

The Indian Helper.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1886.

NUMBER 4

THE PRIZE STORY.

History of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School.

The Man-on-the-band-stand had no idea that the dollar Prize offered, a few weeks ago, to a "Carlisle girl for the best history of the Carlisle school," would be awarded to a girl of the town of Carlisle. We wanted an INDIAN girl to win it, but shall cheerfully stand by the wording of our offer, and as the following history is the best handed in, we are glad to thus give encouragement to the girl, white though she be, who has favored our readers with such an interesting article as the following:

There are some white persons, and a great many Indians, who think only the white people are to blame for all the Indians have suffered as a race.

Let us go back in our history to the time when the Mayflower landed at Plymouth, and ask ourselves, if at that time the Indian tribes had been united, and had clung together as one nation; if they had been true to themselves, and to each other; would there have been any danger of the white settlers driving them from, or taking possession of this land?

Did not their fighting among themselves, their love of fire-water, and their yielding to their passions, bring all their troubles upon themselves?

It is true of the Indian, as it is true of the white man, each one of them must control himself if he does not want to be controlled by others.

Captain Pratt must have had thoughts of this kind, when eighteen years ago, he determined to teach the Indian how to control, and how to help himself.

He had been living long enough among them to know that God had given them just as good minds and hearts as those of the white people; and, to see that they could do every thing just as well as the white people,

if they would only become industrious, Christian men and women.

So he began in the Indian Territory even while as an army officer he had to fight the bad ones, to teach all the Indians who would learn from him, and continued to do so until he was sent by the government in 1875 with a number of prisoners to Florida.

Here he continued to teach, and these Indian prisoners behaved so well that the government finally pardoned them and permitted them to return to their home.

Twenty two of these prisoners had become so anxious to learn, and so much attached to Captain Pratt they would not leave him, and seventeen went with him to the school at Hampton and the other five to Utica and Tarrytown, N. Y.

Here they were joined by a number of other Indians, who were anxious to gain all the knowledge they could, and these pupils so filled Captain Pratt with hope and courage that he determined to try and induce the government at Washington to give him the Barracks at Carlisle, for an Indian Industrial School.

Although the Barracks were going to decay, and the grounds around them were not used, it was not an easy task to get this property from the government; but with God's help, and by his own patient perseverance, and untiring labor he finally succeeded; and the school at Carlisle was opened on the first day of November, 1879.

The eleven Indians from Florida, and one hundred and forty-seven others from the different tribes in Dakota and the Indian Territory were the first scholars.

A great many persons in Washington and in other places said the Indians didn't want to learn, and the school would very soon prove a failure; but Captain Pratt knew better, and disregarding all that was said, he went steadily on working day after day, and often night after night, until the school was established.

The Indians learned to love and trust him, and before many years, all over the United States people felt, even though they had not

(Continued on last page.)

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE
INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

Price:—10 cents a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

*Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second
class mail matter.*

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

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to
the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person send-
ing them a photographic group of the Carlisle Indian
Printer boys, on a card 8x5 inches.

For TEN names two photographs, one showing a
group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and an-
other of the same pupils three years after; or, for the
same number of names we give two Photographs show-
ing a still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as
he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks.

For FIFTEEN names we offer a group of the whole
school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly.

TWO LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS TALK OVER THEIR GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

"What mountains in the western part of
Massachusetts?" a fretful little Indian girl
may have asked of her classmate as they were
studying their Geography lesson together in
one of the nice quiet little rooms, lately made
in the girls' quarters.

"As I look on my map I see the Hoosac
Mountains in the western part of Massachu-
setts," her bright little friend who never
thinks of fretting, may have answered.

"I see now, but please look on your map
again. Do you see North Adams? Teacher
said it was in the northern corner of Massa-
chusetts, but I can't find it anywhere."

"North Adams! Why there is where that
great Hoosac Tunnel is. See, here it is! I
will put your finger right on the very spot."

"O, thank you. But what did you say?
Hoosac Tunnel! What is that?"

"Well! Well! I am surprised. Don't you
know what the Hoosac tunnel is?"

"No, I don't. How did you find out. Did
you ever see the Hoosac Tunnel?"

"No, I never saw it, but Miss Burgess saw
it when she was in Massachusetts. She went
through it and when she came back, told me
all about it."

"Did she? Oh, tell me."

"Well, in the first place, a tunnel is a big
hole in a mountain for the cars to pass through.

