

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

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WHAT A BARREL OF WHISKEY CONTAINS.

"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes;
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all-unavailing regret;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the bead on the liquor that glows in the
glass.

My barrel! My treasure! I bid thee farewell,
Sow ye the foul seed, I will reap it in Hell!"

— *Wisconsin Prohibitionist.*

WELCOME!

The following address of welcome to the young ladies of Wilson College who visited the school last Friday evening was given by Kish Hawkins, of the Cheyenne tribe. The speech was almost impromptu, he having been informed only a short time before the arrival of the young ladies, that an address would be expected from him:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF WILSON COLLEGE: On behalf of the Carlisle Indian School I extend to you a hearty welcome.

We are always very glad to have our friends especially students, as *we* are students, to come and see us. I trust that this meeting between you and us shall never be forgotten.

We have prepared for you a little program from pieces of our last monthly entertainment hoping that each performance may please you. We may consider this a *lunch* of an entertainment.

I want to tell you, that our whole number of pupils on the roll is now 558. But where are the rest? you may ask.

I would say to you, look to the East, West,

North and South and you will see Carlisle Indian students, working out in fields in barns, in kitchens and elsewhere. They are getting the experience of a farm life, they are learning to take *care* of themselves.

If you should go back of that long building (the boys' quarters) you would see us working in the different shops. Then if you should go into that building, there you would find yourself in the midst of a busy humming noise—a sewing-room in one part and the laundry in the other.

These places are where we train our hands to usefulness.

Then should you go into that long building (school-building) you would find us doing just your kind of work—training our minds.

Our intention is to be able to help ourselves and our motto is—"God helps those who help themselves."

Let us hope that Carlisle may turn out some of its pupils, who will respect women's rights, members of Congress, who will support the passage of a Bill providing for women to have a voice in the government.

I do hope that at some future time we shall have another bright representation from Wilson College to pay us a visit again.

How to Learn to Speak Plainly.

When Curran who became a famous orator was a boy he used to be called at school "stuttering Jack Curran." But he determined to overcome this defect in his speech and when he grew older he used to read aloud strongly and plainly for several hours every day from books so that his speech might grow distinct.

He spoke plainly, not because nature had given him a clear articulation, but because he determined that he would do it.

When he was a boy it was as hard for him to pronounce English plainly as it is for an Indian boy who understands it when he reads it and hears it.

If the Indian boys took Curran's way of improving their speech, if they read aloud to themselves even half an hour a day and resolved that every word should be uttered distinctly before the next was spoken, what would be the result?

One thing at least would happen. When the debating clubs give their exhibitions in the autumn, everybody would say.

"What good English! Well done!"

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

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

Price:—10 cents a year.

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 paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

We are pleased to hear of the marriage of Louie Cornelius with Jones Schanandoah, at the Oneida agency, Wis. Louie was a pupil of Carlisle at one time, and Jones of the school at Martinsburg. May joy go with them, is the wish of their old gentleman friend.

We were pleased to hear from Bennie Thomas this week—one of our printers now on a farm in Bucks County. He is with David Turkey. The people with whom they live are very kind, he says. Bennie sees Benajah nearly every Sunday, and he says they often talk about the Printing Office.

At the great Democratic Convention held in St. Louis this week, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Thurman were nominated for President and Vice-President of the United States. The Republican Convention will be held in Chicago, before long. No one knows who will be nominated. There will be exciting times in politics from now until the Presidential election in November. Read the papers, boys! Keep your eyes open, and decide for whom you would vote if you had a chance.

The Dakota Trip.

Miss Irvine arrived from Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, Saturday evening. The sick girls stood the journey very well. When she left, Dessie was at the boarding school but expected soon to go to her home about forty miles out.

Miss Irvine saw a number of our returned students.

Clarence Three Stars was still at the Boarding School as Disciplinarian, and she heard that he was very faithful in the discharge of his duties.

Frank Twiss is growing stout and is much

interested in his trade which he learned at Carlisle—that of tinner.

Emma Hand continues to make her home with her brother-in-law, Mr. Kolhoff.

Edgar Fire Thunder has married one of the Agency boarding school girls, and still holds his position in the blacksmith shop, where he gives full satisfaction.

