

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 15.

WHO IS THAT MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND?

An extract from a letter received from a subscriber was read to the Indian school poet, who immediately produced a rhyme to suit the situation:

THE EXTRACT.

"I do not want to spare anything from either of them (*Red Man* or *HELPER*) except the slight superstitious tendency the Man-on-the-band-stand's position keeps up in the minds of some of the Indians and some small children, who do not see how he can pretend to see all over everything, because that isn't true, and everybody wants the Indians to learn the *truth* at Carlisle. How soon can he lay aside old superstition and prove himself the noble man he has long been?"

The Man-on-the band-stand.

Who can this Man-on-the-band-stand be?

Is it Ghost on goblin or shrew,
With an ear that is always ready to hear,
And an eye that is ever on you?

You ask if it's Captain or even Miss B.

With special good spectacles on?
Not these; for you see that reports are still
made,

Though these worthy people are gone.

And Ghosts! They don't watch boys and girls
now-a-days;

Or live in the white people's land.
I'll tell you the secret you want to find out
About this strange man on the stand:

Just any one, truly, who happens to see
A thing that is worthy of note,
And gossips a little about helpful things,
Gets bits of the "news" that's afloat.

You see it's no secret, but yet, it were well
To have an eye out for the elf.
Have care what you tell, or else you may find,
The Man-on-the-stand is yourself.

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.)

After forty-eight hours of untold discomfort in the dingy lock-up our clothing was thrown to us and we were allowed to go home.

On the way, I asked my father, "Are you sorry you did not go to the dance?"

"I never was more proud in my life," he answered, with head aloft and firm, dignified

tread. "I am proud that you are my daughter. I am proud of your mother. I am proud that I have a mind of my own. Let them whip us again! We are on the right road! I am not afraid! I have been thinking about this road a long time. I knew I should have a hard time when I made the start. You are the cause of it. I am glad. I shall hold on and you will help me. We will all go along together. We will have other very hard things to bear. "They will call me old woman," he continued motioning to the Indians gazing out of the doors and windows of the old Pueblo houses. "They will say I am helping the Government and fighting against my own people, but they will see by-and-by that we are right. They will soon see that we are better off than they are. I know what I am about. Let them talk! Let them laugh! I have my senses. I am not ashamed."

I never heard my father talk so fast nor so earnestly.

I was reminded of men in council, but my father was more earnest than they.

I have often heard them through the window, (women and girls don't go to Indian councils as a general thing) but as I have passed by the old school-house, (built by a Governor who tried to lead the people to education and thrift, but used now for a council room where the men meet to discuss the affairs of the Pueblo) I have often stopped outside and listened. Sometimes two or three men would speak at once about this thing and that, and roll out one long sentence after another, in the same tone of voice, going on and on and on, as though every word were heard, when in fact, not many words were heard, but it mattered not, on and on and on they sped, like talking machines wound up, until I thought they never *could* stop.

I remember when at school we girls used to talk about the customs of our people, and one day I was telling a company of my friends about the way the Pueblos held their meetings and the way the men sit and talk.

"You say, sit and talk. Don't your chiefs stand up when they speak to the people?" asked Vinnie, a Pawnee.

"Chiefs! We do not have chiefs. We have a Governor elected every year and he appoints his officers to help him."

"And when they hold meetings, the men do not stand up to speak?" asked one of the girls.

"Sometimes they do," I said, "but often the longest and loudest talkers keep seated all the while they are speaking. I remember one man in particular who used to sit on the floor in the

(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.

NO MORE BACK NUMBERS OF THE STORY ON HAND.

A rumor comes from New Mexico and it comes straight, that Cornelia has put on the Indian dress and married an uneducated Indian.

The printed copy of Pueblo contrast may be had for a RENEWAL as well as a new subscriber, if a two cent stamp accompanies the subscription price. The print is nearly as perfect as the photograph itself.

Frank Conroy who worked part of the year at York in the big iron works there says when the second whistle blew every man in the shop had to be at his place of work, or the door would be locked against him and he would lose an hour's time. Time means money down at York, sure, where the men are paid by the hour.

We never saw such large marbles as our boys play with. Do you know, boys, that the word marble comes from the Latin *marmor*, and that the boys in Rome used to play with them 2000 years ago? They are manufactured principally in Saxony, and sent from there to all parts of the world. They are made of a hard stone which is first broken in square pieces, then ground round in a mill.

Another letter from Lorenzo Martinez, whose home is at Toas, New Mexico, says he is still using the trade learned at Carlisle. He is working in a printing office and gets good wages. We have a number of printers now in our office who are able to earn at least a dollar a day. To earn five and six dollars a day they must become expert at the case and at all the branches of the trade.

