

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 30.

## THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things,  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one bears  
A little burden of joys and cares.  
Patiently take the minutes of pain—  
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring  
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,  
Taste their sweetness while we stay—  
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well  
For how we are used we must one day tell:  
Who uses minutes has hours to use—  
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.  
*Selected.*

## FROM CALIFORNIA.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL., Feb. 24, 1888.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:—  
While enjoying the spring-like freshness of the vegetation in Southern California, the fragrance of blooming wild-flowers, the songs of summer birds, and the warmth of the pleasant sunshine, I cannot bear to think of you standing on that cold band-stand and shivering in the north-west winds.

I have heard of the deep snow you had at Carlisle; how the Indian boys gladly turned out to dig the railroad trains from high snow drifts.

I hear what pleasant times some of the people there are having, sleigh-riding, but I cannot help feeling sorry for you while the others are having good times.

Here the grass is green.

Here the trees are thick with summer foliage and hanging with golden fruits.

Here people are working in their gardens.

Here we have fresh garden vegetables to eat—new potatoes, onions, lettuce, radishes and other things.

Here green fields of grain wave in the soft breeze and add beauty to the landscape.

My friend, bring your band-stand over here.

Carry it across the Rocky Mountains and let it rest on one of the sunny hill-tops overlooking our two cities, National City, and San Diego, and this beautiful bay and lovely ocean.

Here you would not need an overcoat in winter to keep you from freezing, nor a fan in summer to keep you from melting.

Here in this delightful climate where blizzards are unknown and thunder showers rarely experienced, here where the sun shines nearly every day in the year, here where Eastern people come to rid themselves of the heat of summer as well as the cold of winter, this is the place for old gentlemen like you.

I hear you sigh.

I see you wipe your eyes with that large red handkerchief.

I see you shake your head sorrowfully and say, "It cannot be! I cannot go! My duty keeps me at Carlisle."

True! You must not move your place!

Dear old Carlisle is the place for you.

The Indian boys and girls need you there to help keep them straight, and to tell them the news of the school.

They do not always like what you say about them, but they like *you*.

You are their friend and they know it.

Yes! Yes! You must stay there!

You have many nice things there to enjoy, and it is a grand place to do good.

Do not get discouraged!

Do not let those careless girls who break so many dishes make you feel badly.

Keep a good heart, and believe me,

Sincerely your friend and chief clerk,

M. BURGESS.

## Extract from a Composition.

"There are great many people who can make books, and some people can paint nice pictures in them. Some books are gilt with silver color. There is one book that tells about the world and you see that book is very interesting to read. I wish I know how to make nice books and put some interesting story like some people."



# The Indian Helper.

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

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.

Tuesday evening we had in the chapel a very interesting talk from Mr. Kanzo Uchimura, a Japanese student, who has been studying three years at Amherst, Mass. He is going back to Japan now, but he wanted to see Carlisle first. He spoke of the belief that some people have that the Japanese and the American Indians are of the same origin, that the Japan current in the Pacific Ocean, which is like the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic, may have brought the Japanese over here hundreds of years ago; because this current sometimes now drifts Japanese fishing vessels from their own coast across the Pacific Ocean to the coast of America. He spoke of his own likeness to the Indians.

He pointed out on the map the Islands of Japan lying on the eastern coast of Asia, and told us of their high mountains, their roaring torrents, their grand and beautiful scenery. He told us how much Japan had gained since 1853 when through the influence of the Americans it had opened its ports to commerce and had begun to open its heart to Christianity.

When the Japanese first saw the American steamers, they thought they were travelling volcanoes.

Mr. Uchimura wrote upon the blackboard some of the signs that the Japanese, like the Chinese, use for words.

Here are a few.



mouth.



tree.



to point.

The monthly sociable Friday night passed off very pleasantly. Everybody had a good time, but all missed Capt. Pratt, who was detained at home by a heavy cold.

Strains of sweet music from one corner of the gallery soon started a long line of promenaders. It was a pretty sight to watch, as group after group paired off, and joined on, till it looked a triumphal procession, heralding the new social and family life that is dawning on the dark "Indian Problem" of past years.

Then came the usual mingling of boys and girls with games and chat. A merry laugh here and there, bright faces and the quiet talk of friendly couples, showed that all were happy. The little folks filled quite a large space with their great circle of joined hands as they enjoyed a singing play.

