

The Indian Helper.

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

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OUR ORDERLY.

Talk about Apaches,
And their being wild!
Why, we have a little fellow,
A merry little child.
He's seven years old about,
You would not heedless pass him by
As he marches in and out,
Our little orderly!
How bright his buttons are,
How winning is his smile,
How willing are his feet
To run a rod, or mile.
He lifts his cap with grace,
And carries notes day after day;
He ornaments the place,
Our Apache orderly!
For his kindly offices
We are all beholden;
And we love him just as well
As if his hair were golden.
And when the world looks on,
And doesn't dare to try,
What if to them alarmed
We introduce our orderly?

ON A BAND STAND.

Three children were playing on a band stand. It was not this band stand, it was not at an Indian school; still, it was a band stand and the two little girls and the little boy who were playing about it that morning were very fond of doing so. They had all sorts of games there, they played "tag" and dodged behind the posts, and sometimes they swung by the beams, because it was a higher stand than the one we know and they could run under it. And when they were tired they often sat down on the benches and told each other stories. When they made them up they were the funniest of all, and these were often about Indians, for all the children took the HELPER.

But that morning something seemed to trouble Nelly. She didn't play with all her heart, and in "tag" she was always getting caught and being "it."

"What makes you keep looking at the clock, Nell?" asked Annie.

"Nothing," answered the child.

"Oh, she's just learned to tell time, and she feels big," cried Charlie. "Why don't you run faster, Nell?" he added.

"Cause,"—returned the child. "I'm going to," she said the next moment, and started off at full speed.

Still, something was the matter with Nelly, and the others felt it, though they went on with their game. Then, when they were tired and sat down on the stand and Annie told about Cinderella and came to the place where Cinderella ran off when the clock began to strike twelve, Nelly looked up at the big town-clock and said softly; "Oh, dear." And when Charlie asked again, "What's the matter, Nell?" she did not answer him at all. "It's your turn now," she said.

And Charlie began his story; it was a long one and very wonderful, something about some sailors that had been wrecked. Annie listened with both her ears, and she must have tried to listen with her tongue, too, or why did she sit with her mouth open?

But Nelly did not hear it all.

"Now, it's your turn," said Charlie looking at her.

But she didn't begin. She looked at the clock again.

"Charlie," she said, "your mamma told me to tell you to come home at ten o'clock, and it's ten now. I don't want you to go. But I had to tell you."

"Oh, I know," cried the boy, "Uncle Alf is coming, and he always brings me something nice to read, and sometimes oranges and things. I must go right, straight off." And he ran away without even waiting to say good morning.

The other children looked after him. "You can't play any games with two," said Annie dolefully. "Let's go home and get our dolls."

"I don't want dolls," said Nelly, "I'd rather tell stories; and we were having such a good time. I tried to forget it, but I couldn't. I kept remembering it all the more. It's spoiled our play. Let's go home, Annie."

The children were neighbors, and Annie

Continued on Fourth Page.

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As 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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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.

From the Out Pupils.

One girl writes:

"I am having a fine time out here. I like to gather raspberries, but they are all done. But the blackberries are getting ripe.

Yesterday the men did not come in for supper; we had to drive up there to take their supper. We ate on the ground, spread the table cloth down. When we were coming down the road we stopped in the corn field and got some corn. Mrs.——'s sister is here. She has a pretty horse; his name is Ned. He eats apples out of our hands and knows how to shake hands. I am learning to cook. On Monday, wash-day sometimes I am the cook. We have water running up here through a pipe from the spring. We used to have a telegraph wire to draw the water up, but now we don't have to draw it up. We have lots of apples. Every morning before breakfast I gather them."

Another says: "Dear school father. I thank you ever so much for letting me stay another year. Oh, you don't know how glad I am for not going home this summer. I am very sorry to hear about my father. I thought he was making a farmer and trying to live among white people. I am afraid that my poor father will be left behind if he don't look out. I don't think he has a piece of land for I heard that he is near the agency. I don't think that is a good place for him to live, he ought to go away from the agency and have land of his own. What will become of my father when the hungry white people go among the Indians and make them work for themselves and get their own food for their families? How sorry I am for my father, I do hope he will try to live better before I go home. I am lonesome for Carlisle sometimes."

