

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

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## THE HAPPY PHILOSOPHER.

Year in, year out, I trudge along,  
And this the burden of my song:

Nor hip nor hap shall trouble me  
Whilst straight ahead God's light I see.

Their loads grow light who bravely start,  
And trudge along serene of heart.

The sun shines down on every one,  
With cheer for all—the glorious sun!

Of their own load the clouds do frown—  
Why should their shadow cast me down?

So year by year I trudge along,  
With this the burden of my song:

Nor hip nor hap shall trouble me  
Whilst straight ahead God's light I see.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

—(Selected.)

## FROM THE INDIAN QUESTION TO THE WEATHER.

"But they fall to the level of those around them, after they go back to their people, I am told," said a western lady to the writer. She took the grounds that all money spent on Indian education was money thrown away, and that they would never become a thrifty people.

"Yes," I answered, "the Indians are nearly as bad as the white race in that respect; I know white young men and women of the first circles, who, after they returned from a course of study and training in the very best schools and colleges fell in the face of good influences, below the plain from whence they were taken to be educated.

A goodly proportion of educated Indians, however, have made most excellent records under most depressing and degrading influences at home.

Indians at Carlisle are taught and do learn to love industry and to hate idleness.

Hundreds of Indians taken from western reservations have worked upon Pennsylvania farms, and there proved so faithful and skill-

ful that they received good wages and were desired above other classes as helpers.

After a very few years of such life an Indian boy gains that self-reliance and manliness which makes him a good and desirable citizen.

You and I need the moral support we absorb unconsciously from our surroundings.

We must have good society, church, and a certain standard of excellence continually before us to keep us in place as respectable members of the community.

Take away from us all the supports found in the civilization round about us, and cast us as most of our returned pupils are thrown, into a cess-pool of vice, filth and idleness, with nothing to do but to stay in it and breathe its loathsome air at every breath, do you suppose that we could remain the same spotless saints we now claim to be—worthy examples to the Indian?"

The lady had no more to say upon the Indian question, but began immediately to talk about the weather.

## OUR GUARD HOUSE.

### Extracts From Compositions of Two Indian Boys.

Our old Guard House was erected in 1776, by some of the prisoners that were confined under the authority of General Washington, who was then the Commandant of the armies.

Those prisoners were Hessians from Germany, who were hired by the British to assist in crushing liberty in these United States of America.

No doubt they worked very hard in putting in some of those large stones.

It is strongly built (65x22 ft.), with walls whose thickness is 6 ft., consisting of stone on the outside and the rest brick.

The walls extend to some 18 ft. up forming an arched ceiling, but the outside wall is 8 ft. high meeting the roof made of tin which runs up to some 18 or 20 feet.

It has three light-rooms (18x10 ft.) and four dark cells (7x6 ft.)

One of the large rooms is for the guard and is in the middle part.

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# The Indian Helper.

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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.

"Pains taking and persistent hard work, with common sense, will make a genius of almost any one."

General Crook when asked if the Apaches were treacherous, replied: "Oh, yes, that is a characteristic of the human family."

## A NEW WAY TO GET WELL.

WILL yourself to get well!

Many people cure themselves of sickness now by using their WILL power.

It is easy to die if we just give up to all our pains and aches and think we are more sick than we really are.

The Man-on-the-band-stand knows a little boy out in Kansas who gets hard head aches.

One day he came in from school looking pale and sick, and he said, "Mamma I have the head-ache, and I must go to bed."

His mamma is a kind hearted woman and loves her little son, dearly.

She wanted to say to him, "I am sorry, Charlie. Yes, go to bed, dear, and I will put a cold cloth on thy head. But she knew that would make him feel worse, and she wanted to do the best thing for him, and make him WILL himself to get well.

So she said, "Nonsense! Thee is not sick! Thy head does not ache! It DOESN'T ache. Hush! No! Thee has no head-ache. Go out in the air! Stir around! Go to the barn and help milk!

"But I can't Mamma. Oh, my head-aches so badly."

"No, it doesn't. Thee must say, too, it does not ache. Thee must not give up to such a little thing. Go right out! Go!"

"The boy obeyed, but walked slowly off toward the barn.

Soon he began to think, "My head does not ache so very much. I guess I will walk a little faster." When he got to the barn he met his little brother who had something funny to say. Then he got interested in the cows and horses and soon forgot all about his headache and returned to the house with the glad news, "Oh, mamma, my head is entirely well. I told it to stop, and it did stop."