Later on we were interested watching eight active boys, four contesting at a time, each pick up a row of a dozen Indian clubs, one by one, carrying and placing them on end at the starting point. It grew quite exciting; cheers rang out for John D. Miles of the first four, and George Nyruah of the second, as they gained on the others, and won.

At closing time the whistle gathered those from the "Little Boys Quarters," and they filed out. The girls followed. Then the four companies of the large boys were formed and marched out by their sergeants in good order. The sociable was over.

One of our subscribers asks this question:

"Will you please explain why you are called 'The Man-on-the-band-stand'?"

If the questioner were at Carlisle, he would know why.

The Band-stand commands the whole situation. From it he can see all the quarters, the printing office, the chapel, the grounds, everything and everybody, all the girls and the boys on the walks, at the windows, everywhere.

Nothing escapes the Man-on-the-band-stand. And it must be only because the hills shut in his post of observation that he does not look down upon all the doings of all his subscribers as he does of the Indian boys and girls.

But don't be too secure. There may be a flag staff on the Band-stand some day, and the man may buy himself a spy glass. It is not safe to predict that one day his vision may not extend much farther. Already he sees into the homes of the boys and girls who go out upon the farms; and—but let us wait until that "someday" comes.

"Never feel that you have done well enough, while you know you can still do better."



Pictures of the "Apache babies" for sale.

Miss Ely and Miss Burgess leave National City, Cal. for Carlisle on the 15th inst.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is happy to know that his chief clerk is coming back soon.

Mr. Uchimura says his country, Japan, pays the State of Pennsylvania \$3,000,000 a year for coal oil.

Ira Yowicee, Egbert Eskeltah, Chas. Mann and Kitemi, have returned to Carlisle from country homes.

A Japanese tailor holds his cloth with his toe; a carpenter holds and turns his wood about with his feet.

Questions for the boys and girls to answer: Do stones grow? What is the difference between stones and plants?

The girls say: "Thank you" to Miss Shears for her kindness in adding, "*The Youth*" to their Reading Room files.

Dr. Noreross talked to us Sunday P. M., in place of Dr. Rittenhouse, who was away at Conference in Philadelphia.

"Look out for pure air, sunshine and good company in your play. Get all the fun out of it you can. Don't catch cold."

Mr. Standing returned Saturday night. He reports great snow drifts in Columbia and the other counties north, where our boys are placed.

A step forward. A mission band is to be organized by our boys and girls to help the Alaska schools, and to correspond with the Indian students.

That was a polite boy who offered to carry his teacher's package home from town. Keep your eyes open to see how many polite, gentlemanly things you can find to do.

A worthy Quaker wrote this; "I expect to pass through this world but once, if there be any kindness I can show, or any good I can do, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again."

Don't throw sticks and stones at the birds. How would *you* like to have some great giant throw rocks and pieces of wood at you? Treat the dear little birds kindly and they will repay you with their sweet songs.

P. I. society entertainment very soon?

One of the boys asked Mr. Campbell for circus-board instead of checker-board the other day.

Some of the printers say that they know what the "P. I." means in the P. I. Society. We will not tell.

Louis Hoffman, of Chicago, Ohio, a little eight year old subscriber to the INDIAN HELPER, the "baby of the family," was instantly killed by a railroad train last week.

One of the old Carlisle boys writes: "I have been asked and urged to drink many times, but always could say "No." My aim is to do that which is right if I possibly can."

It takes the best kind of courage to say that little word "no." All honor to our boys who bravely say "no" to all wrong doing.

The mother of one of our little girls in Carlisle is going to school at Albuquerque because she wants to keep up with her daughter in her studies. How could there be better evidence of the influence of schools upon the Indians? The mother writes from Albuquerque:

"MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER:—I received two letters from you. I like to hear from you to know that you are well. My brother, your uncle, has a little baby girl. My other brother Ce-at-zim Powattie has one little girl and one little boy. I have four horses. Jennie Ke-wi and Ni-o-ava and I send much love to you. I make bread in the kitchen.

Your loving mother,

#### Healthy Bodies.

A young working man fell on an old, dirty, rusty cotton-hook. It went through the palm of his hand, hurting it very badly. He was taken to a hospital. The surgeon, kept the wound open to throw off all the bad matter in it. The hand became much swollen. The surgeon watched it carefully, afraid he might have to take it off. After a time it began to mend, and then he thought he would have to take all off but the thumb and two first fingers. By and by, while he waited, it began to heal and after a time it was healed. The surgeon was surprised and said to the young man.

