

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1889.

NUMBER 5.

(Selected for the HELPER by request.)

## THE SINGER'S ALMS.

### An Incident in the Life of the Great Tenor, Mario.

N Lyons, on the mart of that French town,  
Years since, a woman leading a fair child,  
Craved a small alms of one, who, walking down  
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and smiled  
To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul;  
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.  
His guardian angel warned him not to lose  
This chance of pearl to do another good;  
So, as he waited, sorry to refuse  
The asked for penny, there aside he stood,  
And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,  
He covered his kind face and sung his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane of commerce,  
Where the singer stood, was filled,  
And many paused, and, listening, paused again  
To hear the voice that through and through them thrilled.  
I think the guardian angel helped along  
That cry for pity, woven in a song.

\* \* \* \* \*

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon  
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears  
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,  
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.  
The singer, pleased, passed on and softly thought,  
"Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage:  
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,  
And flowers rained on him; naught could assuage  
The tumult of the welcome save the song  
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,  
For the two beggars in the marketplace.

HENRY ABBEY.

### HOW AN INDIAN GIRL MIGHT TELL HER OWN STORY IF SHE HAD THE CHANCE.

The facts as given below are known by the  
Man-on-the-band-stand to be true, and in sub-  
stance, the experience is similar to that of  
many an Indian girl whom he knows about.

In this instance if the girl could speak for  
herself she might relate as follows:

"When I was told at Carlisle that I could go  
to my home in the West—a place I had not  
seen for five years—I was truly delighted; and  
all the time I was packing my trunk, and all  
along the way when we as a merry crowd were  
laughing and having a good time, at every  
thought of home and mother and father and

the friends I should find on my arrival, my  
heart gave a great thump of joy.

After five days and nights of travel, every  
mile of which I enjoyed, for we were made so  
very comfortable in the cars, and we saw so  
many things that then I could understand  
about, in the middle of one hot afternoon the  
train stopped at the station at which I was to  
get off, and I realized that I was at the end of  
my railroad travel.

My father and mother who were at the sta-  
tion waiting for their daughter rushed in my  
direction as soon as they saw me standing on  
the platform.

Talking Indian as fast as they could they  
tried to help me from the train.

My father took my valise and my mother  
seizing me by the arm, threw her head upon  
my shoulders and cried for joy.

Was I as glad to see them as I thought I  
should be?

I must confess that instead, I was shocked  
and surprised at the sight that met my eyes.

"My father? My mother?" cried I desper-  
ately within. "No; Never!" I thought, and I  
actually turned my back upon them.

I had forgotten that home Indians had such  
grimy faces.

I had forgotten that my mother's hair al-  
ways looked as though it had never seen a  
comb.

I had forgotten that she wore such a short  
queer-looking bag for a dress, and such a sack  
for a waist, and such buckskin wrappings for  
shoes and leggings.

"My mother?" I cried, this time aloud.

I could not help it, and at the same time I  
rushed frantically into the arms of my school-  
mother, who had taken me home, and I  
remembered then as I never did before how  
kind she had always been to us. I threw my  
arms around her neck and cried bitterly, and  
begged of her to let me get on the train again.

"I cannot go with that woman," I pleaded.

My school-mother in a voice so tender I  
shall never forget, said, "My dear girl, you

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

# The Indian Helper.

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62 The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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.

**LILLY CORNELIUS AND ANNIE THOMAS AT  
ALMA COLLEGE, MICH.**

Annie writes: "You can just imagine how happy I am to have Lilly with me this evening. She came when I didn't expect her. I went to the Post Office never thinking that Lilly would be on the 10:30 train, but she was, and the poor girl had no one to meet her at the depot. She was right in front of me coming up from town but I did not recognize her at all.

The students are coming in very fast. There was a general shaking of hands going on. Boys shout out, "Hello, Smith, John, Joe, etc. It seems so nice to see them all so glad to see each other: I like Alma very well and I think that Lilly will like it after she gets acquainted. They all try to make us feel at home and we are very happy together.

## OUR GIRLS.

Bertha Nason, writes: "I am now attending the State Normal School, at St. Cloud, Minn. Although we have to study hard we have jolly times. I came here the 22nd of August for examination. Delia went back to Earlham College last week.

On our way home we went to different parts of Chicago. From Aiken to Grand Rapids we went by steamboat and it took us two days. If we had been in Pennsylvania two days longer we would have been in that dreadful Johnstown flood. Madge is going to school at home. We are all enjoying good health."

Alta Renz and May Armstrong, two little Indian girls, do the cooking at the Ramona Indian school, at Sante Fe, N. M.

You can show what you are made of as well by small works as great.

