant that the most skilful florist, the plant that the tender, loving touch of woman, even, cannot cause to grow in hothouse or garden.

From time to time, while sitting by the camp fire, in the evening, I have been told of the creation of many animals and birds by the great Mannaboosho and his captains, the Manitos. And this is the legend as told me, of the origin or creation of the arbutus.

It was many, many moons ago there lived an old man alone in his lodge, beside a frozen stream in the forest.

His locks and beard were long and white with age.

He was heavily clad in fine furs, for all the world was winter,—snow and ice everywhere.

The winds went wild through the forests, searching every bush and tree for birds to

chill, chasing evil spirits over hill and vale; and the old man went about searching in deep snow for pieces of wood to keep up the fire in his lodge.

In despair he returned to his lodge; and sitting down by the last few dying coals, he cried to Mannaboosho, that he might not perish.

And the winds blew aside the door of the lodge, and there came in a most beautiful maiden.

Her cheeks were red, and made of wild roses.

Her eyes were large, and glowed like the eyes of fawns at night.

Her hair was long and black as the raven's, and it touched the ground as she walked.

Her hands were covered with willow buds, her bonnet was a wreath of wild flowers, and her clothing of sweet grasses and ferns, and her moccasins were white lilies, and, when she breathed the air of the lodge, it became warm.

The old man said: "My daughter, I am glad to see you.

"My lodge is cold and cheerless, but it will shield you from the tempest of the night.

"Do tell me who you are, that you dare to come to my lodge in such strange clothing?"

"Come, sit here, and tell me of thy country and victories; and I will tell thee of my exploits, for I am Manito."

He then filled two pipes with tobacco, that they might smoke as they talked; and, when the smoke had warmed the old man's tongue, he said:—

"I am Manito. I blow my breath, and the waters of the river stand still."

The maiden said, "I breathe, and flowers spring up on all the plains."

The old man said, "I shake my locks, and snow covers all the ground."

"I shake my curls," said the maiden, "and warm rains fall from the clouds."

The old man said: "When I walk about the

(Continued on fourth page)

THE INDIAN HELPER.

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—AT THE—

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BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager

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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 man who reforms HIMSELF has done more toward reforming the public than a dozen noisy patriots."

The invitations for the twenty-fourth Anniversary of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va., are out for the 19th of May.

From the *Pipe of Peace* we learn that Genoa Institute will hereafter be known by its former name, Genoa Indian Industrial School, by order of the Secretary of the Interior.

It is said that Chicago derives its name from the Indian term for a wild and hardy leek or onion that once grew luxuriantly between Chicago avenue and Twenty-second street. "Chickagou" is the original.

The rare thing is not the man who knows what is right, but the man who actually, with all the power in him, with his very being, sets himself to DO that right thing, however unpleasant or painful, irksome or heartrending to him. Such a man and such only, is a HERO. GEORGE MACDONALD.

On Saturday night last the Indian School Band came into town and gave a concert on the Public Square. A number of selections was played and the large crowd which gathered expressed great admiration. The Indian Band is an organization of which any community could be proud.—[*Carlisle Daily Herald*.]

If the Indians could be prevailed upon to kill off a score or more of the fake newspaper men who are continually reporting falsehoods from Oklahoma, they would do the country a great service. There is absolutely no truth whatever in the sensational Indian scare stories that have lately been sent out from this country. The Seminole National council passed an act on April 14th providing for the erection of a new brick mission school to cost \$40,000. It will be built four miles south of We-wo-ka. The Seminoles, headed by Governor Brown, are fast achieving prominence among their neighbors.—[*Norman Transcript*.]

The *Epworth Advocate* is a Methodist journal published every Thursday in Camden, N. J. In its last issue appeared the reprint of our article published in the HELPER a few weeks back on "The Indian and how we must kill him." There was also editorial comment which showed true colors on the Indian question. When Church papers take up the subject and discuss it intelligently, and good people generally step into line, with the one purpose of making the Indian an individual instead of forever tying him to his clan or tribe, the work will move forward at a pace that will amount to something. You may call it the Carlisle idea or whatever you like, but that the Indian must become an INDIVIDUAL and that soon is an assured fact. The way in which he has been helped and hindered for the past four hundred years will never make him an individual. Carlisle way has and does make individuals of Indian boys and girls, self-respecting, self-aspiring, self-thinking, independent individuals. Then, why not start the ball to rolling with greater force in the direction that is doing the most good?

The *Carlisle Herald* says of the work of the Indian firemen in town Tuesday night at the burning of the Troy Steam Laundry: an organization which also did effective work was the Indian School Fire Company, arrived upon the scene with their hand engine "Uncle Sam" which they stationed at the corner of North and Pitt streets. The huge apparatus was manned by at least sixty stalwart Indian boys who worked at the pumps vigorously and speedily brought to bear an effective stream upon the flames. The Indians worked with ardor, and too much credit cannot be given them for their labor at last night's conflagration as well as for their assistance rendered the local department upon similar occasions in the past.

