

# The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1887.

NUMBER 5.

I HAVE lost the way to happiness—  
 O, who will lead me back?"  
 Turn off from the highway of selfishness  
 To the right—up duty's track!

Keep, straight along, and you can't go  
 wrong,  
 For as sure as you live, I say,  
 The fair, lost fields of happiness  
 Can only be found that way.

—[Selected.]

## A DANCE BY INDIAN WOMEN.

"What! Do the *women* dance?" asked an interested listener as Miss Burgess and the Man-on-the-band-stand were talking again.

"Certainly they do!" replied Miss B., a little annoyed at being interrupted while telling a story, "and if you will have patience I will tell you of a dance Miss Irvine and I came upon, on our rounds after pupils in the Dakota Indian camps."

"Do tell us," shouted one or two others who by this time had gathered on the band-stand. And so Miss B. continued:

"As we were nearing the end of a long, hard day's work, riding up and down hill, over stretches of plain, and through ravines, stopping at every house where children of school age lived which the Indian guide pointed out; somewhat tired and a little discouraged because a few of the fathers and mothers with whom we had been talking did not take the interest we thought they should, when such splendid school advantages for their children were being freely offered by the Government; and as we droye along, silently meditating upon this and that, our thoughts at times far from the scenes around us, Miss Irvine quite startled the crowd by exclaiming, "There are a company of girls!" at the same time pointing off to the right.

Girls! Sure enough! Just what we wanted for school! They were gaily dressed and seated in the shade of a roof made by pine brush thrown carelessly over some cross pieces erected for the purpose.

We drove near to the place and then dis-

covered that they were not girls, but women some of whom were very old.

Being strangers to them, they seemed, at first, a little shy, but when I called out in their tongue! "How! Grandmother. How! Sisters," we were friends at once, and they laughed and made quite a fuss with us.

From the nature of the gathering, and seeing the huge pot of meat and wild turnip cooking, knowing from previous experience that the tub, tightly covered with a sort of skin, was used for a dance drum, it was easy to determine what the company had met for.

It was an Indian woman's tea-party. When white women have a tea-party they put on their best clothes. So had these Indian women; but their clothing consisted of gay skirts, and blankets, beaded moccasins, and all sorts of ornamental dangles around their necks, and tied on the hair.

White women put on paint and powder, when *they* go to a tea-party, so do the Indian women; they paint the part of the hair and faces with bright colors,—red, yellow and green.

White women wear rings in their ears and on their fingers, so do Indian women.

Millions and millions of poor little birds are killed every year to supply white women with feathers for their hats, to wear to tea-parties, but the Indian women have not come to that, yet, and we hope they never will.

These Indians women all had nice good kind faces, and they looked happy.

They had met for a good time and were having it.

We asked them to dance. "How much will you pay us?" was the quick response.

We told them we were poor, but we would give fifty cents, which seemed to satisfy the party; and soon the drum began to the tune of thud, thud, thud, and the four women who sat beating it, with heavy sticks on which were tied balls of buckskin, screeched out the queerest noises you ever heard.

They called it singing, but it was anything in the world but vocal music.

Soon, nearly all of the women, about

Continued on Fourth Page.

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# The Indian Helper.

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

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Price:—10 cents a year.

(Five cents extra for every change of address after once in the galley.)

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

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

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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.

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The INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

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"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Let it ring through our ears forever, as strongly as we heard it Saturday night.

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An Indian boy is as fond of a feather on his hat, as a white woman is of one on her bonnet.

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Oh, it is so EASY to say "I don't know." Sometimes it is pure laziness to answer in that way.

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It is good practice for our farm boys to write for their white friends, who wish to subscribe for the INDIAN HELPER. Get all the names you can, boys!

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What sort of metal is a boy made of when he leaves a good place because a woman told another woman that she heard another woman say he ate too much bread? Bah!

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Josephine Bordeaux writes from Yankton Agency, Dak., where she is now staying with her mother, that she is enjoying herself at home. Josephine intends going to a Catholic school in Minnesota this fall. She sends her best wishes to all at Carlisle, also to the Man-on-the-band-stand.

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A letter received this week from Jennie Mitchell, one of our Omaha girls in Montgomery county, is full of gratitude for all that Carlisle is doing for her. We suppose many others feel the same, but it is especially encouraging to receive such words as Jennie writes: "I do thank you, with all my heart for what you have done for me during the past five years, and for your kindness."

