

The Indian Helper.

600

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

VOLUME IV.

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WILLIE'S FIRST BOOTS.

Do you hear that funny sound,
Curious sort of creaking,
Every time I step around?
That's my new boots squeaking!

Sounds like men, or grown-up boys,
When I walk—just hear me!
Mamma doesn't like the noise,
Makes her say, "Oh dear me!"

These are my first stoga-boots,
Made of good stout leather;
Papa says they're just what suits
Rugged roads and weather.

Ever see soles thick as these?
Just the thing for playing!
Jerk the straps hard as I please,
They're put on for staying!

They're as stout as stout can be—
Proof against all leaking;
But the best of all to me
Is their squeaking!

—[Selected.]

WHAT LAWRENCE LEARNED.

Lawrence lay on a sunny bank under a plum-tree, where hung a few late plums, ripe and tempting. He was not looking happy; he said, half-aloud, "I am the most unlucky boy! Nothing ever goes right with me!"

Just then a plum fell from the tree quite near him, then rolled down the bank out of reach.

"There!" he exclaimed, "that is always the way! If I had been some other boy, it would have fallen where I could have reached it."

At that moment he felt himself slowly sliding, along, not down, the bank in a most peculiar way. Presently he stopped, and just then another plum fell, hitting him sharply on the mouth but bounding off, and following the other out of reach. He heard a merry laugh, close beside him, a very small laugh, but as merry as sleighbells, and as sweet. Then a voice, still full of laughter, said, "Oh! you should have had your mouth open!"

He turned his astonished head, and, as a

tall daisy nodded towards him, he saw a dainty figure about the size of a grasshopper, with a face like that of a lovely woman, balancing itself on the yellow cushion of the flower.

"I heard your naughty speech," the voice went on, "and I thought I would give you a lesson. You were talking nonsense, you know very well, because there is nothing in luck, *except in being in the right place at the right time, and having your mouth open*; that means that you must be all ready yourself to take the good that comes to you!"

"Was it you that pulled me along the bank just now?"

"Oh, no;" rippled the soft laughing voice; "I never do anything myself. I have little people to work for me. Now two of my servants, very plain creatures they are, but cheerful and good to have about one, are just the people to help you; I always call them 'Right Time' and 'Right Place', and I told them, to drag you with their strong little hands, to be ready when the plum fell. But you wouldn't open your mouth." And again the voice laughed in a teasing way.

"I wish I could have such slaves always," said Lawrence, growing a little red under this constant laughter.

"Well", she said, "wherever you go, they shall go with you, if when you feel the touch of their little hands you will obey them, and they will lead you where and when the gifts of fortune shall be, and all that you must do is to remember to have your mouth open."

Slowly Lawrence rose, and went home, a different boy from the one of an hour ago.

From that time it was astonishing to see how he prospered. Boys wondered, and, as he grew to manhood, men wondered at his success. When, at the close of a long life, full of honors and riches, some one asked him the secret of his prosperity, he said, smiling:

"'Right Time' and 'Right Place' have been the leaders of my life, and all that was left for me to do was to obey them, and keep my mouth open when the plums fell."—[Wide Awake.]

The Indian Helper.

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ELEVATION—BY THERMOMETER, AND RAIL.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's chief clerk and Miss Irvine descended last week from the delicious air of southern California to the torrid region of the desert. It was literally a descent into a region below the sea level where the sun pours upon the basin of the sand as upon a burning glass. It was upon entering this desert that Miss Irvine wrote:

July 30, Thermometer 120.—"Scorched, blistered, shrivelled, and yet only pulling out of Barstow with the desert before us. The memory of the heavenly ocean breeze that fanned our brows only six short hours ago comes to us now as an experience had in some shadowy, previous state of existence.

We spent a day at Los Angeles. We put up at the Nadeau where we enjoyed the luxury of a suite of rooms. (I find as a rule people with the smallest capital are the ones who travel in the most princely style.) After a refreshing lunch we proceeded to look up the street car lines. We began at the east end of the city and took every line, cable, electric, motor and horse-car until we had 'done' the city in that direction. Then we took all trains running north and south.

July 31.—We survived last night, and are now passing through western Arizona with its ravines, heights, depths, far-reaching pine parks, splendid altitudes and invigorating air. The monotony of flatness will not come for a few hours.

How we should like to stop at Flagstaff and go out to the great Colorado Canon. It is not far away, but it would take five days to accomplish the trip as we must go by wagon, and camp.

