

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1894.—

NO. 48

## THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON."

X KNOW of a land where the streets are paved  
With the things which we meant to achieve.  
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,  
And the pleasures for which we grieve,  
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken  
And many a coveted boon  
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—  
The land of "Pretty Soon."  
There are uncut jewels of possible fame  
Lying about in the dust,  
And many a noble and lofty aim  
Covered with mold and rust;  
And O! this place, while it seems so near,  
Is farther away than the moon,  
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—  
The land of "Pretty Soon."  
The road that leads to that mystic land  
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,  
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand  
Bear skeletons on their decks.  
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,  
And farther at night than at noon;  
O, let us beware of that land down there—  
The land of "Pretty Soon."

## ALICE IN HER OREGON HOME.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., Aug. 9th, 1894.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

When I mailed my last communication, the travelling trio were passing into Montana and bidding good-bye to the Dakotas.

From St. Paul, as we pursued our westward course, my patient, patient Alice Longpole, suffered almost continually from car-dust, smoke, intense heat and exhaustion.

The long tunnel at the summit of the Rockies in which we were under ground over eight minutes was a sore trial to her.

To make the matter worse, an exceedingly brilliant (?) gentleman stood looking at her a moment and said in tones of a risen ghost:

"The tunnel we are coming to, will be awfully dangerous to your patient. The gas will nearly suffocate her. I know of one other such case who died just on the other side."

To a person already struggling for breath, such a remark was very encouraging and opportune, or else not, and I could not but rejoice that it was not a woman who had made it.

On Monday morning, July 31st, we arrived in Portland, some eight or ten hours late.

Through the kindness of the railroad authorities and contrary to their custom, Alice was allowed to keep her berth for a few hours, until obliged to cross the station to the narrow gauge station.

Soon after the arrival of the train, however, Alice saw through the blind a familiar face.

"Oh, there is Captain," she exclaimed in feeble voice.

"Where?" I said.

And before she could reply he was by her side. His presence acted like a tonic. We chatted for a time and then he assisted in moving her by ambulance to the station at the foot of Jefferson Street, where bidding us good-bye, he hastened to make his train for the East.

The last 26 miles, in uncomfortable car with low back seats, proved to be the hardest part of the trip.

It required three of the longest hours that either of us ever experienced to compass the distance. The train was partially freight and at every station the waiting to load and unload and the banging and shifting of cars seemed unendurable and interminable.

So that finally when Newberg was called and we caught sight of Mr. and Mrs. Bowerman's genial whole-souled faces as they came into the car and welcomed us so warmly and when assisted by them we were seated in an easy carriage for the final half mile ride, a load seemed lifted from your chief clerk's

(Continued on the fourth 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

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.

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.

September 14th and 15th is the time fixed for the return of the farm pupils.

Tomatoes were being canned when it was found that the cans were running short. Mr. Walker, our tinner, was absent, but Ben American Horse came to the rescue and turned out some cans which were finished in work manlike manner and are extremely creditable to him.

We have received the following communication from our subscribers: "We receive your little paper every week and are pleased at the good news it contains and the good and encouraging reports of the Indian pupils. We notice your advice to the pupil to retain under all circumstances, if possible, the customs, manners and dress of civilized people. Allow me then to ask why the editor of this paper adopts an Indian name? I should suppose it, 'The Man-on-the-band-stand' to have been given the editor by an Indian, and does not differ in appearance from 'Young-man-afraid-of-his-horses.' Is the adoption of this name consistent with the teaching of your school? Is not example better than precept?"

In reply to the above, the editor would say that he does not think his name inconsistent with Carlisle's teaching, else he would change it. The first paper printed at the school was called "Eadle Keatah Toh," but our principles soon showed themselves when it was changed to "The Morning Star," a translation of the other. "The Man-On-The-Band-Stand" is not properly or peculiarly an Indian name. The only objection can be to the form of the word. Now all our names were originally determined by some characteristic, though now to a great extent lost sight of. Take for instance the common names of Smith, White, Gardner, and a host of others. Our name was chosen because a person on the band stand would have a good view of the whole grounds and would be able to see all that occurred. To us it symbolizes "news." The meaning and force would be lost by a change of names and to many of our readers it would be like losing an old friend. Hence we must decline to change our name unless some stronger reason is shown.