The concert by the Indian School Band, on Saturday evening, was quite a treat and should be repeated. Two such concerts as were given on the public square last week are a credit to any town and is an evidence of enterprise. We question whether the like can be produced in any other town along the C. V. R. R. between Harrisburg and Virginia. The Indian band should come regularly, for while Capt. Pratt has reason to feel proud of that band, Carlisle people also are proud of it, and not slow to manifest their appreciation.—[*Carlisle Daily Sentinel*.]

Lydia Flint sends a letter, bright and cheery like herself telling of her own doings and of the other "Carlislens" of that section of the Indian Territory, all of whom she reports as doing well. She is busy helping a married sister in domestic duties and in other ways filling her place in the world. She was to lead the Christian Endeavor Society on Monday evening. She speaks of Charlie Dagnette as having improved greatly in health since he went home, which will please his many friends of the east.

We are gratified to learn that Mrs. Woodman, whom so many of our Bucks County boys know and revere, is recovering from a severe attack of Pneumonia.

Is not that last note of the bugle just a trifle flat?

The Misses Cutter spent Saturday in Harrisburg, shopping.

We want never to forget Mr. Wile's strong and earnest talk on last Sunday.

The straw-hat and the new spring-bonnet are gradually coming to the front.

A small turtle has been dissected, this week, in No. 11, and in No. 12, the crystalline lens of the eye of an ox.

Pleasant change—A boy who has been very annoying and idle is now one of the best in scholarship and behavior.

Look long and affectionately at the fresh green leaves of the trees. They will not look so pretty again this year as they have the past week.

The neat boxes made this week by the carpenter boys and placed around the trees that were planted Arbor Day, will prove ornamental when painted, as well as a protection.

Italians call shells "the flowers of the sea" and we think they are fitly named from the pretty ones brought to us as souvenirs of the Pacific coast by Miss Burgess.—[A Recipient.

Strange that we are so much like cattle that we have to be kept from running across the corners of the grass-plats by miniature fences. The fences spoil the looks of the pretty campus.

Masters Johnnie, Don and Herbert were the gallant little gents who carried a beautiful bunch of violets into a certain sick room cheering the heart of the one so unfortunate as to be housed.

It seems too bad when Mrs. Campbell takes so much pains to teach the pupils new hymns that they should forget their books on Sabbath afternoons and be unable to perform their part in the service.

Misses Hamilton and Botsford took a flying trip to Wernersville, on Saturday, and pronounce the great water-cure which they visited for a few hours, all that it purports to be, a place of beauty, fine air and excellent facilities for rest and curing the tired and sick. They met Mrs. True, who is enjoying her stay in the mountains very much.

The Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania, Hon. L. A. Watres, visited the school on Saturday in company with his large Sunday School Class, of Scranton. In the party were Mrs. Robinson, wife of a prominent Presbyterian minister of Scranton and Mr. Torrey, Superintendent of the Sunday School. In going the rounds the ladies and gentlemen expressed many words of appreciation and interest in the work that is here being carried on by the Government.

ITEMS WRITTEN BY NO. 9. PUPILS FOR THE HELPER.

This, being Wednesday, was Hygiene Day and our topic was "Tobacco."

Have you noticed the beautiful flower-bed along the side of Captains's house?

There are some visitors every night at the large boys' quarters that are not welcome.

There was a big fire in town Tuesday night and our boys went with "Uncle Sam," helping to save two or three houses.

Trouting and treats of trout are the order of the day.

The walks of coal-ashes around the boiler-house is a pleasing to good use waste material and improves appearances of things.

The pet Mahogany tree is not dead after all, only a little later than the other trees in arousing from its winter's sleep, that's all.

The pupils of Nos. 8, 9 and 10 have been writing very interesting letters to some boys and girls in one of the Sioux City Schools.

Quite a party of teachers and pupils attended the Marine Band Concert held in Harrisburg last Friday afternoon and evening, enjoying the musical treat greatly.

Miss Carter is fixing up the flower-bed around King Walnut and Miss Shaffner is making a new bed at the end of the teachers' balcony. Flower-beds here and there add greatly to the beauty of our school-home.

One of the nurse girls remarked recently that she thought girls were much braver than boys for the girls never came to the hospital unless they were really sick, while the boys run to the hospital if they only had a cut or scratch on their finger.

The sad news comes from Denver, Colorado of the illness of little Laura Stevick, from scarlet fever. Rose Howell, who recently went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Stevick, is so helpful that she is regarded as a jewel, and as she had some experience in nursing will prove of special value to the afflicted family.

