M Rolinger

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1889. NUMBER 16

AFTER THANKSGIVING.

We have finished the day's recreation,
And proven it to be very good.
The pies and the sweet-meats were faultless,
And the turkey was well understood.

Some we cherish, were in distant regions,
Yet we drew close beside them in thought,
And we send our Thanksgiving greetings,
To the friends who are never forgot.

Let us hope in the future, while sorry
That to-day's ceremonies are past,
Giving thanks for the plums in life's pudding,
Praying always the relish will last.

If the mince-pie of life is perfection,
And a larger piece falls to our share
Than our neighbor beside us is getting,
Let's divide and be honestly fair.

Showing always though holidays vanish,
And working days bring little rest,
That merry and true and inspiring,
Is the life at Carlisle, at its best.

By the way, when we kindly remember
Our friends and relations so dear,
"Uncle Sam" should not be forgotten,
By whose Fatherly care we are here.

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.)

I knew there would be a way to get the new house if father once made up his mind, and with a face the picture of determination he arose from the table, went out and down the ladder as I thought to look after the burros, they having had no attention since we were in the lock-up.

Still, a burro thrives better the less attention he gets, as a general thing, so we did not feel sorry about it.

My mother slept the sleep of one exhausted, and I sat and mused a moment or two after my father left, but the words of my farm mother, away in the east, came to me as clearly as if I had heard the dear lady speak "Come! This will not do!" the very thing she used to say to her own children as well as myself when we sat wasting time, and doing nothing.

I arose quickly, cleared off the table, carefully folded the newspapers, put them back in my trunk for next time, and thought:

"Dear, oh, dear! What shall I do for a table cloth when they are gone?"

Then I put some water in a boiler over the fire to heat, for now was my chance to wash that pile of clay plates, iron pans, pots, tin spoons, cups, and other eating utensils stacked away in the corner of the floor.

One would naturally suppose that using the same dishes day after day without proper washing would cause a filthy accumulation of dried food around the edges and in the corners and crevices.

The facts are, the ordinary Pueblo family does not have food in such superabundance and variety that they can afford to leave much sticking around the edges. Should a vestige of anything "smellable" be accidently overlooked the family dog visits the corner into which the dishes are shoved, and "does up the work."

I had seen our dogs do so more than once.

"Dogs up that ladder?" you say.

Yes, indeed. Some of the Pueblo dogs can climb ladders as well as people can. Our house was only on the top of ONE house, while some of them are piled up one on top of the other five or six rooms high.

They don't look like the four and five story houses we see in large cities, because the roof of each house makes the balcony for the one above it; so, you see, they look like adobé terraces, and it is pretty hard to climb up to the fifth house over the shaky ladders, with rounds so far apart that a child can hardly reach. But children and women and dogs and men go up and down without the least trouble, and as I said in the first part of my story rarely ever fall.

I do not believe that the Pueblo Indians have as many dogs as some other tribes.

Why, I heard my Pawnee friend Minnie.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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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.

People don't change their nature: but they change their desires, their ideal, their effort. —*Henry James.*

Renewal subscriptions for the INDIAN HELPER are considered the same as new in giving out premiums.

"Will you please tell me in the INDIAN HELPER if any of the girls at the school are taking music lessons?" SUBSCRIBER.

Yes, ten.

We still hear that Alice Cornelius who went to her Wisconsin home in the summer quite ill, is in excellent health, and to use her own language, "hard at work."

Note that the Apache baby's picture is no longer advertised. After the death of our little pet we had a number of pictures on hand, which have been disposed of.

Mrs. Nellie Nunn is still teaching among the Winnebagoes. Nellie has been one of the faithful ones since she went home several years ago, holding on to a good place and using her education for good.

Frank Locke writes from Rosebud Agency, Dakota, he is going to have charge of a Mission Station, sixty miles from the Agency. He feels the great responsibility of the work, and says "I know it will be hard work but I have confidence in what has been said to me, 'Whatever is hard to do and hard to get has much good in it." He speaks of some of the returned boys. Daniel Milk is still in the Commissary. Julian is in the harness-shop. Conrad is painting at the Agency. Ralph has just arrived from a travelling trip with a Medicine Company. Brule is happy, but is not working at his trade. He was offered $2.50 a week in a tin-shop, but he did not consider that enough pay to stop doing nothing. He says we are well. We suppose that includes Mrs. Locke—our Hope.

Taken from a letter Written by Theodore North.

