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# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 21.

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Mamma, is  
the sky a curtain,  
hiding heaven from our  
sight; are the moon and sun but  
windows made to give the angels light?  
Are the stars bright flashing diamonds  
shining from God's hand afar, and the  
clouds but veils of vapor dropped from heaven  
floating there? If the sun's a window,  
mamma, don't the angels through it  
peep, e'er it kisses earth at ev'ning,  
watching o'er us while we sleep?  
Is the rainbow just a ribbon, gird-  
ing heaven and earth about, or  
a railing made of roses so the  
angels won't fall out? Is the  
singing in the treetops songs  
of praise some angel sings,  
and the snowy  
flakes of winter  
feathers falling  
from their wings?

Are the dewdrops  
brightly shining  
in the early morn-  
ing hours, kiss-  
spots left by  
elves and fair-  
ies, where they  
slept among  
the flowers?  
Is the light-  
ning rockets  
flying when the  
Prince of Glory  
comes,

And  
the thun-  
der but the  
rattle of the  
baby angels'  
drums  
???

FOR THE INDIAN HELPER.

## A CAPFUL OF PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Our brown hen with ruffle of golden feathers about her neck, had for some days been proving her instinctive motherhood by sitting on an empty nest, when an Indian boy came in and asked, Te-peek-ekul-us-it-ska? and opening his blanket showed us a dozen prairie hen's eggs.

We did want the eggs and soon our beautiful biddy was uttering her brooding note as she settled herself joyfully upon our newly-gotten treasures.

About three weeks after this there was brought to me a capful of little downy balls dotted on their backs with black specks with a bright yellow bill in the centre of each

opened every one, and cried, "Peep, peep, peep, peep."

Soon the foster-mother was safe in a coop, placed in a yard surrounded by a very high fence to secure her chicks from stray arrows that might be flying about or from being hidden in a robe or blanket to be carried away from her, and the brood of little balls was given her to shelter and warn when danger was near.

But the little things had feet as well as bills and would run away from the home of their mother, she trying in vain to call them back.

They ran here and there crying "peep, peep, peep, peep," till they found a chip, a turf of grass or weed under which they would creep, when they were still as mice; the hen with feathers all erect rustling around the coop, crying "cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck," but all in vain.

Evidently while in the environment of the shell they heard another voice than hers to which they had learned to respond, and it was still sounding afar off to them so they were deaf to her call.

Through the dim light within its walls, they had seen broad fields covered with safe hiding places for them, instead of the bare earth and a few board slats to cover them, and now they were content only as they were hidden from our sight.

It was a hot summer's sun that shone on the little beauties that morning, and when it sank behind the bluff on which was the high mound of earth marking the burial place of the tyrant chief Ussa-wirk-y and by the side of which lay the bones of his favorite war-horse, each one of these little chicks had peeped itself to death.

We never set prairie hen's eggs under a civilized fowl again, being fully persuaded that the Environment of the shell would so effect the embryo chick that it would surely prove its true parentage.

A-TE-KA.

There is a Benjamin Butler and a Mark Twain on the INDIAN HELPER subscription list recently received from the Sitka Indian School, Alaska.



# 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.

Lieut. Brown of the Army, who in the first years of our school was Disciplinarian, sends New Year's greeting to his friends at Carlisle, and in the same letter fifty cents for the *Red Man* another year.

A little boy in renewing his subscription to the HELPER says, "I will tell you how I got my money. Last year, I sold two white rats. This year it was given to me. I wonder if the Indians ever saw white rats?"

From his home at Wichita Agency, Indian Territory, Harry Shirley writes:

"I have been so busy repairing my place and trying to improve it. I receive the papers regularly and read them carefully. I suppose you are having some cold weather while I am working without my coat on, stretching barb wire around my field."

Luther Kuhns writes from Pawnee Agency that they had a Christmas tree there at the Mission House, that the Indians came and all received presents, such as ear-rings, brass pins, candies, handkerchiefs, cuffs, buttons etc. They are soon to have a regular preacher at Pawnee.

It only takes three subscriptions and a one-cent stamp to get Eunice's picture. It is a pretty little picture of a real Apache baby.

Richard Doanmoe's picture is for sale. A cabinet size for twenty cents. Richard is a little Kiowa born at the school two years ago—Etahdleuh's son.

