

Claud Smiley

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

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NUMBER 33.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

THE girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive,
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is sily to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls,
There's a constant and steady demand.

AN INDIAN DANCE.

By **Dessie Prescott, One of Our Pupils.**

One evening in September, the Indians who lived up Wounded Knee Creek in Dakota were going to give a dance.

They had some visitors from the Crow reservation, whom they wished to entertain, as they generally do when they have visitors from distant places.

Just as the sun had gone down, there might have been seen groups of Indian young men, their faces painted, their hair braided and tied at the ends with ribbons to which strings of beads and bells were attached, and bright colored feathers fluttered over the tops of their heads, as they gathered around the dancing house.

The house is made of logs and is larger than any of their dwellings. It is round, and there are openings at the sides, through which people can watch the dancers, and one large opening at the top to let the smoke out.

On such occasions, they usually put on their best dancing ornaments.

Some have very pretty moccasins and leggings, worked all over with beads and porcu-

pine quills, and many other things made of the skins of different animals.

Most all of them have rows of little bells around their ankles, so when a crowd of these men get to dancing you can just imagine the noise they make.

Soon we hear two or three taps on the drum which is the signal for the dancing to begin.

The drummers and singers are seated in a circle around the drum, among whom are a few young girls with cheeks painted bright red, having long ear-rings in their ears and dressed in pretty bead necklaces, gay colored dresses and shawls.

Then the drumming and singing begins and soon the whole crowd are up on their feet dancing around the big fire in the center, whooping and yelling and keeping step to the singing which is not a very pleasant sound.

When they think it is about time for refreshments, they seat themselves along the sides of the room and rest, while the women bring in the big kettles of soup.

Each dancer brings his own dish and they are waited on by some of the young men.

After the feast the dancing begins again and is kept up for some time.

At last they all get seated to listen to some of the old men tell of their adventures, how they had gone to fight the enemy, and if they had scalped one of them or had done some other brave thing, they were loudly cheered.

This is the way they go on, till past midnight.

Then the people go to their homes.

The world has been going on without a break from the old time to the new. The nations have been growing all the time and you have now come to take your part in the life and work of your nation—America.

If a new building is being put up the new men who come to work upon it should know their business, or, in time, the upper stories will give way and fall in ruins, covering the good foundations below.

America was well built in the beginning and you, who are now young, must study its history and that of other nations, so that you may know how to uphold and not to destroy it.—
[MRS. MARY H. PEABODY in *Sun Shine*

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

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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 sending them a photographic copy of the 13 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 given.

Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a cent stamp to pay postage.)

TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as 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 appeared in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents a piece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a cent stamp to pay postage.)

FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x14 card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.)

We received a letter this week, from an American lady, who has just returned to London from a visit to Cork, Ireland. Her picture of the poor Irish; how hundreds of half-starved, half-clothed, ignorant men, women and children, walk the streets of that great city, daily, to beg for food; what she says about the laws which govern Ireland, and how the ignorant people are led about by a few who believe not in education for the masses; and how intelligent people are afraid to say what they think; all of these things make us glad that we live in grand, old America; yes, in the United States of America. Boys! Girls! This is the best country in the world. Let us learn to love it. Let us want to become a part of it, get out among the people who made it, and learn their ways.

Glad to see that, after failing to get the National Congress to appropriate the necessary funds to remodel the large Boys' Quarters, the Carlisle School Congress (Indian boys) have appropriated the sum of \$1,700, to help build a suitable building for their own comfort. What a step—*independent* step! I am certainly very proud of the students and in the way they have manifested the spirit of independence.

JOSHUA GIVEN.

Vulgar, dirty thoughts will soon kill out all the good there is in a person.

New, At Chemawa School.

New brick building, new offices, new bath-houses, new laundry, new barn, new carpenter and cabinet shop, new boot and shoe shop, new tailor shop, new black-smith and wagon shop, new fences, new hose, new water works, new boom, new Chemawa, new scholars, new school! Hurrah! Hurrah!—[*Indian Citizen*.

They *ought* to be happy! So ought we, for we have a new farm, and are going to have new boys' quarters.

The regular exhibition by our pupils consisting of recitations, singing, dialogues, etc., which comes once a month, was excellent again last Friday night. The singing all through, was the best we have had at all. Harry Shirley, May Paisano, Geo. Little Wound, Willard Standing Bear, Noah Lovejoy, Wm. Bull, Josephine Bordeaux, Esther Miller, Jessie Paul, and Clara Faber, were the speakers.