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Frank Everett, our only Wichita boy, writes a very nice letter, from his farm home, showing that he has a good place, that he is happy in his work, and is doing well. He said he felt as though he was about 100 miles lost, because the INDIAN HELPER has stopped, and he sent ten cents for renewal. This made the Man-on-the-band-stand smile, of course.

Another thing Frank said in his letter, was this: "When Dr. Given came to see me it was the very day that I was thinking of nothing but digging potatoes. When he came to the field, I knew him right away. I knew he was a representative of the Carlisle Indian School. I told him to excuse me from shaking hands for my hands were covered with Bucks County dust." We will print most of this letter in the October *Morning Star*, what he says about a snake which he and Frank Dorian caught, and other interesting things he has been doing.

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Miss Mather and Miss Perit of St. Augustine, Fla., stopped over for a day or two, on their way home from Clifton Springs, N. Y., where Miss Semple is. Miss Mather, is the lady who went with Capt. Pratt to Dakota, for the first party of Sioux pupils, nearly eight years ago. At that time there was no rail-road near Rosebud or Pine Ridge and the party of 75 came down the Missouri River to Sioux City, and then east. Miss Mather found only a few of that first party, among the present number of pupils, but was glad to learn that they were anxious to get a more thorough education before giving up school altogether.

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Our boys and girls in the country and at their homes want, of course, to know all the changes that have been made in the schools, this year. As now arranged, Miss Bessie Patterson has No. 1; Miss Leverett, No. 2; Miss Crane, No. 3; Miss Phillips, No. 4; Miss Seabrook, No. 5; Miss Booth, No. 6; Miss Shears, No. 7; Miss Cutter, No. 8; Miss Bender, No. 9; and Miss Lowe, No. 10.

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Miss Ely went with friends to Luray Cavern's and Natural Bridge. The eight—Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Atkinson and sister, Mr. E. Atkinson, Miss Fell, Miss Smith, Miss Krusen, and Miss Gillingham, all of Bucks county, visited the school on their way back, spending part of Sunday and Tuesday with us. On Monday the party went to Gettysburg.

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The *Morning Star* for August and September comes out as one number.

No Indian!

No chewing!

No Smoking!

The M. O. T. B. S's report.

Boys! Let us have clean reports.

No Indian! Girls! Don't let the boys beat!

My! Hard to keep shoes black on these walks.

Supplies for the year are coming in and being stored.

Wagons for the Philadelphia parade, start to-morrow morning.

Dr. Given is in Washington, attending the great Medical Convention.

Mr. Jordan will be glad when all the steam pipes are fixed for winter.

Bennie kicks the press to the tune of See-saw and it seems quite appropriate.

Band instruments returned and Mr. Norman says they are in good shape.

One of our fair ones does not want electric light for "it tans so, don't you know."

Mrs. Laura and baby Richard paid a little visit, at Mr. Abner Miller's, in Middlesex.

When is the Debating Club to start, and the Literary Society, and the Onward and Upward Club?

Mrs. Jennings, sister of Mrs. Pratt, stopped over for a day on her way west from New York.

The foundation to the Little Boys' Quarters is about finished and the first tier of joists nearly on.

Mr. and Mrs. Row, of Bucks county, with whom Jimmy McClosky lived for a while, visited our school this week.

Part of the singing class serenaded Misses Mather and Perit, Wednesday evening. Levi's rich bass voice helped out wonderfully.

Miss Cutter's school has been turned round. Last year's afternoon work boys now go to school in the afternoon and work in the morning.

The treadle of our main HELPER press is broken, and the old Clipper press has entirely given out, hence, extra night work was necessary this week to bring the paper out on time.

Miss Marion Pratt and Miss Longley have painted two hands, represented as shaking—one the hand of an Indian and the other of a white man. The board is to be used in connection with our part of the Philadelphia exhibition. Mr. Norman is doing all the lettering of signs for the same occasion.

Bad colds are around.

Study hour has begun.

That flute sounds nicely.

Be kind to dumb animals!

Miss Leverett is now a teacher with us.

Wish some boy would make a good kite.

Mrs. Seabrook, of Topeka, Kansas, went the rounds of our school on Monday.

When an Indian boy calls his boy-friend, "cousin," that shows he likes him.

