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# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1888.

NUMBER 7.

**B**EWARE of debt? Once in you'll be  
A slave forever more.  
If credit tempt you, thunder "No!"  
And show it to the door.  
Cold water and a crust of bread  
May be the best you'll get;  
Accept them like a man and swear,  
I'll never run in debt!"

"EETS, KIT-E-KO GIVE IT TO ME."

A True Story.

When Aunt Martha, an inexperienced girl, first went among the Indians in far off Nebraska, her heart was so full of pity for the women and children and young girls, and she had such a longing to do something for the poor things that she gave them almost every thing they asked her for.

The Indian women soon learned this and often came asking for sugar and coffee and molasses and bread and sometimes money, which Aunt Martha gladly gave thinking that she was doing great good in that way.

One cold winter's day a poor old Indian woman stood before the kitchen door.

There was a bag of potatoes by the door, placed there temporarily before taking into the cellar.

The Indian woman was hungry, and as she stood shivering in the cold, noticed the bag. Knowing at once what was in the bag she said in a beseeching way, "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me," in half Pawnee and half English, which interpreted would be "Potatoes, may-be give it to me."

"How many?" asked Aunt Martha.

"Usk, pitk, towit, sketix," (one, two, three, four), she cried holding out her long bony hand, which looked more like a chicken's foot up-side down than a human hand. Yes, and the bare arm had as little flesh on it as the scaly leg of a chicken, and it was as brown in color.

Not being convenient that morning for Aunt Martha to invite the forlorn creature into the house, to get rid of her and at the same time cheer the heart and stomach of the suffering

mortal, she gave her three of the largest potatoes in the bag.

The woman snatched them as eagerly as would a hungry hound a piece of raw meat. She hid them in her blanket and went off.

It is the fashion for an Indian woman to tie her blanket around the waist, then when she gathers the top of it loosely about her head and shoulders there is a nice big space left around the body, for a pocket.

They pile all sorts of things in there—bread, meat, wild-turnips, anything they may wish to carry. So this woman put the potatoes in her blanket-pocket and went off, while Aunt Martha shut the door and resumed her morning duties.

Presently on going to the door again to shake the dust-cloth Aunt Martha saw another Indian woman coming towards the house. She called out hurriedly, when she saw the door was going to shut, "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me."

"Oh, my," whispered Aunt Martha to herself, but to the woman who was by this time quite near and holding out her arm pitifully, she said, "Good morning, my friend, how many potatoes do you want?"

"Heap," said the woman. "Me pappoose sick. No good eat."

Aunt Martha hadn't the heart to refuse, so she gave her two large potatoes, and the woman said gratefully, "O-ches! O-ches! Now-a-adee! (Dear! Dear! Thank you,) and trotted on mumbling other words of praise.

Hardly two minutes had passed when another came stalking through the kitchen without leave or license and without knocking before entering. She came on into the sitting-room where Aunt Martha was busy sweeping.

"Eets, Kit-e-ko gi' it to me," she said.

"No! No!" said Aunt Martha shaking her head, and trying to frown. "Have no eets."

"Yes! Me see! Heap! Kit-e-ko gi' it to me. Four sleeps me no eat. Me heap hug-gum." (Hungry.)

"Poor soul!" thought Aunt Martha. "She shall have a couple," and so led the way to the

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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.

Real manhood comes when we refuse to take help, but help ourselves.—CAPT. PRATT, in his last talk with us.

Remember the old saying, "It is easier to catch a liar than it is to catch a lame man." A liar cannot hide his lies. Don't try it.

H. High, of Wallace, Kan., called and subscribed for the HELPER. "I have seen Indians on the plains and almost to my sorrow," he remarked. Our Indians also have a "high" aim, and we hope they will not miss their mark.

Harry Raven is at Camp Supply, Ind. Ter., employed as a scout. He has been there several months and now has been promoted to the rank of Corporal. He says that he is entirely well and is looking forward to coming East again.

John Rooks has changed his place in the country. He likes his new home very much. John sent ten cents for renewal and in the letter says to the Man-on-the-band-stand, "My friend take good care of yourself. Do not take cold. I know that old men are always catching cold."

Some of the scholars complain that they do not receive the HELPER for several days after it is published, and some not at all. The HELPERS are sent to the respective quarters, on Thursday, before supper. It is not the fault of the printing office if they are not distributed that evening.

We have a business letter from our good friend Miss Bean of New York, in which are these encouraging words, "I look with interest every Saturday for the INDIAN HELPER with its items of the Carlisle Indian school and other things always briefly and beautifully told—entertaining to others besides the Indian boys and girls."

