

THE INDIAN HELPER


A WEEKLY LETTER
—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1893.—

NO. 14

BRACE UP!

ALTHOUGH he's born in winter wild,
The New Year is a jolly child;
With holiday and festive glee
He greets us all on shore and sea.—
So, as behind strong bars and locks
Our last year's documents we box,
Tear calendars now out of date,
And wipe old reckonings from the slate;
Let's think our cares and griefs are dead,
And with fresh courage look ahead!
—Life.

POOR LITTLE INDIAN MAY.

May was a Carlisle girl.

The name was given to her after she came to the school from her far away western home, for she was like a lovely day in May, full of freshness, promise and hope.

May's place of abode in the west was a typical Indian home.

Her father and mother lived with two or three other families in an Indian lodge built of poles fastened with twigs and covered with hay and mud.

The mud lodge is not so much used for a living house by the Indians now as formerly.

In the last fifteen and twenty years great changes have come about in the modes of Indian living, and it is a question in many instances whether the change was a wise one from the roomy lodge with its dome-shaped roof, ground fire and natural means for ventilation, to the low, cramped thatched log hut, with its stuffy windows and damp floor which a civilized cookstove mounted on legs can scarcely ever dry out, and with no aperture at the top for the foul gases to escape which accumulate in a room with several occupants, where cooking, sleeping and eating are all performed.

But there are some mud lodges left, and such a lodge is a queer looking place for a little girl or any one else to live in.

The outside appearance of an Indian lodge resembles a large, round hay-stack.

There were no windows in May's house.

There was no place for the light and air to come in except through a long, low dark passage way, and through the hole at the top where the smoke went out, but the air in that lodge was better than in some of the so-called civilized homes the writer has visited.

The fire in the centre of the lodge made the floor hard and dry and healthful.

May's mother did the cooking for her father and sister and little baby brother, and for May.

Over the fire might nearly always be seen a pot of meat boiling, while in the ashes the bread was baked.

It was a peculiar kind of hard bread that May's mother made, but it was like all the Indian women make since they have learned to use flour and baking-powder.

When flour was first issued to the Indians by the Government they did not know how to use it, and fed it to their ponies in contempt. They had always lived on buffalo meat and corn and beans.

When wild buffalo herds roamed over the plains the Indians had no difficulty in keeping well supplied with meat, but when the buffalo all disappeared, the Government had to issue cattle to them and supply them with flour and other necessaries.

May's mother soon learned how to make Indian bread, which perhaps our little white readers might not like the looks of nor the taste of either as it came from the ashes, but if it were all the food they could get they would soon learn to like it and would not mind the little covering of ashes left after May's mother brushed each piece off with her hands.

May's house was one of seventy or a hundred that composed an Indian village on the plains.

The houses in an Indian village are not placed with regularity, like the residences of a civilized town or city.

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY.

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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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Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

Holiday Notes.

Christmas was as warm and pleasant as a day in June.

At five o'clock Christmas morning the Man-on-the-band-stand was awakened by the sounds of sweet singing, and turning his ear toward the girls' quarters there saw 200 girls collected in their assembly-room. Like the description in "Ramona" of the first song in the morning sung from the window, their windows were open and "Joy to the world the Lord has come," rang out in the morning stillness very prettily. Then the Christmas trees! How pretty they looked, and how laden with presents! There were three of them, and there was a pyramid of oranges on the table and a stack of candy on the piano. Two Santa Clauses soon entered, and it is needless to describe the jollity that followed and the happy exclamations of joy as each present was received. If this has been a hard year for other people certainly Santa Claus has had enough to eat for we never in all our life saw such a fleshy Santa.

The large boys' gifts were given to them at the same hour, between five and six in the morning, but the small boys waited until after breakfast, when they too enjoyed a regular jollification.