Lorenzo says that Tawkia, Charlie Kerime and Robert Marmon are out on a survey-trip with Col. Marmon, in New Mexico. Business again! That is right.

THANKSGIVING.

"For all that God in mercy sends,
For health and wealth, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For every thing, give thanks!"

Not Married After All.

WOUNDED KNEE, DAK., 10, 20, '89.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

I see printed in the INDIAN HELPER that Miss Millie Cuny, of Pine Ridge Agency, was married to Mr. E. D. Prescott, a brother to Dessie Prescott. Who may have reported that did not know for it is not at all so and I guess my Carlisle friends will be pleased to hear the truth of the matter and will close my short letter with ten cents for the paper. I am now keeping store on the Wounded Knee Creek and am the Wounded Knee postmaster.

Yours Respectfully,
E. D. PRESCOTT.

As Mr. Prescott is in a position to know we will not question the matter, suffice it to say that it was not the Man-on-the-band-stand's fault, but the news carrier is to blame for such a stupid blunder.

If you put on low shoes, Sunday, after having worn boots all the week, and take cold, don't lay it to the *climate!*

If you leave off your under-shirt for a day or two and take a cold that carries you to the hospital with the Pneumonia, don't lay it to the *climate!*

If you wipe your eyes on the same towel that a sore-eyed boy or girl uses, and catch a disease from which perhaps you will never recover, don't lay it to the *climate.*

Some of our boys on farms keep no account of what is due them. They seem to think their employer will pay them what is right. That may be true, but it is not BUSINESS. It is business for every one who works for another to know what is due him or her. Roger Silas shows that he is a business boy, for when he was called to the office the other day to sign a money-order, from his farm-father, Miss Ely, to test him, asked, "How much does the man owe you?"

"Twenty-seven dollars and five cents," was the prompt reply, and he was right.

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. The 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 privilege accorded to Standing Chiefs and War-Prior.

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.

The sociable, Friday night, was as all our sociables are thoroughly enjoyed.

The fire engine, "Uncle Sam" has its quarters in the stable until a better house can be provided.

The old band had better look out for its laurels; the new band is making very creditable progress.

The small girls are indebted to Miss Hickman of Wilmington for a variety of choice games and puzzles.

Charlie Chickenny was heard from this week. He sends from his Wisconsin home for some new photographs.

Samuel Six-killer, of the Creek tribe has arrived to become a pupil of Carlisle. He went to the small boys' quarters.

Henry M. Stanley, has been the topic at chapel exercises at the opening of school morning and afternoon.

The girls' mother is wondering who will come up to her help in making a Christmas for the little ones of the family.

Winnie Conners has returned from the country, her school advantages not being satisfactory to the Carlisle authorities.

Little Andrew, who has been receiving eye treatment at the Wills Eye Hospital, Philadelphia, returned Wednesday evening.

Miss Cooke and Miss Stanton spend Thanksgiving with friends at Newville, according to plans at the present writing.

Every student of the Indian Question needs the *Red Man*, as it contains monthly the best editorial thought from the leading papers in the land, and gives other live reading matter upon the subject. See advertisement!

What doesn't Mr. Standing know about money? He told us Saturday night about old time money and how we have gradually worked up to the present style. The talk which followed by our Superintendent in regard to the value of money and the necessity of saving should stay by us, forever.

We go to press too soon to give the Thanksgiving news. At the present writing there promises to be a good dinner of pork and veal pie, mashed potatoes, parsnips, beets, beans, apples, pickles, plum-pudding and apple sauce. Mr. Thompson who has charge of the cooking during Miss Noble's absence on a vacation, is sparing no pains to have the dinner a success.

If all the Y. M. C. A. entertainments for the winter are as enjoyable as the Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Club, which favored a large and select audience at the Opera house Tuesday night with choice music we shall not be sorry we bought course tickets. Something over a hundred of our advanced boys and girls have treated themselves to the opportunity of hearing excellent lectures and music during the winter.

John Tyler is Mr. Campbell's clerk for the present.

The girls' reading room is indebted to Miss Fisher for the *Harpers' Weekly*.

The girls are showing vigorous grace in the use of the Indian clubs at gymnastics.

Little Nina has Miss Carter to thank for a brand new thimble all for her own little self.

A large amount of bead and worsted work is now going forward in the Girls' Quarters.

A great run on "k's" this week, drove us into the small-cap box and italic case. Read along as though nothing was the matter, and all will be right!

We should like very much to publish all the nice letters that our little subscribers write for the Man-on-the-band-stand but cannot, our paper is too little.

The greatest pet in the printing-office, aside from the cat is the engine. This pet like all others behaves better when it is well attended to, and kept clean and bright.

We have been passing through the trying ordeal of written examinations, this week. Written examinations are the test whether we know anything or not. What we really know we can put on paper, and it will show for itself.

