

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1889. NUMBER 14.

AFTER CARLISLE, WHAT?

The Question Asked by Mr. R. V. Belt, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who Addressed Our School Last Friday Night.

“AFTER Carlisle, what?” Boys and girls;
Stop and ask yourselves the question here!

Turn your honest eyes up to mine!
Man and woman-hood are very near.
Work, in Spring, is lost without the harvesting.
Have you stopped to question what the Fall
shall bring?

“After Carlisle, what?” Indian boys;
Will you turn back where your people stay?
Build a hut of cloth, call it *home*?
Beat a drum to keep the Ghosts away?
Cover with a blanket, all but one black eye,
Wear a turkey feather, dance and sing, “hi yi?”

“After Carlisle, what?” Indian girls;
Will you go back to your native west;
Tie your “rations” up, in your skirt—
Sugar, coffee, rice and all the rest?
Stoop, to flay, and cut the beef up “issue day?”
Maybe carry home some faggots on the way?

“After Carlisle, what?” Boys and girls;
Pause and ask yourselves the question here!
Turn your honest eyes up to mine!
Life’s full harvest time is drawing near.
As the coming years pass, you will surely see,
That you may become *what you resolve to be*.

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.)

Defeated? How the word rang in my ears
as I turned back into the house!

Defeated? For an hour I believe I lay pondering over the dreadful situation as pictured by my friend Annie, and I made plan after plan to evade what seemed sure to come, on the morrow.

Defeated? The word in connection with

Annie’s whispered prophecy,—“I have been defeated and so will you be,” threw me into a night-mare of despair.

How slowly the morning dawned! Yet, how I wished it would never come!

The awfulness of the day that followed can never be described.

I will not harrow the feelings of those interested in my story by attempting a detailed picture of the terrible scene.

Enough to say that my father, mother and I were stripped of our clothing, bound and dragged through the narrow passage ways of the old Pueblo, and on bare backs lashed, until bleeding and sore we were taken to the Governor’s lock-up, thrust into the damp and dingy hole, there to spend hours of suffering and hunger.

My father received forty stripes, but with true Indian stoicism he never winced.

My mother’s sentence was twenty-five, and at every blow, poor soul, she screamed frantically, while I attempted, in the twenty which were my portion, to imitate the bravery of my father.

In the midst of the fearful agony and excitement, thoughts of dear Carlisle came to me—my duties in the school-room, in the dining-hall, in the laundry, in the cooking-class, in the sewing-room, in the quarters—the whole beautiful picture of sweet content on the faces of the boys and girls as they went their daily rounds, loomed up before me and gave me courage. I even remembered how at times I would get a little tired and think the work and studies harder than they ought to be, and how then for a few moments I would wish for home and friends, for father and mother and for the bright New Mexico sun. But I never dreamed that when I did come home I would experience such a trial as this.

“What have I done to merit it?”

“I have stood for the RIGHT, that is all.”

“This is what a Carlisle school girl must endure, is it, if she wishes to follow the RIGHT?” said I to myself.

“But I CAN endure it, yes, and I WILL

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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

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.

Please remember, WE HAVE NO MORE BACK NUMBERS OF THE HELPER CONTAINING THE STORY.

Peter Powlas writes from Oneida, Wisconsin, that he is glad to hear encouraging reports from the Oneida pupils at Carlisle.

If you wish to make yourself valuable as a worker take the same interest in what must be done as your employer does. Such help is worth the money.

From Miss Stevens' letter published in the *Southern Workman* we are pleased to be able to quote the following in relation to our boys and girls sent to their homes at Mt. Vernon Barracks, Ala., where the Apache prisoners are held:

"It was a great help to have Giles Lancy, a returned Carlisle boy to interpret for me and help in the singing. The influence of the Carlisle boys and girls among their people has been very good. Mollie, an Indian woman has a very nice baby, and through Elsie's influence, a little (Carlisle) girl, she has made neat white slips and has almost abandoned the papoose basket."

Miss Stevens is one of the Missionary teachers at Mt. Vernon.

Cleaver Warden, an Arapahoe boy who went to his home in Indian Territory, several years since, has had some employment or other during all the time. He writes that the last earnest talk from our superintendent to which he had the pleasure of listening made him feel that as the Government had expended so much money to educate him he should use that education for his own support. While he cannot help eating Government rations at times, yet the money he has earned has contributed to his own support and that of others. Cleaver is now doing office work at the Agency.

The Pan-American talk Saturday night was full of interest.

