

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1888.

NUMBER 28.

SOWING.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
They will blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They will ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They will bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruit must see.
We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way,
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day;
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

—[Selected.]

HOW THE LETTERS GO.

The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders if the boys and girls have ever thought about the way that the HELPER gets to its subscribers, and how letters and papers are carried all over the country, to the great cities, and to all towns and the villages so small that they are not put upon the map.

He knows that you all here have seen the bags that go in with the mails to the Carlisle post office and bring out the mails to the school. All mail bags are somewhat like these, only, many are much larger and stronger; they are made for long journeys on the trains, and there is another thing that some of them are made for also. It is this:

All towns have mails to send, and many of these towns are on the lines of great railroads; these railroads run from one city to another express trains that will not stop at the little stations. But the people like to have their letters go as fast as possible, so they often send them by these express trains.

How can they do it when the trains don't stop?

Do they go very slowly by these places to

give the men at the stations a chance to put on their mail bags?

They rush past like the wind; the Man-on-the-band-stand knows a lady who was walking on the platform of a station one day when the train went by so fast that the breeze from it blew off her hat.

And yet before the train comes, the mail bag is at the station, and when it has passed, this has gone and the other bag that it brought out from the city is lying on the platform.

The two things are done in this way: When the mail is to be thrown off, a man crouches down at the open door of the mail car with the bag in his hands. As the car reaches the platform, he gives the bag a toss and it goes spinning the length of the station, and sometimes far beyond. He knows exactly how to do it, or he would go spinning, too.

The station master has only to send it to the post-office.

But while the bag is spinning, the cars are whizzing by. The mail bag that is to be taken on board by them has been hung on a long spike driven into a high post. As the train goes flying past, a great hook reaches out of the door of the mail car, clutches the bag, sweeps it into the car, and all the while the train goes flying on as fast as ever.

If people do not get quickly letters sent in this way, it is not the fault of the lightning express, nor of the postal delivery; it must be because they are not at home.

FROM ALBUQUERQUE SCHOOL.

John Dixon, a former pupil of Carlisle, writes from Albuquerque:

"Since I am at this school, I have been up and down, almost in every Pueblo Village. The Superintendent of this school takes me as an interpreter to the Pueblo Indian villages, trying to get all the children we can get for the United States Albuquerque Indian School, but sorry to say in some of the villages we haven't succeeded. It seems to me, or as far as I know, most of the children in some villages are willing to come to school,

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The Indian Helper.

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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.

GOD'S BIRD.

A little Indian girl, the daughter of a chief in the Omaha tribe, who was being educated in a city, tells us this story, to show how she had learned that all living things belong to God:

"I remember the first time I ever heard the name of God. I was a very little girl, playing about the tent one summer day, when I found a little bird lying hurt on the ground. It was a fledgling that had fallen from a tree and fluttered some distance from the nest.

"Ah!" thought I, 'now this is mine.' I was delighted, and ran about with the little creature in my hand.

"What have you there, Luzette?" said one of the men who was at work in the field.

"It is a bird of mine," I said.

"He looked at it. 'No it is not yours. You must not hurt it. You have no right to it.'

"Not mine?" I said. 'But I found it. Whose is it?'

"It is God's. You must give it back to him.'

"I did not dare to disobey.

'Where is God? How shall I give it back to him?'

"He is here. Go to the high grass yonder, near its nest, and lay it down, and say, 'God, here is thy bird again.' He will hear you.'

"I went to the tall grass, crying and awed, and did as he bade me. I laid it down on the grass, in a warm, sunny spot, and said, 'God, here is thy bird again.' I never forgot that lesson."

Is not this a beautiful lesson? And have all your dear children learned, we wonder, that the dogs, and the cats, and the birds, and every living thing belong to the great and good God?

—[Selected.

Monthly Exhibition.

The monthly exhibition came off Friday night. Over 800 of the pupils and educators of Carlisle were present.

