

The Indian Helper.

FOR THE CARLISLE INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME 1.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1885.

NUMBER 2.

Mt. HOLLY AND HER PAPER MILLS.

"Where is Mt. Holly?"

"I don't know."

"You stupid fellow! Don't you know you go through Mt. Holly every time you go to camp?"

"O, Yes! I know there is a town but I did not know its name."

"Why didn't you ask somebody? You can't learn anything if you don't ask questions."

"Well, I know that, but I—I—I did not think anything about it."

"Do you know what they make out at Mt. Holly?"

"No! What do they make?"

"What do you write on when you write a letter to your home?"

"Paper."

"Well, they make paper in Mt. Holly. The next time you go there you can see three large paper mills, if you want to."

"How do they make paper?"

"Paper is made of old rags. A great many girls work in those mills. They take the rags and cut them in small pieces, and grind them till the rags are very fine and white."

You take a piece of white paper and put it in your mouth and chew it very fine; now put it out in your hand and look at it.

That is the way the rags look after they are washed and ground. They call that pulp."

"Pulp! What a funny word!"

"Yes, I know, but that is the right name. Pulp! Don't forget it."

"After the rags are made into a pulp then

they have machinery to make the pulp into paper."

"Oh! I wish I could see inside of a paper mill."

"Perhaps Capt. Pratt will take you there sometime. He did take some of our boys and girls there twice."

"I wish he would do so again. Where do they get so many rags?"

A great many people save their old rags. They do not throw them away as the Indians do. They save them and sell them to rag men who come around to buy rags. Then these rag men sell them at the paper mills.

Rags cost about 1 cent a pound.

In large cities like Philadelphia the old rag men go in the back streets calling Rags! Rags! Rags! You can hear them a long way off. If any family has rags to sell some one goes out the back gate and speaks to the rag man, and he buys them.

Some little children are afraid of ragmen. I think Richenda, Johnie Given and Lida, and Don and Herbert and little Jack and Irene all would be afraid of a ragman if he was as old and ugly as some city rag men are.

"It must take a great many rags every day to keep the three Mt. Holly paper mills going."

"Yes, it does. In the Mt. Holly, paper mills they use 24,000 pounds of rags every day."

"Oh! Oh! I cannot believe you."

"It is true; 24,000 pounds! Every day! Mr. Mullin, the chief man in those paper mills will tell you the same if you ask him."

Now, some boy or girl write to the INDIAN HELPER, and tell us, how many tons of rags in 24,000 pounds."

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE
INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

Price,—10 cents a year.

Chicago is going to raise a monument for Grant.

New York is going to raise a monument for General Grant.

If you take no pleasure in your work it will yield poor profit.

The new Agent of the Creeks and Cherokees, Mr. Robert L. Owen, is a Cherokee Indian.

Philadelphia is going to raise a nice monument for General Grant. The Philadelphia Press is asking everybody to give ten cents to help pay for it.

Carlisle boys and girls at home on your reservations, please write to the INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa., and tell us if you receive this paper. If you have ten cents please send it. If you have no money write a letter to us anyhow.

At the Genoa Indian school, Nebraska, where Mrs. Platt, and Frank Twiss, and Mary North and Lizzie Glode are, they have a room in which they sometimes put naughty pupils, but they do not call it the guard-house, they call that the "Thinking Room."

The house in which the President of the United States lives is called the White House.

The President is away from Washington now, so the White House is being cleaned, and painted and made comfortable for him when he comes back from New York.

There are only two classes of people in this country who cannot vote. They are the Indians and the women.

You had better take care boys! The women of this land are wide awake, and some of them are working hard to get this privilege.

Young man, you cannot vote, and you will have to be taken care of as long as you belong to an Indian tribe, and live on an Indian reservation.

Which do you prefer, sir, to stay with your tribe and be a child, or leave your tribe and become a MAN?

We received 100 subscribers this week. Not enough yet to buy all our paper. Who wants the INDIAN HELPER, every week, for only ten cents a year?

Harriet Mary sang two pieces alone, and in two pieces with some one else on Tuesday evening the 12th, at a Missionary entertainment in Bellefonte, Pa. Harriet has gone there to visit some friends.

Our English speaking reports are now very nearly clear of any Indian, but girls and boys you must study to speak GOOD English. Just listen! "Me way off mountains huckle-berry eat." If you don't know any better we shall have to excuse you, but when you are careless and do not try to speak perfect English, do you think we ought to excuse you?

"Let us not finish this game of croquet."

"Why not?"

"Don't you see the grass is wet?"

"Yes, a little, but that will not hurt anything."

And so they played on, and on. When the whistle called the girls in, those four croquet players had very wet feet.

That is the way so many careless people get sick and die.

A girl or boy has very little sense who will walk, sit or lie in the damp grass.