We have had the honor of a visit from the Assistant-Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. R. V. Belt. The Man-on-the-band-stand was pleased to see Mr. Belt, face to face. At least he could see Mr. Belt's face, but Mr. Belt could not see the Man-on-the-band-stand's face. That is a special privilege the Man-on-the-band-stand has over every person who comes. Mr. Belt showed that he liked Carlisle and the work we are doing. He spoke at two or three of our school gatherings in a very impressive way. His comparison, exhibition night, of a snow-flake as suggested by one of the speakers, was easy to understand and illustrated the point exactly. What becomes of a single little snow-flake that falls to the earth? It is soon lost. What can one little boy or girl do when he or she goes back to his people towards uplifting the whole mass? The way to do is to educate all the Indian children then they can be as one solid sheet of snow covering the earth. One flake supporting the other. We wish we could give Mr. Belt's exact words.

The exercises especially worthy of note at our last monthly exhibition, Friday night, were:

The singing of the whole school, which has greatly improved; the choir pieces, exceptionally sweet and pretty; the piano duet by Mrs. Mason Pratt and Miss Annie Moore; the duet song by Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Mason Pratt; the quartette by Dennison Wheelock, Katie Grinrod, Robert Matthews, and Jemima Wheelock; the College song by the male voices of the choir; Mark Twain's interview by Denaison and Howard Logan; the singing by the little folks of the model school, and one or two of the recitations and declamations. Many who spoke appeared on the platform for the first. They did very well indeed, but will learn to enunciate more clearly in time. Better speak one sentence and have that well understood than to go over a five minutes recitation in a way that cannot be heard. Boys and girls, don't get tired of the drill on the elementary sounds, in school! There is not a pupil here so advanced but needs a good drill on the elementary sounds of the English language, DAILY.

The *Louisville Courier* makes a mistake when it says that "Hardly any little Indians have yet learned to smoke cigarettes." We have visited many Indian agencies throughout the west and have seen hundreds of little Indian boys with cigarettes in their mouths; and the Man-on-the-band-stand believes that smoking so much and inhaling the smoke as most of the Indians do, filling the lungs and throwing it out through the nose as well as the mouth, is one great cause of the Indians becoming a weak lunged people.

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.

Sociable to-night?

Mr. Goodyear is away on a little vacation.

J. B. Given, spent Sunday with a friend at Shiremanstown.

Joseph Hamilton and William Archiquette have entered the printing-office to learn the trade.

Welcome are the plank walks that went down this week, for the winter.

How do you manage your tools at the table? Do you shovel food into your mouth with your knife? The FORK is used to eat with and the knife to CUT with.

We were treated with an exhibition of fancy roller-skating, on Saturday last, in our gymnasium by a Miss Houghton, who performed some most wonderful feats.

Mr. Chas. F. Meserve, Superintendent of the Haskell Institute, Kansas, stopped off between trains on his way west from a visit to Washington on business for his Indian school.

A party of our teachers went with Mr. Belt and Capt. Pratt to Gettysburg, Saturday afternoon and had what they claim a most delightful time. The weather was simply perfect.

Wednesday afternoon a wild rabbit went to school in a boy's arms, and made a call in the Normal rooms. The children were delighted and each one wrote a little description of him after he was gone.

The piece sung by the choir Sunday evening was beautifully rendered, but they must learn that "eternity" is not pronounced "e-ter-NUH-ty." Better say "e-ter-NEE-ty." A little word sometimes spoils a whole piece.

Owing to the indisposition of their Grandmother, Frank and Henry Bresset have been summoned to their home in Minnesota. We are sorry to part with the bright little fellows who are getting along so well in their studies and work.

Howard Logan has the best lung capacity of any one on the grounds, but in one of the drills in the gymnasium this week a certain position at the pulleys was a little too much for him and he fell in a swoon, cutting his lip. He is all right now, and will take care not to over do again.

When a boy is so interested in his work that he will not give up a difficult piece which tries his very soul, in the face, too, of a half holiday, and when he knows he will get no pay for the extra time, he shows the proper grit. The above is true of one of Carlisle's trade boys last Saturday afternoon.

A few days ago as Joseph Lonewolf was on his way to school away off in Bucks County a man overtook him and began to question him about his home, customs, dress, etc. The Man-on-the-band-stand was much pleased to hear Joseph say in answer to a question, "No, sir, I don't want to put on Indian clothes when I go home."

How to "make sunshine" in the school-room these gloomy days—a receipt given by one of the teachers to her pupils—"Study with a will."

The Brazilian Revolution has been a subject of unusual interest during the opening exercises in the chapel. Papers concerning the products and industries of the country were read by some of the pupils.

Why are such terms Full-blood Indian, Half-breed, &c. used in reference to human beings? We supposed only live-stock, such as horses, cows, and brahma fowls are properly designated by such titles. SUBSCRIBER.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is proud of the way in which some of the pupils work out the Enigmas. The hard one of last week made some figuring, but it did not prove too hard for a few.