It is our sad duty this week to record the death of Alice Long Pole, of the Osage tribe, which occurred on Monday, Aug. 13th, at Newburg, Ore., at the age of 22 years. Her story and her journey in search of health are familiar to the readers of the HELPER, through the letters of Miss Burgess. At first she seemed benefitted by the change but gradually grew weaker until the end came. She was conscious to the last, and sent her love to Capt. Pratt and all at the school. She died surrounded by friends who did everything possible for her comfort. Alice was one of our very best girls, an earnest Christian, a good student and faithful worker. She was an active member of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society and "What-so-ever" circle of King's Daughters. She was beloved by all who knew her, and her early death will be regretted by her many friends.

The newspapers say that the Kiowa and Comanche Indians are becoming alarmingly troublesome because the money to the amount of \$60,000 due them by cattlemen for lease of their country has not been paid them. Indians do not like to be cheated any better than white men. We have no doubt but these reports are greatly exaggerated, as so many have been before.

The only cure for imprudence is the suffering which imprudence entails. Nothing but bringing him face to face with stern necessity and letting him feel how unbending, how un pitying it is, can improve the man of ill-governed desires.—*Herbert Spencer.*

The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool. The truest heroism is to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom is to know when it ought to be resisted and when obeyed.—*Hawthorne.*

Star Bad Boy writes that he is filling the position of janitor at the Pine Point School, Minn. He says he is very thankful for what Carlisle has done for him and for the experience he gained on a Bucks County farm.

The *Montanian* of Aug 10th contains Robert Hamilton's speech delivered before the Fort Shaw Institute and which we hear made quite a hit.

It is said that the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians have decided to use part of their \$1,000,000 reserve fund to improve their allotments.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Worthington is improving and is now able to sit up. She is now on a fair way to recovery.

Richard Sanderville writes that he is clerking at the Piegan Agency, Mont., and is receiving \$60 per month.

Mr. Weitzel, who taught here last Spring, showed some friends through the School yesterday.

The world hardly ever tramps on a boy's toes if he has no corns.



Delightfully cool!

But getting warmer.

Tennis is reviving.

Visitors are numerous these days.

Miss Wiest is visiting friends in town.

Joseph Wells has returned from the country.

The painters are at work on the gymnasium roof.

Mrs. Thompson was in Harrisburg on Tuesday.

Miss Barr returned Monday from her vacation.

William Ball is becoming quite an expert horseshoer.

A new pump graces the cistern in front of the dining hall.

Dahnola Jessan has been on the sick list for the past week.

The great Grangers' Picnic takes place at Williams Grove next week.

Annie Lockwood returned Wednesday from her visit to Philadelphia.

Miss Helen L. Krause, of Bethlehem, is visiting her aunt Miss Luckenbach.

Miss Pratt returned Saturday evening from a visit to friends in New York state.

Ernest Hoge and Duncan Balatchu have gone to Bucks county for a few days to visit friends.

Miss Luckenbach presented the small girls with the peanuts remaining from the lawn sociable.

John Greenbird had his cheek slightly cut by a mask while catching ball on Saturday evening.

Mrs. and Miss Sharpless, of Bloomsburg, friends of Prof. Bakeless, were visitors to the school yesterday.

The return movement of teachers and pupils, invigorated by a season of rest from school work, has commenced.

Miss Hamilton has returned from Lawrence, Kan., where she been spending her vacation. She is looking well.

Mr. Given has returned from his tour among our farm boys. He found with very few exceptions conditions very satisfactory.

The base ball suits have been called in and the foot ball has been resurrected. Already some of the boys are practicing kicking.

Mr. and Mrs. Masten have returned from a trip to Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Mrs. Masten was ill for several weeks, but is again in good health.

The base ball season closed with a defeat at Harrisburg on Saturday afternoon. The strong Solar Tip nine of that place proved too much for our school team, defeating them in a well-played game by a score of 10 to 5. Our boys were ahead until the sixth inning, when their opponents took the lead on some wild pitching. Ben Caswell accompanied the team.

Mr. and Mrs. Weber and son are visiting friends in Reading.

Mr. Thompson made a business trip to Allinda, Perry county, on Tuesday.

Peter Cooper and Isaac John left for their homes in the west on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Beitzel showed his cousin, Mrs. Mitchell of Brooklyn, and children through the school on Saturday.

Miss Anthony, who has been looking after the hospital during the absence of Miss Barr, and her sister, left us yesterday.

Dr. Richards, of Fallsington, one of our farm patrons, stopped at the school Monday on his way to Virginia. His wife and son accompanied him.

The painters are now in their new quarters. The shop is very conveniently arranged, the paint, glass, and varnish rooms being very well adapted to their purposes.

