

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1888.

NUMBER 6.



HIS country is so broad, and long,
And rich, and grand, and free,
That any boy, however poor,
May rise to dignity.
There's not a boy in all this land
Who may not, if he will,
By patient toil and diligence,
The highest station fill.
J. W. BURGESS, in *Sunshine*.

OUR WALNUT TREE,

"Stop! Stop!"

"Who speaks?" said the Man-on-the-band-stand quickly turning in the direction of the voice.

"It is I. See! This way! Help! Murder! Don't! Don't!"

"What is the matter? You dear old walnut tree, is that you calling so pitifully?"

"Yes. Make them stop!"

"Make who stop?"

"The boys!" "The boys!" cried the walnut tree. "See! They are throwing stones, and sticks and shooting arrows at me, and killing my pretty green walnuts. Ouh! There comes a big club! Can't you help me out of my trouble, old man?"

"Why, the boys are only having a little fun. Can't you let them have the walnuts? You are not a selfish tree, are you?" asked the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Now, the Man-on-the-band-stand knows just as well as any one that green walnuts are not fit to eat, and that sometimes they make people very sick, but he talked that way to see what the tree would say. And so he said again, "Let the boys have the walnuts!"

"No! No! Wait! Wait!" cried the tree almost frantic. "When my walnuts get ripe then they may have them. Then I will drop them to the ground, and the boys and girls may have all the fun they want picking them up and eating them, and I will lie back in the wind and laugh because they like them so much."

"But the boys say your walnuts are good now. They like to eat them now," said the Man-on-the-band-stand.

"No! No! Not now! They make sore

mouths now, and sick stomachs now. My walnuts are not fit to eat now."

"Is that so?" said the old man pretending not to know about walnuts.

"Yes, but if the boys and girls will wait till winter time when my walnuts will be ripe and dry then they will be good eating. Dry walnuts are splendid to eat. Can't you make them wait?"

"I don't know," said the Man-on-the-band-stand shaking his head. "Some of these boys and girls can't wait for any fruit to get ripe, not even apples and melons. Indians, old and young, are very foolish about that."

"Well, there is no sense in knocking my walnuts off now. It is a shame. I have worked a whole year to make nice, good fruit for the boys and girls to enjoy, and they can't let it be till it gets fit to eat. Do stop these boys throwing clubs! Stop them! Say!" called the tree in great distress, "Can't you help me?"

"Certainly! Certainly! I will help you all I can. I will ask Mr. Campbell at once to drive the boys away and to put a guard around the walnut trees, all of them. We will catch the boys and girls who eat the green walnuts and punish them, if you say so. But how can we catch them?"

"That is easy enough!" said the tree laughing, glad because the Man-on-the-band-stand was going to help him. "It is easy to catch the boys and girls who eat my green walnuts, because their teeth and tongues and lips and fingers always get black when they eat my walnuts. I will make them sick, too, sure, if they don't stop eating walnuts when they are green, then you can catch them. Ha! Ha!"

"That is so. I shall be on your side, you good old tree. You are a handsome tree. We are proud of you. All our boys and girls are proud of you. You shade us so nicely on hot summer days. Our boys don't want to hurt you. They are kind, good boys, but they are thoughtless boys sometimes. They have not thought about the wrong of knocking off the walnuts and eating them before they are ripe. They will not do so anymore. They will not

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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.

The Captain.

Capt. Pratt left Sunday at mid-night, for Dakota. While here there were so many things to be attended to that he scarcely had time to breathe, and did not rest day or night, but the two meetings of the school, assembled during his stay will be memorable ones.

When he arose to speak, Saturday evening, the boys and girls greeted their loved school-father with an enthusiastic cheer. His first words were "I feel strong now," at the close of which remark another round of clapping was given which might have been heard down town.

We were glad to hear the voice of our chief and we made him know that we were glad.

The Captain's remarks were of the most forcible kind. He gave an interesting account of some of the work of the Commission and how the chiefs talked; descriptions of the country, the condition of the Indians, their future outlook and the discouraging drawbacks of the work of education among them.

He talked for an hour and when he turned to sit down, cries from the pupils of "More! More! Go on!" were heard and although very tired he could not resist the earnest request of his sons and daughters.

Had we but space to print all that was said, and had we a way to send broadcast among the Indians and others the inspiration each one drank in at this meeting what a wonderful work our little paper would accomplish this week. But we can't. Those who heard the talk were the favored ones. Now, if each hearer will act according to the impressions received, and will try to spread the inspiration as far as his or her little circle goes the good will be far-reaching.

