


The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

NUMBER 11

 H, what am I but an engine shod
With muscle and flesh by the hand of
God,

Speeding on through the dense, dark night,
Guided alone by the soul's white light?

Often and often my mad heart tires,
And hates its way with a bitter hate,
And longs to follow its own desires,
And leave the end in the hands of fate.

O ponderous engine of steel and steam;
O human engine of flesh and bone;
Follow the white light's certain beam,—
There lies safety, and there alone.

The narrow track of fearless truth,
Lit by the soul's great eye of light,
O passionate heart of restless youth,
Alone will carry you through the night.

—[Ella Wheeler.

HOW AN INDIAN GIRL MIGHT TELL HER OWN STORY IF SHE HAD THE CHANCE.

Founded on Actual Observations of the Man-on-the-band-stand's Chief Clerk.

(Continued from last week.)

We went to the door and listened.

On yonder housetop stood an old man, the
crier of the village, calling at the top of his
voice:

"A dance! A dance! This afternoon, in so-
and-so's house! Everybody come! The Gov-
ernor orders!"

He repeated the words over and over again
each time louder than the time before until
one would think his throat would burst.

"One of those disgraceful dances," I said,
turning to Annie. "I thought they had given
them up in our two villages."

"That is what Belle wrote me before we
started home, but since this new Governor
was elected, she said things have been going
backward."

"I had not heard it."

"Yes," continued Annie, "Belle wrote that
this Governor has around him a lot of old-
time officers who believe in the old Indian
ways, and the people are again talking about
the dances."

"I suppose, then, this is the first dance of
the season. Isn't it too bad, that the Indians
who have gotten ahead somewhat have to
follow such a leader as this Governor who
seems to be trying to lead them back where
they were in the first place.

"It certainly is a shame, and I think some-
thing ought to be done to prevent it," said
Annie.

"Maybe there will be sometime. Have you
seen Belle, yet?" I asked.

"No, she left for the Albuquerque school be-
fore we arrived. She went away from here as
soon as she could, and I wish we were out of
this too, don't you? Just listen to that horrid
man! Did you ever go to a dance, Mollie?"

"Not this kind."

"Neither did I, because before we went to
Carlisle we were too little. But I have heard
they are forcing all the girls who came back
this summer, to go."

"That is dreadful! Although we have not
been to a dance we have heard our older girl
friends tell about them and know nearly as
well what they do as if we had been there our-
selves, don't we?"

"I think we do, and my heart shudders now
at the terrible things I have heard. At one
time I did not think they were terrible. I can
remember crying to go with my mother to
these very dances, but now I should be ashamed
to be seen in such a place."

"Do they really do such fearful things?"

"Too terrible for you and me to talk about;
too bad to even think about. Let us go in the
house, Mollie. I hate to listen to that man
calling the people to go to such a place."

Just as we were about to turn to go inside,
my mother came hurrying up the ladder,
all out of breath and carrying a bundle.

"Come, my daughter," she said. "Get ready!
We must go!"

"Go where? Mother, this is Annie G.,
who came back with me from Carlisle. She
lives in Pa-hwa-ke village, you know."

She looked at Annie, shook hands and ask-
ed whose daughter she was.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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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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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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.

Miss Marsh sends us fifty names to whom we may forward sample copies. Thanks. Let any one who wishes the HELPER free for one year send us fifty names and addresses.

It is the season for coughs and colds throughout the country. If we expect to escape we must take great care not to expose ourselves by being out in the rain, or by running through the wet grass.

Every one who renews his or her subscription and sends with the money a two-cent stamp will receive the Pueblo contrast, printed on finely glazed paper, with the finest ink. The picture is almost as perfect as the photograph itself.

Sarah Smith writes from her country home for the *Red Man*. She says: "I get the INDIAN HELPER every Saturday night. That is the reason I always want Saturday to come soon, and now I want something else from you, it is called the *Red Man*. I can't do without that. Pretty near every time I get the HELPER there is something in there about such and such a thing which will be printed in the *Red Man*, and I want to know what it is. I can't stand that. I must know everything that is going on at the school."

Nearly all the printers have taken a turn at running the engine, and have earned a considerable amount about its parts, but Henry Phillips is still the Doctor when anything serious is the matter. Even he, this week, had to consult with the Carlisle Manufacturing Co. Doctors. Scale had accumulated so deep that the water would not circulate through all the veins of the patient. The engine had to go through with a regular cleaning out process, which delayed work somewhat.

The Debate.

