

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1890.

NUMBER 27.

SOUVENIR SONG.

Dedicated to Capt. R. H. Pratt, by Carlisle Devotees.

On the evening before Capt. Pratt's departure for Japan, a banquet was given him by the officers and employees of the school. Before the party separated, the following parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket" was sung by all hands, each member of the company having a printed copy.

(Tune, The Old Oaken Bucket.)

How dear to my heart are the scenes of Carlisle School,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The Guard-house, the Band-stand, the trees and parade ground,
And every Oneida, Comanche and Sioux.
The office and orderlies standing beside it,
The tricky old side-walk, where Miss Ely fell,
The desk in my office, the book-case so nigh it,
And e'en the old banner we all knew so well.
The star-spangled banner, the wind-tattered banner,
The old Carlisle banner we all loved so well.

The brown "Western" mail-bag, with bill-lane treasure,
For often at noon when the dinner was spent
We found it the source of exquisite pleasure,
The foldest or leanest that ever was sent.
And there was the tin shop, where just before Christmas,
I made the tin dippers they all liked so well,
And there was my residence close to the Chapel,
The first little Chapel, where swung the old bell,
The neat little Chapel, the steam-heated Chapel,
The deserted old Chapel, where swung the old bell.

How sweet, when I've been far away, to behold it
As clear and imposing it came into view!
Not a palace in Japan could tempt me to leave it
On old the old Station a find alien,
And if far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret would intrusively swell:
My fancy would turn to the Garrison yonder,
And sigh for the Barracks we all knew so well.
The old Army Barracks, the mile over Barracks,
The old Carlisle Barracks we all loved so well.

CAN A CARLISLE SCHOOL EVER BE BUILT UP- ON OR NEAR AN INDIAN RESERVATION?

From a Person of Forty Years' Experience.

A dear friend of the school and a friend of the Indians, who, after long and active missionary work among the Indians and after several years' efficient service at Carlisle, retired to her home in Iowa, now

writes the following interesting letter, knowing whereof she speaketh:

M. O. T. B. S.—DEAR SIR: Was it imagination, or did I hear you laugh out as you listened from your stand, when the chiefs were speaking in the chapel, to hear American Horse say he wished Capt. Pratt would go to his land and establish a school like Carlisle there?

Was I right in judging that you laughed because you know how utterly impossible it is for such a school as Carlisle to be conducted on an Indian reservation, in this generation?

I suppose your visual line has not so wide a horizon as reaches to those reservations, but your chief clerk has no doubt exultantly repeated to you the ease with which she labors within the enclosure of Carlisle Barracks, and the far richer results of her toil, compared with her life near an Indian village.

And you have data upon which to ground your private opinion in this matter, based upon the appearance of the groups of newly arrived pupils as they march by you, compared with that into which they rapidly develop under their new environments.

When they have been cleansed from their filth and vermin and becomingly clothed, how could they retain their cleanly appearance, if, every time they went out of doors, they were liable to be embraced and wrapped in a filthy blanket by some loving friend who rejoiced to see them after their absence for a day more or less?

How could they be properly disciplined, if, when reproved, they, by weeping, could bring to their side some one to sympathize with them and elude the disciplinarian?

When could they have it impressed upon them that it is a virtue to be industrious and strive to excel in every department of their work, and when could they be induced to act upon the impression until it becomes a principle of action, if, on every side there stood those whom they loved or feared, who derided them for this servility, as they would deem it.

How could they learn the value of time, if at

(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.

Say "RENEWAL" when you renew, please, and please renew.

A person wishes to know if we print the HELPER in German. Hardly.

The more business one has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Some people can receive praise and go along about their business just as though they had never heard a word.

Randal Delchey is again heard from. He says he and the rest of the San Carlos boys are well and doing well.

The INDIAN HELPER and the *Red Man* have just received their "Diplome Commemoratif," from the Paris Exposition.

Charlie Dagenett writes from the Ottawa Reservation a cheerful letter, and his friends may be glad to see part of it. He says, "I get lonesome for Carlisle. I was much surprised Sunday last, to see Miss Campbell and the girls. I had no idea of seeing them but went to the train to meet others, and was very glad to see them. I had the pleasure of escorting Miss Campbell around over the country. It is indeed a pleasure to return some of the kindness extended to me at Carlisle, by the many friends there. I have not got the INDIAN HELPER since I came home and I get very lonesome for it. I enclose ten cents for subscription. I hope to go back there by September and finish my education. I hate to be out of school but for my health, which is improving. I am glad to hear that the Captain is going to take a vacation. Give my love to all my friends."

