

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 23.

FOR THE INDIAN HELPER.

"BIG FRAID" AND "LITTLE FRAID"

Hastening in the room last night,
Stopping there—struck with affright—
Sounds most dreadful fill the house;
"What is that?" A mouse! A mouse!

Dire dismay her soul doth fill,
Stops she not an instant, till
Safe within a distant house
She's escaped her foe—that mouse.

Mousie o're that room holds sway
Till, when comes the morning gray,
Back the owner dares to creep—
Timidly into the room to peep.

All is quiet, still, serene.
Silence reigns there now supreme;
But with evening, in that house,
Again will come that dreadful mouse.

GUMPTION.

ANOTHER PLEASANT EVENING IN THE CHAPEL.

On Monday evening, at the ringing of the bell, all happily gathered in the chapel to listen to the singing and speech-making of the Indian boys and girls.

The Man-on-the-band-stand did not go, but he saw and heard every thing from his stand.

The opening piece by the choir delighted his dear old heart, for it was *beautifully* sung; but when Job Hunter Boy said in a speech that every exhibition was the *best*, the old man felt that Job was making fun of him.

Of course every exhibition is the best. We are growing better and better all the time.

But who is that skipping out on the platform. Little Jack Standing, as I'm alive. "Pussy in the well", he is saying, and all the while he speaks he almost dances because he is so glad to give us his first speech; and that salute of Jack's brought down the house. The boys and girls thought they could bring him out the second time, by clapping hands and waving handkerchiefs, but, no, Jack had done well *once*, and he was satisfied. All the cheering did not move the little hero of the evening.

Hartley Ridge Bear's "Hammer" piece was well spoken. Hartley showed an earnestness of purpose and a manliness that pleased the old man.

Ruth Kisero, although far away in New Mexico, was represented by a nice composition which she wrote before she left. Louisa Smith read it.

A class of little Apaches from No. 3 did well.

The Alpine song by the school was followed by a recitation from Henry Phillips, our brave little Alaskan, who is the farthest from his home of any boy here except his friend who came with him.

Then Stiya gave a recitation, not very well heard, and Harry Raven read a composition on "Education."

Another class of Apaches told us what they like to do. It is astonishing how plainly they speak. Some of the other tribes will have to watch out or the Apaches will come off ahead in English speaking.

"The song of the forge," by Jemima Wheelock was nicely recited, while the Wind song, by the choir charmed every one present.

After this Talbot, an Apache who came last May, spoke; James Paint Yellow gave a recitation; Mary Bailey, Belle Logan, Madge Nason and May Paisano were together in a colloquy, and did their parts in a way that pleased.

Thomas Metoxen spoke for the first time. His piece was well selected and plainly delivered.

Tazoski gave a Temperance speech, and then Miss Leverett and Miss Shears refreshed the audience with a very pretty duet.

Henry Standing Bear did not read his composition as well as he might have, but Lida Standing did her best and made us feel sorry for the poor little goose she told about.

"Revolutionary Rising," a declamation by John Londrosh, had in it much that was strong and manly, and Katie Grinrod's composition on colors was true and to the point.

No 7. school varied the exercises by singing

Continued on Fourth Page.

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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.

"A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as the body."

Through the Omaha visitors last week we learned of the death of Joe Esau, a Pawnee Indian of good standing in his tribe.

"Once doing is enough," seems to be the silly motto of some pupils. The greatest scholars have become so great by patiently doing things over and over again.

The Literary Society in town, of which J. B. Given is president, has a nice report of what they do each week, in the *Sentinel*. If our debating and Girls' Literary societies wish to keep up to the time they should send a report of their doings weekly to the Man-on-the-band-stand. Of course the old man knows every thing they do, but he is polite enough to give the boys and girls a chance to write their own reports. We hope after this to get weekly, a short account of the proceedings of each meeting, and then we will print the most interesting parts.