Mr. Mason Pratt is on his way to visit all the boys and girls on farms.

Miss Ella Patterson came back Monday night.

Frank Everett and Thomas Wistar like melons.

It is a pleasure to watch the large boys play ball.

Mrs. Morey, a friend of Miss Hyde is visiting her.

Miss Hyde came back last Monday. The girls were all glad to see her.

George Thomas stuck a pitch fork through his foot. He is quite lame but is getting better.

Johnie Standing was quite sick last Sunday, but he is better now.

What did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden? His foot.

The little boys all remember Mrs. Shiverick. She is away out in Oregon now. She is coming back to Brooklyn in September.

**Will you PLEASE
subscribe? Address:
INDIAN HELPER,
Carlisle, Pa. Send 5
two-cent stamps, or a
ten-cent piece.**

"Where is Capt. Pratt?" ask some boys. Capt. Pratt and Mrs. Pratt and Mr. and Mrs. Champney are on their way to California. They will stop in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and perhaps bring back some pupils.

William Morgan, guessed the Enigma-Word of four letters.

William Holbrook who is in Washington county on a farm, stepped on a scythe and cut his foot. He says, his foot is well now,

Mrs. Worthington is now nicely fixed in her comfortable rooms in the new building.

Keep every INDIAN HELPER. You will be glad to read them twenty years from now.

It does not look right, to see a boy go quietly into the office when he knows nobody is there.

Boys and girls write something for this paper. Some short stories, or ask some questions, if you want to know about something. Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle Pa. If the English is good and the subject interesting we will be glad to print it. If the English is poor and the subject not interesting of course we shall have to throw the writing away. Try it! Try it!

Frank West came back from a farm in Bucks County on Wednesday, with an excellent report, with a good suit of clothes and with \$ 35.00 in his pocket. He only went to that place last April. Good! Frank is young yet.

If he keeps on saving his money, when he is 21 years old he will be worth something, and ready to begin life in earnest.

Boys and girls on farms, ask your white friend to send for the INDIAN HELPER, only ten cents.

Jimmie and Eliza Bell returned to the school from the country on Wednesday evening. They started for their home in Indian Territory yesterday. We feel sorry to see them go and they feel sorry to leave.

The camp boys are making some pretty canes with heads of horses, dogs, snakes, bears, etc..

A certain boy always shovels his dinner and supper and breakfast into his mouth with a knife. I wonder what he thinks forks were made for!

One of the girls puts her elbow on the table while she eats. I wonder if she is tired.

GET THE BAD OUT.

An Indian in the far country of Alaska had for a long time been trying, he said, "to get the bad out of himself."

Finally he heard of Jesus, who could "get the bad out of any one," and he made a long journey to learn of him.

How thankful we ought to be that we don't need to travel so far to hear about Jesus. And have we asked him to take the bad out of us?—[Exchange.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

For the treasure of precious worth,
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the places we long to fill,
We must push, and struggle, and drive
And always and everywhere
We'll find in our onward course,
Thorns for the feet, and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross.

A BIG SNAKE STORY.

One of our boys in the country tells the following story :

"A white man and Martin and I went out to fix the fence.

Martin went on ahead cutting briars and weeds along the fence-row, and he killed a snake, then hung it on the fence.

When we came to the snake we saw it was pretty thick but not such a long one.

After making a careful examination we found she had 72 young ones.

It is very likely some will think this is a big story, but it is true."

A little boy's mother told him he was "all over dirt," but he said no, the dirt was "all over him."

AUSTRALIA ! THE LARGEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD.

How shall we United States people send our letters there?

"If you send a letter to Australia by way of San Francisco it must go in a great steam ship across what ocean?"

"Yes, the Pacific Ocean."

"If you send a letter to Australia by way of New York it must go in a ship across the Atlantic ocean."

"Yes, sir ; I understand, but how large are these steam ships?"

"Well, sir, some of them are four times as long as the girls' quarters. If you should make the girls' quarters, the large boys' quarters, and the little boys' quarters into one long building that would not be as long as some ocean steam ships."

"Oh ! Oh ! How long that would be !"

"Now, suppose Grasshopper or some other fellow is in Australia, and you wish to send a letter to him which would be the nearest way?"

The big newspapers printed every day, are talking about this thing. Let us Indian boys and girls think about it, too.

The distance from here to Australia is not so great by way of San Francisco, and that is the way our United States letters go, now, and that is the way American business people wish to have the mail continue to go ; but the government of England wants the American mail to go in steam ships by the way of New York and the Atlantic ocean, so the ships will have to stop at England.

If the mail ships go by way of New York and England it will help the business men of England, but it will not be so well for the business men and merchants of this country.

Now, which do you want?

A wise man once said, "EACH HATH HIS FORTUNE IN HIS BREAST."