

The Indian Helper.

622

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

VOLUME V. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1890. NUMBER 21.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN DISCUSSED BY THE INDIAN BOYS' AND GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETIES.

After the Debate.



HEN that long debate was ended,
All my brain was in a whirl;
Scarcely knew I when 'twas over
What are rights of boy or girl.

But there came to me a vision
Of an Indian maid I know,
Bending low to plant potatoes
With a heavy awkward hoe,

On a narrow strip of creek shore;
While her brother, young and strong,
Lying on the bank below her
Cheered her with his Indian song.

Later in the year I saw her
When the winter winds blew chill,
Bind together with a deer-thong
Broken branches from the hill.

Load her back like beast of burden;
Totter with her load of wood
Toward the home far down the valley,
Where her noble brother stood,

Waiting, in his manly vigor
To be warmed and cheered and fed,
By his sister's weary labor.
Ah! A dreary life she led.

* * * * *

Time has passed, and lo, at Carlisle
Is the maid I knew before;
And her brother stands before her,
Both debating o'er and o'er,

What are "woman's rights and station,
What the work for her designed,
Tall, erect, the young man argued,
"She my equal is in mind,

Let her learn to read and cipher,
Learn to cook, and sew for me;
But, my sister as a farmer,
Smith or stoker, cannot be.

God has made my back the stronger.
I shall bear life's loads for you."
Sweetly piped his little sister,
"I am strong, my brother, too."

How I smiled behind my song book!
"Woman's rights" were plain to see;
But the boy had argued strongly
For his rights, it seemed to me.

And a long, long stride, he'd taken
Toward the manhood of his dream.

Far behind him in the distance,
All his savage past would seem.

When they cheered they thought me clapping
For the girls with all my might;
But the truth is, I was cheering
For the boy, who knew "his right."

TEACHERS' QUARTERS.

DO INDIAN PUPILS AFTER A FEW YEARS' AT SCHOOL IN THE EAST LOSE ALL NAT- URAL AFFECTION FOR THEIR PARENTS?

At the last Lake Mohonk Conference, Henry Kendall, a Pueblo Indian, answered the above question, and his answer is based upon experience. He said in an address before that distinguished company of men and women:

"Generally the idea is among the whites that when we are taken away from our people we shall lose respect for them, that we feel above them, that we do not care for them. But I, for my part, say that, since I have been separated from my parents, I respect them more and I love them more."

In the same address, he gave some experiences which we are sure will interest our readers. Hence, from the recently published report of the proceedings of the Lake Mohonk Conference, we have selected the following from the

Address of Henry Kendall.

Friends, a good deal has been said about Indian schools. I think I will take a little time in giving my experience of the schools I have attended.

I attended a Catholic mission school, and I have attended a government school. In the Catholic school, which I attended for eight months, learning how to read Spanish, nothing was taught in English.

There I learned how to pray, but the prayers were carried a little too far for me.

My father needed me. He had a herd that needed attention.

There was my mother who needed help. I was not ashamed to help my mother, be it in the kitchen or be it in any other place.

With my parents I took a trip up the Rio

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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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.

It is a weakness to think "I cannot do this or that because I was born an Indian."

Please always write the word "RENEWAL" opposite the name of every subscription sent, if the name has been on our books in the last year.

We need not expect ever to be successful in any big work if we cannot learn to use our heads in the little things we have to do.

George Williams whose country home is in Bucks County sends money for both HELPER and *Red Man*, this week. Nothing slow about George.

The Normal School Literary Society of the Millersville State Normal School, where Clara Faber and Cecilia Londrosch attend will hold its 33rd Anniversary on the 31st inst. Elegant cards of invitation have been issued, a peep of the one Clara sent to her school-father here having been stolen by the Man-on-the-band-stand. Miss Ely claims the distinguished honor of having been one of the original members of the Society.

William Archiquette has left the printing-office, and Martin L. Smith, until recently known as Chief Big Bone, has entered, in his place. Martin makes a good beginning. William says he now belongs to the scrub committee. That is only until he makes choice of another trade more suited to his taste than printing. William is a good hearted, obedient boy, and his brother printers wish him well.

A very nice letter from Annette has been received wherein she tells of her happy life in the country. She claims to have a good home and is very much pleased with learning to cook and bake and milk and all kinds of house work. When we think of Annette as she came only a few years ago with no knowledge of English and knowing nothing of civilized work, we can but open our eyes with wonder and feel as much delight as she seems to.

Married.

WHEELOCK—POWLAS—To-day, at four o'clock P.M. at the residence of James A. Wheelock, Oneida, Wisconsin, Mr. Charles Wheelock, to Miss Julia Powlas.