So we all may do when sick.

Our WILL is a great power in our own hands and we must use it if we wish to get well.

## Business.

The following letter written in rather poor English shows that the Apache who wrote it is getting into business ways while at his farm home and he is learning to make bargains.

DEAR CAPT:

We talk with Mr. C. about \$10 month. Mr. C. says he give me \$8 month but I say I wanted \$10 month how that do. Because I know very hard work every days, when potatoes plant and pick potatoes and in the summer time sun hot. First he ask me. how much I go get next summer. I tell him I want \$10 month. He give me \$8 first month, and three months make \$24. If he dont give me \$10 I take \$9 three months, \$10 July, \$10 August. We don't fight about it, but just we fix.

Frances E. Willard, the great Reformer and Temperance Worker called, on Wednesday. "It is *business* that will keep the Indian boys and girls with us," she said enthusiastically, after looking at the printers work so handily at the type and presses. "The foreman of this printing office will never have a desire to return to the blanket. He knows too much about *business*."

The helpful words of cheer and encouragement left, in the very few moments she spent in the printing-office will cause Miss Willard's face to be ever remembered.

Willie Butcher who went to his home last summer among the Chippewas in Wisconsin writes that he is well and having a good time. His people are soon going to Sugar Bush, we expect, to make maple-sugar. Send us a lump, Willie. The Man-on-the-band-stand has one sweet tooth.

Marbles have had their day among the small boys and tops are the fashion now.

Lovely sunshine!

Oh! Stay with us!

Felix I. E. Feather has joined the printers' ranks.

Details for Girls' work were changed Monday morning.

Have you noticed how green the grass is getting in spots?

Mrs. Campbell's solo last Sunday morning charmed her hearers.

It is lunch, now, at the Teachers' Club instead of dinner, at noon.

A little white boy on the grounds would like to know if rabbits lay eggs.

What? Two Altos of the choir in disgrace? How shocking!

A game of ball Tuesday night was entered into with vim by a number of the boys.

The farm fever has begun. A number have gone out for the summer and others are anxious to go.

The floral decorations in the chapel arranged by our Principal and others were very pretty, Easter morning.

There were not so many fools this all-fools' day as common; guess it was because the first of April fell upon Sunday.

Levi Levering, Chester Cornelius and Samuel Townsend sang a very pretty opening hymn last Sunday evening.

The eggs and omelet so plentiful Easter morning for breakfast were thoroughly relished by the whole school.

Saturday night's talk on the old style of sending letters, and other customs of forty years ago, made us all glad we are living today, instead of then.

Oranges grow on vines in this country. At least, the vine in front of the teachers' dining-room bore an orange. It may have been tied on, but it was a real live orange, anyhow, and reminded us *so much* of California.

The Oneidas who came from Wisconsin and entered our school last week are: Richard Summers, Briggs Cornelius, Miner John Nelson Smith, Thos. Schanandore, Lorenzo Cornelius, Susan Summers, Cilicia Wheelock, Sophy Coolong, Leila Cornelius, Electia Schanandore, Louise Schanandore.

*The Red Men* for April will be an unusually interesting number.

It looks lonesome around the Captian's home now, with Mr. Mason, Miss Marion and Miss Nana all away. Only Richenda and Mamma and Papa left.

Miss Phillips gave each of her friends a beautiful colored Easter egg, Sunday. The Man-on-the-band-stand was left out again, but he doesn't like eggs anyhow.

There were 1,000 yards of string to the kite sent up Tuesday evening. It was a new thing and greatly pleased the three or four hundred lookers on. My! but didn't it fly nicely.

That's right, girls! Go to the gymnasium as often as possible and pull away on the weights, and swing the clubs and wands and dumbbells until you get as strong and as straight as you ought to be.

John Given and Don Campbell escorted Mrs. Given, Miss Rote and a dozen girls to town Tuesday evening, to the Mission entertainment. The girls were not at all afraid while in the charge of such brave defenders.

Can we not now see the little company of worshippers in the woods of Indian Territory so vividly pictured last Sunday night by the speaker who told of an assembly he came upon while traveling in that country?

PASSING REMARKS OVERHEARD BY THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND: "Why in the world does that boy who rings the chapel bell ring it so LONG? He rings it as though the east wards of the town, and the school-buildings and the township were all on fire?"

