

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER
—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1894.—

NO. 31

ON THE FARM.

[We suggest that in place of the words "towzle-headed" in each stanza of the following, the words "dark-haired Indian" be substituted to make it truly applicable to our case.]



HERE do quail and partridge coveys
Hide themselves in hunting time?
Where do squirrels by the dozen
Through the leafy branches climb?
How can hunters get among them
Without giving an alarm?
Ask the towzle headed youngsters
Who are living on the farm.

Where do violets grow the sweetest,
And the maiden's hair most fine?
Where do lilies float in navies?
Where do morning-glories twine?
Where do wild flowers earliest blossom
When the spring is breathing warm?
Ask the towzle-headed youngsters
Who are living on the farm.

Where do health and strength together
Fill the days with brimming joy?
Where do simple, honest pleasures
Never flag and never clog?
If you'd see boys as they should be,
Fleet of foot and strong of arm,
See the towzle-headed youngsters
Who are living on the farm.

THE KIND OF PLUCK IN A YOUNG INDIAN THAT WILL CARRY HIM SAFELY OVER TREMENDOUS STORMS

The following story is made up of facts fresh from a western reservation, the foundations of which can be vouch'd for:

A promising young graduate of the Carlisle Indian School, now in an eastern business college, being there of his own accord, and at his own expense, spent a few weeks at his home immediately after graduating from Carlisle.

Having been several years from home and being a son of one of the most prominent Indians in the tribe he was made a great deal of. Presents were showered upon him and he was invited to eat in nearly every house or

tent he passed. This naturally gratified the boy and all went well until one day he had an encounter with his father.

The chief, his father, was a great stalwart Indian, fine looking but woefully ignorant and superstitious.

He dressed in blanket, wore feathers, leggings and moccasins, and was rich in horses and money.

Unbeknown to his son and in the hopes of giving him a pleasant surprise he went to great pains and expense to make a big feast, in honor of his return.

The fattest beef of the herd was killed, hosts of friends were invited to partake, and join in or witness the wild dance which was to be a conspicuous part of the celebration.

All preparations were made and the be-feathered, blanketed guests were in waiting when the father betook himself to the school-home where the young man was visiting, to tell him of the occasion and to take him to his tepee.

"Come with me," he said. "I have made a feast for you. The people are waiting and the dancers are ready."

The young man was sorely tried. Never did devoted son love a father more than did this young champion of light and liberty love his benighted paternal ancestor.

But to attend the feast meant more than could be seen on the surface. The boy read the true measure of the weight it would have with the Indians against education and in favor of old Indian rites and customs.

In spite of this, a voice within whispered: "Go! What harm can it possibly do to mingle thus with my father's friends who love me. I no longer believe in the Indian dance and the superstitious ceremonies connected with it, but I need not believe if I do go."

Then a conflicting voice said: "Take care! If you go, it will be a step backward. Those Indians are dressed in the most barbarous

(Continued on the last page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

—THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

Formal Greeting of Native Aliens to Adopted Citizens.

On the night of April 23, 1894, the pupils and employes of the U. S. Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., met in Chapel Hall and were addressed by Prof. David Williams Parker, A. B., President of Jones University for Colored Youth, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

At the close of the address the following impromptu action was taken:

Resolved, That we, six hundred native Americans, pupils of this Indian Industrial School, who are not citizens of the United States, but would like to be, send greetings to the adopted citizens of our native land, the students of Jones University, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

William Paisano, formerly a pupil of Carlisle now a land holder, merchant and resident of Laguna, New Mexico, writes for the HELPER saying he misses it when it does not come. He says that Ulysses is at present on the sheep herd. He is through planting wheat. He planted more this year than ever and last year had more than anybody in that village. Frank Paisano has been working steadily on the railroad and the master was about to promote him to section foreman but last week he was unfortunate enough to shoot himself above his left knee, and was taken to the Albuquerque hospital. He is getting better and expects to resume his work. William trades with both Indians and Mexicans in his mercantile business. He is busy but sometimes wishes he could be with his friends for a time at dear old Carlisle.

A brave girl of the class of '94 who is so anxious to go higher in her studies submits most gracefully to conditions at home but is still hopeful: "When I reached home I found almost everything upside down waiting for me to get right down to work and turn them down side down and up side up." (Applause by the Man-on-the-band-stand.) "Since my return I have been staying at home like a housekeeper. I like my work very well. The time is near when I shall plant vegeta-

bles in the garden. I feel sorry that I cannot carry out my plans about going to a Normal School. I have not talked to father about it because I saw at once it was impossible to go away again this winter. I have not yet given up my plans. How nice it is for — (another of class '94.) I am glad she has been given a position. She is trying to work her way to a higher school, she told me. That is also my desire. I have seen most of the returned pupils. They are doing well, with of course a few exceptions."

