

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1894.—

NO. 25

THE days grow longer,
The sun grows stronger,
The plants in the windows—how they
grow.
They seem to listen,—
Their bright eyes glisten,
And what they're hearing I think I
know,—
The spring that's coming,
The brown bees' humming,
The sweet, warm winds of an April day.
While snows are drifting
The scene is shifting,—
The grim old winter's not long to stay!

A KIOWA DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

The following interesting story from the pen of our friend Maryetta J. Reside, Missionary among the Kiowas of Oklahoma, written for *Tidings*, will be doubly interesting to the readers of the HELPER because Julia is one of Carlisle's noble girls, and the story is founded on fact:

About nineteen years ago, a little Indian baby girl, whom we will call Mahots (Mah-hotah) was born away off on the prairies.

The mother was very fond of her little baby, and made a cradle for it of buckskin, which she covered thickly with beads strung on sinew. She put the baby in this, with its little hands by its sides, pulled the flaps of the cradle together, and laced them with a thong of buckskin, so that nothing but the baby's face showed.

She called this thing, in which she placed her papoose a cradle, but it was not anything like the cradles white women put their babies in.

Well, after she put the baby in, she stood the cradle up against a tree and sat down upon the ground in front of it, so she could look into her baby's eyes.

Then she took some bright red juice of berries and rubbed over her baby's face; when it dried, she dipped a little stick in a mixture of bright yellow, and marked streaks over the

red. Next she tied a little bunch of beads on its forehead.

Now, I suppose, if this had been a white baby, it would have kicked and screamed, but, being an Indian baby, it only blinked its bright black eyes, and smiled when its mother talked to it in a very strange sounding language.

The mother looked at her baby and thought how sweet and pretty it was—and what do you suppose she did next? Why, she kissed its little mouth! Yes, the Indian mothers kiss their children just like white mothers, for they love them, and are very proud of them.

So the papoose leaned against the tree watching the birds flying about, and the leaves rustling when the wind passed through them.

The mother was busy close by, cutting some buffalo meat into long thin strips and hanging them over a pole to dry.

Sometimes she would put a thick strap which was fastened to the cradle, around her shoulders and carry the baby on her back while she worked.

The papoose liked this, and when its mother stooped over to cut wood it would seem to it, that it was taking a see-saw, and the sun would shine right into its little face, and make it shut its little eyes tight.

So the baby grew and grew, until it was too large for the cradle, and could toddle about and play with the other little Indians. Soon she was a strong little girl and could shoot arrows or ride a horse behind her father or mother.

One day her mother could not get up from her bed of buffalo skins. She was very sick so they sent for the old medicine-man. He sat in the lodge beside the sick woman, and shook his medicine gourd or beat on his horrid sounding drum, which was a skin drawn over hoops. He did all this to frighten the bad spirits which he thought made the wo-

(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

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.

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.

Thos. Woodman is working on a railroad in Wisconsin and is glad of the opportunity to thus show that he does not have to stick to the reservation to earn an honest living.

We are grateful to Mr. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., for extra copies of the *Jamestown Journal* containing interesting proceedings of the Y. M. C. A. Convention held there in February.

Lillie Wind who is practicing her profession of Nursing at Hartford, Conn., says that business is a little dull, just now. Her most recent cases have been surgical and she speaks of her "cases" with quite a professional air which strikes the Man-on-the-band-stand's bump of pride. She is thinking something of taking a course at the cancer hospital.

The Oneidas when they first enter school have great trouble with their p's, b's, d's, and t's, as per sample of a little composition written by a pupil in one of the lower grades; "the table is on near the toor the table plue color. The table cloth on dop the table and the din eubs on dop the table. The chere is under the table and brown had is on the table. The umbrella is plack on the end of the hantle."

Constant Bread, one of the San Carlos Apaches, has kept up his interest in Carlisle ever since he went to his home a few years ago. He did not stay East long enough to finish the Carlisle course, but has done well since he went home notwithstanding his lack of education. This comes from having a friend in the Commanding Officer. There need be little going back to the blanket or disgraceful conduct on the part of the partly educated returned Indian student if the persons in authority would

exercise with interest the control that is given in the positions they occupy as masters of these penned up reservation wards of the Government. No agent for instance need have a long-haired Carlisle student in his office clerking for him. If he should say, "Cut off your hair and act like a gentleman, or you will not have the position," the long braids of black hair would come off and the young Indian would act like a gentleman. The young Indian needs not half the care nor as much restraint as the average young white man, but in the entire absence of care and restraint is it any wonder that some of them go astray? Constant is happy in the performance of his official duties as interpreter, etc, under the watchful care and fatherly attention of his good friend Capt. Myers.

