

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1889.

NUMBER 12.

For the HELPER.

U. S. I. D.

WHEN you see a big red blanket,
On a lazy Indian's back,
You may come to the conclusion,
Uncle Sam is on his track.

When you see that Indian's blanket
Thrown away, as so much sham,
You may come to this conclusion,
He is after Uncle Sam.

Then instead of lettered blankets
On the Indian, you shall see
Uncle Sam's retreating figure
Minus his U. S. I. D.

Carlisle Barracks.

E. G.

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.)

"The Governor!" announced my father as they crossed the threshold.

I arose with as much dignity and coolness as the circumstances would allow, and shook the Governor's hand.

His keen black eye searched me through and through as I stood before him. Having done nothing to be ashamed of, I looked him fairly and squarely in the face.

"The dance!" said my father still out of breath, not having recovered from his fast walking.

"I understand there is to be one," said I, again picking up my apron to sew.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"I thought I would not go this afternoon, father."

"Why not?" asked he excitedly.

"I have this apron to finish, and then I want to make you a shirt, father, when I get this done."

Looking up quickly, I saw the Governor cast a glance of ridicule at my father.

I felt indignant and hurt. If there is anything that arouses the ire of an Indian—man

or woman, boy or girl, savage or civilized, it is to be made fun of.

I could not stand it even from a Governor, hence, I arose, took my hat from the nail, picked up my parasol and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked my mother stepping between me and the door.

"Only for a little walk. I will be back, soon."

"You can't go for a walk," said my father. "The Governor is here to see you."

"I have come to see you about the dance," responded the Governor.

"You may as well make up your mind to go," said my mother, "for if you don't go of your own free will we will take you by force."

"I felt every muscle and nerve in me twinge. Cry?"

I could not.

"Is this the way my liberty is to be taken from me?"

"Having been educated out of and away from this superstition am I still to be a slave to it? Must I submit?"

I said not a word but stood stone still. If my brown face is capable of looking pale it must have been pale at that moment.

Rigid, with eyes fastened on the Governor and with lips tightly compressed, I stood.

"Come," said my mother finally. "Your father and the Governor will go out while you put on your cousin's dress."

"Mother," said I as tenderly as my voice would allow, but in low and measured tones, "I want to be good to you because you are my mother, but I shall not put on that dress."

"Stop such crazy talk," said my father now excited to the highest pitch; at the same time he seized me by the shoulders and shook me angrily.

"My father!" I cried "Will you be so cruel to your own daughter? Oh, father dear, do help me!" I implored throwing my arms around his neck and sobbing bitterly.

My mother then began to cry. She said I was not a dutiful daughter.

I wanted to bring disgrace upon the family and have the whole village laughing at us. She said Carlisle school had done me no good. I had come back to disobey my parents. I had always obeyed before I went away to that school.

"I did not want you to go and now I am sorry I let you go," she went on. "The white folks have taught you to disobey." She cried and talked at such a rate and with voice so monotonous and pitched so high that men, women, and children outside began to gather around the foot of the ladder to see what was the matter.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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

Q. The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

Price:—10 cents a year.


Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

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.

"On the 6th of October,
The long journey over,
We came to this friendly roof,"

 TEN YEARS AGO!!!!!!

Fifty names and addresses to whom we may send sample copies will secure the HELPER for a year.

A lady in Philadelphia writes that her children are so interested in the little HELPER that she is obliged to tear it in two as soon as it comes so that it can be read in sections.

Harriet Mary will have a letter in the *Red Man*. She says at home "it is like going into a dark room where you cannot see a show of light and trying the best you can to find a match to light the lamp. So it is with my people." Harriet expresses much gratitude that she had a chance to learn to read and write and do other things.

Charlie Martin writes from the Leech Lake Agency, Minn., that he is still working at his trade—blacksmith. While he gets very small wages he hopes to learn the trade so well that he will sometime receive as much in one day as he does now in a month. He is looking towards breaking a farm, and working the two businesses together. He says the Indians at his home, farm, but many have only little garden patches. He recently visited some neighboring Indians where they farm on a large scale and have big fields of wheat. That is the way he wants to do.

An interesting letter from Frank Dorian in which he gives news of several of our returned boys and girls at the Iowa Agency, Nebraska, has been received, part of which will be printed in the *Red Man*. Frank finds much work to do at home. He is now husking corn. Josie Vetter is still in the Kickapoo laundry. Her brother Joe is on his way from California where he went last Spring. He is traveling east with his own mule team and is coming by way of Mexico and Texas. David Roubideaux is doing well. Frank has his Carlisle diploma framed, and he says it is very nice.

A Brave Carlisle Girl At her Home.