At nine o'clock the Christmas service came. The chapel was artistically trimmed with evergreens. The band played Mozart's Gloria and led the singing for the service. The 600 voices with the band produced a volume of sound almost overwhelming, but harmonious and satisfying. One or two selections the choir sang alone, and when it is remembered that the majority of the young men who have been training for years have withdrawn from the choir and that most of the male voices are still untrained they did remarkably well.

After chapel, the band gave a concert on the bandstand, which was appreciated.

The dinner was the next important event. The dining-hall committee deserve mention for the tasteful manner in which the evergreens were arranged. A hearty Merry Christ-

mas on the opposite wall from the door, greeted all who entered.

Mr. and Mrs. Masten are again to be thanked by the pupils for serving a very excellent dinner of turkey and other good things that always go with turkey on Christmas.

After the pupils' dinner came the teachers' repast, which was abundant and delicious. Then came a season of rest, richly merited.

It was a nice Christmas, a good Christmas, a quiet Christmas, an impressive Christmas and a MERRY Christmas, all around.

Mrs. Pratt gave to the officers and faculty another one of her memorable evenings, last Tuesday night at which every one had a good time.

On account of two holidays this week, printing-office business has suffered a little, and there was necessary delay in answering mail promptly.

The sociable held Wednesday evening was managed by the Susan Longstreth Literary Society who had refreshments for sale. The gymnasium was brilliantly lighted and prettily trimmed, the fine picture of Susan Longstreth gracefully hanging over the entrance. Her benign countenance looked down approvingly upon all that took place, and the evening was a success, largely due to Miss Shaffner who spared no pains to plan and execute that which was most enjoyable for all. The Committee on entertainment also deserve credit. On next Monday evening there will be the grand yearly sociable which comes but once a year when all hands receive refreshments free.

A happy treat of the week was one given to the school by the Larsen Dramatic Company on Wednesday afternoon, which consisted of a matinee at the Opera House in town, during which the play of Rip Van Winkle was performed. We doubt if they ever had a more responsive and appreciative audience. Mr. Larsen, whose acting was excellent, has travelled with Joe Jefferson whose inimitable representations of Rip Van Winkle are so celebrated. This, no doubt, accounts for his popularity as an actor. The other parts of the play were well taken, and elicited deserved applause from the audience.

Those who spent Christmas with friends were Miss Cutter, who visited her sisters at Plainfield; Miss Weist who spent a day with her mother at Newville; Miss Cochran who went to her home in Millerstown; Miss Bowersox who visited her people, near Sunbury; Mr. Drum who went to see friends not far from Bloomsburg; Miss Botsford who went to her Connecticut home; Miss McAdam who visited friends at Chambersburg; Miss Luckenbach who spent a day or so at Bethlehem and Miss Phillips who staid with her sister near Carlisle. They all returned ready to begin school on Wednesday morning with renewed vigor.

Little Sarah Petoskey who went to her home in Michigan sometime ago, remembered several of her friends and teachers with handsome little baskets made entirely by herself. The one she sent to Captain was a beautiful work of art.

Ned Brace receives a credit of five subscriptions from Miss R.

LeRoy Kennedy receives a credit of 6 names from Mrs. A. D., N. Y.

Sophia Huff receives a credit of 15 subscriptions from C. C. Delphi.

A. A. Breuninger receives a credit of five names from C. P. R., Kansas.

Miss Louisa La Chapelle was a guest of Miss Russell at dinner on Sunday.

The Invincibles are to give their oratorical contest on the 19th of January.

Miss Lord, of the Woman's Medical College Philadelphia, is visiting Miss Weist at the school.

Miss Ely who has been in the hands of old La Grippe for a couple of weeks is again at her office desk.

Spencer and Edith Smith's father is visiting his children at our school. He is from the New York Agency.

Mr. J. B. Given, class '96 Lehigh University, is spending the holidays with his mother and little brother at the school.

All who received pen-wipers made by the little ones of Number 13, were very much pleased with the little gift.

Will our new subscribers notice Standing Offer, and what a nice lot of interesting photographs may be had for a very little effort in getting subscriptions?