Mr. Stailey, after a stay of several weeks in which he and apprentices fitted out all the quarters in new and repaired mattresses, went to his home in Philadelphia, last week. Mr. Stailey is an expert workman in several lines notwithstanding he is blind.

It is good to have Samuel Townsend with us again for a few weeks, while waiting for his eyes to mend. He will take charge of affairs in the printing-office, *superintending* without much close looking. This gives Charlie Moneravie and Howard Logan our regular morning and afternoon foremen an opportunity to come up on speed at case-work, etc.

The invitation cards gotten out by the "Standards" for their sociable Thanksgiving evening, were a credit to the printer who did the work without instruction or suggestions as to the setting. The Man-on-the-band-stand was the happy recipient of one and he was so overjoyed that there are such smart printers in his INDIAN HELPER office that it was impossible for him to come down to the common level of other people and attend the party.

Of the boys recently taken into the printing-office, Joseph Hamilton takes to the case like a duck to water, and William Archiquette is speedily learning the intricacies of the little steam-engine. Samuel Gruette and Briggs Cornelius are becoming proficient pressmen while James Wheelock keeps the leads and slugs in place, distributing and setting when he gets a chance. Luther tries a taste of everything going. It only requires two good workmen continually on the jump after them all to keep the office from falling to pieces.

(Continued from the First Page.)

corner, and spin an interminable number of words even about a very small subject."

But to go back to my home story—

My father felt in the talking mood as he walked home from the lock-up, and even after we reached our little room he kept on saying that he meant to do this thing and that, and the Governor could not scare him out of doing what he thought was right. "I intend to follow you, my daughter!"

My mother was exhausted and nearly sick by the time she reached home.

I too was tired and hungry, but I had learned from a few little experiences the truth of what we were sometimes told at Carlisle, if one has a trouble or is only a little sick it is often better to *work* it off than to sit down and hang the head and brood over it. Brooding makes a trouble grow bigger and a sickness grow worse; so I flew around as though nothing unusual had happened, and as though I was not tired.

The table bought the day I went to the store had never been used to eat off of. My father and mother seemed to prefer eating in the same old way from the dishes placed on the floor and I never urged a change. But now if I were to prepare the supper, the table must come into use.

We would begin now to live right, after such a terrible suffering for another kind of right. I found the things in the room very much as we had left them. There was flour in the sack and baking powder in a box.

Instead of the Mexican tortilla that my mother and all the Pueblo women know so well how to make, I made Carlisle biscuits, and baked them in a pan covered over with hot ashes.

Then I made a Carlisle frizzle out of the dried mutton I took from the line, using water instead of milk, which with tea made up our supper.

I spread the table with two newspapers I happened to have in my trunk and set the things on as tastefully as it was possible to do under the circumstances, and then drew up the chairs and asked my father and mother to come and eat what they had been so curiously watching me prepare.

"This is nice," said my father. "We will never eat from the floor again, will we?" asked he of my mother.

She did not say much. I could see that she felt miserably and I advised her to lie down.

She did so after I had fixed her bed on the floor and was soon fast asleep with exhaustion, while my father and I continued to eat and talk.

We talked of every thing except that which was uppermost in our minds, the effects of which we both were suffering at the time.

"Father," I said, "how long do you think we will have to live in this little room. I wish we had a larger house.

"We shall have a larger house. We might have had one long ago if I had paid more attention to work and not wasted so much time dancing. I am going to Seama to live. I like the people there. Don't you?"

"You mean where Miss S—— teaches school?" I asked.

"Yes, I think that is the white lady's name. She has a good school, and the children of the village all go to her school, and she teaches them good things. That village is ahead of all the Indian villages around and I believe it is on account of the school. I want to live in a place where the people think more about school than foolish things. Let us go to Seama to live, shall we daughter?"

I would be glad to go anywhere to get out of this thousand-year-old place—this Pueblo where there are so many who want to go all the time in the old Indian way, but father, how are we to live in Seama, without a house to live in, and no money to buy one with?"

"I will tell you," said he with a smile.

(To be continued.)

Enigma.

A little subscriber who writes: "I am a new subscriber but have seen enough of your little paper to make me fall in love with it," sends the following enigma:

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 8, 2, 9, means a little darling.

My 5, 7, 6, is what your mother does with the needle.

My 1, 7, 5, 3, 2, is a girl's name.

My 3, 2, 9, is what the sun often does.

My 5, 4, 8, means to dine.

My whole is the shortest verse in the Bible.

Why is a goose like a cow's tail? Because they both grow down.

When were there only two vowels? In the days of No-a, before U and I were born.

"Happy is he who has learned this one thing: to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may cost."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Apache.

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 cent 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.