We take the liberty to print from a letter written by one of Hampton's corps of workers who has recently returned from the Indian Territory, the following, in regard to one of our girls whom she met out there:

"While in a trader's store in Darlington one day I met one of your girls. Every woman I had seen up to that time had been in Indian dress, generally dirty at that, so that when I entered the great dingy store, this neat young girl in a well fitting blue gown and pretty hat quite took me by surprise. She was talking with a nicely dressed young man in such a quiet lady-like way that my interest was at once aroused, and I guessed she must be the Carlisle girl, Jennie Black of whom I had heard from the Agency people.

Though I would have spoken without hesitation to almost any girl, I felt considerable embarrassment as I at last went up and introduced myself to this lady.

She at once introduced her friend, Kish Hawkins, I believe his name was, and I in turn presented Walter Battice. Miss Black has surely made a very brave and interesting stand for her rights as a civilized Christian girl and she is respected accordingly. In her strong but gentle way she has refused to marry the man to whom she found herself sold on her return home, and though all manner of schemes have been devised to entrap her, she has been wise enough to see them, and strong enough to overcome them all, and do what she knew to be right. Every one spoke well of her and hoped she would be able to hold out. I was pleased to see the announcement of her marriage in your little paper."

Miss Lizzie R. Bender, of Jarboesville, Md., daughter of Rev. A. J. Bender, formerly of Cumberland county, will sail from San Francisco, California, for Tokio, Japan, on the 23rd inst. Miss Bender goes to Japan as a missionary under the care of the M. E. Church, where she has been solicited by the most advanced school. She is a young lady of high educational attainments and devoted to the work in which she is about to engage.—[Carlisle Herald.

May success attend her every effort in this her new field of work, is the wish of her friends at Carlisle. Miss Lizzie was one of our teachers last year.

A nice letter from Arrow Running Horse all the way from Rosebud Agency, Dak., was very artistically folded, but when we opened it, out popped a little ten-cent piece for the HELPER another year. He says he has no special place of work but keeps busy chopping cord wood at \$5.50 a cord, and the ten cents he sends is money of his own earning. Maurice and Conrad are working at the Agency. Frank (we suppose he means Frank Jannies) is working in the carpenter shop. Daniel Milk is still in the commissary. He says the boys are jolly among themselves showing that they are in good health.

Captain's house is receiving a long-needed renovating.

Only FIVE little two-cent stamps renews your subscription.

The band master has just bought four new pieces of music for the band.

We hear through Kias Red Wolf the sad news of his sister Rhoda's death.

The Girls' Literary society will be known hereafter as the "Endeavor Society."

A thousand new subscribers last month, let us have another this. Yes, TWO THOUSAND.

We notice that the choir has received a lot of new singing books. Now for the college songs.

Our pupils in the country frequently send subscriptions and this week Peter Ocotea comes to the front.

In the tug-of-war Tuesday night, Gary Meyers and his team pulled James Cornelius and team clear off the board.

One of the young lady teachers asserts that a pumpkin-pie made by an Indian girl at the hospital was the best she had tasted. The question is how this pie found its way to the teachers' quarters.

Those girls who are down at study at five o'clock in the morning are the ones who have good lessons, no doubt. Some of the boys are equally ambitious. We can all make time to study, if we will. There is no excuse for poor lessons.

A very handsome box of cotton balls in their natural state, was received by Dennison Wheelock, from a new friend, Foster H. Woodin, of Lexa, Arkansas. Dennison is very grateful to his friend, and the box will excite no little interest among our pupils.

They are bound to make their heads save their heels at the large boys' quarters. The latest wrinkle is the attaching of the electric-bells to the hands of the office clock, so that the clock rings the bells all over the house without some one having to remember to press the button.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason D. Pratt have left Dubuque, Iowa, Mr. Pratt having received very flattering inducements to return to Johnstown. Mrs. Pratt will spend a few months at the school. Her return was warmly welcomed last Saturday afternoon. We do forget sometimes and call her Miss Crane, but she is ever ready to excuse.

Such a lot of nice games for the little boys and girls! Were they careful of them? Did they try to make them last a long time? Did they lose some of the parts of the picture and map games? Did they tear the picture books? The Man-on-the-band-stand could weep a great handkerchief full of tears when he sees his little boys and girls careless of the nice things that are given to them to play with.

If you have dropped down in your class, whose fault is it? Inquire within.

A subscriber writes "I am a Yankee girl, and I like the go-ahead spirit of your paper, so I send you five subscriptions."

Isadore Labadie is again heard from behind a ten-cent piece which she sends to renew. She is at home, at Quapaw agency, I. T., is well and often thinks of Carlisle.

Peas-work furnished amusement and instruction to the pupils of the Normal Room on Friday afternoon. Each pupil carried home a "house" of his own construction.

The new end of the Teachers' Quarters is nearly ready for the roof. Thanksgiving dinner in there, sure, if it keeps on growing at this rate.

We hear of Lily Cornelius' very successful impersonation of Pocahontas at a recent entertainment given at Alma College, Michigan, also of Annie Thomas as queen of the gypsies.