From Joe Hunterboy's amusing little speech of welcome to Laban Locojim's funny good night, more than two hours, the audience showed unflinching interest.

Eva Johnson read Cecilia's well-written greeting so distinctly that everybody could hear and understand it.

The two discussions were well done. The Man-on-the-band-stand is glad to know that the boys think for themselves on the questions of the day. It did his heart good to see that they were not afraid to stand up and utter their opinions before a large audience.

The Apaches from No. 10 told how they planned for the "New Year," and the little "Wise Heads" from No. 5 showed us that they had something worth hearing to tell.

Frank Lock's talk on the "Past, Present and Future of the Indian" was not spoken loud enough to be heard. That was a pity. The Man-on-the-band-stand knows it was good. He would have liked Abe Somers' better, too, if it had been loud. Don't forget, boys and girls, the gymnasium is a very large place, and if you want to be heard and understood, YOU MUST SPEAK LOUD AND VERY DISTINCTLY. It was very tantalizing to watch that nice group of girls looking so natural in their "One Hundred Years Ago," and only hear what one or two of them said. Next time walk out your voices.

The Army and Navy girls and boys from No. 1 made a patriotic stir in every heart, and the marching and countermarching in the "Tambourine Drill," by the little girls, was a pretty sight.

The exercise with Indian clubs was fine, and Conrad Roubidoux looked very happy, as he received the two clubs which a Wyoming lady present in the audience sent up to him because he gave the most perfect and graceful drill. As for the gymnastic exercises, one by the girls, the other by the boys, it was hard to tell which was best, they were both so good, but the dress of the girls added a brightness to the grace of movement that made theirs more beautiful.

The "Real Eloquence" of the No. 9 boys was over-powering—causing hearty laughter.

The singing by the whole school—the two pieces by the choir and the boys' quartette were well rendered and added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

A telling six minutes' talk from Joshua Given followed by an enthusiastic, appreciative, and heartfelt speech from Rev. A. E. Winship had an inspiring effect on the workers and deepened the interest of the thoughtful ones in the audience.

Fine weather!

Snow is melting.

Bad sleighing.

We wait for more news from California.

How many of the boys went to the mountains on Wednesday?

The new reading room in the Girl's Quarters is a very pleasant one.

We hear that the P. I. Society will give an entertainment very soon. Good!

The Apache babies have been to town to have their pictures taken.

Correct answers to our two last enigmas received. Pleased to see an interest taken in solving them.

Written examinations for the quarter in the school rooms now.

A new board walk from the guard house to the railroad. No waiting for the mud to dry up now, in order to get to town.

The Rev. A. E. Winship, of the *Educational Journal*, Boston, spent Friday here looking through the different departments of the school.

Glad to have Joshua Given with us for a few days. He gave us a nice talk Saturday night in the chapel. Look out for it in the *March Red Man*.

Kias Red Wolf and Dick Wallace are making a wagon body. Frank Lock is doing the iron work. The Herdic has been handed over for a fresh coat of paint.

The printers, the office and the school, all thank our good friend Mr. Houghton, Supt. of the Southworth Paper Company for a box containing 534 pounds of excellent writing paper.

The following was given as a sentence with the word "pinions."

—"Spread his magical pinions wide the night of the debate on railroads. Indeed, he spread his pinions to their extreme width."

Wednesday the 22nd., was a bright, sunny holiday, which all enjoyed. Some of the boys went to the mountains and had a fine time. In the evening the Band played and at night all gathered in the Chapel where the "Magic Lantern" entertained us with views in different countries—none more interesting than those from different Indian reservations.

Being and Being.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friend, hearing her complain, said, "God gives us many things to do, but don't you think He gives something to be, just as well?"

"Oh, tell me about being," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about being, if you help me."

Her friend answered, "God says:

"Be kindly affectioned one to another.

"Be ye also patient."

"Be ye thankful."

"Be ye not conformed to this world."

"Be ye therefore perfect."

"Be careful for nothing."

