

# The Indian Helper.

Claud Suivey

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1887. NUMBER 16.

## THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

The day of feasting draweth nigh,  
And scores of Turkeys soon must die.  
Get one that's young and sweet and fat,  
And stuff it full of this and that.  
With fruits and berries sauces make,  
And add preserves and pies and cake.  
Ask friends and kindred all to come  
And spend Thanksgiving at your home.  
Let not the cares of life distress,  
But fill each guest with happiness.  
Revive the joys of youthful days,  
And for thy blessings offer praise.

—[Selected.]

## A QUEER PLACE TO LIVE.

One band of the Pueblo Indians called the Acomas, live in a curious place, in New Mexico, and the following description written by Annie Thomas, an Indian girl who came from there, is very interesting.

### The High Rocks of Acoma.

The rocks of Acoma are about 90 feet high. The scenery is very beautiful. You can view the whole valley and the pretty blue mountains around.

It stands right in the middle of the mountains.

It is shaped some what like a round table.

The houses are like dishes and the ladders like knives and forks.

You will wonder why ladders are used so much.

If there were no ladders the people could not get into their houses. The houses are built two stories high.

No door to the first story, so they have to climb up the ladder in order to get to the door. So they could hardly get along without the ladder.

The Acoma Indians are very skilful in climbing.

The people have to climb up a very steep rock.

They have no gardens up there of course.

All the wood they use they bring from the mountains, about nine or ten miles on donkeys' backs or on men's backs.

No wagons can be taken up there, but there are narrow roads for the horses and donkeys.

The poor creatures have to climb those hills of sand.

The wind has drifted this sand nearly up to the top of these rocks.

This is how the animals go up.

The houses are built from one end to the other.

The old Catholic church that the Spaniards built so long ago stands on the south end of this place.

The grave yard is right in front of the church.

I think this grave yard was made by the Indians as it is all solid rock and hardly any earth.

They had to build walls and then the men carried all the earth from the valleys.

They had no other way to do this so they depended on their backs.

The old church requires repairing every year so every spring, every man, woman and child is required to help.

Girls of my age carry all the water that is used here.

The old women roll out the mud as you would bread dough. One or two from each family must help or they are punished in some way.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

Cast your nets in the right water, and they may take fish while you are sleeping.

There never comes a shadow that the sunshine hath not made.

Subscribers who receive a notice this week that their subscription has expired, will by renewing promptly greatly facilitate the work of our little Indian clerks and prevent any delay in the delivery of next week's paper.



# The Indian Helper.

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

Price:—10 cents a year.

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

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.

By the "Indian Helper" we notice that the printing presses at the Carlisle school are now run with a steam engine furnished by the government. The faculty of the Genoa Indian school would be mighty well pleased to get even a cheap printing outfit from the same source, and would gladly furnish their own steam. Superintendent Chase has issued many papers at his individual expense for the benefit of the school, and it is now time cognizance of this matter was taken by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Give our Indian school a paper.—[Genoa (Nebraska) *Leader*.]

The Carlisle school printing-office began with a ten-dollar press and a half-case of Nonpareil type. From that we worked quietly along for eight years until we accumulated a \$4,000 printing-office, and two papers, with each a circulation running up into the thousands—this without aid from the Government. Then we asked for a small steam engine which the Department kindly allowed. We sincerely hope Genoa will get their "cheap printing out-fit," and make it grow just as big as it can.

The Library Committee desire to inform our friends that any who wish to contribute to our Library can do so by directing to Luke Phillips, Librarian, Large Boys' Quarters.

Very Respectfully,  
SAMUEL TOWNSEND,  
LEVI LEVERING, } Committee.  
JOEL TYNDALL,

Laura Doanmoe who is to join Etahdleuh in his mission work among the Kiowas has received much kindly help from the ladies of her church. The Home Missionary Societies of the Dauphin and Carlisle Presbyterian churches have provided her with many needful things toward housekeeping.

Robert American Horse is now at work in the Carpenter shop at Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., instead of acting as interpreter for the farmer at Wounded Knee.

We hear that Ralph Iron Eagle Feather and Julia have a little boy baby.

Written examinations for the month in the schools are about over, and some of the papers show good study, and are very creditable.

We have the sad news of the death of Matilda Thomas, of consumption at her home, in Onondaga Castle, N. Y.

At the close of our exhibition Friday evening we were treated with a charming selection recited by Mrs. Chamberlain, teacher of Elocution at Metzger Institute, Carlisle.