A public debate between the Standards and Invincibles upon the present ration system and whether it should be discontinued or not, was held in the chapel last Friday evening. The leading speakers of the Standards on the side of discontinuance were Stacy Matlack, Levi Levering and Carl Liedler. The Invincible side, which was for rations, presented good clear reasoning, through Percy Zadoka, Howard Logan, and Dennison Wheelock. The judges decided in favor of the Standard side of the question. Had the Man-on-the-band-stand been appointed a judge he would have had to decide in favor of the Invincibles as they in his opinion gave the clearest reasoning and best argument. During the open discussion George Means, Peter Cornelius and Yarnie Leeds made earnest speeches and were followed by Mr. Standing and Capt. Pratt. The debate was most interesting throughout and considered by all one of the best ever held at the school.

Miss Seabrook returned from Mt. Vernon Barracks on Saturday night bringing with her much news of interest both of our returned pupils and of the camp of prisoners in general. She found Giles the interpreter for the lady missionaries. He keeps his house clean and neat and dresses in Carlisle clothes. He is doing the very best he can.

Arnold and Huldah have the cleanest house in the camp. It has a board floor and Arnold himself keeps it scrubbed clean. Huldah is not well but manages to keep both her own and Arnold's clothing in good repair. Both Arnold and Giles wear short hair while the other Indians in the camp have their hair long. Elsie, whom we remember as a little girl, lives with her sister and has worked wonders in keeping her sister and baby and herself clean. Essie and Bessie have both improved in health. Lona is sick and not doing as well as she might. She cried with joy to see Miss Seabrook. Joan ate a quart of plums, stones and all, and died from the effects. The burden of the messages sent to our Apache pupils at Carlisle is "Learn all you can." The Indians at Mt. Vernon were especially pleased to hear that their children were living in country homes learning to be farmers and housekeepers, and going to school with white children.

Oh, yes! We put in the TIME at work; but do we get anything DONE? That should be the question. There is much time thrown away standing around waiting for some one to tell us what to do. Look! See! Find out what wants to be done, and don't wait to be told! That is the kind of help that is worth the money.

Overcoats have been repaired and issued.

In selecting subjects for debate let us try and get something besides Indian!

Jack wrote his first home letter to his mamma. It was short but exceeding sweet.

Aren't the new evergreens back of the office and in front of the Captain's house, pretty?

The Pan-American Conference was one of the subjects of interest this week at the opening exercises of school.

J. B. Given and Johnnie, Miss Moore and Miss Hunt spent Saturday in Philadelphia, sight-seeing and shopping.

There is quite an epidemic of colds at the school just at present. Among others afflicted is our new little printer James Wheelock.

Miss Merritt, who has been ill for a week with something bordering closely on lung fever we are happy to report is rapidly improving.

The muskallonge from Lake Chatauqua and the persimmon from Alabama gave interesting material for language lessons this week in the school-rooms.

Notwithstanding it poured down rain last Saturday night the dampness outside did not interfere with the good time inside the gymnasium at the sociable.

This was home letter week. 500 letters sent in different directions through the west to tell our parents and friends at home how we are progressing.

The machines in the sewing department are kept flying, getting ready for winter. Flannel shirts by the hundred are turned out. The more the work piles up the happier are the girls, for they feel they are really doing something.

Miss Noble has begun her month's vacation. She will leave for Philadelphia the beginning of the week. Who more deserves rest? Three hundred and thirty-five mornings in the year up between three and four o'clock, to supervise breakfast for our noble 500.

That immense fish! It came all the way from Jamestown and was sent by Mr. Mason. It weighed 26 pounds. Thirty-six people at the Teachers' Club ate of it and there were fragments left for supper. Miss Dixon, the cook, showed her skill in the culinary art by preparing the fish in the most palatable shape. Everybody left the table loud in praise of the delicious flavor of the muskallonge, and happy that we have such a friend as Mr. Mason.

Thomas Holliday has gone to his home, in Michigan.

The annual account of property is now being taken.

Mr. Jordan is altering the steam pipes in the Small Boys' Quarters.

Susie Bond came in from the country to spend Sunday with her friends.

It has been suggested that the old chapel would make a fine printing-office.

The carpenters are building a slaughter-house and a chicken-house at the farm.

Peter Cornelius and Thomas Metoxen are helping to fire the steam-boilers, this winter.

Hallow E'en last night. Yes, and we had our own fun just as though we were not Indians.

School-room No. 6 had a very happy surprise, this week, in the form of a box of beautiful pen-wipers, made and presented by our faithful Boise.

The brick work on the new end of Teachers' Quarters is a fourth of the way up. The weather has interfered with the progress of the mason-work.

