

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1887.

NUMBER 38.

FOR US, AS WELL AS OTHERS.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state,
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Mary H. Krout.

A TRUE STORY.

"Aunt Martha, you have been in the west and lived among the Indians. Do tell us something about them," said a half dozen little folks who knelt around dear old auntie's knee as she sat knitting one after-noon.

"Yes" said a little four-year-old, "Tell us a true story."

"Indeed it shall be a true one, my dears, if any."

"Well! All right! All right!" cried the little company, who settled themselves for a rare treat.

"During my long life among the Indians, there happened many queer and funny things, and some very interesting ones, but as you have just a few minutes before school I will tell you only a short story."

"Thank you! Thank you!" chimed in the merry party.

"The Pawnees and Sioux used to be great enemies, and every time they got a chance to scalp each other they would do it.

This was when the Pawnees lived in Nebraska. The women and children were afraid to go outside of camp even for wood and water, and many a woman who ventured a little too far, was killed by the Sioux who seemed to be always lurking about among the tall sun-flowers in the near ravines."

"O my! I should think you would have been afraid to live there Auntie," interrupted little Charlie the brightest of the company.

"No; The white people there were not much afraid, for the Sioux did not come to hurt them.

"But every time a Pawnee man was killed

or a woman either, there was great excitement in the camp.

"There was trial shooting, and the Indian men put on war-paint and feathers, and some of the bravest rode rapidly around the village singing their death songs as loud as they could."

"Death song! What do you mean Auntie," asked one of the children.

"When a wild Indian thinks he is going to die or be killed he has a weird, ugly song he sings. It nearly makes ones blood run cold to hear this song, it sounds so ugly.

"But I must not dwell on this bad part of my story. I see my little friends are getting too much excited. Those days are all over, now, my dears. The Pawnees and Sioux are good friends, they recite in the same classes and work in the same shops at Carlisle and the best of feeling prevails among them."

"Is that so? We are glad of that!" piped two or three little voices, "but we want to hear the rest of the story," said another.

"Don't be impatient! And I will tell you all.

"One day, soon after there had been a great excitement of the kind I've told you, there were seen on the distant bluffs, two horses with riders, going as fast as the horses could run. The long hair of the riders stood straight out and all the loose things about them were seen to wave rapidly in the wind as they rode."

"Cha-ra-rat! Cha-ra-rat!" (the Pawnee word for Sioux), was heard on every hand from the mouths of the women and children who were always on the lookout.

"The school children ran in every direction to see what was the matter."

"All we could hear was 'Cha-ra-rat!'" "Cha-ra-rat!" And all we could see were gaily dressed Indians riding about excitedly on their wild and painted ponies."

"What! Do they paint their ponies, too?" asked little Mary.

"Yes, sometimes. Well! These two horse-men on the bluffs, kept riding around in a daring sort of way, till finally the Pawnees started after them. The Pawnee warriors ran their

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The Indian Helper.


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

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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 sending them a photographic group 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 boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

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

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9×14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

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

OUR EDUCATED APACHE FRIEND.

The officers and pupils of our school will be interested in the following encouraging letter from their new Apache friend, Mr. Carlos Montezuma. Mr. Montezuma is a young graduate of the University of Illinois, and is about to finish a course in Medicine, in the city of Chicago:

CHICAGO, April 24th. '87.

THE INDIAN HELPER.—FRIENDS:—You cannot realize how much pleasure your paper is to me. By not hearing from me I have no doubt, you think I have forgotten my visit. Not so, there is not a day passes but that I think of Carlisle. Oh! how I wish I could do something to show my interest for the welfare of my countrymen, who have been neglected for years and years.

To those who are living I can only say, keep up your courage with an eye single to success. We can attain this; not by achieving honors, nor wealth, but by setting a good example to those who are to come after us. That is, be industrious and Godly.

During my sixteen years of captive life, I could not help to realize that I have been spared for some purpose. At times, it has been discouraging, but, then I went to Him,

who takes away doubts and at the same time help I myself. I have succeeded so far, I know not how, save by persevering effort, so it will be with you all. We have opportunities exceeding any other nation in this country. I do not think there is any school that would not extend a helping hand, when we are qualified to enter. Let us not look back to our fathers' mode of life, but to our superiors, for we no longer have the wide field to roam or the wild beasts to support life. May God bless you all.