Prof. Bakeless stopped at the school a day last week on his way to Sunbury. He took with him Master Johnnie Given. They spent a day at Shicklimmy and visited the coal mines at Shamokin, returning to the school on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J.H. Babbitt, of Agua Caliente School, Warner, Calif., arrived Wednesday evening with Pasquale Anderson and Andres Moro, who will enter the school. Mrs. Babbitt left last evening.

Master Don Campbell, who has been working in the printing office for the past month, before his departure treated his fellow printers to a fine watermelon, which it is needless to say was highly appreciated.

The Third Nine overwhelmed the Chain-makers of town in a game of ball on Saturday afternoon on the school grounds, the score at the end of the eighth inning standing 29 to 6. Though one-sided, it was quite interesting.

Capt. Pratt arrived on Sunday evening from St. Paul, after making the rounds of the Indian School Conventions. Mrs. Pratt with Miss Richenda went from Chicago to Denver, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Stevick.

We have been asked several times what "Stiya" is. "Stiya" is the name of a book, detailing the experiences of a returned pupil. It is based on facts and is written by one of our workers. It will be sent postpaid to any address for fifty cents.

A merry party, consisting of Mrs. Campbell, Miss Hailman, Miss Henry, Dr. Montezuma, Mr. Wheelock, Chauncy Y. Robe, William Leighton, Don, Johnnie and Herbert, went to Doubling Gap Springs last Friday. Miss Wiest accompanied them from Newville, returning from here the next morning.

Mrs. Campbell, Don, Herbert and Irene, left Wednesday afternoon for Sisseton Agency, S. Dak., where they will join Mr. Campbell. Mrs. Campbell has held the position of vocal instructor at the school for 13 years and her many friends regret her departure. We wish her abundant success in her new field. The children will be greatly missed by all the youngsters on the grounds.



(Continued from the first page.)

shoulders, while Alice with head resting upon the strong and matronly shoulder of her adopted mother, wept with gratitude.

She is now surrounded with Oregon pines in a little home blessed with primitiveness, full of all those qualities that give life and health, to say nothing of the people devoted to her.

Mr. Bowerman has the largest and best prune orchard in the state of Oregon and ships his products by the carload.

Alice has proved to be a girl of pluck from a small child.

From Mrs. Bowerman I learned that the story which Alice had told me of herself and to which I alluded in my last letter was a true one.

When she was a very little girl, her mother, a camp woman, died.

Alice one day ran away from her father's lodge and went with some little friends to the Agency school of which Mrs. Bowerman, then Miss——, was matron.

The latter became so attached to the bright-eyed little girl and Alice was so contented and happy at the school that she would not go back to her camp home.

Her father became blind and not being able to care for his daughter, gave Alice to Mrs. Bowerman, but her uncles and aunts, having placed a value on her in horses, insisted upon her return to camp.

They resorted to every known means (and Indians have many ways as all who have had experience at Agency schools can tell) to induce Alice to leave the school.

They coaxed and threatened but all to no avail. Alice would stamp her little foot and say, "No, I stay."

And she did stay.

Mrs. Bowerman adopted her as her own, and now may be seen hanging on the wall in the little Oregon home, a small photograph of Alice as she looked one summer when she visited Mrs. Bowerman in Iowa.

And so to make a long story short, Alice went to Carlisle, but before she graduated became ill, and when it was thought best to give her a change of climate and occupation, she begged to live with her adopted mother in Oregon.

After assisting her through to that point, on the first of August your chief clerk started for San Francisco the home of her father, mother, and brothers.

Ten days have passed since I left Alice, but I have received two cards from her, both giving the glad information that she is feeling better.

I also heard from Jean Swan by card, which states that she arrived safely at the Lapwai School.

I left her at Spokane, Washington, in the middle of the night, to take a different road and to find her home alone.

I shall have something to say about this city in my next letter.

Your chief clerk,  
M. B.

#### GLADSTONE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Young men may well ponder what such a grand man as Gladstone has to say to them:

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say nothing succeeds like success. Effort, honest, manful, humble effort, succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do and remember that, though ignorance often may be innocence, pretension is always despicable. But you, like men, be strong and exercise your strength. Work onward, and upwards, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward.

#### Enigma.

I am composed of twelve letters.

My 1, 4, 6, 8 is concealed.

My 12, 2, 11 is to speak.

My 5, 7, 10, 9 is a small reptile seen when it rains.

My 3 is a letter expressing what we do with our eyes.

My whole are what will soon be over.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:  
Housecleaning.

#### SPECIAL

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