Some of the girls would like to know if Mr. Gould is the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Do your hard studying outside of school. STUDY, don't hold your book in hand and allow your *mind* to run away.

Levi St. Cyr, (new Winnebago) has joined the Printer's ranks and begins work with the spirit of a major. He already knows the boxes and can work press quite well.

Miss Dawson and Miss Corbett promptly renewed their subscription when their time was out. They say they can't do without the little paper.

About 80 pupils will come in from farms next Tuesday. We are glad that more are going to stay out and go to country school. That is best.

Mr. Mason Pratt came home for a few days rest. He returned yesterday to his place as draughtsman in the Phoenixville Bridge Works, this state.

Howard Logan nearly fed his arm to the large press, on Monday, instead of a paper. No bones were broken, but some of us were pretty badly scared.

Chas. Wheelock, Levi Levering, William Crazy Bull, Joel Tyndall, Lydia Harrington, Julia Given and Mattie Khuno, came back from farms this week.

The cooking class consisting of several new Apache girls, made some good cakes this week. We know they were good, for Mrs. Lutkins sent some to the printer boys, and we thank her for the treat.

Joel Tyndall walked into the printing-office, when he returned from his country home, and asked in a business like way to have his INDIAN HELPER retained. We are glad to see the Indian boys take on business ways.

J. B. Given, rather than lose his standing in the high school, did not go to Washington with his father, when he had the chance and wanted so much to go. It was a big temptation, and many a boy would have said, "I don't care for my marks at school. I'm going to have a good time;" but it is plain that J. B. G. is planning farther ahead than a good time now.

Continued From First Page.

twenty, joined in the song, and one or two jumped up and down in little short jerks, about as our girls do when jumping rope.

This they called dancing.

An Indian woman can jump up and down to the tune of a drum, more than a hundred times and not get tired.

While they were thus dancing, one of them worked herself, by jumping, close to where Miss Irvine sat on a log, and taking her by the arm, motioned for her to help dance, but Miss Irvine didn't care to join in. The whole party enjoyed the joke, however, and broke the singing with a hearty laugh.

It is the custom of these women to go around from house to house and dance before the doors, which means that they expect to be invited to eat, or to be rewarded in some other way.

If they dance before the Agent's house he must give them a box of hard-bread or something out of the commissary if he wants to keep good friends with the mothers and grandmothers of the tribe.

Or, if they dance before the store, they expect the store-keeper to give them something.

Late that evening, as we sat before the door of the little school house on the floor of which we slept, we heard the drum beating.

Those women must have danced before many houses that afternoon."

"Take a cigar?" said a passenger one evening to a brakeman.

"Thank you," said the brakeman, "I never smoke."

Take a chew," then!"

"I don't chew."

"Well, then, take a drink?"

"Never drink," was the reply.

"What, never smoke, nor chew, nor drink?" replied the man, quite astonished. "What do you do?"

"I frequently pray," replied the brakeman.

"Well-I-I," said the stranger, "this is the queerest railroad I ever saw."—[Exchange.]

Dr. White, senior professor of physical sciences in the University of Pennsylvania, has issued an order forbidding students the use of tobacco in any form. He says that observation has convinced him that tobacco is injurious to the health of students, interferes with their habits of study, and does them no good.

Talking without thinking is like shooting without aiming.

**Some things we are Learning at Carlisle besides Regular study and Work.**

How to earn money.

To be strictly truthful.

To economize in all our affairs.

To be polite in our manners.

To avoid tobacco and strong drinks.

Careful and correct business habits.

How to get most for our money.

How to do things well.

Habits of cleanliness and good order.

To avoid profane and indecent language.

To speak English fearlessly.

**Things our Girls Wear, Hidden in the Following Sentences.**

1. Did you hurt your rib? Bones are easily broken.

2. James Newcomb's dog was mad.

3. I have not been so daring since I fell through the ice.

4. What do the Indians call a cellar?

5. I got a cough at sea.

6. Did you ever see Bob race? Let's go see him.

8. An isthmus is a neck. La! Celia, don't you know.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S HIDDEN THINGS:  
—Feathers. Paint. Blanket.

There are three classes of people in this world. The first learn from their own experience—these are the wise; the second learn from the experience of others—these are the happy; the third neither learn from their own experience nor the experience of others—these are the fools.—*Ex.*

**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 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

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

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