Both Julia and Charlie have many friends at Carlisle who rejoice with them in their happy start in life, and the Man-on-the-band-stand's heart is full to overflowing with good wishes.

On the 11th inst., Cut Nose one of the chiefs of the Cheyennes, father of Bird and Julia Seward, died. He was a good progressive Indian, and favored taking land in severalty.

President Harrison has urgently recommended the transfer to the Indian Territory of the Apache prisoners now held at Mt. Vernon Barracks.

We have had another treat which never could have come to us had our school been on a reservation, as the chiefs want. Prof. Schurr's collection of stuffed birds, animals, reptiles and rare insects set in the most artistic style in glass cases, some of which had handsomely painted back ground of beautiful landscape, were truly exquisite. The butterflies and beetles, the humming-birds and parrots, we could have gazed at for days in wondering admiration. Never was anything more beautiful than the play of light upon the wings of the butterflies. The collection was worth \$25,000, and made from every quarter of the known world. The Professor's lectures were full of instruction and deeply interesting. We thank him and hope he may come again sometime.

The Man-on-the-band-stand witnessed the actions of some brave boys last Saturday morning. After Prof. Schurr's valuable boxes of specimens had been packed for shipment to the railroad, the black mules which were hitched to the wagon started on the run for, nobody knows where. The lines were down, too, and the situation ugly. Instead of jumping off, as one of the boys did when they first started, three of the boys hung on to the cases to keep them from falling off, and it was hard work, too, as the wicked mules ran across the road and over the young trees back of the teachers' quarters. Laban Lo-co-jim saw what was wanted and started for the team. He could not possibly reach the bridles, the mules held their heads so high, but he managed to keep pace with them and pommelled their necks till they were glad to shy up against the fence where he could get hold of the bridle reins and stop them, after being dragged some distance, kicking and jerking with all his might.

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.

Mrs. Standing has been quite ill with the La Grippe but is recovering.

Snow at last and the little fellows with sleds enjoy it to their hearts' content.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has had a great deal of company this week. He does not like the company of bad boys, at all.

Some one says that the weather has the grip, but since the real winter has commenced we hear no more such smart speeches.

The convalescents at the hospital were treated to ice cream and cake by Richenda, yesterday morning, after her party the evening before.

Miss Ely's fall on the board walk Saturday morning might have been very serious. As it was she wore a big bump on the forehead. She says the walk flew up and hit her.

Word from Mrs. Pratt says that she arrived at Denver, safely, after about fifteen hours detention on account of snow drifts near Dodge City, Kansas. She was quite ill when she first arrived.

The gayest little five o'clock tea of the season gathered at Capt. Pratt's house, on Wednesday evening. Twenty-five little white folks and little Indian folks and little colored folks make a very merry party. The brilliant parlor, the ice-cream and cake and other good things prepared by "Noble" hands, the games and fun and all, filled the tiny hearts with pleasure. Richenda was a real little woman through it all making her guests as happy as happy could be.

After a severe illness of several weeks Charlie Dagenett recovered sufficiently to go to his home in Indian Territory. Charlie left in the best of spirits last Thursday night, fully expecting to return, next fall to finish the Carlisle course. That he may return, strong and well is the sincere wish of his many friends left behind.

LATER.—A postal card from Charley said he arrived home safely, and suffered no inconvenience from the long journey except a little tiredness.

The debate? Every one will of course want to know what the Man-on-the-band-stand thought of the conflict last Friday night between the Girls' Literary Society and the Standard Debating Club, on the question of the privilege which should be granted to women. There is only one thought to advance. It was a masterly effort on the part of both societies, and a most enjoyable occasion. The principal speakers, Affirmative Jemima Wheelock, Rosa Bourassa, and Eva Johnson; Negative, George Means, Nicholas Ruleau and Carl Leider, each acquitted herself and himself most creditably. The judges decided that the girls advanced the best argument. Besides the debate we were treated to a song by Julia Dorris, who surprised every one by her sweet voice; a declamation by Robert Matthews, and a lively piano selection, by Veronica Holliday. Levi Levering, President of the Standards, presided.

Jack Frost is ready with his brush
To paint your nose and ears,
He'll touch them first a crimson tinge
You'll feel them just begin to twinge
Before the white appears.

Miss Mary Anthony was seriously ill with Pneumonia at the hospital, and we are pleased to report that she is better.

Mrs. Mason Pratt arrived last evening from Johnstown. Mr. Pratt is again ordered west to be gone an indefinite period.

The first thing that Nina said when she found herself at Richenda's party was, "When we going to eat the little party?"