## Our Indian Boys and Girls Stimulating the Boys and Girls in the Great City of Washington.

The mother of Miss Hopkins who was visiting Miss Fisher last week writes from Washington: "Miss Fisher has sent me Indian papers occasionally, one of which some time ago contained a composition on 'Pins.' After reading the papers I have given them to a young lady teacher of a children's school here in the city and one who is interested in the Indians. When I gave her the copy alluded to I told her to be sure and read the cute composition on 'Pins.'

She afterwards told me that her scholars to whom she read it were intensely interested, and she told them they might write some compositions on the same subject, which they did. She said they enlarged upon the subject, bringing in a good many things about pins that had been forgotten by the Indian writer. So your Indian boys and girls can see how they are exciting a spirit of emulation in the children of the Capital."

Subscriptions are coming in so fast we shall soon have to buy a new press. Good! Let us give the little Indian paper the largest circulation of any publication in the land. Why not? If each subscriber will help we shall soon accomplish that end. Our paper is not a money enterprise. It is published to help the Indians as the name implies. Send in names and let us well the list, that more people may learn about the Indian and what he is good for.

William Morgan has been placed in charge of the small boys as Sergeant. It is difficult to manage such a long line of little boys, many of whom have just entered the school, but William has shown before this, that he is equal to the skilful management of a Company and the line of boys now under his charge, no doubt, will soon come up in marching and other duties equal to any.

Our pupils have earned for themselves in the past year over \$12,000 cash, and in doing so have gained much in experience besides. How many schools are there in the country where a boy can earn money while receiving an education? Every cent of the money earned by pupils in this school is expended only by each boy or girl who earns it.

Mr. Standing claims that he did one thing for the school this Fall that we might well be thankful for: he brought two additional holidays. So he has, but only in name—Tommy Holliday and Veronica Holliday, both from the Chippewa tribe.

Mr. F. D. Lewis, Special Indian Agent, is with us.

Good Doctrine: Don't have the teachers pull you, but push the teachers.

We now have even 650 pupils, the largest number ever before in the school.

Two or three taps of the bell are enough at the close of school or study hour, eh?

"Oh, I broke it!" exclaimed Luther, as he lifted a handful of type and made pi of it.

You need both the *HELPER* and *Red Man* to keep thoroughly abreast on Indian matters.

An interesting communication from Mrs. Pettinos, of town, will be published in the coming *Red Man*.

Frank Conroy came from his place of work at York and will remain for a day or two, during the Fireman's celebration in town.

A party of thirteen Chippewas arrived from northern Michigan on Sunday. Mr. Standing Beith this, his last quota of new pupils.


Our ears of corn does pretty well for one for our small family. That is the number. Miss Noble cooked one day this week.

Edith Abner, Katie Grindrod, Esther Miller and three other girls, from Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, have just arrived at Carlisle.

A large company of the firemen in town were entertained in our gymnasium Thursday evening by gymnastic exercises of our large boys.

Remember our motto for the new school year:

THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT GREAT LABOR.

We have a new  to fill.

Mr. Edward McFadden has finished his summer's work with us and has returned to Amherst College where he enters his Senior year, this Fall.

On Friday, 142 Indian boys and girls returned from farm homes to attend school here this winter, while 216 others have remained out to go to public school with white children.

"Shall I go slow?" asked a beginner at typesetting. The foreman and the office crew thought he had better, but they manifested it only by a burst of laughter.

Samuel Townsend returned Saturday, from Millville, and he and Kish Hawkins have gone to Marietta College, Ohio. They are both in the preparatory department, Kish entering for the first this year, while Samuel has been attending several terms.

Dr. Rittenhouse, of Dickinson College, our regular supply, preached for us Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Standing claims that he saw a lake this summer north of Michigan with superior water in it. How strange!

Miss Finlaw and daughters, Miss Lulu and Miss Leah, of Camden, visited the school Friday last. Miss Lulu is one of our agents in Camden, and has sent many names for the *HELPER*.

Benajah Miles, Geo. Valier, Levi St. Cyr, and Felix Iron Eagle Feather, are the printers who came in from farms on Friday last, and we are very glad to have them back, for work is piling up.

The finest cat in Cumberland County, we have now. Benajah brought it from his farm home. The queerest thing about our pet is that it has different colored eyes, one light blue and one brown.

We hope that the hundreds of new pupils who have entered our school within a few weeks will soon find out that they cannot get along without the *HELPER*. Subscribe! The sooner the better.

Good News: It was boldly announced last Saturday night before the school that the girls are to have regular gymnastics this year. We hear plans for the same talked of, which are not yet fully developed.