The tanners are at work on the roof of the new school building.

There was a Quaker lady once who was called upon to speak, and gave a sermon in a single sentence. It was this: "Beware of puffedupness."

Little Mike the baby of the small boys' quarters, on seeing himself reflected in a teacher's dark glasses, delightedly exclaimed; Two Mikes! Two Mikes!

William Springer's harness is on exhibition at the Fair. It is a very nice one and no doubt will get the premium. The harness is hand-made and will be sold for \$100 cash.

Somebody steals the boys' and girls' INDIAN HELPERS, after they reach the quarters. If they were distributed Thursday evening as soon as they arrive there would not be so much complaining.

We often hear the young men and boys say, "I can't do without tobacco, it makes me strong." An eminent writer says; "The thing which we think we must have is always that which is killing us."

The Y. M. C. A's held a meeting Sunday, and appointed delegates to attend the State convention to be held at Allentown on the 11th of October. Samuel Townsend and Kish Hawkins were appointed.

P-R-I-N-C-I-P-L-E is what Mr. Standing and Mr. Campbell were talking about last Saturday night. The person who does right because it is RIGHT to do right is a person of P-R-I-N-C-I-P-L-E. The person who does right because he is afraid of getting punished if he does wrong has NO principle.

Joshua Given arrived from the Kiowa Agency with a party of twelve pupils, early Monday morning. Mrs. Laura Doanmoe and little Richard were with the party. Joshua promises to give quite a full report of what he saw while home, which will be published in the RED MAN.

Miss Marion Pratt left for her school at Haverford College, on Monday morning. The Saturday before she gave a five-o'clock tea to her young lady friends of town, and it was an enjoyable occasion. The Man-on-the-band-stand thought the young ladies looked very pretty in their gay and handsome dresses.

Constant Bread was heard from this week. He is interpreting at San Carlos Agency, Arizona, for the Apaches. He receives \$45 a month, but seems to think the situation is a hard one as the Indian Question is hard to understand. He says Jose Nadilgodey is married. Constant ends his letter with, "I shake hands with you all, and although I do it on paper my heart is in it just the same."

Fair.

All hands and the cook went yesterday.

Tuesday was a Fair day but it was not fair.

The Indian report for the large boys last week was bad.

The boys at the farm have been picking potatoes this week.

Why was not the water in the large cistern used this summer?

If any one has Vol. I. No. 12, of the INDIAN HELPER to spare please send it.

The Oneida band has several new instruments, bought at their own expense.

William Springer is now mail-boy and has charge of the Reading-Room and Library.

Little Mike is now to be called Bruce Paterson. He takes the INDIAN HELPER, too.

Lucy Webster subscribed this week for the HELPER. Do not all the Oneida girls want it?

On Saturday eve the tea party at the Pratts was serenaded by our band. The last piece was well played.

Mr. Curtis, Commandant at the Hampton Institute, Va., visited the school on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The large boys return thanks to Miss Fisher for the renewal of *Treasure Trove*, on file in the Reading Room.

The little fellow who cries over his lessons may make a smart man yet. Try hard! That is the way to get on.

Can't the boys and girls on the grounds have their HELPERS Thursday evenings before the news gets old?

The grape man who came on the grounds last Friday disposed of nearly a wagon load of his fruit to the boys.

Carl Leider takes the lead in wrapping single papers. He can pile up in one afternoon as many as two ordinary boys.

Our base-ball club played the Mt. Holly club last Saturday on their own grounds and beat them by a score of 9 to 0.

Assistant-Passenger Agent Boyd of the Pennsylvania Railroad and a party of ladies and gentlemen visited the school on Friday.

Chester Cornelius entered the Preparatory Department of Dickinson College at the opening of the term. He is now on his first Greek and Latin.

A dozen or more bicyclists were riding around the grounds, Tuesday. It made the Man-on-the-band stand just wish he had such a machine to ride.

John Elm now assists in the clothing room.

Kish Hawkins assists Mr. Campbell in his clerical work.

The year's supplies for the school are beginning to come in.

The boys and girls want their HELPERS distributed Thursday evening.

Frank Smith, the clothes-boy, is as faithful at his work as one often sees.

Spar'k is the name of the new Maltese kitty. Named after a writer in Massachusetts.

About sixty girls from farms will be in this week to begin their winter's schooling.

Come to the Printing office if you wish to renew the HELPER. We will soon fix it.