Your true friend in the cause,

C. MONTEZUMA.

One of the prettiest of this Spring's evenings came to us Wednesday. After the work of the day, the merry groups at play upon the green formed an interesting feature of the lovely scene. A game of croquet by eight of the large girls, near the office, was going on; another company down by the cistern pump were circling around to music to find the girl they loved best, or blind-folded, tried to discover the voices of their companions, spoken at the end of a five-foot stick, and when tired of that, dropped the handkerchief for a change, and played "run before two." A third party by the rockery, tossed ball back and forth, with two teachers, and a group of twenty small-fry played "black-man," and still another, walked leisurely about. The boys! Yes, they enjoyed the evening, too, by entering into the rougher sports. Behind the school-house, and on the level ground at the north end of the dinning-hall, as well as on the parade in front of the school-house, baseball was being carried on with a vim. Then there was jumping, horn-tooting, arrow-shooting, hand-walking, cat-skinning, and all the funny things that only boys can do.

The teachers and officers went about attending to light evening duties, or from the veranda, looked upon the beautiful picture, and were happy to see the others happy.

To tell the truth, everything was serene, and lovely, even the Man-on-the-band-stand, himself.

Thos. Kester writes from his home, Pawnee Agency Indian Territory, that he is feeling quite well again. His father's home is very comfortable, and they have all a family needs to get along well.

Pleasant letters from Harry Raven, Percy Kable, Eugene Takahpuer, Frank Lock, Wilkie Sharp, Theodore North, William Tivis, and Rose Howell have been received. We are glad to learn of their well doing.

Circulation—6400.

How the girls do like little Richard!

Glad to see Clara Faber well again.

Miss Wilson is still on the mend, and is planning to go to Scotland for a rest.

Bids for building material were opened yesterday noon, in the Captain's office.

Have you noticed that the girls living in country homes hardly ever come back with bad names?

Boys in the brick-yard are busy sorting over and getting ready the new brick to be put in buildings this summer.

That was a good speech Abe got off in the guard-house, the other evening. Let us practice what we preach.

Our teachers and pupils have visited the town schools this week. They think the white boys and girls talk very fast.

The Universal press worked off 4500 INDIAN HELPERS, under Lorenzo's management, last Friday morning, in 3 hours and 40 minutes.

Our boys must learn how to give "*Three Cheers*". The continued shouting, last Saturday night as the Union Band rode away was disgraceful.

The force on the building has been increased, and the foundation digging begun. The west end of the old structure is fast disappearing.

William Morgan, Ralph Naltuey, Susie Metoxen, Nellie Iddings, Jean Matia, Josefeta Motoya, Jennie Black, Jennie Keweeyetseh, Annie Boswell, Jane John, and Rose Keuno went to country homes this week.

A person who is anxious to keep well, will not lie down in the wet grass; and when it rains he will go in the house. Or, if he is obliged to go out in the rain he will wear a coat. What is an education good for if we do not use it about some such things as these?

That portion of the grounds made rough by the tearing down of buildings, and near which have lately been put up 13 tents for the expected Apaches, may be called the uncivilized part of our school, while the pretty green, and buildings to the south, are quite civilized in contrast.

Our doctor so wise, opened wide both his eyes, when searching his pocket in vain, after running so hard to the Junction eastward, with mail for Dr. Brown on the train. But the good telephone, so useful and kind, brought a boy with the mail that had been left behind.

How disgusting to hear that one of the boys who went on a farm was so weak that he commenced to chew and smoke, just because somebody asked him to, or, because his employer used tobacco! Bah! Such a young man has no back bone.

We hope there will be no more serious accident, during the summer building than occurred the other day. Hugh Chee, one of the Apaches who came in Nov., had his thumb-nail taken off clear and clean by a falling brick. Hugh did not seem to mind it much, and is about his work as lively as usual.

The best treat of the season was the concert given by the Union Band of Carlisle, last Saturday night, on the band-stand. As the pupils filed out of chapel and saw the torch-lights, the shining instruments, and the high-hatted musicians arranged for the pleasure they were to receive, exclamations of delight, along the line, were numerous and hearty. That the fine music discoursed was thoroughly enjoyed, was evinced by the enthusiastic cheering of hundreds of pleased listeners. Come again! We promise an appreciative audience every time.

