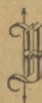


The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1891. NUMBER 52.

"I WISH" AND "I WILL."

 "WISH" and "I Will" were two little boys,
Who grew up to manhood together
The one was a mope, the other astir;
No matter how stormy the weather.

"I Wish" for a scholarship longed—
To capture a prize for much learning,
"I Will" won the honor with ease;
"I Wish" got no further than yearning.

"I Wish" longed for an elegant home—
For riches, ease, fame and high station;
But things don't come by wishing you
know,
So he died, at last, of vexation.

"I Will" rose in life—and no wonder;
He won by pluck and endurance.
Failures he met, but he heeded them not;
They simply increased his assurance.

Make a note of this, all of you, boys;
"I Wish" isn't a lad that's worth knowing
While boys like "I Will" forge straight
ahead,
And keep this great world agoing.

—Frank H. Stauffer.

THE HARD LIFE OF AN UNEDUCATED INDIAN WOMAN.

The following picture of the life of an Indian woman on the reservation is so in keeping with our own observations that we copy it for the benefit of our readers who would like a peep into real Indian ways.

IT IS FOR SOMETHING BETTER THAN THIS THAT WE ARE EDUCATING OUR INDIAN GIRLS.

The writer, Warren K. Moorehead, in the *Ladies Home Journal*, says:

"If one should write down the everyday doings of an Indian woman for a month, a very fair idea would be obtained of her life, for the doings of each day are but a repetition of the day before.

About seven o'clock in the morning, when the sun is sufficiently high to gild the smoky canvas lodges with its beams, the Sioux woman arises.

She picks up several pots and pans, and, if it be winter, kindles a fire in the centre of the lodge; she fills a kettle with water, suspends it above the fire, and places therein a compound of wild cherries, rice and meat.

She fills the coffee-pot, and as soon as the singing steam indicates that the fluid is about prepared, she calls to her lord and the children, who, lazily and with evident regret dress themselves and partake of the morning meal.

They eat, of course, with their fingers, cutting the meat with a butcher knife.

This very same knife may have been used to cut up a cow at the beef-issuë the day previous, or to prepare a fat puppy for the skillet.

While they partake of their frugal repast, let us glance about the home of these people.

Take, for example, the lodge of Keeps-the-Battle.

We observe a framework of poles covered with heavy canvas or duck.

The structure is eleven feet in diameter at the base, and there is an opening at the top about two feet wide, to admit of the passage of smoke and for ventilation.

The edges of the opening at the top are irregular, and pieces of canvas will flop in the wind, sending considerable soot both into the food and upon the inmates below, neither of which disturbs them, for they are used to filth.

Several sticks are tied across from one pole to another about the height of an average man, from which are suspended long, thin strips of beef, to be slowly cured in the heat of the fire.

The thin strips of jerked beef look very uninviting to the white man, and are really suggestive of raw hide rope.

The pot is suspended over the fire on a curved stick, which is firmly planted in the ground, and curves over the blaze.

At the base of the lodge are blankets and robes piled in confusion around the edges.

They serve as seats during the day, and as a covering at night.

They are seldom aired.

Many of the Sioux live in log houses, although a large portion still adhere to the canvas and skin lodges.

The married woman of thirty looks still young, although her voice has a certain hardness, or sternness.

(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.

For "Stiya," a returned Carlisle Indian girl at home," send fifty cents. By mail 57 cents.

The people of the town may go to Richards' book store to subscribe for the *Red Man* and the HELPER, or to buy a copy of "Stiya."

When any duty is to be done, it is fortunate for you if you feel like doing it; but, if you do not feel like it, that is no reason for not doing it.

W. GLADDEN.

Mr. Bennett has been raising curious potatoes if they are all like the one he brought to the office on Wednesday. It had a head, two arms and a body and weighed a pound and fourteen ounces. We understand that the potato crop will be a good one.

Mrs. Gage and daughter Miss Myra left for Beaufort S. C. on Monday. They were to meet Mr. Gage who had gone to Orkney Springs, Va. a day or two before, at Baltimore, and were to sail Tuesday from that port. Their many friends at the school, made during the short stay with us, wish for them a safe and pleasant journey.

Who is fool enough to even want to see Pawnee Bill making fools of our people, on the show grounds at Harrisburg? He tries to make people think that the Indians are wild beasts, not capable of learning anything useful or helpful. Do you call such a man your friend? Oh, of course he will treat you well, and call you cousin and ask you to drink and smoke with him, BUT IS HE REALLY YOUR FRIEND?

The all-day session for the Seniors and Juniors robs the printing office of Joseph Hamilton, Benajah Miles, Arthur Johnson, and William Beaulieu, four very useful workmen. Three other efficient and faithful helps, Martin Archiquette, Charlie Dagnette and Robert Mathews leave the office also, this year, the first two to attend Dickinson Preparatory and Robert goes to Bryn Mawr. May success follow every effort of these worthy young men in their studies and in what ever they find to do, is the sincere wish of their old friend, the Man-on-the-band-stand, who will watch with special interest their every movement.