Mr. Robert McFadden now attending college at Amherst, Mass., surprised and pleased his friends at our school by suddenly dropping in upon them last Thursday evening.

The girls are away behind on English speaking. Eleven out of one hundred and sixty-three reported Indian last Saturday night, when 375 boys had a clean record.

Miss Longstreth's kindness has added a number of books to the girls' library, a roll of beautiful texts to their assembly-room and two pretty little caps to the Apache babies' heads.

The Library at the Large Boys' Quarters now contains 532 volumes, and still their book-cases are not full. Luke Phillips makes a model Librarian. His books are neatly and as accurately kept as any well-regulated library.

Covered heavily with big girls' coats, seated high on a pile of up-turned benches with the perspiration coming down her face we found Dot Day and 2 dolls taking their first sleigh-ride of the season in the girls' assembly room.

The boys are now drilling in the new Gymnasium, commencing with free motions. After they have mastered them they hope to take up the exercises in dumb bells and Indian Clubs.

Capt. Pratt when in Philadelphia last week bought some excellent books and divided them between the boys' and girls' libraries. A vote of thanks was returned by the boys and the Librarian instructed to kindly acknowledge the receipt of the books.

Our Harness-shop boys had presented to them on Saturday evening, a pretty diploma from the Chatauqua County Fair, New York, for the the best set of harness on exhibition. Along with it was a cash premium of \$2.00

The Man-on-the-band-stand was standing by the long line of the girls that brought in their soiled bedding last week and counted a good many towels and wash-rags that did not look as though they had been used.

Belonged to the Apaches?

No, they did not belong to the Apaches, but to some of our old girls.



## December!

R e m e m b e r !

Our first snow came on Saturday.

A Thanksgiving holiday. How joyful!

Word from Miss Rote says her father is very low.

The boys intend getting a Rugby foot-ball as soon as they are able.

Toboggan caps are as "thick as hops," look warm and bright, too.

Nellie Carey has gone to make her home with Mrs. Jas. Kyle of Milroy, Pa.

The boys' book case is finished and the books are in place, and look very nicely.

The large boys had a clean record in English speaking last week. They remember December.

The girls have made something near a hundred dollars on their bead work since last June.

The boys all clapped their hands when the chicken and duck killing detail was made on Tuesday.

The boys have over 50 different papers on file and before Christmas expect the number to be over 70.

Twenty of the girls made six rounds of the walking gallery in the gymnasium in six and a quarter minutes.

The large boys have raised a fund of something like twenty dollars, which they propose to expend for newspapers.

In a certain school-room there were only 2 out of 21 pupils marked less than 5 (perfect) in deportment, for the month of November.

The little girls are in receipt of a dozen of the Oliver Optic Juvenile books for which they thank Mrs. Lewis, of Plainville, Conn.

About forty girls visited the printing-office on Saturday to see our presses working and to inquire into the mysteries of a steam engine.

From guard-mount, Wednesday morning, Hartley Ridge Bear was selected for office orderly, as he was the neatest in appearance. We understand this is to be the rule now.

At our Y. M. C. A. Thursday evening, there were present from the town Association, Messrs. D. R. Thompson, A. A. Line and J. C. Eckles, who gave solid advice to our boys in reference to the object and worth of the Association.

## THE VERY BEST.

Once every month we have in the chapel a little exhibition, consisting of speeches, dialogues, singing etc., by the Indian boys and girls.

We look forward to the pleasant time, expecting a treat, and are rarely dissatisfied.

It is a pleasure to see the new-comers try so hard in their broken English, to make a speech, and there is much enjoyment in listening to the advanced pupils give their well studied declamations and dialogues.

The exhibition Friday night was the best we have had since the school began in 1879.

The opening piece by the choir, a skating glee, charmed us all, and the more remarkable that the words sung by the 26 singers were distinctly heard, adding much to the beauty of the piece. There is not a choir in the country that could have done better than ours did in all its pieces last Friday. The Soprano was sweet, the Alto excellent, the Tenor good and the Bass superb, all singing in beautiful accord, with clear, musical voices.

A new feature of this month's exhibition were the compositions some of which were most interesting. The first one read by Bertha Nason and written by Hope, caused some smiling, when she told about the first time she ever saw crackers and sugar.

The Colloquy following between Charley Brave, and Oliver Good Shield, Sioux boys, who entered our school only this Fall, was short, spirited and laughable. It brought down the house. We do not mean that Oliver spoke so loud that the chapel fell down. Oh, no! but the effort to speak plainly and make us all hear was very funny.