"Several weeks ago I got up a club of five subscribers for the HELPER and in return received a photo of Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their two little girls and I am sure I felt repaid for my trouble."—A LITTLE SUBSCRIBER.

The baby cradle described by Miss Reeside in the interesting story on first page is a facsimile of the picture we offer as premium for five subscriptions for the HELPER or for one subscription and three two-cent stamps extra. In other words we give a TWENTY-CENT picture and a year's subscription to the HELPER for SIXTEEN cents. Every one who sees the pappoose in its native cradle exclaims with delight at its cunning little face smilingly peeping from its curiously beaded buckskin wrappings.

Prof. Cotessat the French instructor who comes out from town to give lessons, is delighted to find several Indian boys and girls who speak very good French. They have the Canadian accent, however. Professor Cotessat teaches the celebrated Berlitz method and is meeting with success. The old as well as the young can readily learn French with this method, and the city of Carlisle is fortunate indeed to have so excellent a teacher in their midst. He should have a large number of pupils as his lessons are remarkably cheap. The Professor may be found at his rooms No. 71 North Pitt street.

Miss Minnie Yandell, class of '94, determined like some of the others of this year's notable class to make her own way to a higher education, has accepted a position in the Government Indian School, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, and departed for that scene of labor on Tuesday evening. She is from Idaho, and is going among entire strangers except she will find Veronica Holliday, class of '90 an employee in the same school. From there she purposes going to some college not yet determined upon.

It is getting close to the season for flourishing the white wash brush, high and low.

"It is a poor MULE that won't work both ways."

Now where are your overshoes?

Please do not send us Canadian ten cent pieces!

Miss Luckeubach is off for Montana. She goes with Lucy Topp, who is ill.

The Indian School band and choir play and sing for the great Conference of Methodists at Harrisburg to-night.

More lovely March weather was never experienced than these first fourteen days, in spite of Hick's predictions to the contrary.

One of the little boys was so polite the other day, that on entering the Herdic in which there were ladies, he took off his hat and sat with it off although it was pretty cold.

In reply to the oft repeated question, Who is the Man-on-the-band-stand? we shall have to give the oft repeated answer, The Man-on-the-band-stand is the NEWS personified.

Miss Georgia Bratton has thrown off the cares of the school-room which she kindly took up to help us over a breach, and has returned to her pleasant home in the town.

It is said that the Invincibles are running down in numbers while the Standards are keeping up to their full quo a and are having interesting meetings every Friday night.

We had interesting interviews with the visiting Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne and Arapahoe chiefs while here, which will appear from time to time in the columns of the HELPER.

We are pleased to record the remarkable fact that of the 1600 dishes borrowed from the store-room at the time of the commencement rush at the Teachers' Club, the Indian girls at the Club broke not a single dish.

Newly elected Y. M. C. A. officers for the ensuing year are: President, Delos Lonewolf; Vice-President, Ned Brace; Recording Secretary, Clark Gregg; Corresponding Secretary, Howard Gansworth; Treasurer, Elmer Simon.

Every country school in the land should have one of our graduating class pictures on its wall for the rising generation of white children to see that Indian boys and girls are the same as the rest of us. This picture will be furnished for five cents each, or one free to every subscriber of the *Red Man*, who sends a one-cent stamp.

The officers and pupils of the school who remember Mr. Frank Miller of Middlesex school farm were pleased and surprised to have the opportunity to look into his genial countenance again during a brief call this week. He came from Ohio on a business trip to the Cumberland Valley in the interests of a seed firm.

Do not allow the first warm days of Spring to tempt us to throw off our underclothing. We have passed a most wonderful winter for the school from a health point of view. Now with sensible care we will no doubt get through the dangerous Spring months with none of the dread sickness that comes from coughs and colds.

Mrs. Thompson has gone to her home in New York on a visit.

A letter from Maggie Beaulieu Darco says that the little baby that came to live with them to make them happy "has gone to a better Home. She was as pretty as a doll." Maggie has the sympathy of her many Carlisle friends.

As one of the girls was promenading the other night at the sociable, a person whose room she cares for pointed her out and said at one hand was brought down upon the other forcibly: "Do you know, she is the BEST housekeeper in this garrison? She keeps everything as neat as a pin."

A young Indian who has been wanting to come to Carlisle school for a long time but was opposed by his parents ran away from his home and got here without money, arriving this week. We do not advise running away at all, but it is far better to run FOR an education than to run away from it.

At the Susan Longstreth Literary Society last Friday evening Misses Edith Smith and Tenie Wirth received loud and prolonged applause for a beautiful piano duet. Capt. Pratt who happened in for a few moments, addressed the society upon the question for discussion, Resolved, That a Republican form of Government is better than a Monarchical.