The mail-boy ever faithful, has much extra carrying about Christmas time. Was he remembered specially by those for whom he carried packages? Perhaps so.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is in receipt of a handsome Calendar from the Thos. W. Price Co. of Philadelphia, of whom he buys his INDIAN HELPER paper.

Miss Moore has received a beautiful picture from the Standard Debating Society in recognition of her services as musical director. Rarely was gift ever appreciated more highly than this unexpected token of appreciation.

FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS secures the cunning photograph of "Christmas Mike" with the story of his first Christmas at Carlisle printed in the form of a little booklet by our printer girls. The photograph is worth 20 cents cash.

The World's Fair wagon that was made by our wagonmakers and placed on exhibition at the Columbian Exposition is going to South Africa, to do Missionary work among the natives. Dr. Stewart takes this with some harness, clothing and other things for an object lesson to his pupils at Lovedale.

As we were to have New Year's day for a holiday it was decided that it would be better to celebrate last Tuesday, thus making two holidays together and giving the teachers who went to visit friends a day longer. It was considered better for the school not to have a break on Monday.

The names of the winners in the \$30 contest will be published next week. The three longest lists are running along very nearly in line. The one that is ahead at this writing has only a few names ahead. It would not be fair to state who they are.

Lena Green is not a contestant.

Rev. Dr. Stewart and wife for many years missionaries in Africa, visited the school this week.

They are natives of Scotland but have spent the best part of their lives in Africa, founding mission stations. Lovedale and Livingstonia are their creation. Dr Stewart was a companion of Livingstone in some of his most perilous explorations. They are delightful people and most entertaining in conversation. In several talks before our pupils sketches of African life were given. This is their first visit to America, and of the institutions they have visited in the United States and Canada, they carry back to Africa strong convictions that Carlisle is second to none and that we are doing a noble work. Dr. and Mrs. Stewart's visit was too short, and we can but wish they may sometime return. They sail for Africa in a very few days.

Rev. Dr. Stewart said in his talk last Saturday evening that it does not take long to catch the atmosphere of a place and that he had caught the spirit of Carlisle, and intended to carry it back with him to Africa. He considered that one of the most touching things of this place is the fact that in some of these very same buildings or buildings on the same foundations were educated years ago the forces that fought the Indian on the plains, but that now there was a force of love at work which would regenerate the heart of the Indian. Mrs. Stewart with an earnestness most impressive appealed to the sympathy of our women for the women of Africa who are in a deplorable condition. Shall we not after this look upon the map of Africa with more interested eyes than ever?

A newspaper squib says that there was one thing a certain little boy did not like about Christmas and that is that he was obliged to be satisfied no matter what happened. The Carlisle pupils were satisfied except perhaps the boy who told a falsehood about receiving a gift. He said he did not get any when he had received a very pretty pair of cuff-buttons besides candy, peanuts and orange. Such a fellow would not be satisfied if Santa Claus brought him a horse and carriage. He ought to go and hide his head in a pillow case, for shame.

Col. Faison, United States Indian Inspector is with us. The Man-on-the-band-stand hopes he will look us over well and visit our pupils in country homes, in order that he may see the superior advantages of a school in the midst of civilization, over schools located in the vicinity of the Indian tepee. The west is so full of prejudice against the Indian that it is impossible for them to enter into the family life of the civilized home, as our boys and girls do, thus getting the quintessence of civilization.

Last Sunday two Evangelical boys entered the Catholic Sunday School, and did not know it till the services began, when they departed in search of their right place.

"Little Paper—Big Influence"

The INDIAN HELPER is patriotic this week, and comes out in red, white and blue—red and blue ink upon white paper. It now has a weekly circulation of 11,000 copies."—[Carlisle Evening Sentinel.

(Continued from the First Page.)

There is uniformity in the low rude hallways in always opening toward the east.

But this, with the style of building their lodges, was all the uniformity that existed.