I am always too busy at work in the Government barn ever since I returned. I often have thoughts toward you but could not write soon. I was pleased when I returned to see all my relatives in a way to live comfortable. Most every day I think over what you tell me and try to do by it, and remember it. The railroad is now almost here. It starts from Caldwell, and the cars run to King Fisher, and about a mile from Darlington the road is being built. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes don't like it well, because it cuts off their freighting where they generally make their money. They haul freight from Oklahoma which is thirty-five miles from Darlington. We think the freight trains won't come to this point till next fall. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes I have seen come with loads of corn to sell to the traders at twenty-five cents a bushel. I wish you would send me some of the newspapers—the Newtown and other papers, so I can hear from the folks in old Bucks. I like to hear from you sometimes.

A visitor at Carlisle who loves good English speaking, thinks the absence of slang at the school is remarkable. It would be impossible to find a school of white children that would compare with it.

Slang is like an infectious disease, and spreads rapidly, growing worse as it spreads. We've noticed only one little indication of the trouble, and that in itself was very harmless yet we do not like to hear even harmless slang. "My goodness!" or "O, mercy!" is not elegant English, when used before an exclamation point.

Mrs. Lutkins, for two years matron at the dining-hall has left Carlisle to accept the position as matron of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. Haskell is not a new place to Mrs. Lutkins as she was connected with that institution previous to coming to Carlisle. She will be near her home there which is in Topeka. May success crown her labors, is the wish of her friends at Carlisle.

Flora Pretty Lodge, sends 10 cents away from the Crow Agency, Montana, "for your welcome little INDIAN HELPER." She says she is working in a hotel and getting three dollars a week. She likes the place very much. That is the way she is helping her people, and it is the right way.

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.

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Mrs. Campbell and Don spent Wednesday in Lancaster.

Miss Irvine is on her winter rounds among girls in country homes.

Rev. Dr. Evans, of the Methodist Church in town preached for us Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Campbell is putting up a telephone between the office and the new stable. It has magneto bells and is something entirely new.

How strange! The majority of the ladies belonging to the Teachers' Club voted for study hour the night of the lecture in town on Love, Courtship and Marriage.

The young gentlemen on the reception committee at the sociable did themselves great credit in the exceedingly polite and attentive way they managed the guests as they arrived.

Enigmas are like pepper in a pot-pie, a little is good, but you must not put too much in. We have enough enigmas on hand now to last a long time; the choice ones will have their turn.

"The Man-on-the-band-stand must get his boys to mend the board walk, if he wants the pupils to hold up their heads when they are walking. It is like wending ones way to town on the railroad track," says one of our girls.

Dr. Samuel J. Barrows, editor of the *Christian Register* has been and gone. Dr. Barrows entertained the school most delightfully on Wednesday evening by giving us something new in the way of talk, which was most interesting and instructive.

Mrs. Mason Pratt left for Johnstown, Monday, to join her husband who is in business there with the Johnstown Steel Rail Company. Mr. Pratt has since been ordered to Washington, D. C. on business for the company to remain several weeks, and Mrs. Pratt will accompany him.

The spider-web paragraph of a week or two ago in the HELPER caused a general tear-up, break-down, and clear-out at the garrison of the work of these industrious little creatures. But one spider was honored by having his pencil portrait taken at work, near where Jemima must have been sitting, and it was presented to the chief clerk. It shall be framed. Jemima is great on spider-webs she having discovered one even in the printing office sanctum.

Little Nina hopes "Santa Closet" will bring her something nice for Christmas. We hope the dear old gentleman will remember her. There ought to be more "little Ninas" at Carlisle. It is refreshing after school hours when the children are playing, to see the girls take turn at "being Mother" to Nina. Each one wants to tuck a corner of her cloak around the little thing to keep her warm, and take her out walking with a matronly air. It would be well to place a little child in the big boys quarters, too. It would go far to teach them gentleness, and chivalry for some helpless one.

Clayton Brave is on the Pacific coast.

Institute this week, and we have had many and handsome young lady teachers to visit us.

Mr. George Foulk was sick for a day or so but is out again on duty. What would we do with out George?

That delicious cake eaten at the sociable was baked by the cooking class girls, the Man-on-the-band- stand would have you understand.

Mr. Goodyear has returned in time to hang his stocking up for Christmas. We are glad to see him back, and hope the year 1890 will be a good year for us *all*.

Miss Noble has returned from her vacation and is again found at her old stand at three o' clock in the mornings and all times between, superintending the viand department.

The boys and girls not invited to the Standard sociable Thanksgiving evening had a good time as well, looking at our Magic Lantern pictures thrown upon canvas by Calcium light, manipulated by Mr. Given and Chester Cornelius.

Thanksgiving dinner at the Teachers' Club was a genuine success. Miss. Rote's good taste arranged the vegetables in charming order on the sideboard, while the good taste of the whole party re-arranged the viands on the table. Thanksgiving always brings thoughts of friends, especially the friendly Turkey.