Twenty-seven Cheyennes and Arapahoes arrived very early Monday morning, in charge of Mr. T. W. Potter, of Cheyenne Agency. In the party were Kish Hawkins, Tom Carlisle, Sam Noble and Noble Prentiss, old pupils.

To come up in our marching and to perfect ourselves in our singing, our lessons and our work is going to require big effort for us all. If each one will do his or her best the effort will not seem to be so very great after all.

Percy Kable now turns up at White's Institute, Wabash, Indiana. He says he is there as a helper. We hope he will prove satisfactory. We do not like to hear of a young man always changing his place. It shows a fickle mind.

Timber Yellow Robe arrived Wednesday, from Rosebud Agency, Dakota, with three pupils. In the party was Hugh, Spottedtail's grandson, who entered Carlisle in 1879, a wee bit of a boy. He remained with us then but a short time.

Always say *Mr. Standing*, *Mr. Goodyear*, *Mr. Harris*, *Mr. Walker*, and *Mr. any other gentleman*, when you speak to him or of him, unless he has a title, then call him by his title. It is not respectful to say only the last name. Let our seniors especially remember this.

Mr. Standing had authority to get 100 pupils from Michigan and Minnesota, this summer, and he has returned with only two short of the number. To reach some of the points, he was obliged to walk through marshy and sandy woodlands for miles, in places where it was impossible for wagons to pass.

must stop your crying. You must not feel this way towards your own parents. This is your mother. She loves you. You will get used to her ways by-and-by. Come now," she continued, trying to withdraw from my embrace, "be a woman! Make the best of these people and go to your mother. Go, now, to your mother. Shake hands with her as a dutiful daughter should."

Almost broken hearted, I did as I was bid, for I knew nothing else than to obey my school-mother.

I also took my father by the hand, and through my tears smiled as best I could, but he never shall know how I suffered with mortification and regret that he was such an Indian.

Somehow, I had my mind made up that they would be different, and it was hard for me to realize that they had been going backward while I had been going forward for five years.

By this time the locomotive bell began to ring and my school-mother stepped aboard the train.

Soon she and the coach-full of school companions I had left passed out of sight, and as I gazed after them, my eyes thoroughly blinded with tears, my heart felt as heavy as lead.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" I sighed, "What have I come to?"

My home being ten miles from the station a burro, which seemed to me then hardly larger than a rat, indeed so small that I was afraid I should crush him if I got on his back, was brought to take me home. I had forgotten about these insignificant and stubborn animals, so like donkeys.

Climbing on his back in a way that I felt to be very awkward, I could not help laughing heartily, in which my mother and others standing near joined, but when they began to pile my trunk on behind me and my mother mounted in front of me, completely covering the little animal, except his ears, I laughed no more.

"Can such a little creature carry all this load?" I asked.

No answer. I had unconsciously spoken in English. Indeed I could not speak much Indian, and as my father and mother knew not English, my ride home was almost a silent one as far as I was concerned, but my father and mother talked as they rode along, my father on another burro at our side.

I listened carefully, to see if the Indian words would not come back to me, and some of them did.

I understood enough to know that they were talking about my money, and white lady, and my dress and how big I had grown.

My father looked a great deal at me, and once he reached across and stroked my arm, and said "My daughter."

This made me want to cry again. But I did not. The words of my school-mother, "Be a woman," rang in my ears, and I tried to tell father in part Indian and part English that I was glad to get back.

Before we reached home I grew very tired. When I saw the village in the distance, I

was glad, and as we rode to what I knew must be our house, I was more than ready to get off the donkey's back.

Our house was made of sand and mud-brick, called adobe, and was built on the top of another house.

I thought that maybe my father would have a new house built, with a door on the ground floor, but no, we had to climb a ladder to get into our house, the same as we did before I went to school.

The ladder was high and the rounds far apart and loose so I was almost afraid to get on them, but there was no other way.

My mother went first.

(To Be Continued.)

### Enigma.

I am made of 17 letters.

My 3, 13, 16 is what Peter Cornelius can swing well.

My 17, 1, 6, 9, 7, is a chair without a back.

My 11, 14, 7, 4, 17, is something that every school must have and should be respected and obeyed by its pupils.

My 15, 2, 5, is a small piece of land which some people like to buy.

My 12, 4, 10, 9, is a quarrel or fight.

My whole is what Capt. Pratt told us day night is good medicine, and the Man the-band-stand knows it is the truth.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Too Hard.

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  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  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 Puellos 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 Navajos 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 9x12 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 THREE new subscribers we will give the picture of Apache baby, Eunice. Send a 1-cent stamp 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. If the stamp to pay postage on premium does not accompany the subscription list we take it for granted that the premium is not wanted.

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.