The Hoosac Tunnel is a dark hole, 5 miles
long, in the Hoosac Mountains near North
Adams."

"A hole, five miles long?"

"Yes, and she said, before the cars
started to go in, a man went through and
lighted a lamp in each car, then, before an-
other breath, almost, the train with its many
people dashed in the long, dark hole under the
great high mountain."

"Oh! My! Weren't the people afraid? I
guess they were glad to have a light in the
car."

"No doubt of that, but the people were not
afraid, because they knew the strong steam
engine would pull the cars safely out of the
hole on the other side of the mountain."

"I would not like to be under ground like
that. How long were they in that terrible
place?"

"About ten minutes, and the cars got so
full of smoke and bad air that the people had
to cough."

"I guess they were glad when they saw
day-light on the other side."

"Yes, no doubt they were glad to get out
again in the fresh, open air, but many of
them were also glad to have a chance of see-
ing this great tunnel. But, now we must
study our lessons, and not talk any more.

"O, no! Please, go on! Tell me something
else about it."

"Well, in 1874 there was no tunnel there,
and the Boston people who went west had to
go around by New York City. They didn't
like to go so far around. They wanted to make
a shorter railroad, so that the farmers out
west could send their wheat and potatoes and
hay and cattle, as well to Boston as to New
York City.

"Boston is a big city and New York is a big
city, too—the largest in the United States.
Boston does not like New York City to beat
her in anything, so that is one reason Massa-
chusetts gave nearly \$5,000,000 to have this
great hole cut through the mountains."

"Oh, my! What a lot of money!"

"Yes, that is a large amount, but you must
remember the mountain is nearly all solid
rock, and it took six years to dig through
those 5 miles of rock."

"Six years! How many men worked at it?"

"Some of the time 1000 men were employed.
They were divided into three companies, and
the work went on all day and all night, each
company working eight hours at a time."

"Did they begin work at one end of the
tunnel and dig until they came out at the
other end?"

"Oh, no! They began at both ends at the

same time, and worked toward the middle of the mountain."

"Why I don't see how they could make the two holes come together in the middle of the mountain."

"A very wise man planned the whole thing in his mind before the men began work, and he knew just how and where the two holes would come together, and he told the men where to dig."

When the men got in the middle of the mountain, they came together just one half-inch from the place the wise man said they would."

"That was wonderful."

"People call that one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill and accuracy that the world has witnessed."

"I cannot understand such big words; but tell me, how did they ever get through the solid rock?"

"You remember how they got into solid rock when the cellar to our new dining-hall was dug?"

"Yes."

"Just the same way only on a larger scale, holes were drilled in the solid rock and filled with powder or other dangerous and explosive stuff and then fired off, breaking the rock into small pieces. These were put on small cars and carried out of the tunnel."

This is a very dangerous kind of work, and altogether 195 men were killed before the tunnel was done."

"My! What a lot you have learned! I wish Miss Burgess would write something about the Hoosac Tunnel for THE INDIAN HELPER."

"She was going to, but the man on the bandstand said Indians don't care about such stories, but that is not true, is it?"

"No, indeed. We like to read interesting stories just as well as any folks, especially true ones, as this one is, and I am very glad you told me this. Now I can get my Geography lesson better. Thank you, my friend."

Both then went to work at their lessons in earnest, and the next day had the best recitations they ever recited.

Miss Semple returned, Monday.

A number of boys went to the Grangers' picnic to-day at Williams' Grove.

A large party of our pupils went this morning to attend the Lancaster County Fair.

Frank Lock has charge of the blacksmith-shop while Mr. Harris is away on a vacation.

Persons wishing extra copies of THE INDIAN HELPER on account of the interesting history of our school on first page will please send a 1-cent stamp.

School began on Wednesday morning.

Miss Irvine and Miss Campbell have charge of the girls, now.

Everybody is going to study hard this year and get way ahead.

Miss Maggie Jordan is on duty again after a pleasant vacation among friends.

The sounds are very pleasant that come from that little silver cornet John Elm plays, now-a-days.

Mrs. Pratt and sister, and Misses Nana and Richenda have gone to Jamestown, N. Y., on a little visit.

Miss Fisher, Miss Phillips, Miss Cutter, Miss Booth, Miss Shears, Miss Bessie Patterson and Miss Lowe all came back Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Blaker, of Newtown, called this morning. They say our boys in that vicinity are making a good impression.

Mason Pratt was home for a day or two, but left yesterday, to see after our pupils on farms in Columbia, Montour and other northern counties.