The little piece, spoken by Josefeta, Emma Seowitsa, Juana Estaban and Madge Nason, was pretty, so the one by Annie Boswell, Annie Lockwood, Mary Green, and Ruth Kisero.

The calisthenic class who did so well were Ellen Hansel, Phebe Howell, Annie Manual, Adelia Low, Rosa Dion, Julia Logan, Istea, Alice Wynn, Annie Boswell, and Minnie Billen, led very nicely by Nellie Iddings. And the dialogue, of which Clara Cornelius was the leader was enjoyed by all.

Perhaps the most scholarly piece of the evening, was Harry Raven's "Memory sketch of Capt. Eads," which was ably written and well rendered. Clara Faber's "Miser" was so vividly pictured we could almost see the old man in the cellar.

Mrs. Ellis, of the Editorial staff of the Boston *Herald*; Mr. Herman Bosler, Jr; Mr. Frank Zug, and the Misses Lyle and Jean Bosler were present at a meeting of our pupils held in the chapel Wednesday night. During the first part of the evening we were treated, with the aid of a magic lantern, to a delightful trip to Alaska, by Mr. Davis, of considerable experience as an educational worker in that country. Mr. Davis preceded the presentation of views with a remarkably interesting sketch of his work among the natives, and gave a number of pleasing incidents which brought down the house. The lamps were lighted at the close of Mr. Davis' entertainment, and our pupils gave a few speeches, calisthenics, and singing for the benefit of the visitors. Mrs. Ellis then spoke encouraging words to us as a school and invited us to come to Boston. We are pleased to have so good a friend, on the editorial staff of so great a paper.

Mrs. Booth came Wednesday night.

The border on the guest-room floor is a dark red. Just the style.

Oh! That is real nice paper going on the Teachers' Parlor walls.

"The wolf can not carry the mail as well as the crow," so saith the crow.

Mr. Choate was out, Monday, with his camera, and took the Apache group.

Benajah Miles has made six rollers for our job presses and nicer ones you never saw.

The change of the evening chalisthenic class to before school in the morning, works well.

How can *any* boy push a squeaking wheelbarrow. Oh! Oh! Ask somebody for grease!

It is said that Apes can learn to work, but they will *steal*. Let us work, and *be honest*. Not be like the Apes.

The equinoctial storm is o'er, and Spring has just begun. Get out your marbles, balls, and tops; and let us have some fun.

Mrs. William E. Dodge, of New York, with her son and his wife, and one hundred members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, are visitors today.

If the ten cents you send to the INDIAN HELPER is for RENEWAL of subscription please say so, in your letter, and obliged the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Etahdleuh Doamnoe left for his home at the Kiowa Agency, Indian Territory, on Monday, leaving Laura and baby behind. He intends to return to Carlisle in a few months.

Samuel Townsend, foreman of the printing-office, is now employed on a regular salary at all day work, and has the entire management of the work of 13 printers under him.

Cotton Wood, Eustace Esapoyet, Randall Delchey, Kirochuma, Hugh Soucea, Wilkie Sharp, Eustace Pelone, John Kitson, Percy Zadoka, Jessie Paul, Phillips Bobtail, Francis Ortiz, Arthur Standing Elk, Clara Cornelius, Staley, Carl Lieder, Abe Somers, Justin Head, Chief Bigbone, Harry Raven, Juan Antonia Chaimo, Martin Quohoda, Lydia Harrington and Julia Given went this week to nice country homes, where they will have a chance to gain just the experience they need most, and which they cannot get in any Indian school.

That was an ugly old board that came against Richenda's mouth last Sunday. The board was not hurt, but the mouth carried an unnatural look for a day or two.

Lena Blackbear and Minnie Yellowbear started for their homes at Cheyenne Agency, Indian Territory, in company with Etahdleuh, last Monday. Lena is not well, but we hope she will soon get better.

How did you like the Pilgrim's Progress illustrated lecture, Tuesday evening? "Very well, indeed," was the answer. Rev. J. M. Bell, of Bennings, D. C., was the lecturer and he gave a pleasant entertainment.

All the little Apaches in the little boys' quarters spoke no Indian for three days and some of them held out the whole week. The large boys had a better report than usual, Saturday night, and the new girls have made a good beginning. Let us drive everything that pulls us down, clear out of sight and hearing.