Mrs. Laura Doanmoe writes from her home at Anadarko, Ind. Ter: "Dear old man:—Will you please be kind enough to send your dear little paper another year? You don't know how much I enjoy reading it." In the letter we found ten cents.

If you are growing round-shouldered, walk with your hands behind you, and you will become straight.

The Aim.

Capt. Pratt's last words with us Sunday evening: Let each one resolve:

I will be a man;
An industrious man;
An honest man;
A faithful man;
A saving man.

A St. Louis gentleman writing to friends in Massachusetts about the Cincinnati exposition, says: "You would be delighted to see what comes from the school at Carlisle. All kinds of work in iron and wood done by Indian pupils, shoes and slippers, men's suits and women's dresses, drawings, specimens of handwriting and composition, and a multitude of photographs."

This is the kind of a letter that pleases the Man-on-the-band-stand: "Dear Grandfather: I wish to subscribe for the HELPER for another year. It is such an interesting little paper that I cannot go without it. I am always anxious to read the paper when it comes. Enclosed find fifty cents for five new subscribers. Your Grand daughter. JULIA POWLESS." (On a farm.)

Many of the returned farm pupils came manly up to the desk and subscribed for the *Red Man*. It is right for them to want a good new paper when it is first printed. We give away only the *damaged* copies at the end of the month. Every intelligent Indian boy and girl should subscribe for the *Red Man*, and keep it on file for future reference.

Many thanks to subscribers for sending last week's advertised number of the INDIAN HELPER. This week there comes a call for Vol. II. No. 24. dated Jan. 21, 1887. That happens to be a number of which we ran short, and have not one left. Whoever sends it to the Man-on-the-band-stand will greatly please the old gentleman.

Rev. John Robinson, who for many years was missionary at Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., has accepted the position of Superintendent of the Educational Home, Phila. We believe they have the right man in the right place and we wish him abundant success. Mr. Robinson spent a few days at our school this week.

Luella Weirich, of Myerstown Pa., has sent quite a number of subscribers. In speaking of the printer boys' picture given as a premium, she said: "Thanks for picture received which is highly appreciated on account of the very intelligent looking faces."

Miss Stella Gailey, a teacher in charge of the Industrial Department of the "Mary Allen Seminary" boarding school for colored girls at Crockett, Tex., visited the school the first of the week.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Comanche Chief a brave leader of the Pawnees. His daughter is with us.

Miss Irvine returns this week.

Have you seen Marie's lovely little Maltese kitten?

Mr. Mason Pratt came from Washington to spend Sunday.

Mrs. Titlow, matron at Hampton, with her daughter, called on Monday.

Miss Hyde is in Lee, Mass., for a short stay. She speaks of visiting Carlisle in December.

The six members of our band who play so beautifully were out again Thursday evening.

The girls and small boys have had a clean record on English Speaking for several weeks.

On Monday morning, forty boys left for farms to go to school with white children this winter.

It is astonishing how much more a quick girl accomplishes for herself than a slow-poke does.

Henry Kendall spent the summer vacation at his home in New Mexico. He came back Saturday night.

Chas. Dagnett looks quite scholarly with Miss Ely's glasses on. The owner was only too glad he found them for her.

Through Miss Sparhawk, a nice lot of books have been received from New England Publishers, and Carlisle is greatly obliged.

Dr. Given overtook Dr. Brown at Indianapolis on their way west, as noted last week. From there they went on to Kansas City together.

On Tuesday, Mr. John Patterson, of Washington, D. C., who has been spending several weeks with his sisters at the school, left for his home.

Irene and Don went with their papa to Philadelphia Saturday to help bring the boys back. Mr. Campbell went again on Monday to attend to the outgoing party.

Miss Leverett who was with us last year is now teaching near Gettysburg. She renewed her subscription this week. We hope she will "walk in some day and make us a call" as suggested in her letter.

The boys from farms brought back to their bank account about \$1,500. Some boys who received good wages saved nearly all they earned, while others spent nearly all. One foolish boy who had \$17.85 spent \$17.55. He will not get rich very fast, will he?

Too much pie is not good for digestion. (Miss Noble's good pot-pie is always an exception to this rule.) But when it comes to a mail-galley pi, and a whole case and several sticks of type all in one week it is almost too much for a printer's temper as well as his digestion.

Lida Standing goes to Metzger.

Many thanks to R. Hillman for a club of 25 recently received.

Six hundred ears of corn for dinner, on Tuesday. Wheuh!

Electa Schanandoah sent some subscriptions this week from her farm home.

The poor little birdie in the Small Boys' Quarters got sick and died, on Tuesday.

Miss Maggie Jordan is back again from her trip to Ohio. She says she had a grand time.

