

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1888. NUMBER 15

IT PAYS.

It pays to wear a smiling face,
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile,
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early Spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave, in sorrow-darkened lives,
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive, with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart,
And "let the sunshine in."

THANKSGIVING!

The day appointed by the President of the United States for his country's sixty millions to give thanks is near at hand.

There is always something to be found to be thankful for, no matter what our condition or circumstances.

Are we poor?

We might be beggars.

Are we beggars?

We might be suffering from some loathsome disease.

There is scarcely a condition in life but our situation might be worse.

Then let us be thankful that we are as well off as we are.

Thankful surely if we are in health of body and mind.

Has trouble come to us?

We may be thankful that it was no worse.

Are we alone?

We might be in worse company.

Have we work?

Then for that and all the rest give thanks.

Give thanks that we live and breathe and have our being in this world of wonder and light and beauty.

For poor and sick and sad though we may be, though

"Other hands may grasp the field and forest;
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!"

REV. MR. WILSON EXPLAINS HIS "MONKEY ADDRESS."

THE EDITOR OF THE INDIAN HELPER,
DEAR SIR:—I think your notice of my "monkey address" in the INDIAN HELPER a little conveys the idea that I am not in sympathy with Capt. Pratt in his efforts to make white men of the Indians. Will you allow me therefore to say that I am entirely in sympathy and accord with him, and my object in speaking as I did the other night at the Carlisle School was not in the way to discourage either pupils or teachers, but rather to present to them one great difficulty which I believe Capt. Pratt feels equally with myself. We have to deal with and to urge on the pupils to cope with that difficulty might and main.

If you will allow me to do so without misunderstanding me, I would wish to say to your pupils once more, "There is the Indian in you, and you must use your very best endeavors to get the Indian out of you."

Did not a debate which you had a year and a half ago admit the same thing?

Was not the subject of the debate "Resolved that the Indian be exterminated?"

Yours Faithfully,

EDWARD F. WILSON.

DARLINGTON, IND. TER., Nov. 13, 1888.

The first great lesson that a young man should learn is that he knows nothing; and that the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned the better it will be for his peace of mind and his success in life.

The Indian Helper.

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

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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NOTES FROM OUR FRIDAY NIGHT'S EXHIBITION.

If the choir hadn't sung "Rain on the Roof," we know we wouldn't have had such a rainy Monday. Geo. Valier told us about the "First Thanksgiving," so we know another will soon be here.

The little girls know how to talk to the winds for they told us "What the Winds said."

Winchester didn't seem twenty miles away when the class of boys and girls described the character of "Brave Sheridan."

We know just how the nightingale sings (if we should hear one) for the choir showed us, and everybody did as Margaret said "Look ahead and never mind."

Rose said, "We are seven," and all felt sorry for the six who were not there.

Every one wanted to be attentive to Amelia Haswell, because she told us to "Be attentive to little things," and she is a dear little thing.

Oliver Good Shield is brave enough to fight his way through the world without any shield, and we think we would all like to have our names written, as Jamison told us Abou Ben Adhem had his, as, "One who loves his fellow-men"

"What are our memories saying," was sung so plainly that we thought we would remember every word of it, but the "Anvil Chorus" knocked everything else out of our heads.

Albert's, "cheerful, cheerful, cheerful," closing words still linger in our minds. Sweet Brier Rose who seemed to be naughty at first, was a very brave "Brier Rose" for she gave her life to save the lives of others.

Thomas Black Bear made us all feel that we must "Be in earnest." The school thought so to for it started in bravely with the chorus of "Try, Try Again."

We all wanted to see and pat "Brave Billy,"

the horse, as George told us, who took his master's plan at Roll call.

Yamie and Martin showed us "How to have a good time," and really both ways seemed so pleasant that we don't know which to take, a little of each well mixed would probably do, and then not to forget that a really good time is coming a class of the larger girls and boys told us some more about Thanksgiving, and showed us exactly how to spell it.