A long-time friend of Carlisle, who lives in Philadelphia very wisely gave to each member of the class of '94 a complete "Atlas of the World," which they very greatly appreciate. The following letter from one of the class since her return home but echoes the sentiments of each: "The book, 'Atlas of the World' was received yesterday. I hardly know how to express my gratitude. It is such a valuable thing. I think a better present could not have been thought of. I am sure we will all make good use of them. How much it is going to aid me and has already helped me! I thank you and I thank the kind lady who gave the money."

One of the little boys was asked in Sunday School class last Sunday "What happened to Jo-e-ph's coat?"

He replied most sincerely "They killed a boy and dipped the coat in his blood."

"Why," said the astonished teacher, "How did you get such an idea?"

"You said they killed a kid?"

The poor boy had always associated the name kid with boy, so commonly used in the west, and never heard of a real kid.

A young man had permission to call at the girls' quarters to see his young lady friend. "Whom do you wish?" asked the attendant at the door.

"Let me see," he said almost aghast. "I don't know her name, Oh, yes," and then diving for an INDIAN HELPER in his pocket brought it out, showed the name and was admitted. That was worth ten cents, wasn't it?

The first hard thunder storm and blow of the season came last Friday night about eight o'clock. Those who had gone to town to attend the paper tea, with much hastening, got back in time to escape the fury of the blast. The belfry end of the carpenter-shop lost its roof and shop bell. A part of the roofing from the large boys' quarters was taken again. The storms seem to have a special pique at the large boys' quarters. The board walk and fences were sent flying regardless, the chimneys from the bakery were leveled and other minor points considerably shaken up. The arc lights were put out for a time, but the incandescent lights kept burning brilliantly.

The "Juveniles" claim to be coming up, they have received quite a number of challenges from other lines. Last Saturday they defeated the third nine of the School by a score of 8 to 1. They have reorganized and now stand as follows: p, Peters; c, Archiquette; lb, Parker; 2b, Stewart; 3b, Y. Robe; ss, Black Chief; rf, Kennerly; cf, Little Mark; lf, Silas. Capt., J. Y. Robe.

Arbor day, this.

Each school will plant a tree.

Exercises in chapel at nine o'clock, A. M.

Regular school exhibition, this evening at usual time.

Mr. C. A. Waynant, of Virginia, is teaching in No. 9.

Our presses are busy, *busy* turning off job work for the school.

A holiday, to-day, after the Arbor Day exercises of the morning.

A young man in a vest he has not paid for is a poor in-vest-ment.

Who called the Calla in Miss Carter's school-room a civilized pie-plant?

"I esteem I'll stop writing now," said one of the boys at the close of his letter.

Miss Paull is assisting with the clerical work in Miss Ely's office for the time being.

Who likes to eat the wild onion? Many an Indian boy and girl. We like the civilized ones, too.

The band boys are getting in some individual practice these days. Simeon George is in charge of the instruments.

Have you seen the notice on the cistern in front of the girls' quarters? It is all important to observe that order.

Mr. Harlan and boys of the lower farm have just finished liming 30 acres. They are well along with all the Spring work.

Everybody speaks in highest praise of Alex Upshaw as janitor. "On time, attentive and interested in his work," is what is said.

One of the boys who will persistently write a "d" for a "t" asked the other day on his request paper for three dollars for one drunk.

The school nine beat the Dickinson College Prep team on the College Athletic grounds last Saturday afternoon by a score of 11 to 2.

The fifty girls who started for their country homes on Friday morning left in high glee and bright prospects for a happy, healthful summer.

A portion of an earnest address given by Capt. Pratt before the pupils last Saturday night will be published in next week's HELPER.

It is said there is a little slack of work in the tin shop. No wonder a cyclone came to tear off the tin roofs so as to give the tanners plenty to do.

Mr. Bushman and Indian force, of the near farm, have been pushing the work of Spring planting. Oats are up and look well. Ten acres of potatoes are planted.

The bakers had their chimney in smoking order in almost no time on Saturday morning and the tanners and carpenters have repaired all the other places damaged by the storm.

The friends of Mr. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., are again most kindly remembered by a delicious taste of real maple syrup from that quarter of the earth so rich in sugar maples.

A visit was made recently to the cow stables where Richard Davis shelters his herd of Jerseys and they were found to be as clean as could be and all the stock looking well cared for.

The Jerseys are having fine pasturage this Spring.

Flower-beds in front of the girls' quarters are in progress.

In some of your after-supper ramblings go take a look at Metzger's beautiful flowers!

A holiday is a good thing when the time is wisely used in exhilarating sport or in mental improvement, but to mope around or to get into mischief turns the day into a curse.

Miss Cutter's pupils wish to thank her for the gift to each of them of a little sprig of arbutus, in which mingled with the sweet odors of the beautiful mountain flower was recognized the love of their teacher.

One of our business men sent a written message to town, the other day; but the parties there were obliged to ask for an interpreter of the writing by telephone, which some of the Indian students thought quite a joke.

Here and there a bright little dandelion peeps its yellow head above the green "grass that grows all around" notwithstanding they were supposed to have been all dug up last year. They are welcome to the eye if not to the gardener.