Capt. Pratt and Mr. Peter Wertz of Carlisle went to Pine Grove, trouting, on Tuesday, experiencing their usual good luck. Ninety-three of the speckled beauties were enticed to nibble the hooks of these expert anglers and were gently brought to basket. It must certainly be done by the "super-twist of the wrist."

Annie Thomas, who with Miss Woolston left for Keams' Canyon, Arizona, recently to teach, has written that the trip greatly tired them both. They had a buck-board ride of all night and day which quite prostrated Miss Woolston. She is better and Annie speaks hopefully of the place and surroundings.

A box of beard elixir found on one of the teacher's desks may be had by calling for same at the printing-office. The teacher who found it does not want it and the Man-on-the-band-stand never had any trouble about his beard; it always grew without any elixir, so the precious ointment is freely offered back to its owner.

While the Man-on-the-band-stand's chief clerk was watching the seals and enjoying the sea view from the Cliff House, her thoughts of absent friends took the form of beautiful tinted sea-shells like crumpled rose leaves, which will always hum low to their sweet songs of recollection and of the Pacific Coast.—[A Recipient.

ITEMS WRITTEN BY NO. 4 PUPILS.

We think the rain we had will please the Bucks County farmers.

Ida Johnson and Nellie Robertson went to Hunter's Run last Saturday. They enjoyed their trip very much.

On Tuesday afternoon when it began to rain, two little girls were sitting by the window. They tried to count the rain drops.

(Continued from first page.)

leaves fall from the trees. At my command the animals hide in their holes in the ground, and the birds get up out of the water and fly away."

The maiden said: "When I walk about, the plants lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with many leaves, the birds come back, and all who see me sing. Music is everywhere."

And thus they talked, and the air became warm in the lodge.

The old man's head dropped upon his breast, and he slept.

Then the sun came back, and a blue-bird came to the top of the lodge, and called, "Say-ee, say-ee, I am thirsty."

And the river called back, "I am free: come and drink."

And, as the old man slept, the maiden passed her hands above his head, and he began to grow small.

Streams of water ran out of his mouth; and soon he was a small mass upon the ground, and his clothing turned to green leaves.

And, then, the maiden, kneeling upon the ground, took from her bosom the most precious white flowers, and hid them all about under the leaves.

Then she breathed upon them, and said, "I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who pick thee shall do so upon bended knee."

Then the maiden moved away through the woods and over the plains, and all the birds sang to her; and wherever she stopped, and nowhere else, grows the arbutus.—*The Methodist Recorder.*

INDIAN RATION DRAWING.

To anyone who has never witnessed the distribution of rations at an Indian agency, the performance is somewhat interesting. The Government building is ordinarily a barn-like structure, surrounded by a platform, on which the women form in line, each with her ticket. As they pass through a door in single file, a clerk looks at each woman's card and shouts out the number of rations to which she is entitled. Supposing that there are three in her family, she is entitled to twenty-one rations for the week, of course. Her card shows that, and every time it is presented the clerk punches it once. After it has been punched 52 times, being good for one year, it is exhausted. The woman passes on to another clerk who distributes corn. He has a number of scoops of different sizes, each holding so

many rations. The amount of corn due the woman he promptly dumps in her shawl, tied up for temporary use as a receptacle. She then passes to yet another clerk, who gives her the flour or sugar due her, and so on until she has received her portion of everything, when she passes out at a door on the other side. Usually the women employ the corner of their shawls to hold the various kinds of provender, but at some agencies they are obliged by regulation to bring sacks for the flour.

Enigma.

I am made of 18 letters.

My 9, 10, 3, 4, 5, 6 is the name of the highest class in No. 12.

My 1, 2, 7, 8 is the name of a kind of tea.

My 11, 12, 13, 14 is what the players throw to each other.

My 15, 16, 17, 18 is a number between 8 and 10.

My whole is the name of one of our best base ball teams.

LUKE PEQUONGAY.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: South America.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription to the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

1. For one subscription and a 2-cent stamp extra, a printed copy of the Pueblo photo, advertised below in paragraph 5.

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache contrast, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra.

(This is the most popular photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced panpooze in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo. of Piegan Chief.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boudoir combination showing all our prominent buildings.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and another of the same pupils, three years after, showing marked and interesting contrast. Or a contrast of a Navajo boy on arrival and a few years after.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5-cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes, choice of '89, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo, of bulldogs.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7-cents extra, a copy of "Stiya, a returned Carlisle Indian girl at home."

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6½x8½ and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Philadelphia.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13½x16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75 cents retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces Boudoir size for 7 subscriptions, and 2 cents extra.

Without accompanying extra for postage, premiums will not be sent.

For **The Red Man**, an 8 page periodical containing a summary of all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon the subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year of twelve numbers. The same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.