The splendid engineering feats of the railroad in climbing and descending the awful grades of the mountains, winding backwards and

forwards in great railroad loops that put the 'Horse-shoe Curve' to shame absorb the M. O. T. B. S.'s chief clerk. When the train stops to take breath she must see if the wheels have their 'shoes' on or off, if they are made of paper or iron, the mode of taking on water or letting off steam &c., &c. I meantime am probably dreaming at the window, wondering at what age in the world's history this or that formation took place; or, if I am not ages back, I am dreaming forwards into the possible future of this country.

We are well, content, happy; what more would you have?

We have on board a most unique couple that spend most of the time in preparing and administering to themselves curious mixtures.

I think, from the fidelity with which they keep the thing up they must think them the 'Elixir of youth!'"

A FEW THINGS LEFT OUT.

Because Tuesday was picnic day this does not mean that there was no work done on that day. The boys and girls finished their morning duties before starting, the rooms were all in order, the quarters were left as if there was to be inspection, and the children had also time to get themselves neatly ready for the day's pleasure.

The M. O. T. B. S. knows very well that some other people that have not been mentioned in the account of the picnic were present, some little people that received a great deal of attention from those who invited, and, indeed, carried them. These were the dolls. He saw one at least travelling in a picnic basket!

And he saw so many happy faces, so many who were having exactly what they wanted, and were so fortunate that they knew it at the time.

Then, too, there was nothing said about the pretty pavilion with its pointed roof and its open sides in which we had our dinner, and in which the girls and boys sat down to tables that looked so pretty and from which the things tasted so nice. How many of us would like to give a vote of thanks to Miss Noble for the hard work she did so cheerfully to give us all pleasure? The M. O. T. B. S. is sure that at least we ought to tell her that we were pleased.

And, then, the M. O. T. B. S.'s clerk, whoever it was, said nothing about the visits to Big Round Top that several groups of us took, nor how when there we went up to the very top of the observatory and looked over the great battle field where a nation had been saved. Nor was it told how from this observatory some one saw the great cloud dragging

down the mountain bringing in its folds the rain which came down upon us so soon after that with all our haste to get back to shelter the drops caught us on the way to the pavilion.

To try to tell of a picnic and not tell these things!

And not a word of the two little fellows who tried to get a ride home from the station on the steps of the herdie and just as it swung around the corner, rolled off on the ground? No bones were broken, the rain had cushioned the earth so carefully that it was as gentle as a mother to the little boys, and all they received was a disappointment,—and plenty of mud.

And then—but really, one must stop somewhere. We stopped at Carlisle Barracks.

If you want to hear any more about the picnic, little readers, come and see us, and perhaps you will.

Mrs. Lutkins returned from her vacation Monday.

Crokinole on the cars was enjoyed by victors and vanquished, 6 to 0!

Mrs. Campbell and Irene spent last Friday and Saturday in Philadelphia.

Miss Stanton from Lawrence, Kansas, has joined the corps of teachers here.

One of the coolest places in hot weather is the large boys' Reading Room.

Capt. Pratt and Miss Nana were in Washington Friday and Saturday of last week.

Rev. Mr. Bradford of the Indian Office, spent Sunday with us, and conducted the services.

A pupil at Sitka gives the following definition of "higher": "More high than the other fellow."

Miss Florence Carter who was formerly one of the workers at Carlisle, is soon to return here to teach.

The Sioux treaty has been ratified by the Indians. This will throw open about 11,000,000 acres of land to settlement.

Mr. Harris is now taking a two-weeks' vacation. And meanwhile Jesse Cornelius is in charge of the blacksmith snop.

The new stable is coming on, and we expect that before we go to press next week the men will be working upon the roof.

At the Sitka Training School several of the oldest boys asked to be assigned work in the kitchen that they might learn to cook.

Rev. Dr. Norcross, Dr. Rittenhouse and a number of the Sunday School teachers from town were guests at our picnic.

Last Friday evening the fire-engine was out exercising. It threw two good-sized streams. The boys worked the pumps with a will.

Tuesday, through the courtesy of the engineer, Miss Nana Pratt and Miss Botsford came home from Gettysburg on the engine, and enjoyed the ride extremely.

Levi Levering came home from his outing and turned into the bank all the money that he had earned. The M. O. T. B. S. wonders who next will do as well as this?

Mrs. Pratt has gone to St. Louis to visit her sister. Richenda has gone with her. Richenda maintained her calmness admirably, and remarked aside that it did not seem possible she was really going away.