At a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. the following officers were elected for the ensuing term. President—Levi Levering; Vice-President—Frank Look; Recording Secretary—Wm. Morgan; Corresponding Secretary—Samuel Townsend; Treasurer—Percy Kable; Devotional Committee—Chester Cornelius, chairman, John D. Miles, Stacy Matlack, Howard Logan and Wm. Tivis; Membership Committee—Chas. Wheelock, chairman, John Londrosh, Harry Raven, Timber Y. Robe and Wilkie Sharp.

Meetings were ordered for Sundays at 2 P. M. and Thursdays at 6, P. M., each week.

It is fun and work, too for Number 7 school to "make up" examples.

That was a "noble" sleigh-ride of about 20 feet long that one of the lady employes of the school indulged in when asked by one of the printer boys to take a ride on his hand-sled.

Which company marches the best out of chapel?—Company A. The Sergeant takes the lead. He keeps perfect step with the music and all the rest follow in good order.

Miss Irvine, who is suffering from a bilious attack and hard cold, has gone to her home in town for a few days, and the girls are doing nicely in her absence. Miss Campbell is a sort of step-mother to them.

Where are the toboggan slides this year? The girls and little boys have as good a time as it is possible coasting on the little hills around and they monopolize the slides, so the big boys think.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would like to hear the pupils say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," every time when they answer a gentleman. Politeness goes a long way with a person wishing to make a success in life.

One of the small boys who has spared no pains in fixing his room nicely, has placed upon his door a card on which are printed in bold type the ten commandments. Opposite one is a hand pointing, and near it these words, "Please look at 8 command."

The little boys are taking an interest in fixing up their rooms. Some have gone so far as to buy bordering and curtains. They have a better chance to keep their rooms in order than the large boys have as there are but two in a room while in the large quarters there are three in each room.

Number 1, 5, and 7 schools report compositions just written, and they are better than ever. Very good "first ones" from some of the little people have been handed in. Some of the number 7 pupils draw explanatory pictures at the beginning of their compositions.

Wm. Springer, Jamison Schanandoah, Herman Young, Jose Nadilgodey, Charles Dakota, have finished a fine set of single harness, and a set of silver mounted driving double harness, for Mr. W. H. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia. The same boys are at work on a set of fine rubber and gilt mounted single harness for a Philadelphia lady. In addition to this the main force of the shop consisting of 29 apprentices, many of whom are beginners, are at work on a contract of 20 sets of double harness.

Still cold.

Blizzards out west.

Clear, splendid weather here.

A good talk Saturday night.

Some of us are dying for a sleigh-ride.

Jack Mather has returned from Florida.

Capt. Pratt and daughter, Miss Marion, are in Washington.

Wm. Baird made a pair of pincers that would do credit to a master mechanic.

Dr. Rittenhouse, of Dickenson College, now preaches for us Sunday afternoons.

The large farm sled takes the place of the Herdic as long as the snow lasts.

A number of our employees attended the Lutheran church supper last night.

The new air-pump has a case made by Henry Kendall during his vacation visit.

Four of the teachers took a sleigh-ride to Holly and return, Saturday afternoon.

Three volcanic eruptions last night. Place—school-rooms. No property destroyed.

William Morgan led the service last Sunday night. Frank Lock the Sunday before.

The carpenter boys are fitting up an office for Mr. Goodyear next to the new tailor-shop.

Kias Redwolf is busy making a wagon-bed, while Frank Lock and his helper are ironing it.

Mr. Mason Pratt was home part of a day this week. He looks well and is in the best of spirits.

The half-curtains at the windows in the Large Boys' Quarters add much to the coziness of the rooms.

Dick Wallace is doing the wood-work and William Baird the ironing of a cart for use at the school.

Mrs. Gaddis, who for some time has been doing missionary work among the Pawnees in Indian Territory, is visiting the school.

Esther Miller, Edith Abner, Phebe Howell, and Nellie Aspenall are in Washington for a few days, the guests of Mrs. L. H. Patterson.

Rather cool these nights for the guard to walk around the grounds, but they are mostly brave young men and don't mind the cold when there is a duty to perform.

The room occupied by John D. Miles, Stally and Frank West is kept the neatest of any of the boys' rooms.

We hear the complaint that some of the large boys lounge too much. The best way is to be up and doing all the time.