The Juvenile Base Ball have reorganized for the year and are ready for challenges from clubs whose members are under 16 years of age. The players are: John Y. Robe, pitcher and captain; J. Stewart, c.; A. Silas, 1 b.; Enos Pego, 2 b.; C. Yarlot, 3 b.; R. Moore, s. s.; W. Brewer, r. f.; C. Sickles, c. f.; F. James, l. f. Their yell is, "Who are we! Who are we! We are Juveniles, don't you see?"

Only the careless and indifferent will go on the grass in the face of the request at every corner "Keep off the grass." We hardly believe there is an institution in the country with so many pupils as Carlisle where such freedom is given to roam at will over the campus, but in the first days of Spring we MUST observe the rule if we would have nice grass in the summer. Let us be sensible and look ahead!

The boys and girls are rapidly signing requests to go out into country homes for the summer. They like the experience and the independence which a life on a farm affords. If we had enough pupils to supply all the demands there would soon be no more Indian question for the United States Government, or the minds of philanthropists to worry about. There are over 500 applications already for Indian help this spring.

A pleasant letter from Yamie Leeds, class '91, of Cubero, N. M. speaks of his work on the ranch and his farm. He says Amelia Haswell has married John M. Davis, both Carlisle pupils. Robert Brown and William Cochran both are married. They were not so fortunate as to marry educated girls, but the Man-on-the-band-stand and their friends at Carlisle all wish for them happy and successful lives.

(Continued from the First Page.)

man sick, but it did no good, and the next day poor little Mah-ho-tah was motherless.

After that she lived in the tent of her mother's sister, and played with her little children.

One day when she was nine years old, some kind people came among these Indians and told them they had a school far away in the East, and if they would let their children go with them to that school, they would be taught to read and write and talk, English, and to work like white people. So the Indians let some of their children go and because our little Mah-ho-tah's mother was dead, they let her go.

The children were very much frightened when they saw the steam cars with the great engine, for they thought it must be something alive, and the white people they saw on the cars looked at them strangely, because their faces were painted and they wore buckskin clothes and moccasins and many strings of beads.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

A little lad was confined to his bed by illness, and was longing for something new to help him pass the tedious hours. Just then the INDIAN HELPER was brought to his door by the letter-carrier, and his afternoon was made pleasant by the correct rendering of some prize verses that were in it. He waited anxiously for the picture of Jerome Kennerly, the youngest pupil at Carlisle, which was to be the award for a correct solution of the ambiguous letters, and his joy was great when he received it. He is now urging his boy friends to send for a copy of the INDIAN HELPER to see what the Indian boys and girls can do in the way of printing a newspaper.

A famous painter made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, finding, if he did, his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

When a lady faints what figure should you bring her? You must bring her two.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

Why is a proud girl like a music box? She is full of airs.

Responsibility educates the boy.

TO DO, IS BETTER THAN TO SAY.

When Benjamin Franklin was a young man, he applied for a position in a printing office.

The manager asked: "Can you set type?" Franklin stepped up to the case, and in a surprising, short time set up:

"Nathaniel said can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him come and see."

A position was given him at once.

Those who can really DO needful things well are in demand, and to be able to show that you can do well is far better than to have ever so many recommendations from ever so prominent people.—[*Industrial School Gem.*]

The new 25-cent boudoir photograph of the printer boys and girls who print the INDIAN HELPER and the *Red Man*, and one copy of the HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada for TWENTY CENTS. Two-cent stamps are acceptable. This picture will be sent free for seven subscriptions for the HELPER and a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.

Why is a fierce thunderstorm like an onion? Because it is peal on peal.

I DID NOT SAY AND BUT OR

Whoever makes the best constructed complete sentence using only the words in the above heading, may by sending a two cent stamp have the graduating class picture FREE. It is printed by Indian boys and is almost as good as the photograph, names and tribes given.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Indian Industrial School.

SPECIAL.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

For FIVE subscriptions to the HELPER a choice from an interesting set of twenty-cent photographs will be sent FREE. Send for a list of Interesting Photographs which we give as premium for subscriptions, published in No. 20!

WE KEEP ON HAND HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS—THE BAND, KING'S DAUGHTERS, CIRCLES, VARIOUS CLASSES, VIEWS OF THE GROUNDS, INTERIOR SHOPS, VIEWS OF SLEEPING AND OTHER ROOMS, INDIVIDUAL FACES ON CARD AND CABINET, RANGING IN PRICES FROM THE CARD PHOTOGRAPH OF TEN CENTS UP TO THE LARGEST 16X24 WORTH 60 CENTS. FOR A DESCRIPTIVE LIST, SEND A ONE-CENT STAMP.