Herbert H. Kemper one of our little twelve-years-old subscribers sends ten cents for renewal and says, "I look and wait for the HELPER every Saturday, it is an interesting little paper. I fancy I can see your school grounds and ever so many happy little girls and boys running and hopping with joy."

## ANOTHER CYCLONE.

It was Wednesday afternoon when the terrible storm struck Carlisle School. The great roof of the dining-hall was lifted but fell back without much damage. The roof of the new bakery was completely taken away. The tin on the west end of the Girls' Quarters was carried over the Hospital into the field beyond. The roof of the east half of the Large Boys' Quarters was completely destroyed some of the heavy timbers being dashed to the ground into a million splinters. Three beams were planted several feet into the hard ground not twenty feet from the corner of the printing office.

The new school-building was but slightly damaged. Had the storm come ten minutes later the children would have been on their way from school and could not have escaped injury. As it was no one was seriously hurt. The damage done to our school will amount to hundreds of dollars.

From Fred Smith, Ponca Agency, I. T.

After the beginning paragraph of Fred's letter in which he says he often thinks of his school friends at Carlisle, and that the returned Ponca pupils there now are well, he says, "I was married last spring, and I bought a farm of twenty acres and built a fence around it. I have put up a house and stable and cornerib and chicken house. I have a team of horses and a pony to ride and also have a cow.

I am working as hard as anybody else and making myself a living. I have a new wagon and new harness and a new plow, all new. I am very glad you send me the INDIAN HELPER.

Henry Martin's first letter from his new home at Oxford, Ga., where he is attending the preparatory department of Emory College, says: "The students are very kind to me and call me Mr. Martin. There are over 250 students here now and more expected.

Most of them are studying for the ministry. I am not the only Indian in College. There are two besides me. They are Cherokees.

I am rooming with one. Both of them are very bright boys. In my class there are boys from thirteen to twenty-five years old. I have three recitations in the morning—Greek, Latin and English Grammar.

In the afternoon I have Arithmetic, Geography and spelling.

My room and boarding place is about a half mile from college. There are seventeen of us boarding and rooming in the same house.

We don't get up early. We have breakfast at eight o'clock.

We have twelve professors."



Thanks for the club of thirty from J. W. Dechart. Who next?

Mr. Johnson, the father of Mrs. Campbell is seriously sick at her house, here.

A pleasant letter was received this week from Amos High Wolf, Pine Ridge, Agency, Dakota.

We had the pleasure of being addressed on Sunday afternoon by Dr. Harmon of Dickinson College.

Mr. Percy Johnston, of the *Press*, Philadelphia, arrived Wednesday evening, being summoned to the sick bed of his father.

Such words as these are heard in the Girls' Quarters, "I am going to try my best in school this year, better than I did last year."

The doctor's new Electro-Magnetic machine is a fine instrument, able to shock the whole school if applied rightly.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Alaska's Commissioner of Education, is east again. The Doctor with his daughter visited our school on Tuesday.

Mr. Chas. Watson, of Bucks County, called Tuesday evening. Several of our boys know Mr. Watson and were pleased to see their friend.

Yes, it is nice to have cloth curtains at the windows, but when done up in wads as often seen in the Large Boys' Quarters they do not look exactly neat from the outside.

Joseph Martinez one of the new Crow boys who understands English pretty well has taken Ulysses' place as orderly, and Miss Ely says he begins like a little business man. That is what Ulysses is.

Many are the good things enjoyed by those having the pleasure of eating at the Teachers' Club, but nothing is more enjoyable than the spicy conversations frequently indulged in by the members of the Club.

A subscriber renews with the following cheerful accompaniments:

"Enclosed you will find a modest dime,  
For which be pleased to send  
The HELPER for another year  
To a devoted friend."

The small boys under the charge of Cl ester Cornelius scrubbed on hands and knees the new school building from "the top unto the toe" and they did it beautifully. As a reward they have a lot of new games.

Since the old house formerly occupied by Mr. Jordan and family has been torn down there is a pleasant outlook towards town and the mountains beyond. The family are now in the building formerly occupied by the printing-office. Since we left it has been repaired and made into a very comfortable residence.

Jack Standing is in his first pants and he feels very proud of them.

A broom factory is the latest industry added to the Genoa Indian School.

