

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1889.

NUMBER 8.

EARN to live, and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large return.

Toil, when willing, groweth less,
"Always play" may seem to bless,
Yet the end is weariness.

—Bayard Taylor.

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.)

There was a hollow place in the rock not far from our house.

There were many such places in the rock upon which our village was built, worn there by the action of the rains.

These holes and the footpaths to and from the spring and other places, worn in the solid stone, tell the story that our village must be hundreds of years old.

The water-holes during the season when it occasionally rains are mostly full of water.

Sometimes the water in them gets stagnant and foul and covered with a green scum.

But it is never considered too dirty to wash clothes in, and the Indians often drink from these slimy pools, so is it much wonder that they get fevers and diphtheria and other horrible diseases that visit unclean communities of people?

Is it any wonder that they die off by the hundred, as was the case this last year, in my own village?

It was at one of these holes that I went with my mother to help her wash.

I had some soiled garments of my own, and while she washed my father's trousers and shirt I washed my own clothing.

We had no wash-board, but were obliged to use large stones, rubbing our clothes on them in the same way we do on wash-boards.

It is very hard work, though, to wash on ones knees, kneeling over with head nearly touching the water, and I found it very different from standing by the side of a wash tub

where one has only to bend the back a little as she rubs.

But my mother did not seem to mind it.

I tried to do as she did, but got tired and impatient and finally said, in not a very pleasant voice, "How can you stand this, mother? It fairly makes me dizzy and nearly breaks my back."

My mother merely smiled.

"Do you know," I continued, "I can wash a whole half day and do a big family wash, and not get half so tired as I feel this minute with only an hour's work."

Of course my mother did not know anything about "an hour." She measures time by the sun, but she looked at me sort of pitifully and said, "You will get used to it by and by."

"Get used to it! Great Heavens!" I exclaimed as I cast my eyes towards the clouds "Never! I shall never wash this way again," and I never did.

My father wore white trousers, made of muslin.

They only came a little below the knees and not being hemmed around the bottom hung in natural fringe.

A man among civilized people would not be called dressed if he wore such trousers.

If he were walking in the streets of a city he would be arrested and put in jail.

Those men who can afford it wear buckskin leggings from the knee down, but many go bare-footed and bare-shinned.

The shirt is made of calico and this with the trousers completes the costume, costing in all about 27 cents.

Even the Governor of our village did not dress better.

He wore in addition, though, a ladies sun-down, which must have seen much wet weather, and after every dampening received an extra poke in the top until it reached a peak, the height of an ordinary stove-pipe hat.

Imagine a peaked, straw stove-pipe with ragged rim and rusty, and you have the Governor's hat which he donned upon all occasions.

When we went back to the house, my father who was smoking his usual corn-husk

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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~~By~~ 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.

News from the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

We hear through reliable authority that the Cheyennes have abandoned their medicine dances, and given up the sun-dances. Through the same source we regret to learn that Maud Chief Killer has married a veritable Indian and is herself, as the language of the letter expresses, "a genuine Indian woman."

The poor girl claims that she did endeavor to withstand the difficulties and cling to the mode of living she learned at Carlisle, but found it impossible. The Man-on-the-band-stand often wishes he was an Indian girl just for a little while, so he could show to the world and more particularly to the Indians how he could withstand the difficulties that Maud speaks of. But, girls, why be in a hurry to go back to such a place where the devil, in all sorts of shapes, is ever standing ready to pull you down to heathenism and wickedness? Maud is a sturdy girl and although she is what is called a "real Indian" we believe she will use her knowledge to build up a clean, respectable home, even if that home be a tent.

From the Ponca School, Indian Territory.

Through one of the teachers at the Ponca School, we learn that they are busy getting ready for an entertainment.

She says, "In the school-room, some of our pupils show good work. Louisa McDonald came out best in a contest in rapid addition, recently."

Some twenty-five or thirty U. S. soldiers spent a pleasant evening with us listening to our pupils' singing. They did so well in gymnastics that it brought a hearty applause from the audience."

A recent letter from Kish Hawkins, who is at Marietta College, says they have "to hustle" to get their lessons. From the way he speaks of the professor under whose charge he is we would say, "Good!" He will not have such a thing as failure in class. He says if his pupils are not able to get their lessons they had better not come to school. Samuel Townsend is having a very serious time with his eyes, and may have to give up his school for a year.

Married.

TYLER—BLACK—On the 29th ult. at the Cheyenne Agency boarding school, Indian Territory, by the Rev. Mr. Voth, Leonard Tyler and Jennie Black, both pupils of Carlisle.