Amos is putting up a school house at one of the distant camps.

Alice Wynn, in spite of the rumor a few weeks ago quite to the contrary, is strong and well.

Martha Bordeaux and Winnie Schweigman were at Pine Ridge from Rosebud, on a visit.

George Firethunder's record is such that we take no pleasure in publishing it. Robert American Horse was well and doing well.

"Oh, the joys of fishing! To rise early in the morning and wend one's way noiselessly along a clear sparkling brooklet, perchance in a great quiet forest, while the birds above warble sweet songs of exquisite comfort and joy filling one's heart with praise to Nature's God. Oh, ladies, it is charming, a delight to my soul." The speaker was one of Carlisle's brilliant young merchants and the audience a company of our ladies gathered under the trees within hearing distance of the Man-on-the-band-stand. The worst of it is, after this burst of eloquence the b. y. merchant and an officer of our school actually went fishing but caught nothing but a bull-frog.

The party of ladies from our school who went to visit the great Normal School at Millersville, on Tuesday, report having had a delightful time. The cordial manner in which they were received and entertained by the faculty of the Normal were most gratifying, and the Man-on-the-band-stand hopes that the teachers, officers and students of the Carlisle school may sometime have the pleasure of returning the compliment.

The young ladies of Wilson College, Chambersburg, visited the school last Friday evening on their return from Gettysburg where they had spent an enjoyable day. They entertained our pupils with singing and recitations, and were enthusiastically applauded after each performance. Come again and make our hearts glad!

Through Miss Noble's kindness forty-three of the girls spent an afternoon at the farm. The old boat was made to do full duty in spite of its many leaks. The girls say they went horse-back, helped milk, read, rested and had a grand, good time.

The Apache babies, a most interesting picture, will be given for five new subscribers to HELPER, or one new subscriber to the *Red Man*, or for 20 cents cash.

If all who intend taking the HELPER another year would **Please Renew Promptly** after receiving notice that their time is out it would save us much time and labor, and prevent delays and the loss of papers.

Picnic!

Tuesday next.

Crokinole is setting some folks wild.

My chief clerk was 5 years old, Wednesday.

Levi Levering led our Sunday evening service.

Rat scalps 5 cents each. Small Apaches leading traders.

The fences about the grounds are being white-washed.

A party of ladies from Lancaster visited the school, on Tuesday.

Alex. Y. Wolf, one of the bakers, went to work on a farm, Saturday.

The Captain's phaeton is all fixed up in new paint and hardly knows itself.

At the girls' quarters they are administering Rough on Rats judiciously.

Stacy Matlack sings in the choir of the Presbyterian church, Newtown, Pa.

The Regulars expect to go to Newville, tomorrow, to play a game of base-ball.

It is decided to build the new school-house where the old building now stands.

Brule Iron Eagle Feather visited friends at the Indian School, Philadelphia, this week.

The dining-room, kitchen and sewing-room received their spring coat of kalsomine, this week.

A number of our ladies attended the musical at Metzger, Monday evening, and pronounced it good.

"Nearer my God to Thee," the music of which was composed by Miss Booth and sung by our choir on Sunday afternoon, was superb.

My stand is receiving a fresh coat of paint. The old gentleman who has to stay there always, deserves to have a nice stand, but he heartily thanks the boys who are painting it.

The party of small boys behind the dining-hall, Tuesday, who had the sorting of a large pile of potatoes, did not find it very agreeable work but they got lots of fun out of it.

Chepe Ross, one of our former Comanche pupils has been at work for the past two years for Mr. Burk Burnett, Ft. Worth, Texas. We were pleased to hear from him, this week.

Annie Thomas has found a summer home in Atlantic City.

Luke Bear Shield calls our little paper the Pappoose HELPER.

Dr. Given is in Philadelphia attending the State Medical Society.

A photograph of the printing office, showing boys at work, may be had for 25 cents.

The Alaska boys here don't often get mail but when it does come the pile is large.

The black horse is a little hard to drive but William Steele manages him beautifully.

Julia Given, Ellen Hansell and Meta Atsye have gone to live in families in Maryland.

The fire-engine was out Wednesday and Thursday and the boys given a "fire-drill."

John D. Miles spent Sunday with Richard and Nannie Davis at the Harveys in Chester County.