Louis Bidell, Joseph Martinez, George Ladeau, Malpass Cloud, Harry Kohpay, Paul Lovejoy, Hiram Bailey, Reuben Wolf, Charles Markan and Frank West are the beginners in the new brass-band class.

Reuben Wolf has made and sent to Mrs. Wade, Omaha Agency, a present of a riding bridle. This will be greatly appreciated by Mrs. Wade as the handiwork of one of her class of boys, whom she started in the way of education several years ago.

Miss Stanton was the recipient of a handful of rice in the pod, and a pomegranate from a friend in Louisiana. Both articles excited a wholesome curiosity as they floated around through the school-rooms. We all expected a taste of the pomegranate, yes, the whole 500 of us including the Man-on-the-band-stand; but lo! and behold the fruit, like some people, had a false heart.

Electric bells were placed in the Large Boys' Quarters at the expense of the boys themselves, who volunteered the amount. No sooner were they proven a success and a delightful convenience than the fever struck the Small Boys' and then flew to the Girls' Quarters. A wire runs to the Dining Hall, and Mrs. Lutkins by pressing a button can ring dozens of bells through the quarters, so that boys and girls in their rooms studying can have no excuse for not hearing the summons. Of course the large bell is used for out-siders. The Man-on-the-band-stand has heard Mr. Campbell say at least forty times, "How did we ever get along without them?" They were put up by the boys themselves under Mr. Campbell's supervision.

(Continued from First Page.)

"My mother's name is Ke-ma-net-sa," replied Annie, modestly.

"Se! Se!" my mother exclaimed "Ke-ma-net-sa! We used to be girls together," she continued while stroking Annie's arm.

The crier again sounded his great voice through the air: "A dance! A dance! Everybody come! The Governor orders!"

"There!" she said with a sudden turn. "Get ready! We must hurry."

My heart sank within me. "Mother," I said plaintively, "I do not want to go to that dance."

"Don't be crazy," she replied. "You must go. Here are your cousin's dress and leggings. I brought them for you. Put them on quickly and let us go. You can't go to a dance in that dress! They would not let you in," she added with a hard smile. "And I want to cut your hair off, too."

Annie, without a word, got up and left. I heard her go down the ladder, and the sound of her shoe-heels on the rocks below came back in faint echoes as my mother and I sat there in silence, each waiting for the other to speak.

"Come!" she finally said. "Are you not going to put on that dress?"

"Mother, you are not going to make me put it on if I don't want to, are you?" said I almost crying.

"The Governor says you must go to the dance."

"What right has the Governor to say I must go?"

"My daughter, we have to obey the Governor."

"That is a very bad dance and I don't want to go."

"It isn't bad," my mother replied indignantly. "It is the Indian way. It is the way we have always been used to. You are Indian if you have been off to school, learning the ways of the white folks. They can't make you anything but Indian after all."

"Yes, I am Indian, mother. But I have learned better ways and I do not have to do the Indian ways any more if I don't want to, do I?"

"We will see about that," and as she spoke she flew down the ladder and out of sight. I was now alone.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" I murmured as I paced back and forth in the little room.

"Where has my mother gone? Perhaps for my father. Now is my time. Shall I run away?"

I went to the door. There were men, women and children everywhere to be seen, on the house-tops and hurrying from house to house on the rocks below.

"No! I could not run away. I would so easily be followed and caught. Should I run away if I could?"

Never! That would not be "standing by a purpose true" as our Superintendent used to say we must when in a hard place. Here is my first real hard place since coming home. Here is a chance now for me to show what I am made of."

"But, see! Who is that making such swift strides in this direction?"

"My father, my mother and the Governor, as sure as I am alive."

My heart thumped as I had never felt it before. I turned and went quickly into the house.

Picking up an apron I had started to make just before my friend Annie arrived in the morning, I sat in apparent composure, sewing, when the party entered.

(To be continued.)

Enigma

I am made of 6 letters:

My 2, 4, 5, 5, is to turn.

My 6, 1, 3, is a boy's name.

My whole is the name of a Revolutionary traitor.—[Little Subscriber.]

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Columbus.

STANDING OFFER.—For Five new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 15 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 apiece.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand. (boudoir) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(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.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8x10 showing all our buildings.

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

For THREE new subscribers we will give the picture of Apache baby, Eunice. Send a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.

For TWO Subscribers and a One-cent stamp, we send the printed copy of the Apache contrast. For ONE Subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo contrast.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Red Man**, 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.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Red Man** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER. Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.