

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1888.

NUMBER 21.

"WHAT TIME IS IT?"

Time to do well,
Time to live better—
To give up that grudge,
To answer that letter;
To speak the kind word
That may sweeten some sorrow;
To do now the good
You would leave till to-morrow.

Time to try hard
In that new situation;
Time to build up
On a solid foundation;
Giving up needlessly,
Changing and drifting,
Leaving the quicksands
That ever are shifting.

Time to be earnest
In laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful
In seeking true pleasure,
Loving stern justice,
Of truth being fond,
Making your word
Just as good as your bond.

Time to be happy
In doing your best;
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest,
Knowing, in whatever
Country or clime,
Ne'er can you call back
One moment of time.

HOW SOME INDIANS WERE MADE TO SUFFER BY THEIR ENEMIES.

A True Story by a dear, kind Lady who Lived
for many Years Among Them.

As Grandma was sitting quietly in her sunny room, Aunt Martha tapped gently at her door and opening it, said:

"Here are my pets all waiting for a story. Can you give one, Grandma?"

"Of course I can," she answered "I always love to tell the children stories."

And this is what she told:

"I am afraid I cannot make you see everything just as it was, nearly fifty years ago when I lived with the Indians away out in that part of the country called The Great American Desert, but now known as Nebraska.

A great beautiful, green plain stretched away and away, with two large rivers running through it.

There were no fields or herds of cattle or fine horses.

Instead, there were two Indian villages, the homes of which looked like mammoth coal-pits ready to be burned; and under great oak trees, on the bank of a stream, were a few log huts covered with earth, for there were no shingles to be had.

In these log huts the whites lived, who had way to live.

There were many little streams that emptied into great rivers that I told you ran through that beautiful, wide plain, and along the banks of all these streams the ground was very rich and mellow.

So the Indian women who raised all the corn and beans and squashes for their families chose these rich spots of land to plant, as they had no plows and must throw up the earth and make it fine and soft with their hoes and their hands.

One year they had a very large crop from all the seeds that they put into the ground, and they felt very rich and made themselves happy all the fall, getting ready to store their crops.

As soon as the corn was large enough to eat you would see fires kindled near the corn-patches very early in the morning, and the women and girls busy picking it to throw on the fire to roast.

Oh! That was delicious green corn, picked from the standing stalk and thrown with the husk on into the fire to be cooked in its own sweet juice.

When cooked the women stripped down the husk, and taking a clean shell scraped the

Continued on Fourth Page.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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.

Let us hope that the many good resolutions made for the new year will be kept, and that 1888 may see the best work done in every way.

J. Clifford Rich, of Horsham, comes to the front again with a nice lot of new subscribers for the HELPER, and with a bundle of "renewals."

A pleasant letter from Frank Aveline, who is at Baxter Springs, Kansas, was received by one of the teachers. A part of the letter we will print in January *Morning Star*.

The Christmas number of *Our Forest Children*, published by Rev. E. F. Wilson, Principal of Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., is well worth its price—15 cents.

Ernie Black is at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. He writes that he is at work tailoring, and is Major of the boys' company. He sometimes feels homesick for Carlisle, but means to do his best while there.

Shall we keep up our good record for English Speaking, and show Santa Claus that we really are thankful for the good time he gave us last week? Remember, one reason he was so kind to us was that we tried so hard to speak English.

The hospital department has received a bed-quilt pieced by the children of the Primary class of the Englewood, N. J. Presbyterian Sunday School. The little folks did all the work and bore the expense of material out of their own earnings. Besides the quilt they sent a number of pretty Christmas cards for all of which we return thanks.

A lady friend of our school, who lives in Massachusetts, says in a letter recently received:

"Please say to the Man-on-the-band-stand that an old teacher very much appreciates his criticisms from time to time and looks for the little paper as for a friend. She especially delights when a boy or girl is doing their level best. Please ask some of your grammarians to correct the last sentence."

Can we? Will some one from the high school, or from No. 9, please send to the Man-on-the-band-stand the sentence as it should read?