Our harness-makers are smart. They have the secret of making base ball catcher's gloves, and what cost our players a round five-dollar bill, can be manufactured here just as good as the New York make, for a dollar and half. But what is that whisper? Ah, Mr. Morrett prefers glove stitching to shoes, any day? How strange!

A stranger in the harness-shop the other day, who evidently had not seen catcher's gloves said: "I see you teach your boys the manly art."

"How's that?"

"Why, those are boxing gloves, aren't they?"

Another knowing young man with eye glasses on his nose, "don't chew know" and a handsome young lady on his arm, when she asked if those were base-ball gloves, replied: "Oh, no, no, no, how could a fellow catch a ball with a PAIR of them on!"

The latest from our friend Prof. W. W. Woodruff, is the following short but interesting note, from Phila.:

"DEAR INDIAN HELPER: Here's a dime; come on. Yours to serve. W. W. Woodruff."

It will be remembered that the professor was for a short time principal of the educational department of our school, and we are glad to see that his interest in us still keeps up.

The eyes of the Man-on-the-band-stand were pained as he glanced over to the large boys' reading-room a few days ago and saw one of the most intelligent boys wasting his time over the trashy stories in the *Yankée Blade*, when there were so many excellent papers and books to read. What Talmage says about bad books, printed on the last page is very true. Read it!

One of the returning country girls was heard to say—"Humph! I don't think *these* walks are anything extra?" "What better could you have? There are no better walks in the finest city on earth" said another. "Oh! I know," the first replied nonchalantly, "but the HELPER said so much about them I expected to find them edged with gold."

A neat looking package of books has been received by the Man-on-the-band-stand since the last issue of the HELPER, and they find ready readers among the small boys. They are pretty stories as well as pretty looking books, and add greatly to the library of the small boys.

Surely, if those cows which hung around the back door of the large boys' quarters on Wednesday morning had known of the Wolves and Bears that dwell inside that building they could not have been so content. Still, the last named animals have really become quite tame.

When the boy in complaining of a sore breast wrote, "My brass sower," it was a little difficult to make out what he meant, but we succeeded.

The lesson on manners, on last page is worth studying.

Hurrah!

School has begun.

Mark Evarts has gone back to Newark.

The Juniors and Seniors go to school all day.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell spent Sunday at the shore.

Miss Noble returned Tuesday from her summer vacation.

The "Go to school," bugle seems fairly to speak the words.

Misses Hunt and Paull arrived on the four o'clock train Monday.

Miss Hamilton arrived, Friday evening looking much improved in health.

Miss Botsford came in on the late train Monday night, from Connecticut.

Miss Shaffner looks brown and better after her summer's sojourn at the shore.

Miss Meredith, of Doylestown, Bucks, Co., is to be numbered among our teachers this year. She arrived Friday.

Miss Nana Pratt has returned from Beach Haven, where she has been spending a very pleasant few weeks with friends.

Mr. Campbell is back from his farm visitations. He has travelled much and learned much about the doings of the boys.

Miss Cutter arrived from Amherst, Mass. on Monday afternoon. She came in by the Reading road, from Poughkeepsie Bridge.

Miss Dittes has returned from her trip among the girls in their good country homes and has had a successful but fatiguing time.

Mrs. Worthington and Miss Marie are very much pleased with their summer resort at Rising Springs, this state, and have come back looking well and rested.

Ernest Peters is suffering from cuts on his hands given by a boy who attempted to take a sickle from him while he, (Ernest), had hold of the blade. He is getting well.

Anna Thomas left us suddenly Tuesday midnight for Fredonia, New York, to attend the large normal school at that place. She will have special advantages and we are sure from past experiences that she will use them well.

William Petoskey was the recipient from an unknown friend of a large red poster telling of the Indian State Camp-meeting held at Athens, Mich., last week. Representatives from all the reservations in the state were there as well as prominent Indian missionaries and other ministers from different sections of the country. We see by the poster that Supt. Meserve of the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kan., was to be present to talk up the question of Indian education.

Members of the Junior and Senior classes are in from farms. Over 250 pupils will be back by the middle of the month, but over 200 plucky boys and girls choose to remain out over winter for the special advantage of going to the public schools. They are wise in this decision, for the longer they associate with their white brothers and sisters and the more intimately they become acquainted with their best ways of doing things the sooner will they learn true independence of character.

Seaside vacation trips bring sun-burned faces and hands.

Mrs. Mason Pratt and baby Sarah, of Steelton, are here for a few days, visit.

Herbert Campbell has been quite ill with sore throat and fever, but is better.

George Buck, our newest little printer, has the mumps, but they do not seem to be going hard with him.

No "pick" nine can equal the Regular School nine, yet, although some very good attempts have been made.