General Humidity has visited us very frequently of late. We would like to see more of Admiral Sunshine.

A number of our teachers and pupils attended the Presbyterian Sociable held at Craigheads, last week.


Mrs. Jennings left for Birmingham, Ala., early Wednesday morning, where she will probably spend the winter.

Dr. Given has arrived safely at the Kiowa Agency, I. T., and has arranged for Joshua to start east with a party of probably 25 pupils.

Joel Archiquette, who spent his summer's vacation at his home at the Oneida Agency, Wisconsin, has returned. He speaks of having a splendid time.

Over a hundred farm boys arrived Saturday. Their manly bearing, general good health, improvement in English, and lots of cash, speak well for the farm business.

It is the easiest thing in the world to send five 2-cent stamps for the INDIAN HELPER.

We hope to stop the leak in our  this winter.

A handsome oil-painting, in an elaborate and heavy gilt frame was sent to the girls by Mrs. Osgood, of N. Y. It is a beautiful piece of art and is gazed at with wonder and admiration and with hearts full of thanks for so handsome a gift.

Annette is busy knitting her baby Eunice a pretty pair of red stockings. Guess that is the reason Eunice laughs so much of late. No it isn't. The Man-on-the-band-stand knows something about Eunice that he musn't tell yet. No wonder she laughs.

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.

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need a guard to keep them away. They have good sense enough to see that you are right, and they will stop it."

"I hope they will and I thank you, you dear old Man-on-the-band-stand. You are a friend to everything and every body, aren't you? You are a friend to the boys and girls. You are a friend to the trees. You are a friend to the dogs and horses. I thank you again. I do thank you for befriending me." Then the walnut tree feeling relieved shook itself in the breezes and settled down to hard work. The tree is trying hard to ripen her walnuts quickly so that the boys and girls can have them.

Lazy Jane.

One of our little girls in the country writes about another girl who lives in the same family. The other girl is not an Indian girl and the Man-on-the-band-stand is glad she is not.

Our little girl says, "Oh, dear, we had another girl here to cook. She is 18 years old but poor thing she don't know how to do fast work. Sometime in the morning I get up before she did and I always get ahead of her. Sometimes I would call her to get up, but she wouldn't do it. I never saw such girl as this is in my life, so lazy. If she is told to do anything she would answer back, and if they try to make her work fast she would get mad. Mrs. — says she rather to have another Indian girl here and she is going to send this lazy girl away very soon. We call her lazy Jane."

Lora Thomas writes from her country home that she has a nice place. She says, "We have lots of things to eat, apples peaches, and all other things. They have many horses and cows and lots of fat pigs, and they have a big farm. I always like to hear from the school how they are getting along the children's, and I like to read the INDIAN HELPER when I am away from the school because it tells every thing what the boys and girls do, and I love to read the *Red Man*. Oh, teacher, what for they call the *Red Man*."

Hidden States and Territories.

1. Is all the ore gone from the mine?
2. The cut—ah me! it smarts like flame.
3. Sailors miss our Indian summer air.
4. I shall do some washing to-night, she said.
5. Mamma! I never saw such a flower.
6. When the two ends of my wire I connect, I cut the current thus.
7. Enclosed please find 10cts. Renew J. E. R. Seymour's HELPER.
8. Girls not governed by a well made law are not always the best.
9. Miss, is sipping hot coffee good for your health?

WHO?

- Who is so bright and full of tricks?
Who builds a little house with bricks?
Who tries very hard all things to fix?
Richenda.
- Who likes to wear his papa's hats?
Who earns the cash by catching rats?
Who likes to play with dogs and cats?
Don.
- Who likes to tease the girls and boys?
And run and scream and make a noise?
Who likes a lot of Christmas toys?
Herbert.
- Who on his legs is very fleet?
Who likes to have candy to eat?
Who always is so clean and neat?
Johnnie.
- Who's mamma's pet, without alloy?
Who is a dear, sweet little boy?
Who fills his papa's heart with joy?
Jack.
- Who takes good care of little Jack?
And on his cheek doth give a smack,
And sometimes takes him on her back?
Lida.
- Who is a darling little girl,
With hair so short it cannot curl?
Who likes her carriage wheels to whirl?
Irene.
- Who came to see this little crowd?
Who of her better health is proud?
Who is gentle, kind and never loud?
Blanche.
- [Adapted.]

Answer to Snail Question.

If the snail climbs five feet every day and slips down four feet every night, he travels only one foot a day. In fifteen days he will have climbed fifteen feet, on the sixteenth day he will climb the remaining five feet which will take him to the top of the pole where he will stay, therefore it will take him sixteen days to climb the pole.

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 1/2 x 6 1/4 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.