"Do you use alcohol in any form?"

"No, sir"

"Do you use tobacco?"

"No, sir"

"Do you use coffee?"

"No, sir"

"Do you use tea?" "No, sir?"

The Surgeon nodded his head and said:

"That is what has saved your hand."

The tissues of our bodies are spoiled by using stimulants and cannot resist disease like tissues that are made only of good wholesome food.—[Selected.



## HOME LETTER.

DEAR MOTHER—SKAH-RU-RAH-WAH-KEE:  
—Today is home letter again I want to tell you something about our school. I think our school house will be torn down in this spring and rebuilt because Congress has promised to have new school house this coming spring, and I hope may be as large as our Quarters. It seems too that the Carlisle is going on and on, as you know that I left you in 1883. And I came at this school, and saw the old dining room was too narrow and there was but one story high. The tables were standing close together, and the boys' Quarters were only two stories high one great big doors on big hinges too, like horse stable. The boys were sleeping in same room sometime sixteen or eighteen boys each room. They made great noise and could hardly think something to study because too much noise. I dont like it at all and so I did not stay a great while I went out on the country, and there I spent one year and an half. I returned in 1885 and I got back and I saw a great big dining room which had been built up since I was away. Again I went out and stayed only six months and came back again. That was 1886 Capt. Pratt, and us boys began to think about it that our boys spent so much money foolishly, and so Capt. Pratt's disciplinarian called attention and all the boys were present, all the boys put some money in that collection. Again I went into the country. I was very much suprised that when I came back and saw a great big building extending toward west to east three stories high. Hallo! New Qaurters I said, and I saw Little Boys' Quarters, they just starting to build and was finished both Little Boys' Quarters and a new Gymnasium last Nov. 1887. Now we are comfortable every thing is going on all right. Big new Gymnasium I think all the boys and girls like it because we are going to have sociable once a montn.

LUTHER KUHN'S.

## A Geographical Puzzle.

One day as (a cape of Massachusetts) and her brother (a river in Virginia) were on their way to school, they saw a (lake in British America) coming along the road led by two men. The children were much frightened, until one of the men said, "Do not be afraid, he will not hurt you." They stopped and looked at the great animal, who was so (a lake bordering on Minnesota) to any they had ever seen. "Where did you get him?" asked (river in Virginia.) "I caught him in a (river of Wisconsin) trap up in the mountains of (where the Crow Indians live.) "Tell us all about it," said (cape of Massachusetts.) "Well," said the man, "I had been out on the plains hunting for (city in New York,) and finding none, went up into the mountains, and set some traps there. Sometimes I found a (another river in Wisconsin,) and sometimes I was lucky enough to shoot a (part of a river in Massachusetts.) But one morning as I was going out to fish for (a river in Idaho,) I thought I would go and

look at a trap I had set beside a (city of Arkansas.) As I passed through the (bay of Wisconsin) bushes near the place I heard a sound, and I laid aside my rod and line and looked at my gun, for I did not know what I might find. As I came around the (river of Illinois) I saw this (lake in British America) caught by both front paws. Knowing that I could not capture him alone, I hurried back to the miners' cabin where I had been staying, and got them to come and help me. We took him down with us and kept him until he seemed quite tame then we started out to show him in the cities and towns. But we do not think this life is a good one, and so we are taking him down to the Zoological Garden in (city of Pennsylvania) where we will leave him, and then go to work. "Thank you," said the children, and seeing their school-mates, (cape of New Jersey) (city of Georgia), (cape of Virginia), and (city of Texas) coming toward them, they ran on to tell them what they had seen and heard.

## Enigma

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 5, 12, 13, 9 is what the little boys and girls who study Geography use.

My 14, 6, 15 is what we must use to open a lock.

My 2, 16, 17, 9 is the way we should read.

My 11, 3, 4, 1 is a pile of anything.

My 7, 8, 10 is a little insect.

My whole is something we must not forget to say.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S, ENIGMA: Our new Gymnasium.

## Answer to Conundrums.

Because he distributes the letters.

Up the stairs if they are away (a way).

Because they always have elm on hand.

Because its Burgess is away.

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 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 6x14 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 give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.