A foolish speech—"Map drawing is of no use." When that boy has more education he will see that map-drawing is of use.

The fitting up of the bath-rooms in the Large Boys' Quarters moves slowly on account of other work for the carpenters.

Richenda Pratt has been sick in bed for a day or two, but the Man-on-the-band-stand is glad his little pet is getting better, fast.

Mr. Jordn and his force of boys have been busy the past week repairing some leaks that were discovered in the big cistern.

Stally has made a very creditable forging hammer and is now at work at tongs. Jesse Cornelius is turning out trace chain-hooks.

On Wednesday six schools from a neighboring township came in sleighs and bob-sleds to visit our school. They were a merry party.

Wilkie Sharpe, John Kitson, Francis Leo and Abe Somers do the best in the tailoring department. Abe is busy cutting out jeans pants.

One of the teachers found a dead mouse on her school-room desk. It is very evident that the pupils of that room would like to study natural history.

There is a great difference in the way the sergeants of the guard make out their morning report. Some write neatly and keep the page of the book clean.

Mr. W. H. Sears, of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, spent Sunday and Monday with us. He examined closely into the workings of all our departments.

Fred Harris, the little Alaska boy who was placed in the tin-shop two days before Christmas, can now make a dozen-and-a-half of very good tin-cups in a half day.

Mr. Reighter reports that the new apprentices taken into the tailor-shop this year are doing well. Taukieh and Francis Ortis are already making coats. The rest of the beginners are still at work on vests and pants.

a cheerful, pretty song, which was well received by the audience.

"Our duty," was made plain by Herman Young, and every one could see the bald-headed man and little child whom Lydia Flint so brilliantly pictured.

Laban Locojim gave the closing speech of the evening, the good-night song was sung, and all went home feeling that it was good to have been there.

Another letter from Peter Powlas.

We are always glad to hear from Peter. In a letter received by a teacher this week, dated Oneida, Wis. Jan. 13., he says:

"In this vicinity the snow is about three feet deep on the level.

I generally have in the neighborhood of twenty scholars. These cold days from ten to fifteen come daily.

I have gained in flesh since I came back and sometime you will see a genuine Wisconsin picture of Sergeant Powlas.

I beg of you to remember me to my many good friends at your school.

I wish both of the debating societies prosperity and success in every effort they will make in the three eights(1888).

It gives me pleasure to reflect my memory upon the good times we used to have in our debates and I well remember my every classmate—'Senator Abe Somers,' for instance, Joel Tyndall, Eugene, etc."

English hard for others as well as for us.

A woman who did not understand English very well was hunting work for her friend.

She went to a minister's house and he asked her many questions about what her friend could do.

"Has she a good character?" asked the minister.

"Oh, yes; she is kind and honest and true," said the woman.

"Is she neat and tidy?"

"Well," answered the woman. "I am not sure she can knit a tidy, but I know that she can crochet some."

The minister smiled and said he would hire the girl to work for him.

"Depend upon yourself; riding upon the shoulders of another is dangerous and foolish. If you are not cast off into a disagreeable place, you might be let down in a very ugly manner, when you least expected it."

Up hill—whip me not.
Down hill—hurry me not.
On level road—spare me not
Loose in stable—forget me not.
Of hay and corn—rob me not.
Of clean water—stint me not.
With sponge and brush—neglect me not.
Of soft dry bed—deprive me not.
Tired or hot—leave me not.
Sick or cold—chill me not.
With bit and reins—oh, jerk me not.
When you are angry—strike me not.

Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 10, 8, 2, is what the printers do with type.

My 5, 4, 1, is what is burned in Carlisle for light.

My 2, 4, 3, is what some people grease wagon axles.

My 7, 4, 9, 6, 8 is the size of the walnut tree by the office corner.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, is what there are a few of among the large boys when it comes to English speaking, and "no chewing, no smoking," but what the girls and small boys are ashamed to have with them.

They are the kind of people that are despised.

They are the people who deserve no help.

They are the people who do the world no good, who hate themselves and every good thing.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A cold.

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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ 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 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 9x12 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**.