Lieut. Crane, of Laguna New Mexico, who was in charge of a company of Pueblo Indians at the recent Military Union in Chicago, called at the school, on the way to his home in Maryland, to visit friends and relatives. Mr. Crane seemed to think that our Pueblo boys and girls were looking well and doing well.

The next regular meeting of the Cumberland County Medical Society will be held in Carlisle next Tuesday, before which our Dr. Given will read a paper.

December *Talks and Thoughts* published by the Indian pupils at Hampton, has been received and is full of interest.

Mr. Thos. Miles, a Hampton student now attending the Penn. Medical College at Philadelphia, Richard Powlas and Chas. Doxsen, of Hampton, and Jacob White Eyes of the Educational Home, Philadelphia, visited the school during the holidays.

On Monday, Laura Doanmoe and baby Richard started for home at the Kiowa and Comanche Agency, Indian Territory. We were especially sorry to part with dear little Richard, whose kind mamma always kept so clean and sweet. Laura will join Etahdleuh, her husband, in missionary work for their people.

Our Joshua Given, now attending the Lincoln University, this state, and our Henry Kendall, who is in the preparatory department of Rutgers College, New Jersey, visited the school during the holidays.

Miss E. L. Fisher has received the appointment of Principal of our Schools, in the place of Miss Semple, who was obliged to give up on account of ill health. Miss Fisher has been a faithful and efficient worker with us since Sept. 1880.

Saturday was pay day.

Did the boys have a watch meeting?

Read A-te-ka's story on the first page.

What is the matter with the work-bell?

The toboggan sleds are in use for coasting.

A co'd id the 'ed sees to be the fashiod just dow.

The Apache babies are going to have their pictures taken.

Pupils' home letters this week are full of bright, cheerful thoughts.

Joey Pedro and Jean Matia have returned to school, from farm-homes.

Last issue of the HELPER should be Number 20 not 11 as a printer, by mistake made it.

Florence Redeye, Julia Dorris, Susie Bond, Alice Cornelius and Nicolasa spent the holidays with us.

A pleasant exchange of gifts between our boys and girls was one of the features of Christmas day.

Nancy Cornelius won the prize of the picture offered in last issue of the HELPER. The word was *Cares*.

We are indebted to Miss Jeanes, of Philadelphia, for a number of choice books, games, pictures for rooms and Christmas cards.

Eliza Cewakista and Lois should have seen the little girls when the doughnuts that they sent were distributed.

Thirty books were taken out of the girls' library on Saturday; good sign. Don't skin! Read slowly and understandingly.

Kish Hawkins, put a shelf in the printing-office, and now we have a place for our wrenches and other press tools.

Miss Florence Carter, of Stockbridge, Mass. paid the school a visit during the holidays—a guest of Misses Ely and Burgess.

Extracts from our pupils' home letters, which will be printed in January *Morning Star* are of more than usual interest.

Notwithstanding the good time the boys and girls had during the holiday week, they seem glad that school duties have begun again.

The Senior Class of the Lititz Seminary for Young Ladies, presented our girls with five dollars with which to purchase reading matter.

A number of pupils sent loving Christmas and New Year's greetings to our former Principal, Miss Semple, who is now at Ft. Worth, Texas.

Our Christmas.

It would take four papers the size of the INDIAN HELPER to tell all about the splendid time we have had since the last HELPER was printed. So we will sum it all up with the statement that we have had the happiest and largest and best time we ever enjoyed at this school, and that is saying a great deal, for we have had many very nice times since the school began. The turkey dinner was delicious; the Sunday service most complete and interesting; and the Tuesday night sociable decidedly the largest and most enjoyable of any such occasion ever held here.

Yes, we had all the turkey, mince-pie, cake, oranges, apples, candy and nuts we could eat and as much fun and pleasure as we could possibly enjoy.

On Monday afternoon, John Davis, Ruth Kisero, Priscilla Showity and Istea Owastea started for their homes in New Mexico. They are a party of worthy young people, and we hope they will all find something useful to do out there.

Austin Navajoe, Geo. W. Saathlie, Henry Martin Quahada, Chief Bigbone, Yaame from their farm homes to pay a little visit during the holidays.