The guard-house is getting a new porch. That is the oldest building in the grounds, being more than a hundred years old. Some of the stones were put in place by the Hessian soldiers. It is a grand old landmark besides being a gentle house of correction.

Albert Minthorn, of Pendleton, Oregon, has returned to his home after being a short time a pupil with us. He has property interests to look after and has gone home on that account. Albert made an excellent record while here, and it is too bad that he was called home before finishing the course.

A letter from Michael Burns, San Carlos Agency, Arizona, discloses the fact that he and Dr. Montezuma are first cousins. He gives names and incidents to substantiate the assertion. Their fathers were brothers. It will be remembered that Michael Burns was a pupil of Carlisle some years ago.

This country has not produced a greater band-master than Sousa, the worthy successor of the lamented Gilmore. His great organization, returning from the California Exposition, will give two concerts in Harrisburg on Wednesday, May 9th. There no doubt will be a big turn out from the Indian School.

The school is in receipt of a beautiful bound volume of "Dumb Animals," three copies of "Our Gold Mine," four of "Black Beauty," and three of "The Strike at Shanes," from some unknown friend whom we wish to thank. The books will be distributed in the reading rooms and no doubt will do the good intended.

When Mr. Walker appeared from town on the scene at the school last Saturday morning and heard the Y. M. C. A. bell ringing he naturally wondered at the new order, but calmly straightened his countenance for morning prayers; discovering, however, the decapitated condition of the carpenter shop, shop-bell and all, and faintly remembering that there had been a breeze the evening before, he at once understood and resumed his naturally cheerful expression as he repaired to his place of work.

(Continued from the First Page.)

fashion and your father is in the lead. If you go you encourage the sort of thing that your WHOLE BEING and all of your EDUCATION at Carlisle denounces," and in much quicker time than it takes to write it he questioned himself thus:

"Which do I value the more my PRINCIPLES, my education or the temporary good will of these ignorant helpless people? But behold my father's pleading eyes! See what great thing he has done! How can I be so ungrateful as to refuse to go? It will hurt my father to the heart's core It will anger him."

The lad dropped his eyes to meditate.

"Oh," he cried to himself, "What SHALL I do? I feel that I must not throw away the strong resolution I laid upon myself that bright Commencement day when I received Carlisle's diploma! I felt on that day that I would FOREVER hold to all that was good and noble. I would never allow the Indian to pull me down. Now here is the very first test of that resolution and I am getting weak. Like a babe I want to give in." This thought brought him strength, and bracing himself he exclaimed almost aloud, "I WILL BE A MAN" and looking straight into his father's eyes and in a most positive but gentle voice said:

"No."

Had he struck his father in the face, the chief would have not been more stunned.

"What," he exclaimed while his huge frame trembled with anger and chagrin. "What? You refuse to go?"

"Yes," replied the manly boy.

The father seeing the struggle that was going on in the heart of his son softened and said almost pleadingly "I have given a great deal of money for this feast. I have thrown away horses, I have killed the best beef of the herd, and your friends are waiting. What do you mean, my son, thus to hurt your father?"

The boy knew it would be useless to argue. He knew that all he could say then would not make the situation clear to his father. He knew that he *would* not understand him then, so he silently prayed for power to stand by his word, and all he said in reply was, "I cannot go," and he DID NOT GO.

On the next day, however, he went to his father's tepee, not knowing how he would be received, but the father to the son's delight was not angry, and the boy succeeded in impressing him that he did right not to obey his wishes.

His father listened attentively. The wound was healed. The son had won the father's respect, and TO-DAY that Carlisle boy's Indian friends, ignorant as they are, respect him far more than if he had thrown away his own views of right and allowed himself to be dragged down to their level.

Some of our boys at that same agency have had stronger pressure to pull them back to Indian ways than did even this young man, whose father after all was kind hearted. Next week we will give the sad trials of a boy who was obliged to succumb.

**"Oh, What is the use of all This Ordiliness?"
asked an Indian boy who had Been Told to
put his Desk in Order.**

A man of large business experience has this to say on the subject and it is well worth reading and considering.

He says:

"After being an employer of men for over fifteen years I can bear testimony that unless you properly arrange your work and your TOOLS for doing work time is lost and this time is MONEY.

The orderly way in which you do your work often is the measure of the salary you receive.

I stepped into an office the other day in town and noticed the desk of a clerk. I said: 'I like the way you keep the things on your desk'

He replied:

'I find I have to keep them IN ORDER to get through with my work. That eraser I put there, that pin-box, there, that ruler at my right hand, the ink and mucilage bottle must stand there, and I place a weight on these papers even if I turn my back but for a minute. Unless I have a place for everything and everything in its place I could not get through with the work of this office, and would not be worth my thousand dollars a year.'

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 12, 2, 10, 5 is what a young person, especially Indian students, need, to get on as they should in this world

My 8, 7, 11 is what all have in us.

My 6, 3, 4, 12, 9, 1 is what our forefathers did for their country.

My whole is a sport that most of the Carlisle Indian boys know but very little about.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Straw hats.

SPECIAL.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

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