After the ceremony a grand dinner was served, the Agent sitting at Jennie's right and Rev. Mr. Voth at Leonard's left. The older Indians attended in large numbers and took active part in congratulating the couple. Jennie now takes the place of assistant seamstress at the school and Leonard is given the position of assistant industrial farmer with the promise if he proves faithful and capable of receiving the appointment of Industrial Farmer at \$50 a month. The happy pair have a bright future before them. May they live long and prosper is the wish of their many friends at Carlisle.

The newest and most wonderful thing that has just arrived is the Graphophone. We don't like boys and girls to talk back, but when an instrument which looks like a sewing-machine talks back we think it very wonderful. You can talk to this instrument and it never forgets what you say. Capt. Pratt can talk in the mouth of the graphophone and Miss Ely can go in her office, stick the ends of the rubber pipe in her ears and then by working her foot like one running a sewing-machine she can hear in the Captain's own voice just what he said, and then she can write it with the typewriter and send it as a letter.

The familiar hand-writing of Mr. Amos Miller came to hand this week. He is still at Columbus, O., in the fruit and vegetable business. He closes his business note with, "All are well and happy, and jointly send best regards to you and every body else."

A pleasant letter from Sarah Smith in the country says she doesn't believe she could possibly stay there if it were not for the "dear little HELPER coming every week." She likes her place very much and says the people are very kind to her.

The Girls' Literary Society has been re-organized with the following officers: President, Nellie Robertson; Vice-President, Edith Abner; Secretary, Esther Miller; Treasurer, Jennie Dubray; Marshall, Phebe Howell. Misses Cutter, Cook, Irvine, and Luckenbach, will act as critics. The society meets in No. 12, school-room.

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.**

All hands went to the Fair yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Grinnell has gone to Maine to visit friends.

Briggs Cornelius and Samuel Gruett have entered the Printing-office.

The King's Daughters have re-organized for the year with Misses Fisher and Carter as helpers.

Robert Mathews' brother who has been travelling in the east for some time visited him this week.

The girls who do not know the left foot from the right have to go to the rear when marching for practice.

The repairs in the cooking room are now complete and the first lesson to the new class was given Tuesday.

Mr. Goodyear made a flying trip to Bucks County, on business connected with the farm boys over in that direction.

Wilkie Sharp is a little under the weather, but keeps in good cheer and no doubt will soon be better. There is nothing like keeping in good cheer.

From present indications we will have lively times between the societies, this winter. They all have good critics and we shall expect splendid results.

Miss Ely left on Monday for Kansas, where she has sisters and brothers and nieces and nephews. She will be gone a month and we hope will return rested.

THE INDIAN HELPER free for one year to any one sending the Man-on-the-band-stand the names and addresses of FIFTY boys and girls, to whom he can send sample copies of his paper.

The teachers are to have a new dining-hall built on the end of their present quarters. Work on the foundation has already begun. The annex is to be two stories giving extra sleeping rooms and bathing conveniences.

The Standard Debating Society was re-organized last Thursday, and the following officers were elected for a term of two months:

President, Carl Leider; Vice-President, Levi Levering; Secretary, William Morgan; Treasurer, George Means; Reporter, Frank Everett; Marshall, Robert Penn; Committee on arrangements: Reuben Wolfe, Stacy Matlack and Otto Zotom.

Mr. Goodyear will act as critic.

Laura Standing Elk is equal to an emergency. It was important to have two shirts made the other morning before noon and she accomplished the task most creditably besides attending to a class of girls. Laura and Etta Robertson and Adelia Lowe have the superintendency of classes and manage them well. The newer girls darn from fifteen hundred to two thousand stockings every week, while the more advanced are busy making and repairing all sorts of garments.

The girls now have a Bulletin Board.

Miss Campbell returned Wednesday evening ready for duty after a month's rest.

The Campbells have gone back to house-keeping after a summer's sojourn at the Teachers' Club.

Mrs. Pratt is visiting Mrs. Agnew, N. Y. stopping on her way back from the Mohonk Conference

News from Cheyenne Agency, Indian Territory, tells of the marriage of Ellen Hansell to a Mr. Sloan, a white man.

Among the visitors Thursday was the Rev. J. P. Stein, of Millersville, who subscribed for the *Red Man* and HELPER.

Who can make the best of bread? Adam Metoxen, and the 450 who partake of it three times a day are more than satisfied.

Secretary of War, Hon. Redfield Proctor, Senator Edmunds and other distinguished guests have just arrived as we go to press.

Katie Grindrod and Henry Phillips attended the Woman's Presbyterial Home Missionary Society, at Gettysburg, Wednesday.