We are pleased to note that Edith Abner who has been dangerously ill with Pneumonia, is, through skillful nursing and doctoring out of danger.

Our new mule team are the friskiest government mules we ever saw. On Wednesday morning they broke the tongue to the Herdic as the folks were going to market.

Mr. and Mrs. James Q. Atkinson, of Montgomery County, who are visiting their nephew Mr. Lewis Butcher of Carlisle, called at the school on Wednesday and renewed acquaintance with Miss Ely.

During Edith Abner's illness Esther Miller has taken her place as a student in the High School in town, which gives Eva Johnson company in her walks back and forth, and brings rosy cheeks to both of the girls these cold days.

The new part to the Teachers' Quarters is nearly completed, and we will possibly eat our first meal therein before another Sunday comes after next Sunday. The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes that he may have the pleasure of eating a meal with the teachers when that joyous day comes.

Two of the boys who came in from farms with bad records have been fined by the courts martial which tried them. One had to pay twelve dollars, another five into the Library Fund; and, then, they work at the school six months without pay, and are not allowed to go to town nor attend sociables for six months.

The hospital has grown to be an attractive place in spite of the Grip which has filled so many of the beds. The children are learning that go to the hospital means good care and recovery, and really "good times" in spite of pain. For the convalescent there are music and games, books and story papers. And for the very sick who cannot read, there is a white dove. They have but to leave the window down at the top and the dove flies noiselessly in like a heavenly messenger bringing hope and sunshine. He will stay all day sometimes, sit on the hand or breast of a sick child and look at him with its sweet expressive eyes. He loves to be caressed and to pick up the crumbs of toast which fall on the coverlet. Nobody brought him to the hospital he "just came" himself. He has found his mission.

(Continued from the First Page.)

Grande, where a feast was held by the Indians.

In coming back, I met a boy. He was attending the mission school at Albuquerque.

I saw that he was dressed in citizen's clothes, and had shorn hair, and looked clean.

I spoke to my father, and asked him if I could not stay there with the teachers.

He said, No.

I insisted upon it before we got out of town.

Well, he thought he might quiet me by going back to the school.

At last, I persuaded him to let me stay there.

In a few days, I saw some pictures that were sent from Carlisle. The boys were dressed in uniform, and attracted more attention than did the boys that I saw at the mission school. Then I heard there were some children going there. I was determined to go with the crowd.

My parents came down to Albuquerque, and they did all in their power to persuade me not to leave New Mexico. But all the reasons that they could give could not persuade me.

They stayed until the last moment.

The children were to start on Monday, and they were there all the week.

Sunday evening, I told them that, if they would not let me go, I was going to run away with the party.

At last, they consented.

I left them with tears in their eyes, thinking they would never see me again.

They always thought that one going away from the Indian country would be just entrapped by the whites, and never return.

Four years afterwards, I was sent back. Then they shed tears of joy to see the improvement that I had received in Carlisle; and they were only too glad that I should return to that school and finish my education.

As to the different things different parties have done for me, the government has done everything that I could wish, and is doing it to this day.

As for the missionaries, you see what they have done for me. They have given me the name of the most honored one of their number, I might say; and I have been trying all this time not to dishonor the name, but to come up to time, to fill his place.

Through the influence of Captain Pratt, I entered the grammar school at Rutgers College two years ago.

Last summer I graduated from it.

There were some thirty in the class.

Seven of the members failed to pass their examination.

Now, I am not going to say, because I passed with my eighty-five, that I am a little smarter than they, but to say that the Indian, when he has a fair chance side by side with the white, is able to hold his ground and pass through the same trials.

The diploma that I received there carried me into college this year. I intend to go through, if my health is spared by the Almighty; for, I think, as long as I have health and ambition, there are plenty of friends to help me, and, if I have my health, I shall be able to help myself to a certain extent.

To study law is my ambition; but, as to what I am going to do after getting through, I think it will be better shown when I get through and get to practical work than to say it now. In conclusion, I may say that we students of Carlisle, I might say that we students of the East, in the future may solve the Indian problem.

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters,

My 9, 8, 4, is what an Indian or any other man may become if he drinks whiskey.

My 1, 3, 6, is what an Indian rarely ever is obliged to wear on the head.

My 10, 7, 5, 5, is a pronoun that some of our boys and girls in the country are learning to use.

My 9, 2, 8, 8, 4, is what Indian boys at home early learn to do.

My whole is the name of a prominent chief of Lower Brule Agency, who recently visited the school.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Hollow Horned Bull.

A Puzzle.

From six you take nine, and from nine you take ten; then from forty take fifty, and six will remain.

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 $9 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8×10 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.