The subjects brought before the school at the opening sessions this week have been the projected bridge across Dover Channel, and the news from Henry M. Stanley the African explorer.

We receive a great many kind words in regard to the little story now running through the HELPER, but those most valued are from a little Pueblo girl herself, "It is just like our home, ain't it?"

Little Nina, who is now the pet at the Girls' Quarters came all the way from there to the printing office, alone, on an errand. She thought she would not be afraid to go if "Mudder I—— would only let her put on her glubs."

The laundry work has so increased this year that this department is running at its full capacity of facilities. Mrs. Jordan says the new employees are doing credit to themselves and the school. The Man-on-the-band-stand sees some of the girls there trifling away their time occasionally, which makes him feel badly.

The *Red Man* presents a monthly summary of the best thoughts of the ablest writers upon the Indian question, as gleaned from the leading newspapers and magazines of the country. We believe that such a monthly presentation of the Indian question will elevate the standard of thought by diffusing a wider intelligence on the subject.

We are grieved to learn of the death of John Miller, at the house of a relative at Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory. John left Carlisle two years ago in the best of health, but contracted malaria, so prevalent in that country. John spent a few months in the printing-office, and it was here that the writer learned that within him there was a great heart full of tenderness and affection. Especially was this shown for his sister Esther, who is now with us, and who greatly mourns the loss of her brother. The many friends of John and Esther extend to her their heartfelt sympathy in this her hour of trouble.

(From Fifth Page.)

I cried as hard as she, but said nothing. As my father did not push me from him, I felt that he was weakening in my favor, and as his great breast heaved back and forth with excitement, I could but take courage in the thought that there was power in him to help me.

The Governor arose and with insolent coolness took me by the hands and tried to loosen my hold upon my fathers neck.

"Go away," I screamed, shuddering at his touch.

"Let her alone," said my father pushing the Governor back, and from that moment I loved my father as I had never before.

"What do you mean?" asked the Governor.

"I mean that she is my child and you shall not force her to do what she does not want to do."

"What! Do you defy me openly like this? Do you disobey the Governor? Am I not the ruler?" said he striking himself upon the breast. And taking me again by the arm he tried to separate me from my father, saying, "You shall go to the dance!"

I felt now that my father would protect me.

Wrenching myself from the Governor's grasp I stood erect and looking him in the eye said boldly, "I shall not go to the dance."

My mother then flew to my side, and tearing my hat from my head threw it in the corner and taking me by my left arm motioned to the Governor to take the other.

He did so and the two dragged me to the top of the ladder.

"If you will not put on your cousin's dress you shall go in this dress," said my mother as she pulled and I resisted.

"Woman!" cried my father, "What are you doing?" and springing for mother he caught her around the waist, lifted her and gave her a forcible shove through the door.

He went in after her, shut the door and I could hear him "reading law" to her as the white folks would say, while she moaned and talked back in such manner as it is only possible for an uncivilized Indian woman to do under proper conditions.

I was left alone outside with the Governor but was no longer afraid. I did not attempt to withdraw from his hold until my father stepped to the door after the fracas within had somewhat subsided, and said:

"Come here, my daughter!"

Then I tried to move but could not.

"Come here!" said my father again.

"I cannot," said I looking anxiously toward the door.

The Governor was angry enough to have sent me headlong over the edge of the roof, had he dared, but as I did not go to my father both he and mother appeared on the scene and I could see that my mother was a changed woman.

She stepped up to the Governor and said "My daughter will go with me into the house."

"To put on the Indian dress?" he inquired as he released my arm.

"No," she said. "My daughter does not want to go to the dance and she need not."

I was dumfounded.

My father and mother, too, on my side? What could it all mean? And then the old saying learned at Carlisle "WHERE THERE IS

A WILL THERE IS A WAY," came into my head.

I had used my WILL, and the WAY had come.

My father's will and my mother's will had come to help my will to do what was right.

The Governor's will was not bent, however, in the direction of right.

My father prevented him from following us and he had nothing to do but go back to his home; as he passed down the ladder I could hear him grumbling to himself and to the people below.

"They shall suffer for this! Three of my people have disobeyed me. I am the Governor."

"Our Governor must be obeyed," shouted several in the crowd.

"To the dance! To the dance!" I could hear him crying in the distance. "After the dance I will call my officers. We will have a meeting and settle whether that Carlisle girl and her people shall rule this village or the Governor whom the people elect."

(To be Continued.)

Hidden Words Which The Man-On-The-Band- Stand Does Not Like to See Practiced.

Can you not swallow? Speak! Inglow, or I shall expire.

Jonathan Stubb, or Nessinger Jones did it. Who knows?

Can James Low move men to work?

Mrs. Badle's son, some time ago, ran away. Valazine's songs are the latest out.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA Arnold.

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 Navajo 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 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.