Letters from Capt. Pratt and Miss Nana dated Fernandino, Fla., last Sunday say they have a very nice party of pupils. There will be 23 for the little boys quarters, 26 girls; the rest of the 62 go to Mr. Campbell. Miss Nana was very happy at the thought of having a thousand-miles ride on the ocean. We wonder if she and the others were happy about the time they were rounding Cape Hatteras. That is the roughest point along the coast. Telegrams from Charleston inform that they arrived that far safely, and would leave Tuesday night for New York. We shall begin to look for the party, to-morrow at noon.

AT the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Morning Star**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

Sample copies sent free.

Address, MORNING STAR, CARLISLE, PA.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Star** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the **HELPER**.²⁵

(From First Page.)

horses at fullest speed, and so did the parties who were being chased."

The chase kept up for fifteen or twenty minutes and the Pawnees gained rapidly. They rode closer and closer, till finally the advanced party stopped, whirled around and stood facing the approaching Indians. The Pawnees stopped, too, and what was their surprise to find they had been chasing *two white ladies*, teachers in their own school, who had gone out for a morning ride on their fleet little ponies.

"Surprised! The Pawnees put their hands to their mouths and said "Wuh!" as they often do when astonished, but had nothing further to offer and rode back to camp very much ashamed to think they were so foolish as to get scared and excited over two lady riders.

"The ladies who were the participants in this wild and dangerous adventure are living now, and no doubt have often told the story to as interested listeners as you are, my little ones.

"But now off to school, my pets! You must not be late, or Aunt Martha will never tell another tale."

--QUESTION BOX--

Q. Who is the Man-on-the-band-stand? Is it Miss Burgess? L. D.

Ans. The Man-on-the-band-stand is the editor of the INDIAN HELPER, who sees *everything*, but does not print all he sees. The Man-on-the-band-stand is NOT Miss Burgess.

Q. In the printed addresses on the INDIAN HELPER, why are small letters so often used where capitals belong? YOUNG READER.

Ans. In ordinary printed matter, many more lower-case letters are used than capitals, but in setting addresses, such a run is made on capitals that with our limited supply we have to use small letters in all unimportant places to save the capitals for where they are most needed.

Q. Do Indian boys and girls who take the course at Carlisle use their education after they go home, or do they drop back to the blanket? H. W. S.

Ans. We have Indian pupils who never wore a blanket and whose parents before them were steady industrious people. They certainly use their education. Others who came from the savagery of camp life and have returned to the same old surroundings, we are continually hearing good reports about. Some are teaching, some farming, others

trading, a few scouting for the Government, etc. Carlisle does not pretend to give her pupils sufficient knowledge and experience in a few years to enable them to return to the same degrading conditions from which they were brought, to withstand every temptation and at the same time perform miracles in uplifting their people. Carlisle *does* give in a few years sufficient knowledge and experience to any and every Indian boy or girl who comes under its care to fit him or her for a life of industry and self-support among civilized people.

PUZZLE CORNER

Hour Glass.

- | | |
|----|-----------|
| 1. | * * * * * |
| 2. | * * * |
| 3. | * |
| 4. | * |
| 5. | * * * |
| 6. | * * * * * |

1. What Frank Dorian took when the Doctor cut off the end of his finger.

2. The part of your foot you don't like to have stepped on.

3. The first letter in rat.

4. The last letter of what Levi Levering sings.

5. What we like to do with our eyes.

6. What Dr. Brown keeps his books in.

The center word read down is what every young man should learn to manage well, and the animals Indian boys like best.

Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 10, 4, 3; 6, 9, what some soldiers carry at their sides.

My 7, 8, 5, 6, is what makes us bloated and red-faced to drink.

My 4, 3, 2, 1, is a wild animal that looks something like a dog.

My whole is what a boy was fixing in front of the girls' quarters, a few days ago.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

HIDDEN NAMES: 1. Jack; 2. Richenda; 3. Johnnie; 4. Don; 5. Irene; 6. Herbert; 7. Lydia; 8. Richard; 9. Lida.

PUZZLE STORY: 1. Above; 2. Burgess; 3. Patterson; 4. Brown; 5. Bread; 6. Wellknown; 7. Feather; 8. Water; 9. Cottonwood; 10. Two-elks; 11. Dog; 12. Noble; 13. Camp-bell.