The Picture of our School in Europe.

From a dear aged friend in New York State, the following was received:

"I want to tell you of a most gratifying incident that occurred while I was visiting my daughter in Chicago this summer.

I had taken with me a copy of the photograph of your school for a present to my little grandson. A lady friend of my daughter on entering the parlor, exclaimed, "Why, where did you get that picture? I saw a fac simile of it in Dresden on my European tour this summer, so enlarged as to cover the whole side of the room, if this is the original it was a true copy."

"It did me a sight of good and I know it will be a gratification to all the teachers and also to the scholars."

Helpful all Around,

A subscriber in Michigan writes, "We think the HELPER not only helps the Indian but helps others, old and young, not only to a knowledge of what the Indians may become, but to other helpful thoughts, and we would gladly help to increase your subscription list."

Another writes, "There is no periodical that comes to the house that is enjoyed more than the INDIAN HELPER. Every one wants it first, both old and young, and it is very carefully read. That the number of subscriptions may keep on multiplying more and more is the best wish of an "OLD SUBSCRIBER."

From No. 6 School Room.

The sun draws the water from the ocean in vapor and it falls again in rain. The ocean water is salty; why is not the rain salty?

The Man-on-the-band-stand is always so pleased when he sees his children acting in a polite manner towards the officers of the school and to each other.

He is especially pleased when the printer boys are polite because he considers them as belonging particularly to him and expects more of them.

It pays to be polite.

TRUTHFULNESS and honesty will last when all other things will fail.

Board walks are down, and what a comfort!

Eight more Winnebagoes are on their way to this school from Nebraska.

Rev. Mr. Cleveland left for his home in Madison, Dakota, last week.

Howard Logan and Cecelia Londrosh are coming back to Carlisle, they say.

"Bones" is the craze just now among the small boys and they rattle them well.

The singing by the choir last Friday evening was most excellent but we miss S. Townsend's tenor.

Quite a Herdic full of teachers and others attended Eli Perkin's lecture, Tuesday night, in town.

Mr. Campbell writes that the thermometer is down to ten degrees below zero, in Montana. Boo!

James Given took a flying trip to Washington, Wednesday night, on important business for the Captain.

Jack Frost has tried his best to make the earth white the past few mornings and has succeeded pretty well in these parts.

Dennison is at triple tongue or solo practicing again with his cornet and Mr. Norman says he will succeed if he sticks to it.

More of baby Eunice's pictures ordered. Three new subscriptions or three renewals and a one cent stamp will get it. A cute little picture!

On Saturday evening, Dr. Given gave a little talk on his late western trip. He has his notes divided up into chapters, and one is on "Dogs," another on "Dirt," etc.

We have just received a very interesting letter from the Winnebago Agency telling of the Indians voting there. It was written for the *Red Man*, and will be printed in the next issue.

What is the need of a guard to open the gate when ladies can scale a fence so gracefully as the two did on Wednesday night on their return from town prayer-meeting. But where was the guard?

Chatter, chatter, chatter. Is it the birds we hear chattering at half past six in the morning? But the birds have flown south, all but the sparrows, and surely they can't make such a noise. Oh, it is the girls marching to breakfast. We have so many dear little girls now, that their merry talk sounds like the chattering of birds.

A postal from Samuel Townsend says he arrived at Marietta safely, and finds Gen. Eaton, very kind and fatherly.

The Missionary Society of which Miss Fisher is head is growing. Each member gives a few cents monthly to aid in some great work in Alaska or elsewhere among people with poorer advantages than we. Let us all join!

The Man-on-the-band-stand sent his chief clerk the rounds of inspection last Sunday morning at the Girls' Quarters. He was very much pleased with her report. Of course he knew all about how things were before she went but wanted her to see for herself for once.

Judge Wright can manage Indians to perfection, but when it comes to a student lamp if the oil runs out at the top and at the bottom and at the sides and at the ends, as was the case the other evening, it makes the Judge feel like jumping out of the window, so he says.