A Sunday school party in Miss Pauli's room Friday night was much enjoyed by all.

The small boys and girls who have not been having study hour now go to school all day.

Miss Irvine has been visiting pupils on farms in the western part of the state, this week.

The *Red Man* has received a number of complimentary notices in leading papers recently.

Mr. Andrew Wetzel was on the grounds bright and early, Thursday morning with a large force, to begin repairs on buildings damaged by the cyclone.

At our last week's English speaking meeting we had marching, singing-school and bear stories for a change.

Miss Marie Worthington returned from Washington, Saturday evening, having had a delightful time, she says.

How proud we are of our new singing books! Each pupil has one in his own name, a present from our dear friend Susan Longstreth.

Aunt Martha's story printed in the last number of *The Forest Children*, was written for the INDIAN HELPER. Although not copy-righted it is but fair that we should have the credit.

Miss Leverett stopped off for a day or two on her way back to Emmitsburg from a visit to friends in New York where she had been spending a two weeks Christmas vacation. Miss Leverett enjoys her school at Emmitsburg very much, and appreciates the freedom she has over what a teacher in a large institution of this kind, can claim.

Miss Johnson, M. D., of Hampton, spent Wednesday night with us. The doctor is a lady of most pleasing presence and entertaining in conversation. At present her work is with the Indian boys. While passing the rounds of our school she found many acquaintances of her boys, and carries back to them messages of love and greeting.

No. 12 school had a spelling-match on Tuesday evening during study-hour. The words first given out were those in every-day use and the scholars got along bravely, but when the technical terms and the hard words used in the different studies were given, Oh my! the failures were many, thus showing the necessity of learning to pronounce and spell correctly every hard word occurring in your lessons. Spelling-matches are good. Have them often!



## DOES IT PAY?

Who is the meanest person on earth?

A liar.

Why so?

Because we can pity people who do other wicked things; but no one feels sorry for a liar. He is despised of all men.

What is the easiest thing in the world to catch?

A liar.

Then, does it pay to lie?

No.

Not even to save ourselves from punishment?

No.

A small lie is all right.

No it isn't. The meanest kind of a lie is a small lie.

Why doesn't it pay to lie?

Because a lie is easily found out, whether it be a small lie or a big lie, and when a liar is found out his associates no longer believe him even when he tells the truth.

Well, that doesn't hurt.

Yes, it does. When we feel that people do not believe us it hurts.

When honest people point at us and say "There goes a liar," that hurts. And when a liar comes to make his way in the world he will find that the name of *liar* will follow him about and kill every chance to get ahead.

TELL THE TRUTH!

Rhoda Red Wolf lost her trunk after she got to the end of the railroad on her way to Indian Territory because she thoughtlessly gave up her check to a stranger. Never give up a check except to an officer of the road or to a friend in whom you have confidence. There are bad people standing around ready to catch a thoughtless or an ignorant person in it at way. If they once get your check they have no trouble in stealing your trunk. See?

It is said that President Webb, of Mississippi College, was interviewed by a young man who wanted to go to school. "Well," said the president, "what do you know?" "Nothing," was the response. "Well, you are just four years ahead of most pupils. It takes them four years to learn what you know to start with. Your prospects are fine, sir."

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.

The better one's life, the better he enjoys it.

I am a king when I rule myself.

## Nine Years Old.

With December's issue the *Red Man*, a paper published monthly at the Carlisle Indian Training School, has entered its ninth volume. It is beyond doubt the best printed sheet in Cumberland County.—[Carlisle Daily Herald.

Thos. C. Jackson is a young Indian Photographer at Siletz Agency, Oregon. He thinks the Indian ways of his people there are changing for the better and that they will soon be citizens of the United States. Most of his people are Christians.

Good and evil are continually striving within the heart. It rests with man as to which gains the victory.

A HANDFUL of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

## Original Conundrum From one of the Printers.

A preacher and a printer both work by rule, why is not the printer as good as the preacher?

Eight cats each in a corner sat,  
Seven other cats before each cat;  
And on the tail of each of these  
There sat a cat in feline ease—  
How many cats in all is that?

Why is the vowel O the only one sounded?  
Because all the others are in audible.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Bruce Patterson.

**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  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$  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  $9 \times 14$  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.