The plans for the new school building were drawn by Mr. Mason Pratt and are as pretty as a picture.

That was a lovely little box of flowers which May Paisano sent by John Miles to her teacher, Miss Bessie.

A handsome volume of McCauley's History of England has been presented to the library, by Rev. Dr. Brown.

The band now gives us open-air concerts on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, which are thoroughly enjoyed.

Harvey, Howard, Dennison, and Yamie "chipped in" and bought a croquet-set which game they very much enjoy playing.

Stiya, Annie Morton, Gertrude and Amelia spent a happy morning with Miss Beekie Henderson and returned laden with flowers.

Wish some little girl would make the Man-on-the-band-stand a small pin-cushion, to be used by his clerks in the Printing Office.

J. B. Given passed his graduating examination in the town High School on Monday and Tuesday. He will not know his standing for several days, but the Man-on-the-band-stand knows it already.

Miss Hoopes, of Downingtown, who has in various ways borne us kindly in mind, sent the little girls an assortment of seeds and roots with which to make the beginning of a flower bed of their own.

Rev. Henry M. Smith, Editor of the *South-western Presbyterian*, New Orleans, La., visited the school on Tuesday. Carlisle was Mr. Smith's boyhood home, and the happy greetings he received from the old boys of the town after his forty years' absence were pleasant to see.

Mistakes of the Indian Boys and Girls.

So many words sound alike to the Indian boys and girls that no wonder they get a little confused sometimes.

The other day one of the mailers, working at the mail galleys, spoke aloud while fixing a Post Office in position—"West Chester."

His companion thinking he said "Where's Chester?" Answered, "In the school-room."

That wasn't quite so bad, however, as the boy who asked if we were going to have a big neck this summer?

"What do you mean?" asked the lady addressed.

"She made a mistake, however, in asking the question, for the boy was joking and trying to make the lady see that "pic-nic" sounds like "big neck."

Then, too, words which have the same sound but different meanings trouble them.

Not long ago a girl at the Hospital was told to bring in the spider and put it on the stove.

She immediately hunted up the broom, looked all around in the corners of the room and out on the balcony for a spider's nest.

A spider's web in any of the corners at our hospital?

No, indeed! That is a thing which Miss Wilson could not allow.

So the poor girl, after a long search, had to report that she could find no spider to put on the stove.

From my Grand-daughter in the country.

MR. MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND: DEAR SIR. I have received your chief clerk's postal card answering my question about my subscription of your HELPER.

She informed me that my time for which I paid for the HELPER is out, and of course Grand-pa Band Stand you know we all are so fond of our little paper. So I will send five two-cents stamps for my HELPER another year.

I always think the HELPER is one of my longest letters from Carlisle. And I consider that one of the dearest little papers among the Indian boys and girls and others of our friends those who have subscribed for it. We are all well and happy, and wish you the same wish for all your Grand children at school.

My kindest regards, to your clerk.

Your Grand-daughter,

JENNIE MITCHELL.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—Holland.

The Grown Folks like it.

Enclosed find subscriptions for two (2) INDIAN HELPER. I am not a "little" friend (only in means of helping) but if it makes the M. O. T. B. S. feel younger to hear good words of his paper, will add mine. I am too busy to read only necessary reading, but think I cannot do without the HELPER, so that makes it necessary?

"It is the one neck nearer that wins the race and shows the blood; it is the one march more that wins the campaign; the five minutes' more persistent courage that wins the fight. Though your force be less than another's, you equal and out-master your opponent if you continue it longer and concentrate it more."—Selected.

"Why is the letter D like a squalling child?"

"Because it makes ma mad.

Why is the letter Y like a young spend-thrift?"

"Because it makes pa pay."

Enigma.

By a Subscriber.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 8, 5, 9, 7, 3, is a girl's name.

My 12, 11, 1, 1, 14, 15, is something we all like to receive.

My 2, 4, 13, is a part of the body.

My 10, 3, 15, 6, is what some of the Indian boys do with cattle and ponies when they go home.

My all is a welcome little messenger.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

ENIGMA: Indian boy and Lawn-mower.

RIDDLE: Jonah in the whale.

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 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

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

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.

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.

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

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.