There are no streets or avenues in an Indian city, and one has to take great care in walking about, not to fall into a cache, which is a jug shaped hole in the ground as large as a small cistern in which the Indians store their winter provisions.

There is a small opening at the top of a cache large enough for a man to slip through, and over the opening is placed a covering of brush, grass and earth made level with the surrounding ground, so that a person might easily step on one before he knew it.

The covering of a cache hole is supposed to be strong enough to bear the weight of an ordinary individual, but if carelessly made with dead twigs it is a dangerous place to step and exceedingly dangerous for one on horseback to go over.

It was in such a village as described, and in one of these mud homes that one day when May's father, mother, sister and little baby brother and herself were sitting around the fire after eating of the meat, Indian bread and coffee which form the staples of a meal, that they were startled by the lifting of the blanket which hung over the entrance and a white lady's face appearing.

"Good afternoon! Good afternoon!" she said pleasantly. "May I come in?"

The Indians could not understand the white lady's words but judged from her face and actions what she wanted, and May's mother at once got up, went to the blanket, pushed it one side and bade the white lady enter, which she did.

A cushion was provided for her by the fire and by this time the interpreter who was the white lady's escort entered, he having remained outside to tie the horses.

Then the white lady began to talk through her interpreter.

She said: "I came from far away east. From near Washington."

All the Indians know Washington, at least that it is the home of the great father, as they call the President of the United States, and that it is far to the East.

"I came from Carlisle, Pennsylvania," she continued.

"Oh, Ca'li'?" exclaimed May's father, brightening up intelligently. He had learned the name from having heard it spoken so often by the Indians and his agent.

"Yes," said the lady. "I am a teacher at the Carlisle Indian School."

"How, how" said the father and getting up went around to the opposite side of the fire where the lady was sitting and shook her hand as she arose. "I have heard about that place many times," he said. And then the mother began to chatter as fast as she could in Indian, and the teacher not understanding what was being said turned to the interpreter for an explanation.

"She is saying, that Carlisle must be a nice place, because the boys and girls always come back from that school with good clothes on, looking like white ladies and gentlemen."

"That is what we try to make them," replied the teacher, "but most of all we wish them to have good hearts, to be good and willing workers, to be useful in every way and not to be lazy."

"How, how, how!" assented the father.

"Here are some pictures I brought to show you," which as the teacher passed them around and explained, the Indians studied long and searchingly.

Then the interpreter brought from the wagon a small trunk, filled with articles made by the Carlisle Indian tanners, shoe-makers, harness-makers, dress-makers, carpenters, etc., which called out many an exclamation of surprise and wonder that the Indian boys and girls could learn to make so many things like the white man.

(To be Continued.)

Enigma.

I am composed of 7 letters.

My 7, 5, 6 is bad stuff to drink.

My 1, 2, 5, 6 is the outside covering of the body.

My 4, 3, 7 is a game most school children like to play.

My whole is something that the Carlisle Indian boy is longing for.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Christmas Holidays.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription for the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache contrast, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra. Cash price 60 cents for the two.

(This is the most popular photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced pappose in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo. of Piegan Chiefs. Cash price 20 cents each.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boudoir combination showing all our prominent buildings. Cash price 25 cents.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and another of the same pupils, three years after, showing marked and interesting contrast. Or a contrast of a Navajo boy on arrival and a few years after. Cash Price 20 cents each.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 6-cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly Or, 8x10 photo. of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo. of graduating classes choice '89, '90, '91, '92, '93. Or, 8x10 photo of buildings. Cash price 50 cents for school, 30 cents for 8x10's.

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6½x8½ and 8x10 photos. of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Phila. Cash price 20 and 25 cents.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13½x16 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest price premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75cts. retail. The same picture lacking 2 faces Boudoir-size for 7 subscription, and 2 cents extra. Cash 25 cents.

without accompanying extra for postage, premium will not sent.