Friendly Visitors.

Mrs. Thompson and her son Lewis and Mrs. Woodman of Bucks County spent Sunday at the school, guests of Miss Ely.

The Woodmans are patrons of our school having had several of our boys in their family at different times.

Since their departure last Monday, the following has been received:

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

Although I saw you not I know you saw me, and if I did not tell you my thoughts it was your own fault for you did not introduce yourself.

I know you get letters, and as briefly as possible I tell you my appreciation of my delightful visit with you, of the kindness shown us by the many you have with you. But words fail me to express my full appreciation of all I saw and heard while there.

I felt that I wanted all your Bucks County friends to have seen and heard too. But more especially did wish those who are not your friends could witness it. I am sure they would not say again that it is of no use to try to educate the Indians.

A busy interest was manifested in all the departments, each one doing his or her part so nicely.

The boy making button holes claimed most of my attention in that room, and where we met familiar faces they were glad to show us what they could do.

Everything was so systematically carried on, reminding one of a clock because of its regularity, and I left you with the feeling that it is well worth while to work for the Indian, I return to my home and begin anew to help you all I can in your great good work.

Ever your friend,
L. H. W.

DO INDIANS NOTICE LITTLE THINGS?

If the following old story of an Indian hunter is true it is to be hoped that our young Indians now learning other things than hunting on the plains, are not growing weak in this most excellent trait to have—that of noticing little things.

Are we getting weak in this?

Do we observe as closely as our fathers used to when on the hunt?

We are also on the hunt. The education we are after takes closer watching than if it were deer we were hunting, or buffalo, or stolen meat.

Do we notice every little correction that the teacher makes in our composition exercises or our letters. Do we have to write it over two or three times before we see all the mistakes marked?

When a person tells us something to do, do we notice every word from beginning to end, or do we hear only the last word and forget all the first part?

Do we notice and study the position of the lips and tongue and teeth of a good speaker when he pronounces certain hard English words?

Do we notice how a thorough workman does his work, and that he doesn't slight the corners?

Do we notice how when we are ugly and stubborn in school that we cause our teacher pain and sorrow? And do we notice that some pupils never are cross and ugly, and do we observe how they manage to keep so straight?

Are we as careful to notice the little things as this Indian who went hunting for his stolen venison?

Let us see!

An Indian on going home to his hut, discovered that somebody had stolen a piece of venison hung up to dry on a tree.

After looking around very closely, he set off in pursuit of the thief, following his tracks in the wood.

Meeting two men in the forest, he asked them if they had seen a little old white man, who carried a shotgun, and who had a little dog with a short tail.

They said they had met a man of that description, and asked him how he was able to give so exact a description of the thief he had never seen.

"I know he is a little man," said the Indian, "because he heaped up a pile of stones to stand upon in order to get at the venison.

I know he is an old man, by his short steps.

He is white, because his steps show that

he turns his toes out—which no Indian does.

His gun I know to be short from a mark the muzzle made on the bark of a tree against which it had been leaned.

His dog is a small one, I know by his track, and that his tail was short I found by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting when his master stole the meat."

Hops!

The September number of the *Indian Citizen* published at the Chemawa Indian School, away over on the Pacific coast, in Oregon, tells about the boys and girls of that school picking hops. They go hop-picking every fall in hop season.

A box of hops holds nine bushels and many of the children pick from five to six boxes a day and for each box they receive fifty cents.

They expect to pick over 4000 boxes and make \$2000 this season.

They make more money than we can picking huckle berries, don't they?

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 9, 8, 11, 2 is the kind of flower that has the same name as four of our girls.

My 5, 6, 1, 2 is the number a base-ball club must be.

My 7, 4, 1 is what our little girls enjoy.

My 11, 3, 6, 10 is what our little boys enjoy

My whole is what the band boys are working hard to get.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S HIDDEN BIRDS:
Lark, robin, swallow, dove, hawk, jay.

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.**