A PRIZE WORTH WORKING FOR.

The word "reluctantly" was written on the blackboard in School-Room No. 6. and the pupils were told to see how many words they could make from the letters that were in it. There were several who made over twenty, a few over thirty, but Mack Red Wolf reached the highest number, making forty-two correct words. We think it a good exercise for spelling, and wish to give all our subscribers big and little, white, black, and red the fun of trying to beat Mack, and Mack the chance to beat himself. Hence,

The person sending to the INDIAN HELPER on or before the 1st day of April next, the largest number of words correctly spelled, made from the word "RELUCTANTLY" will receive a prize of a clear, well-taken photograph on card 10x17 inches of either the "Standard" or "Invincible" Debating Society, according to choice. These pictures take in the most advanced members of our school. Each photograph is worth fifty cents.

OBSERVE: 1. The words must be written plainly in columns, and numbered.

2. No letter of the word, except "l" and "t" may be used twice in the same word.

If "resemble" means like, as one of the girls found when consulting the dictionary why is it not proper to say as she did, "I resemble" very much to be at home?"

We have many letters again this week complimenting our little paper, which makes the dear old man's heart rejoice. Extracts from some will have to be printed in the coming *Red Man* for they are certainly too good to be filed without notice.

Blanche Wilgus is a little girl seven years old. She says she goes to school at the Indian school at Yakama Agency, Washington. That school celebrated Washington's birth-day with songs, speeches and a good dinner. The Indians on the reservation are pretty good people, she says, and she wishes our little paper a success. Miss Blanche proves it by sending ten cents.

The right spirit for a school-boy to have: "Teacher, I will say it over a hundred times, if you want me to."

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.

Mr. Mason Pratt spent Sunday at home.

Mr. Standing's and Miss Ely's offices are undergoing a thorough renovating.

Col. Cooper, a newly appointed Special Indian Agent, has been with us this week.

The last heard from Capt. Pratt he had reached Kansas City safely.

Mr. and Mrs. Elyburgess have invested in a brand-new Remington type-writer.

Miss Seabrook has gone to Ohio for a week to attend the golden wedding of a friend.

George Thomas, who returned from a farm Tuesday evening is going home, and he pays his own way.

Miss Fisher went to Phila. Wednesday to spend several days among the schools of the city, Miss Burgess going with her.

The sparrows are beginning to talk about housekeeping, and the buds on the trees before the cold spell were ready to burst forth with the thought of Spring.

The select company at the Grinnells for tea, Monday evening thoroughly enjoyed their repast served in such unique and poetic fashion that it beggars description.

Miss Wood and Miss McAdam have moved from their temporary quarters in Capt. Pratt's house to the rooms vacated by Miss Rote and family, over the old dining-hall and kitchen.

The litter just outside of the guard-house gate is attracting the attention of strangers. The Man-on-the-band-stand heard one say one day, "What an introduction to such nice grounds."

Irene Campbell is in Philadelphia for a few weeks under medical treatment for the spine. We are pleased to see the dear little child getting well and strong. Only a short time ago she could not walk.

Mr. Campbell left on Monday for Montana where he will visit several Indian Agencies and accept what suitable pupils there are in that direction who wish to come to Carlisle. He has been heard from several times en-route.

Henry Kendall has arrived at his home in New Mexico, and expects to find some temporary work in Albuquerque while recruiting in health. His friends advise him to go on a ranch for a time. He spent Washington's birth-day at the Government school, Albuquerque, saw Sam. Keryte and other friends. Lorenzo Martinez had been at work in a printing office in Albuquerque but just now all the printers are on a strike, and Lorenzo has gone to Santa Fe.

It looks as though we were to have our winter weather during spring. We woke up yesterday morning to find it quite cold and the ground covered with snow.

Oh, Oh, Oh, Cobwebs again, and in a room taken care of by an Indian girl. Remember, Where cob-webs grow, There will come no beau.

Miss Anthony who is filling Miss Seabrook's place at the hospital is doing well and cheerful order reigns. She is one of those quiet bodies who "do not sound a trumpet before them" but whose work is appreciated all the same.

The other night as the line of pupils reaching from school-rooms to quarters were marching to study hour some one started whistling "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and most of the young regiment joined in, filling the air with the grand old song.

The marching of the small boys at play, Tuesday night, in imitation of their blind brothers, made amusement for themselves as well as for the lookers on. Not one in the line, however, would wish to be deprived of his eyesight and be obliged to march in that way.