The fine collection of periodicals and dailies which the boys have subscribed for and have on file, the good books found in the Library, the bright lights and pleasant heat make the Reading Room at the Large Boys' Quarters one of the most attractive spots on the grounds, both for teachers and pupils.

Mr. Belt said he was greatly pleased to see the evidences of perfect harmony that seemed to exist at the Carlisle School among pupils and teachers, and officers. We ARE and have been one large family, ever since the school commenced, all working together for one great good, and that the good of the Indian cause.

On the grounds there is a very pretty room. Two very nice girls have charge of this very pretty room. In the corner of this very pretty room is a large spider web, hanging, and the Man-on-the-band-stand is interested to see which one of the very nice girls is the better house-keeper and will see the spider-web first and take it down.

The carpenters working on the new part of the Teachers' Quarters came near having a very serious accident on Saturday last. The scaffolding fell and Benjamin Lawry and Mr. Stringfellow caught by the tip ends of their fingers on the brick wall, and there hung. Benjamin was able to draw himself up and Mr. Stringfellow received timely assistance.

Capt. Pratt told us last Saturday night of having attended a meeting in Washington, of Agricultural College Presidents. In connection with his talk he spoke of having, eleven years ago, written to nearly all the Presidents of Agricultural Colleges in this country asking them if they would take one or two Indians to educate. When it came time for the prisoners whom he had charge of in Florida at that time, to return to their homes after three years imprisonment, some of them wished to stay east longer and get an education. There was not an Agricultural College that would accept an Indian, upon any terms. It was a new thing. They did not like Indians. But Capt. believes there are few Agricultural Colleges now that would refuse to take Indians upon the same terms as other pupils.

(From First Page.)

endure it. Strike me again; hit harder, you cruel man!" I said to the brute of an officer, who seemed already to be straining every muscle to make me cringe, and then holding my breath and clenching my teeth I stood ready for the blow that followed.

I could have endured twice the pain.

I was RIGHT.

I KNEW I was right, and that made me strong.

I must have been a surprise to all the lookers-on, for they stared at me so, and especially so to Annie, whose tearful eyes and anxious face I saw more than once peering through the crowd.

After all was over and the door of the jail into which we were thrust was locked, I, with my mother fell into a dead swoon.

How long we lay in the presence of my horror stricken father I know not, and he does not seem able to tell.

There we lay, dead, as my father thought.

An Indian knows not the difference between a faint and death.

Many an Indian in camp, no doubt, has been buried alive, for, as soon as unconscious, a blanket is thrown over the face, and the body hurried off for burial; especially is this so if the party is one of no great importance in the tribe.

I came to consciousness first and saw my father in the dim light standing with his back to us but staring backward at us with awe-stricken and ghastly expression.

"Father," I cried, "Come! I am all right."

He came and stood near.

Having been taught while at school how to bring a person out of a faint, I caught up a water-jar which had fortunately been left by mistake in the room and which contained a few drops of stale water, and threw its contents into my mother's face, which brought her almost immediately to consciousness, greatly to my father's astonishment and relief.

I can never forget how he looked when he fully realized that my mother was alive once more, and how with proud gaze he said:

"My daughter, you are a wonderful girl. You are a brave girl. It made me strong when I was being whipped by that dog to see you so heroically stand the dreaded blows upon your back. I believe now more than ever that you are right. I believe you have with you the white man's God. I intend more than ever to follow you. I am your father and should be able to lead you, but the old Indian way is not good. I don't know the

white man's way. Can I learn it? I will learn it. THEY can't make me do what you don't want me to," said he earnestly nodding toward the noisy crowd outside, while tears now for the first time stood in his great, strong, loving eyes.

(To be Continued.)

One of the worst habits young people form is that of leaning forward too much while at work or study. It is much less tiresome and more healthy to sit or stand erect. The round-shouldered, hollow-chested and almost deformed persons one meets every day could have avoided all the bad results from which they now suffer, had they always kept the body erect, the chest full, and shoulders thrown back. A simple rule is, that if the head is not throw forward, but is held erect, the shoulders will drop back to their natural position, giving the lungs full play. The injury done by carelessness in this respect is that, by compressing the lungs and preventing their full and natural action, lung diseases ensue, usually consumption. Sit erect, boys and girls, and look the world in the face.

Enigma.

I am made of 6 letters.

My 5, 6, is the pronoun for boy.

My 4, 3, 2, is what a boy sometimes wears instead of a hat.

My 1, 4, 5, 6, is what we sometimes have in our heads.

My whole is the name of a tribe of Indians.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A land flowing with milk and honey.

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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ 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 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.