Paul Eagle Star's speech, and Siceni's composition on "Cats," which was read by Ulysses were both good. The twelve little girls with their fruit piece, spoke nicely, then came Harry Shirley's composition, read in a deep, manly voice.

Singing by the school followed, after which Dennison Wheelock favored us with a declamation on "The Blue and the Gray," a very appropriate piece for a music-loving boy.

Harold, a new Apache, followed, making a manly effort to say an English speech.

Richard Yellow Robe, who read a composition on "A story of myself," was deliberate and easy in his style.

The five little Apache girls, who spoke a piece about leaves, could not be well understood, but they looked pretty and bright in their funny little head dress. Just wait! in a year from now they will be out with plain recitations, no doubt.

Yamie Leeds' declamation was well rendered.



ered, and heard by all. This was followed by a composition written by Dessie Prescott on "Names," and read by Cecelia.

Richenda Pratt and Annie Irvine next sang a sweet pretty little song, and Matthew Broom, and Norris Stranger Horse made speeches. The four Apaches from Number 10, did the best they could, after which the audience was refreshed by a beautiful Echo song by the choir.

Frank Lock's composition on "News-papers," was followed by a recitation by Julia Logan, and then came Johnnie Given and Don Campbell's song. Who said they were scared? We guess not.

Conrad Roubideaux spoke next, then four little girls from Number 5.

Pete Ocotea was earnest in his speech, and he was not afraid to use his hands and arms.

The history class from number 7, showed good drill, and Richard Davis' composition would compare well with any Grammar school essay, and was distinctly read. It seems more difficult for the Cheyennes than some other tribes to get our English sounds, but Richard is an example of what can be accomplished in time, by hard, persistent trying.

Harvey Warner next spoke, and Katie Grinrod recited "A Story of the War of 1812."

"The Anvil Chorus," by a class of large girls with dumb-bells, led by Lilly Cornelius, was nicely performed. The girls were graceful in movement and womanly in presence. Not a smile crossed their faces, as some silly boys were laughing at what they knew not.

Annie Thomas next read her composition on "The high rocks of Acoma," printed elsewhere in this paper, after which we were all made to laugh over the potato conundrum.

Julia Bent read Delia Hicks' composition, and the "Good night" piece was sung by the choir.

The evening was full and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would not have the boys and girls who took part in Friday evening's exercises think that they are perfect. No, indeed! They are far from perfect.

They need long, hard drill on the elementary sounds of our language. They need mouth and tongue, and lip gymnastics every day. The very best of our speakers need such drill daily, and should be glad of the chance to say, over and over again these sounds. Some who have been here the longest, and some who spoke English before they came do not speak well, because they do not open their mouths wide enough. The last exhibition, however, was the best, and we are working on slowly towards perfection.

#### Numerical Enigma.

I am made of 24 letters, and it will take a bright boy or girl to find me out.

My 11, 10, 12, is what some pupils in number nine draw very nicely

My 4, 2, 1, 8 is what Kise would be if he had a *real* moustache.

My 18, 17, 20 is what the printers did when the steam-engine made a queer noise.

My 9, 7, 6, 24, 7, 18 is what we all like to receive from home.

My 12, 13, 14, 16 is what we want *so much*, to skate upon this winter. A made one, near by.

My 5, 3, 22, 23 is where we will get in our studies if we keep on.

My 18, 15, 19, 7 is a tool that is used in the hay field.

My 9 21, 7, 8 is what two of the large girls did Monday night at English Speaking roll call. Shame!

My whole is what is very much needed at the dining-room corner in front of the Printing-Office.

#### The changeable Prefix.

I am a word of two letters, meaning:

Prefix a letter to me, and I become a metal.

Prefix a different letter to me, and I become a sharp-pointed object.

Prefix a different letter to me, and I become a disagreeable noise.

Prefix a different letter to me, and I become a large box for holding grain.

Prefix a different letter to me, and I become the source of all the trouble in the world.

Prefix a different letter to me, and I become a part of a fish.

Prefix a different letter to me, and I become an intoxicating drink.

Prefix a different letter to me, and I become a verb meaning to gain.

**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 Navajo 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.

For a longer list of subscribers we have many other interesting pictures of shops, representing boys at work, school-rooms and views of the grounds, worth from 20 to 60 cents a piece, which will be sent on request.

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