How much more genteel those Indian girls look who wear their hair "done up," than those who stick to the old fashion of a braid down the back. At least, so the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks.

The teachers' club has received from Washington a revised edition of "Warrens' Household Physician," finely illustrated; the gift of Mr. Wm. Bartlett, to whom sincere thanks are returned.

Thirty little girls hung up their stockings on Christmas eve. From the hubbub in the early morning and cries of "Dolls!" "Dolls!" it was clear that old Santa had done his work well.

An interesting letter from Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., telling of their Christmas, was received too late for this week's paper, but will be printed next week.

There is not so much receipt (through the mail) of Indian meat, as there was; and the matrons they are glad, while the pupils feel so sad, at the loss

grains on a mat and dried them in the sun.

This they did till the growing corn became too hard, when they left the rest to ripen, while they picked and shelled their beans, cut their squashes in rings and hung them up to dry.

When all was ready for putting away for winter, they dug a deep hole in the earth the form of a flask bottle, and in that hole they stored all they would not carry with them when they went to hunt buffalo.

This year when the Indians had such a great plenty, they felt anxious to dig these holes, which they called *caches*, near our houses, because another tribe of Indians who lived near them had quarreled with them in the summer when they were out on the hunt, and they feared this enemy might come and rob them when they went in the winter to hunt buffalo.

There were so many thousands of these Indians that they could not all dig caches near us, but many did, and the poor Indian women worked so hard to hide the places where they buried their food.

One carried in a large wooden bowl all the earth she dug out of the hole, and threw it over a steep bank so she could make the ground even about her cache, and no one could guess where she had buried her corn.

But their work was of no use, for one snowy day when our Indians had been gone five or six weeks, Old Pipe Stem, their enemy, came with a company of his warriors, a lot of women and a drove of ponies, and told us he had come to get corn that he knew was in the earth near us, and we could sit still for he should get it.

We could do nothing to prevent his taking it, for we were only five men and three women, so we sat in our houses and looked out through our windows and saw the women search for the hidden treasures.

They scraped the snow from the earth with their hoes and then pounded upon the ground, and the minute they struck a cache they knew it by the sound.

So the enemy dug up all the corn and beans and pumpkins that our Indian women had worked so hard so many weeks to prepare for food to feed their families.

The robbers carried off all they could, and what was left they threw away on the prairies for the chickens and wolves.

They went on to the Indian villages and did the same thing, so the ground all around was

covered with corn so deep it came into our shoes as we walked.

When our poor, hungry people came home and saw all that their enemy had done they mourned.

The mothers grew poor in flesh and the children cried with hunger.

The only way they could keep from starving was to dig wild potatoes from the sand on the banks of one of the rivers.

Squads of women guarded by men who went armed with bows and arrows or guns went by our houses day after day, and at night would come back loaded with bags of potatoes.

The Indians called the river 'Eats-kud-dy' (Plenty of potatoes).

As the same river ran very swiftly over its sandy bed they also called it 'Keats-kut-tee' (Swift-running-water.)

You will find the river on your maps named 'Loup's Fork.'

The Indians are all gone from that place now, and children from both these tribes of which I have told you have lived together in love at the Carlisle Indian School making my heart very glad, as I saw them there together.'

A-TE-KA.

Numerical Enigma.

I am made of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, letters. My 9, 3, 10, 7, is a fast running animal that hunters like to shoot.

My 1, 2, 4, 9, 10, is what nearly every one of our boys and girls do when they come to a little stretch of ice.

My 6, 8, 5, 6, is how we all want to stand in our marks for lessons and conduct.

My whole is what most of our boys and girls are wishing for these days.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEKS NUMERICAL ENIGMA: Roast Turkey.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4½x6½ 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 a piece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP, OF THE WHOLE school on 6x12 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

For a longer list of subscribers we have many other interesting pictures of shops, representing boys at work, school-rooms and views of the grounds, worth from 20 to 60 cents a piece, which will be sent on request.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Morning Star**, 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.

Sample copies sent free.

Address, MORNING STAR, CARLISLE, PA.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Star** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.