Bonne is the name of an intelligent little dog now visiting our school. The wonderful things he knows and can do are very interesting.

Preston Eyre and Joseph Simpson, of Bucks county, visited our school yesterday. Mr. Eyre is especially interested in Indian education, and made many inquiries about pupils with whom he has become acquainted since the Carlisle boys began to work in his neighborhood. He asked particularly after Richard Davis, and hopes he will come back.

Dr. Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, with the distinguished Pundita Ramabia and Dr. Joshee, both of India, spent Sunday with us. An interesting account of the life and prospects of these remarkable Hindoo women, together with notes from the Pundita's address to our pupils, will appear in next *Morning Star*.

Capt. Pratt and daughter Marion departed for the west early Tuesday morning. They intend visiting the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, Wichitas, in Indian Territory; the Pueblos of New Mexico, the Navajoes of Arizona and possibly the Sioux of Dakota. Over one hundred new pupils from the above named agencies will probably be added to our roll this fall.

(From first page.)

courage to say so, that Capt. Pratt was doing a great work and proving to the world that the Indian mind and heart were as good naturally as those of the white race, and that they were able to study as well and accomplish as much as white people, if properly taught.

It was the Indians who helped to repair the buildings and roads of The Barracks, the Indians who fixed the ground and made this spot one of the most beautiful in this part of the country; and while they have been accomplishing this, part of each day has been given to study.

Any one visiting The Barracks will find a large and flourishing school, in one of the long brick buildings. There are a number of Departments, and in the various rooms there are Indian boys and girls of every age, studying the different branches of education.

Their rooms are kept neat and clean, and their work upon the black-boards prove how easy it is for them to make beautiful figures and letters.

When the friends of the Indians saw how wonderfully this Indian school was succeeding one of them sent him a printing press, and very soon the Indians learned to print. Others helped him to buy a farm, and very soon the Indians proved how easily they could learn farming.

Other friends helped him with his shops, and soon the Indians were not only engaged in baking, black-smithing, painting, tailoring, and carpentering, but they were sending specimens of their shoes, harness, tin-ware, etc., to different parts of the country, and these articles were as well made as those of our large manufactories.

The girls are not less industrious than the boys, for they are learning rapidly, and working faithfully in-doors.

Specimens of neat sewing, excellent house work, good cooking, and beautiful laundry work, may be seen at any time at the school; and what is better than all, the faces of the workers may be seen cheerful and happy at their studies and their work.

A little more than a year ago beside *The Morning Star* and other printing, the Indians issued a very interesting paper called *THE INDIAN HELPER*.

It is very strange that no one knows exactly who is the editor of this paper. He calls himself The-Man-on-the-Band-Stand, and seems to have any amount of eyes and ears, for he sees and hears almost every thing that is going on in and around the School.

We have never heard of any one seeing him

on the band stand, which is in the center of the grounds; but he writes as though he was there all the time, with his eyes and ears wide open.

The boys and girls who read *THE HELPER*, would be very glad if some of the Indians who write for this paper, would tell them all they know about this mysterious Man-on-the-Band-Stand.

A great deal more could be written about The Indian Industrial School at Carlisle; but we are afraid this is already too long for *THE INDIAN HELPER*.

The new refrigerator in our meat cellar is fine.

Lot Eyelash is one of the best workers on our school farm.

Tom Torlino has gone to his home in New Mexico, but is coming back, he says.

No one felt the earthquake here on Tuesday night, not even The-Man-on-the-band-stand.

The little boys were made happy by a present of two bags of apples from Mrs. Hilton, of Middlesex.

The band gave us two treats of very good music on Monday, at the request of our Hindoo visitors.

Clara Faber received the second prize of a nice neck-tie for answering Mrs. Stouffer's enigma in No 2. *HELPER*.

The pupils who have returned from farms, look very well, after their vacation spent in good work, in the open air.

Theo. McCauley would like a good name of the Indian base-ball club, of which he is Capt. Will some one send us a good name?

LOUD GIRLS: One or two of the little company who were paring apples or potatoes, just outside of the kitchen door, Monday morning.

Sunday School was held in the girls assembly room, last Sabbath, and The-man-on-the-band-stand never heard our girls sing better.

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not want to cross from his books any of the employes names who have not paid for next year's paper, but——

Those who already have the Printer boys' photograph, by sending another club of six names to *THE INDIAN HELPER* may select any cabinet picture from our hundreds continually on hand.