ANOTHER: "The *little* boys keep step nicely, but the others go like a lot of ducks waddling along the path."

ANOTHER: "Of what use is the sign, 'Keep off the Grass!' Why, the boys run all over it as much as they want to. Maybe the sign is meant only for the girls."

ANOTHER: "A certain young man who has been here for over four years was detailed one evening to take Raymond's place of work. He was obliged to find the teachers' rooms to make certain collections, and, do you know, he got all mixed up, and didn't know one room from another? How strange! Four years! And don't know where the teachers' rooms are! Why it would take such a person fifty years to learn the names of the streets and prominent business houses of even a little town like Carlisle."

(Continued from First Page.)

It was used by the military forces until 1879 when the Barracks were turned into an Indian School.

By its ruins in the inside wall it seems that at times there might have been thirty or fifty prisoners trying to break out.

It is now used only for strong headed or refractory Indian boys at this school.

RICHARD DAVIS.

I was once told by an old gentleman of Carlisle that this stone building was not at first a place for confining soldiers for misconduct, but was a magazine, and later on was made into a place of confinement.

If it could only speak and tell us of the time since it's erection, what interesting stories it would have to tell.

It would tell of the old patriots during the Revolutionary War, and the later battles in the neighborhood.

FRANK DORIAN.

FOR THE INDIAN HELPER.

#### COCKATOO.

What a magnificent bird our Cockatoo was. From tip to tip of his wings he measured a yard. He was as white as snow, except that under these wings and on the top of his head there were a few yellow feathers. When he was angry, or when strangers were too familiar, for he was very dignified, this yellow crest would slowly rise until it stood with the top-most feather projecting forward almost on a line with his hooked beak.

One night some visitors came into the room where his cage was. Cockatoo had retired, and was preparing himself for sleep by a dance on the round of his cage. He was so slow, so very solemn, he lifted one foot and gave himself a swing, then the other in the same way, and he looked so droll that one of the strangers burst out laughing. Cockatoo went on swinging himself with an offended air. But when this made him look still funnier and her laugh still louder, the bird stopped, backed into the corner of his cage, put up his crest to its highest and was too angry to move again until she had gone away.

When Cockatoo was fond of people he was very gentle with them. There was one lady to whom he used to tell his secrets; he would walk up to her, seat himself on her shoulder, lay his bill on her cheek, and open and shut his mouth in the funniest way without a sound; and he was most apt to do it when strangers were about. He was giving her his opinion of them.

One day Cockatoo had a bit of looking-glass given him. He turned it this way and that in his claw, and then made a sudden dart behind it to see the bird that had been looking at him. He was fond of getting upon bureaus and looking behind mirrors in the same

way. Some one sent his mistress the picture of a cockatoo; when this was shown him, he looked at it, and after a minute his crest rose up high with a spiteful air.

He ate very little but that was the best. When a piece of cake was handed to him he would reach out and take it daintily in his claw, turn it round, bite off every morsel of crust, eat a few nibbles out of the middle of it, and throw the rest on the floor of his perch. He did the same thing with bread and butter, although he was not allowed much of the last.

His wings were clipped, or some day he would have disappeared altogether. As it was, poor Cockatoo, he went too far. Once he was lost all night in the woods near the house, but some boys saw him and told his master; and Cockatoo was ready enough to be taken home.

But this last time one of the young men in a college near by saw him on a tree, thought he was a white hawk and shot him,—why should he have shot the bird even if he had been a hawk? Poor Cockatoo fell; some neighbors who knew his home carried him there; he seemed to understand that his friends wanted to do something to help him.

But it was of no use. In a little while he died.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 8, 6, 9, is food that horses eat.

My 7, 4, 6, 1 is what is found in the hills of Pennsylvania, and is what we burn in stoves.

My 7, 1, 6, 5, is something that looks like an oyster.

My 8, 2, 3 is a low kind of an animal which gets very fat sometimes.

My whole is a game in which some of our girls and even the officers of the school are becoming very interested.

Why is the early grass like a penknife?  
Ans.—Because the *spring* brings out the *blades*.

Is the sponge an animal?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Prospect Point.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 14 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 1/2 x 3 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 Puellos 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 Navajo 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 60 cents.

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

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page A 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 to **The Red Man** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.