Beulah at the hospital woke in the night and asked what time it was. "Twelve o'clock," answered Miss Botsford. "Don't you see the clock before you, Beulah?" "Is it a live clock?" asked the child, meaning, is it going?

The new pupils must have begun very soon to look about them here, for one of the little boys tried the slide at the gymnasium, with a gash in his chin as the result of his not knowing how to use it. But the cut is not serious.

Don't try to make good speeches, but get so full of good thoughts that the speeches come of themselves.

Try more and more to be the best things. Don't wait to be rich, don't wait to be strong to do things, but do what you can now. Go ahead—if you've got a head!

DR DEEMS.

Samuel Keryte, a Laguna Indian who has been attending school at Carlisle, Penna., for five years, learning the blacksmith trade while there, arrived in the city last Monday and by Tuesday noon had secured a job at Guittard & Miller's shop. Samuel talks good English and is represented as a first-class workman. —[*The Daily Albuquerque Citizen.*]

We have actually had our picnic although for some days it looked as if the rain would not stop long enough to give us a chance to go to the famous Round Top on the field of Gettysburg. But it did—only just long enough; and Tuesday morning we started off by an early train and had a delightful day in spite of the rain which, as usual, did not forget to come down merrily. But this was not until the afternoon. The day was a success.

News from Some of the Out Pupils.

Eugene Tahkapeur writes that seeing from the HELPER that some of the returned pupils had difficulty in finding work at their reservation homes, he feels glad to be at the east where he has no difficulty in finding enough to do, and, should he stay away from Carlisle all winter, he expects to be able to find work. He says: "I will show my colors, that an Indian has a capacity for learning. Sometimes," he adds, "I think to my own self that Carlisle school will make any savage Indian a man. I am thankful for the education I received at Carlisle. And another thing I am thankful for is that I have such a nice home."

Another boy writes: "I have a successful home in every way. Mr.—is very kind and full of fun. While he was away in the town three of us were hauling hay without any boss, the girls did the milking while we were hauling five loads and a half; this was done by the Indians. Talking about Indians, the Carlisle Indians are always in the ranks of white children. I like my place, it is most delightful."

One of the girls writes: "I am still trying to do my best with my work." Another says: "I am glad to let you know that I attend Sabbath school and church, every Sunday. Mrs.— is very good to us in every way. She has four children, one is only six months old. Margaret has to take care of the baby, I do the cooking. I have a delightful home. But I do not want to stay through the winter because I must go on with my studies. I have tooth-ache. I think it is a hard thing to have tooth-ache."

Doing Good.

"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service.

He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you'll see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets."—[*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*]

How a Noble Dog Saved a Little Boy From Danger.

The following pretty story of Admiral Porter's dog Bruce is told in *St. Nicholas*: The Admiral had a little grandson, who lived near a deep and rapid water course about twenty-five feet wide. The stream was crossed by a narrow plank. One day the little fellow, who was but three years of age, attempted the perilous crossing alone. There was no one to warn him of danger or prevent him but the dog. Realizing the boy's peril, Bruce ran to him, and, catching hold of his dress, tried to pull him back. The youngster was determined to have his own way, and vigorously resented the dog's interference by beating poor Bruce in the face with a big stick he carried until the dog was forced to relinquish his hold.

The faithful animal then jumped into the water and swam slowly across the stream, below the plank, evidently with the intention of saving the child, should he happen to fall in.

When they were both across and Bruce had shaken the water from his shaggy coat, he artfully induced the little fellow to get on his back for a ride, a treat he knew the youngster much enjoyed and for which he was always ready.

The moment the dog felt the child's arms around his neck and the little feet digging into his sides, he trotted back across the plank and homeward, never stopping until his young charge was safely beyond any temptation of repeating his dangerous performance.

Diamond Puzzle.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1				*				
2			*	*	*			
3		*	*	*	*	*		
4	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	
5	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
6	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	
7		*	*	*	*	*		
8		*	*	*				
9				*				

Read both ways (down and across.)

My first line is a certain letter of the alphabet.

My second line is an abbreviation of one of the winter months.

My third line is the comparative of a word meaning low.

My fourth line is a kind of pigeon.

My fifth line is what all the world has had once and will never have again.

My sixth line is what many men are.

My seventh line is a person on horseback.

My eighth line is a boy.

My ninth line is the same letter as the first.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A pleasant vacation.