When Capt. Pratt left on Friday evening to go on his long trip to Japan, hundreds of pupils and employees sent words of good cheer after their leader, as he passed out of sight, while the girls from their balcony started up the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," which was pretty and appropriate.

Captain Pratt, Mr. Campbell, Miss Burgess, Miss Fisher, and Miss Seabrook all gone. And yet the school machinery runs without stopping. No friction, no fear, no losing of force. Who can show a better state of things? Respect for what is right governs at Carlisle. We are proud of our students, and they may well hold up their heads in self respect.

Miss Campbell arrived Saturday evening from Missouri. She says Edith Abner whom she took home, sick was left with relatives in Seneca, and was very comfortable. She saw many of the parents and friends of most of our Quapaw Agency girls. She found them living in comfortable homes. They all sent greetings of love to their children and expressed a great deal of appreciation for what Carlisle is doing for them.

Last Thursday evening was certainly full. Besides the Graduating class tea, and banquet, the Invincibles gave an entertainment in the chapel. It was a mock trial, the would-be lawyers, witnesses, jury, court-crier judge, and other notable characters, including the prisoner, certainly taking their respective parts well. There is one criticism to make and that is, none of the talk was loud enough to be heard all over the house, which detracted much from the interest of the occasion.

(Continued from the First Page.)

every turn they saw loiterers who seemed to them to prove that time is of no value?

How could they learn the value of money, if they saw it continually wasted in the purchase of ornamental gew-gaws, which they greatly admire, even though the purchaser stood in the sore need of proper food and clothing?

Or, if they had gained a thought of its value and wished to act upon it they must be branded as being "Poor and stingy," as being "No brave"?

You have, no doubt, learned that to be poor and lack boundless generosity is with Indians to be lowest among the low.

But I may not make my letter too long, though I have only hinted at the difficulties which surround those who teach schools on Indian reservations, the knowledge of which I suppose provoked your laughter.

As the array flitted before you, you could not help saying, "Ha! Ha!! Ha!!! A school like Carlisle with all its system and order and progress, its environment, yes, and English Speaking, too, on an Indian reservation"

Can it be in this generation?

A-TE-KA.

HORSE STEALING AS A SCIENCE.

While it is just as wrong for Indians to steal horses as for any other people, still they do not in the uneducated state consider it wrong to steal horses from an enemy.

They have it down to a science, too, as the following story given by a person then on the grounds will illustrate.

The time was 11 years ago, one dark night.

United States soldiers had been chasing Indians on the war-path.

The soldiers were in their camping grounds and all their horses corralled for the night.

(A corral is a yard or small lot with a high fence around it.)

A man was placed on guard at the corral and all night long he walked around with good gun on his shoulder ready to shoot the first Indian who should try to steal the horses.

When the first peep of dawn appeared in the East, the soldier, weary and thirsty, went to the well to get a drink.

The well was only a little way from the corral.

After he drank, he went into the house where the rest of the guard were, to rouse one of them to take his place.

The guard was not absent from the corral five minutes, but when he went back, the corral was empty. Not a horse was in sight.

The Indians had stolen, not one horse, but the whole herd almost under the noses of their enemy.

How was it done?

When the soldiers were no longer enemies, the Indian who did the stealing, told just how he accomplished what seemed to all concerned, a most wonderful feat.

As soon as it was dark he crawled under the shelter of low bushes as close to the corral fence as he could get.

He lay very flat on the ground, and every time the guard came around where he was he lay very still, scarcely breathing.

When the guard was on the other side of the corral the Indian worked at the rails of the strong fence and made them loose.

He worked at the fence all night long, patiently, quietly, skillfully, and when the soldier went for his drink that was the Indian's time. The fence was dropped immediately, the best horse jumped bare-back, and the herd driven out of sight and from all possibility of capture.

While this deed is not a good one for us to pattern after yet from it we may learn a very useful lesson.

When we think we have watched ourselves carefully for a long time or even for a short time, and done nothing specially wrong, then there comes a moment when we are not on guard, and that is the time there slips in from some mysterious realm an evil desire. It takes complete possession of our thoughts and we do a thing that blots a curse upon our whole life.

The ungarded moments are the ones that the devil lies close to the fence to capture.

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 4, 1, 2, 3, is the number of bases in a base-ball game.

My 5, 2, 7, is to drag.

My 7, 6, 7, is to stop the mouth.

My whole is what every one who lives under the protection of this grand Government ought to respect.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Play Marbles for Keeps.

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 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.