The Man-on-the-band-stand wants the papers that the *Indian* boys set up to have the largest circulation of any in the land. Why not? We print this week 5,400 HELPERS, and still we cry "More! More!" We want 3,000 subscribers for the *Morning Star*. For every new name for the *Star* accompanied with fifty cents, (the subscription price) and a one cent stamp, we will send a picture of the 13 printer boys. For two new subscribers we give the second premium, in the HELPER "Standing Offer," and for three, the third premium.

It is with regret that we look out of our window and see Geo. Hill and Flora Well-known, piling in the wagon to start for Montana, the home of the Crows. They go to take positions in a new school to be started there by the Unitarians. What we regret, is, that they go before they are fully prepared. Two persons brought up from childhood, in the midst of good surroundings, would be weak at their ages to take upon themselves such great responsibilities; then will you wonder if these young folks who have had but few years of experience in the better things, should fail? This going *back* to teach our people, before we are able to stand alone, is poor policy, and we wish Flora and George were going in the direction our farm boys and girls went this week, where every day they will be gaining in strength and skill to *meet* great responsibilities. These young people are full of hopes for the best, and we wish them all the success it is possible for them to attain.

QUESTION BOX

Q—How do the Indian boys and girls amuse themselves at Carlisle?
G. F. G.

Ans.—The little boys and girls have games similar to those used by the children in any school. Ball, tops, marbles, bows and arrows, rope jumping, all-hands-up-and-circle-around, drop-the-handkerchief, foot racing, pussy-wants-a-corner etc., are some of the out-door sports, while on rainy days they play checkers, dominoes, table-croquet, author-cards, etc., most of which have been given by kind friends of the school. Our little girls are very much like little white girls. They enjoy getting into the big girls' dresses, and having long trails, carrying parasols, or playing tea-party, and go-to-see. They have their own good little times among themselves and a happier lot can nowhere be found.

The large pupils spend a good deal of leisure time in reading, writing, walking about the grounds. They also have foot-ball, base-ball, large bows and arrows, run-races, pitch-quoits, jump and exercise in the gymnasium.

"THE MORNING STAR," published at the government Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., is one of the best and most original of our exchanges. It has within its columns an intelligent discussion of the needs of the Indian service, specimens of composition from pupils, and letters to their friends. And other evidences of the great and good work it is carrying on. Recently Supt. Pratt took a party of Indian children to New York City and while there gave public exhibitions of their acquirements which attracted universal attention and drew out the warmest and most enthusiastic praise. Many sharply contrasting Capt. Pratt's delightful entertainment and his intelligent band with the herd of wild Indians showing in New York at the same time in the Buffalo Bill Company.—[*Wisconsin Deaf Mute Times*.]

Capt. Pratt gave a very impressive exhibition of his Carlisle Indian scholars at the Academy of Music, New York. It is time New York should have a glimpse of something better than Buffalo Bill.—[*The Word Carrier*.]

Take two tumblers, fill them with water. In one place a sponge and sprinkle it with oats, in the other place a sweet potato and set them in a window where the sun can shine on them. In a few weeks they will be a mass of green foliage and will last until spring. Try it.

PUZZLE CORNER

What some Indians like to eat, but Others will not Touch.

I am made of four letters:
My one is in calf but not in laugh.
My two is always in lie.
My three is in sun but not in moon.
My four is found in a sigh.

Cut off the Hands.

1. Behead what we sit upon and leave what is found upon some peoples' head.
2. Behead what you do with the door when you enter a room and leave what you write with.
3. Behead long speeches and leave what nearly all the Indians who live upon the reservations, receive from the Government.
4. Behead what some of the large boys are, at roll-call in the morning, and leave what you did with your meat at dinner.

Put all the letters you have cut off, together, and they will make how the boys must keep in their Debating club.

What are the laziest things about a farm?—
The wagon wheels; they are always tired.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

SQUARE WORD:

W O R K
O T O E
R O S E
K E E P

ENIGMA:—Chicken.

Work, work, with all your might,
Whenever work's begun;
Play, play, with all your might,
Whenever work is done.

A Manly Boy.

While returning from school a number of boys began snowballing each other. One of them, a young lad by the name of Birnie, threw wide of the mark and the missile broke through the window in the Commissioners' office. Instead of acting as most boys would have done in this case, the manly little fellow walked into the office, and confronting the Commissioners, apologized for his act and asked for dimensions of the pane as he wished to replace it. The officers were much pleased at this mark of character in the boy, and would not hear to his offer, but will replace the broken glass themselves.—[*Carlisle Herald*.]