The girls have taken hold of study as they never did before at the opening of school, and may they keep it up!

Chalkley and Isaac Styer, of Norristown, Pa., in company with Mr. Lewis Butcher, of Carlisle, visited the school last week.

The schools in town opened on Monday, but Don was the only one of the little folks at the garrison ready to begin at the first.

Grant Institute has an Indian ball team called The Red Rovers. Wonder if they can play, or, perhaps, they only rove.

The third floor balcony at girls' quarters has been closed in with canvas to make temporary sleeping apartments while the new addition is being finished.

The Standard Debating Society are the first to organize for the year, and are already open to challenge for debates from the other societies. We like such enterprise.

Miss Helen A. Lord, of Northampton, Mass., graduate of Smith College, has joined our corps of workers, and will teach the girls dress-making on scientific principles.

Miss Seabrook came in from Emmittsburg, Monday evening. She has visited numerous large hospitals in New England and gained ideas on the subject of nursing the sick. She spent a night with Lilly Wind in Hartford and is greatly pleased with Lilly's progress.

Miss Carter returned Saturday evening from Hartford, Conn. While there she visited Lilly Wind, who will graduate this year from the school of nursing in that city. Lilly is well and enjoying her work. She seems to like to assist in surgery better than any other department. She was about starting on a little vacation to Vermont, with a friend.

According to the present arrangement of the schools Miss Phillips has her old stand, No. 1; Miss Meredith, No. 2; Miss Merritt, No. 3; Miss Cochrane, No. 4; Miss Carter, No. 5; Miss Woolston, No. 6; Miss Hunt, No. 7; Miss McAdams (not yet arrived and department taught by Rosa Bourassa) No. 8; Miss Paull, No. 9; Miss Botsford, No. 10; Miss Schaffner, No. 11; Miss Cutter, the Junior and Senior classes, No. 12; and Miss Hamilton, the Normal Rooms, Nos. 13 and 14.

Phoebe Howell took a run home for a day and a night from her duties as nurse at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, from which she will pass her final examinations during this year sometime. She says they have been having a siege of typhoid fever, but succeeded in pulling all the cases through, without the loss of one. She seems very much interested in her work and converses intelligently upon the subject.

(Continued From the First Page.)

The woman of forty shows wrinkles and furrows in her features.

There is a sadness in her face, and, if one looks closely, you can read the following story; "My husband sits in his lodge and smokes most of the time.

Once a week when cattle are issued at the beef corral, he goes out with me in our wagon and shoots a cow.

I have to cut up the animal, remove the skin, and put the meat in the wagon, while he sits idly by, regarding my work complacently.

He may aid me in lifting the heavier pieces, but when he gets home the preparing of certain portions to be dried devolve wholly upon me.

I have to cut most of the wood, bring the water, and make trips to the agency store two or three miles distant for provisions.

On ration day, when flour, beans, rice and meal are issued us, I go to the commissary department with the dawn of day and stand in line with four or five hundred other women several hours, patiently waiting the opening of the doors.

When I receive my heavy load of provisions there is no one to help me carry them back home except my children."

And while the woman told you this you would feel very sorry for her; but when she told you, with proud and haughty bearing, her reason for not permitting her lord to assist her, you would lose your sympathy:

"To you white people this is dreadful; to us it is right.

My husband is a warrior (or a chief, or medicine man), and it is degrading for him to do woman's work.

I would no more think of asking him to aid me in the ordinary duties, than your husbands would think of asking their wives to aid them in their business, or at their offices.

My sphere is entirely different from his, and while it is hard work, it is a labor of love."

Indian Boys and Girls as well as Others:

HAVE you in your pocket, or in your trunk, or in your desk at business, a bad book, a bad picture, a bad pamphlet?

In God's name I warn you to destroy it.

You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad.

Which stuck to you?

The bad!

The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the same particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders.

Alas! if through curiosity as many do, you pry into an evil book your curiosity is as dan-

gerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder-mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not.

In a menagerie a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage.

The animal's hide looked so sleek, and bright and beautiful.

The monster seized him and he drew forth a hand torn and mangled and bleeding.

O, touch not evil with the faintest stroke!

Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the black leopard.

—Dr. Talmage.

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

The Indian boys have the credit of being exceptionally polite. There are some, however, who have not learned all the little points. For them and for others who like to study how to be polite we print the following rules observed by all well-bred gentlemen in good society:

In the street—Hat lifted when saying "Good bye" or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk with. Always precede a lady up stairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

At the street door—Hat off the moment you step in a house or private office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor—Stand till every lady in the room, also older people, are seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat. Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

Enigma.

I am made of 13 letters.

My 9, 5, 11, 13 is what all men and boys are.

My 10, 8, 6, 7 is what we are glad to do with lots of our photographs.

My 2, 3, 12, 4, 1, 8, is to select.

My whole is what all our boys and girls are thinking about just now more than any other thing.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Motion.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 17 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 9×14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

(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.