Miss McAdam, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, is now one of our corps of workers. She at present has charge of the dining-hall, until the person to take Mrs. Lutkin's place arrives. Miss McAdam is a daughter of a retired Army officer, and has had large frontier experience. For several years she served as teacher in the Government School at Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota,

The sociable the Standards gave in the old Chapel was good. The tastefully wrought "Welcome" in evergreen was appreciated; so were the confections. The lemonade was—well it was lemonade. The young ladies and gentleman enjoyed themselves after the manner of other young folks on similar occasions. The serenade of the Invincibles was not lost. They showed themselves to be truely Invincibles, as they stood in the blast outside, turning a cold shoulder to the falling snow.

Details for December were put into operation Monday morning. Some were pleased with their work assigned, some were not, as is always the case. How good it is to be content with what is given us to do, and to do our very best, even if it is picking up pins! If we work pleasantly and do the smallest things well, some one may be taking notice who may some day have influence to give us a big work where good pay comes. If we are careless in the least thing it may tell against us, and be in our way all our life. It never pays to be careless.

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(*Continued from the First Page.*)

say one day at school that their people have hundreds of dogs.

"Where do they stay all the time, and what do they eat?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "they stay in the tent with the rest of us, and eat the same that we eat. Indeed, many an old Indian woman has gone hungry that the dogs might not starve. Don't your dogs stay in the tent with you?" she asked.

"We do not live in tents," I replied.

It seemed hard to make the girls understand what kind of queer houses some of the Pueblos do live in.

"Our dogs come into the houses, though," I said, "but the best place they like to get is in the outside oven where we bake bread."

I did not see anything so very funny about that remark, but Minnie laughed heartily.

"The very idea," she said, "of dogs being in a bake oven!"

"Yes," I continued, "The ovens are just like little houses with round roofs, and just the right size for five or six dogs.

"They look so comfortable in there, too, with their shaggy heads lying close to the little hole made to put the bread in. And they don't like to be disturbed, either when the bread has to be baked."

But, as I was saying, there was not a great deal of hard dry waste on the pans and pots and dishes, I knew how unclean they must be, however, and while my mother slept was the chance for me to wash them.

But where should I get a dish-cloth?

Not a rag about that I could use for that purpose.

I could not do as the girls at school said their mammas did, wipe out the dishes with dry prairie grass, for not a blade of grass grew upon the rocks where our village was built.

And they said, too, that when their mammas preferred a rag to grass they tore a piece off of their skirt, the garment next the body being the one used to supply the family with rags and strings.

No, I could not do that, but what? That is the question?

"I know" said I to myself, a happy thought striking me. There is that old calico dress in my trunk.

I was half angry with my school-mother as I stood by her side at Carlisle while she was packing my trunk and filling in the chinks with old garments that I thought were of no use, but they were clean, and had my name on, and now I know in the kindness of her heart she thought they might be of some use to me away out here, and she would put them in instead of throwing them away.

How I did thank her as I took the old dress out of my trunk and tore it up into cloths, one for a towel to dry the dishes and one to wash them with!

As I sat by the fire-place on the floor, for I did not want to black my table, I could not help thinking how shocked my farm mother would be if she saw me that minute washing dishes on the floor with a piece of calico dress, and drying them with another piece, when she taught me to keep the dish-cloth in a certain place, and it must be SO clean, and the dish towels were kept as white as snow all the time.

"Well," I said to myself, "this is the very best I can do just now. If I do the very best I can all the time, I don't care what any one says. I will keep these calico rags clean anyhow, if they are *not* white."

"The very first chance I get and the first money I get I shall buy towels."

And I went on talking to myself as I worked:

"If the girls at Carlisle would buy useful things they might need when they go home, instead of spending their money for ribbons and rings and fine shoes, and other things they are so often advised not to buy, how much more sensible it would be!"

I wished, too, as I worked there on the floor that I was a Carlisle girl again, getting ready to come home. I could now buy what I need. I would lay in a stock of towels, and a dish-cloth or two, after this bitter experience."

"In the midst of my reveries my mother awoke. Poor woman! She looked so sick and tired.

"Where is your father?" she asked, looking around in a bewildered way.

"He went out some time ago, and I don't see why he doesn't come back," I replied anxiously.

(*To be Continued.*)

Enigma.

I have 9 letters.

My 6, 9, 1, is a kind of meat.

My 1, 5, 7, 3, is an adjective applied to sneaking persons.

My 4, 2, 3, 7, is a girl's name.

My 8, 5, is a masculine pronoun.

My whole is a celebrated falls of the United States, having an Indian name.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Jesus wept.

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 4½x6½ 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 3-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.