The proceedings of the Lake Mohonk Conference will be given in the October *Red Man*. Those who attended from here report having had a most enjoyable feast of Indian.

Our Nancy, at the Training School for Nurses, Hartford, sends this week a subscription for a little sick boy. She says Lily Wind arrived safely and they are as happy as doves.

A postal card from Miss Morse giving directions for change of address shows that she is still in Chicago and is interested in us. She sends kind regards to all her friends.

The new nurse team at the hospital under instructions in nursing, preparatory to some training school, are Charlotte Wilson, Rose Howell, Phebe Howell, Barbara Shoumy, and Bettie Metoxen.

Among the numerous visitors this week was Mr. John T. Mallalieu, Superintendent State Industrial School, Kearney, Neb. As this school is near where the Man-on-the-band-stand's Chief clerk used to live, Mr. Mallalieu was able to give some interesting news of by-gone friends.

Mr. Maltby arrived early Monday morning with nine boys and three girls from Kiowa, Seminole and Caddo tribes, Indian Territory. Mr. Maltby is an old-time worker among the Indians of the South West and finds here a number of friends.

A number of our boys took part in the sports at the Fair, Percy Zadoka winning the mile race and the hurdle race. The tug-of-war team consisting of Gary Meyers, Edward Snake, James Cornelius, and Jessie Cornelius pulled well but being handicapped on account of not having the newest appliances as did the team who pulled against them, were defeated by about four inches.

cigarette, said "Let us go to the store this afternoon."

"How far is it?"

"About ten miles."

"Do you want to buy something?"

"Yes," he replied.

"All right," I answered, wondering at the same time if he really had any money.

"You want to buy something, too, don't you?" continued my father. "You see we are poor."

"Well," I replied. "My little money will not buy much," thinking he meant me to buy something for the house.

"Let us go and see what they have at the store, anyhow," he said.

"I will go, of course. I would like to go. Will you let me buy with my money what I want to."

My mother said in reply, "They have nice shawls at the store."

"And lots of pretty coral beads and buckskin for moccasins and leggings," said my father.

"I saw some Moqui gowns there, too, like this," said my mother looking down at her black robe. "You know a dress like this never wears out."

"Yes, I know, and I think it is wonderful how the Moqui Indians make such strong goods. They beat the white people. Some cloth made by white manufacturers is so tender it does not wear worth a cent. But you have one Moqui dress. You don't want two, do you?"

"No, I do not need another," she replied while putting on her moccasins and leggings which we call altogether, shoes. "You know I gave your dress away when you went to school?"

I watched my mother put on her shoes for I had almost forgotten how she did it, but when I saw her winding yards and yards of buckskin around her ankles and saw how very neatly she did it, not a wrinkle showing in all that great winding, I remembered well, but I thought that she had the funniest clumsiest looking ankles I ever saw.

Her ankles when wrapped were as thick and as straight as hitching posts and looked as though they had been chopped off short like elephants feet. I could not help wondering if I should ever wear such shoes again. Then, all of a sudden, it dawned upon me what my father and mother meant by telling me of all the Indian things at the store.

"Can it be that they want me to dress Indian again? Are they ashamed of my school-dress?" I questioned myself, thoroughly alarmed.

"Will they force me to spend my money for Indian things?"

I had already heard that two girls who came back in the party with me but who went to another village, were whipped by the Gover-

nor and made to wear Indian clothes; that all their school clothes had been burned, and they were forced to do other terribly wicked things. "Can it be that I shall have to suffer in the same way?"

"No, I think not," but as far as the Indian dress was concerned I could not help feeling that Indian clothes are much more comfortable than the kind I had on.

My mother did her washing at the water-hole much easier than I did in this tight dress.

My mother has no trouble in getting up and down the ladder, her dress is so short.

She has no shoe heels to catch on the rounds and nearly throw her off as mine have served me several times.

Everything hangs so loosely on her that she can stoop and climb and grind wheat and weave blankets and carry water and make jars and do everything lots easier than I can in this tight dress.

These thoughts all came to me as I stood looking at my mother fixing her shoes, but I also determined that it would not do for me to wear Indian clothes again, if I wished to do any good at home.

I made not a sign, however, to let them know what I was thinking about, but turning on my heel, said, "Well, come on! Let us go to the store!"

(To be continued.)

Enigma.

I am made of 13 letters.

My 1, 3, 11, 13 is what sometimes comes from the eye.

My 4, 2, 12, 7 is the part of the face on which the beard grows.

My 8, 13, 5, 6, 8 is a delicious kind of fish hard to catch.

My 10, 13, 9 is one way to cook the above fish.

My whole is where most of our boys and girls are wild to go once a year.

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 (boulevard) 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.