Oh, deah! Don't twy to get soah eyes so as to weah glasses. Bad enough when you *have to*.

Miss Crane and Miss Shears with their pupils visited the High School in town, Tuesday.

Eugenia Pollard, of Stockton, England, arrived this week, and will live at the Standings.

WANTED.—More people who have better opinions of their neighbors than they have of themselves.

Have you noticed that some of the incoming farm-boys carry their hands in their pockets?

Luther Kuhns is farming at the Pawnee Agency, Ind. Ter. He has a good place and well under cultivation.

Pete Ocotea writes that he has a good farm home and is glad he is having a chance to learn all kind of farm work as well as English.

Several parties have had their INDIAN HELPERS bound. Three years' papers make a handsome book and a very useful one. Wm. Morgan is going to have his bound next.

Baby Eunice laughs more than ever now when she holds the pretty silver cup which came all the way from Jamestown, N. Y., a gift from the lady for whom our dear little pet was named.

Mr. Goodyear had a tussel with a huge boa-constrictor nearly three inches long, found back of the office where he writes. He succeeded in getting the dangerous reptile into a bottle and presented it to the printer's museum.

The debating clubs have reorganized and decided to join as one club. But we didn't hear them talking about asking the girls to meet with them. At some schools and colleges where both boys and girls attend, they meet together in literary societies.

(Continued from First Page.)

back door, fished out two big potatoes and gave them to her, thinking as before she would get rid of the Indian in this way.

"In five minutes there were three more sickly-looking, half-frozen beings at the door, and they seemed ten times more hungry than the others. They begged so hard that Aunt Martha gave each one a potato. They were not very thankful for so small a gift, but were hardly out of sight when four more came around the corner, and Aunt Martha felt that she was getting into a box.

"Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me," they called.

Aunt Martha could do nothing but stand and look at them, she was so surprised. She had to smile at the way she was getting rid of them. The Indians thought that she was smiling because she was going to give them potatoes, and they began to call her good woman.

"You heap good," they said. "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me."

As the bag was there in sight she could not say "No more eets." She could not make them understand that she had no more for them, so she hastily and without another word grabbed a few and threw them one at a time to the women until all were supplied with two or more eets, as they called them.

"After giving the last potato she thought she could possibly spare, and in the very act of tossing it she glanced up and saw what she thought was an object moving in the distance.

"An Indian woman, as sure as any thing, and coming towards the house. What in the world shall I do?" she whispered, "Yes, there is another, and another, three, six, ten, where do they all come from?"

It seemed as though the whole village had gone potato-crazy, and thought that Aunt Martha was made of them.

She was not made of them, however, and had only one small bag of them, and this was half gone, but on and on the Indians came, thicker and faster until, worried out and distressed, she turned her back upon them and rushed into the house.

They surrounded the house and stood by the dozen gazing in the window. Some stuck their heads in the door and called out, "Eets, ki-e-ko 'gi it to me," when almost frantic Aunt Martha flew up stairs out of sight and out of hearing of the dear people she wanted so much to help.

The anxious cook seeing that the potatoes were fast disappearing hid the few that were left, in a box in the cellar, and the Indians soon took their departure.

Aunt Martha learned her first lesson that day, that she could do more good in some other way than by feeding potatoes to the Indians, whom she afterwards found out generally had enough to eat.

## BURN YOUR SHIPS.

When Cortez started to conquer Mexico, after landing at Vera Cruz, he commanded his men to burn their ships behind them, saying they must conquer the country or die.

Without going far away to do great deeds, the Man-on-the-band-stand would like the students here to do a great work, namely:

Burn the ship, Talking Indian.  
Burn the snip, Tobacco.  
Burn the ship, Bad language.  
Burn the ship, Impoliteness.

Follow the example of Cortez and his followers, in this respect, and you will conquer, not a country, but yourselves, which will be a greater deed than taking a city.

From Isadore.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KAN., Sept. 17, 1888.

THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND, DEAR SIR:  
The weather here is very unpleasant in the morning.

I get my HELPER every Tuesday and I am so pleased to get it to hear how Carlisle is getting along.

Of our returned pupils that I have seen are, Edith Abner, Lucinda Clinton, Isaac Williams and John Miller. They all looked well and John was working in the hay field.

This summer I saw Andrew White and Will Peery, old pupils who were there some years ago, they both looked well and asked how the school was.

Will has had a very nice house built on his place this summer. Love to all. I still think of Carlisle.

One of your returned pupils,  
ISADORE LABADIE.

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 to the HELPER.

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.