"Be not wise in your own conceits."

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.

Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the fire-light Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what he commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

—[Selected.]

Calvin Red Wolf, who is now at Haskell Institute, writes to Miss Fisher:

"It has been very long time since I am away from Carlisle school. But still I remember at Carlisle very well, all the teachers and all the students too. But still going to school and not give up for education.

I am glad to say this, I join what they call the Y. M. C. A. I am one of the committees. I am doing the very best I can for this work.

I am sorry I never received the INDIAN HELPER for a long time. I can't stand it for not hearing of anything out there. Give all my best regards and best wishes to all the teachers and children at Carlisle."

Be Polite.

The Man-on-the-band-stand sees some things that make him very sorry. For instance, when a lady is coming along the walk and meets a boy who is too lazy and impolite to raise his hat and say "good morning" or "good evening." Politeness does not cost anything except a little effort on your part, and it has a large reward in the happiness it brings to yourself and others. On the walks, in the school-room, at work, or at play, BE POLITE.

(Continued from First Page.)

but the parents are the big buck Indians who are not willing, especially the mothers. Last month the Superintendent and I have been up to my place twice, and by hard work and by the governor's effort, the first time we got five boys, and at the second time four boys. Also just before Christmas the late governor of the same village brought two boys and a girl. And last summer I brought two girls and one of my little nephews. At the present time there are twelve boys and three girls from my place attending this school.

It is queer that there are some Indians, very hard minded Indians, to make them to understand what a good thing the Government has been trying to do for them.

Last week some of the San Felipe Indians were down here; and Agent M. C. Williams, the Agent, called the Indians to meet him down here. Some of those Indians have had children in this school before, but just before Christmas took them home, and promised to bring them back. And one party of those Indians are opposed in bringing their children back to the school. Agent Williams, myself and the Indians took us one day's talk about the matter. Then Mr. Williams concluded it in giving a written order to the governor and his officers of that village, and told them to see if his orders are carried out. In his order he ordered them that they must bring all the children that were here before, if not, then that he will know what to do with them. The governor and some of the officers are willing to do everything what their agent wants them to do, but one party are opposed. Sheldon Jackson was down here with the Indians. Sheldon and his wife have left the school, they have gone home since before Christmas. Cyrus and I are still working in the shop. We have been making some window frames for the new building, which will be for the Superintendent of this school. And there are two buildings unfinished, we have to finish them this summer. We have plenty work out here, Cyrus and I work all day, we don't go to school at all. Cyrus' father is the governor at our place; from him we got good many children. Permit me to give you the kindest expressions from my mother, sisters, and brothers. I am going up home again tomorrow morning at seven o'clock. Please let me know how is my nephew. Also if you please, remember me to everybody in the school. I am glad to let you know that Cyrus and I are getting along first-rate in this school."

Enigma.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 21, 9, 19, 11, is what we hear first in the morning.

My 27, 18, 5, is what a boy went to town to buy just before the last sociable.

My 1, 13, 20, 26, 3, 30, is what all boys and girls should be to every one they meet.

My 34, 29, 2, 17, is what some of the boys would rather do when they ought to study.

My 31, 4, 28, 5, is what we like to see every one become.

My 34, 14, 24, 6, 9, 29, is something we always enjoy when we are well.

My 1, 13, 7, 1, 1, 23, 30, is what the little people,—and some of the larger ones, too,—look forward to on Thursday.

My 8, 33, 32, 15, 25, 10, 5, is one of the terms used in describing a quarrel or dispute.

My 16, 26, 22, 12, 19, 9, is something worn around the waist.

My whole is a bit of excellent advice.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

One of the boys describing Indian Territory said, "Since the Indians were caught by the missionaries they cultivate the land."

To rejoice in the happiness of others is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.—*James*.

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 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premiums 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 apiece.

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

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x14 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 Red Man**, 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, **THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.**
For 1, 2, and 3 subscribers for **The Red Man** we send the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.