One boy writes: "I have forgotten to let you know how I am getting along with my farmer's work, I guess just because I am too busy every day long. Now I have been over a month with Mr.——. He is the best man I ever worked for. I always go out in the country to make little money besides learning how to work a farm. So I do all I can. I am very good indeed. Our harvesting was over on the 25th of July. On that night it began to rain. We got in the wheat and oats all right, but nine loads of hay got wet, because we had

just cut it down and the rain came down on it. This year a good many farmers' harvests got very wet. My boss was all right, the rain did not get his oats wet because I tried hard to put them in before it rained. I am very well and happy. I like my boss very much indeed. This year my wages are fifteen dollars a month."

One of the boys in Bucks County says: "I have been attending Methodist Sunday school and I have found many new friends there, they are all very good and kind to me. I have had happy times with my friends since I came here. I am the only Indian boy that goes to the Methodist church at Yardley."

"I have time this afternoon," writes one of the girls, "to tell you about my new country home. I am well satisfied with it. And I have good and kind people to live with. There are but three in the family. I am just learning to milk; and when the cow turns her head to look at me, I jump and run; I always think she is going to hook me. Some nights I go after the sheep. There are three flocks with nearly fifty in each flock. There is a little girl here. She is always asking me to tell her more about the Carlisle school. We live far from any town. There is a small store about three miles from here with a post office. Rosy Lewis lives about three miles from here. But I have not seen her yet. I suppose there were lots of children went home. I read in the Philadelphia Press that there were a hundred and forty eight went home. This is all I can write this time. I must stop and get dinner. My love to all."

Saturday evening in the chapel Mr. Stailey told us something of his experiences when he went to Mexico in 1864, to take charge of a mint to coin the new money under Maximilian. He had many adventures by the way, several of which were serious enough to have prevented his ever reaching Mexico. As, for instance when he was washed overboard. Then his boy's experience in diving and swimming stood him in good stead. And then another time when he was captured with letters in his baggage and came near being hanged as a French spy. And again when at last the robbers released him and he was on his way by steam tug to Vera Cruz the engineer died of yellow fever on the passage and Mr. Stailey was called upon to take his place. It was fortunate for him and for the rest of the passengers that he understood machinery.

Then, he told us about a good many things in Mexico, among others the railroad from Vera Cruz, the only railroad in the country at that time. It had been twenty-five years in building and had built during all that while forty five miles.

But at last he reached the city of Mexico. Here the new emperor greeted him with the greatest courtesy and carried him to his mint where he put him in charge of his works. And after a few days there Mr. Stailey struck off the first Maximilian dollar, and soon after this the first twenty dollar gold piece with the stamp of Maximilian. It is probable that these pieces had scarcely lost their newness when the unhappy Maximilian was captured by his enemies and shot.

Mr. Stailey has promised to give us more of his experiences sometime.

Mr. Norman has gone to Atlantic City.

Stacy Matlack and Francis Ortiz have come in from farms.

Frank Jannies writes from Wheatland, Dakota, that he is farming.

The frame of the stable is up, and the carpenters have begun to weather board it.

Silas Childers writes from Tulsa, Ind. Ter., that he is going to open a tailor shop in that place.

Miss Burgess and Miss Irvine are gathering in pupils from the Pueblo villages around Laguna.

Oliver Good Shield returned from a farm Saturday; but he did not bring a good name with him.

Miss Seabrook has returned from her vacation and is again at the hospital, and Miss Hamilton has returned to the teachers' quarters.

That Mrs. Pratt has gone to St. Louis to see her sister is only a part of the history; the rest was saved for this week. Mrs. Pratt has also gone to see—Mrs. Pratt!

That was a charming water-melon party the little folks had last Friday. We are very sure that Johnnie, Don, Herbert, Irene, Ambrose, Tommy, Arty and their friends thought so, too.

Calcimining and friezing (not freezing) in the teachers' quarters. How very interesting, especially to those interested. The only trouble is that all the rest of the people get envious, and envy is such a wicked feeling.

Wednesday there was a change in the hours of work. The first shop bell rings now at five minutes before seven and the second at seven, and in the afternoon work lasts until a quarter of six. Breakfast will now be at a quarter past six and supper at six o'clock.

We are not to have Miss Shears with us the coming year; she has left the school. We shall miss her for many reasons, for she had been here four years and we enjoyed her bright ways and appreciated the audible sweetness that flowed from her finger tips.

Saturday night we had—was it a surprise party? It was certainly a party, and it was a great surprise, and, moreover, the inspiring strains had all the refreshment of "something new under the sun." Now that we know what Mrs. Campbell can do (we have had a good many suspicions formerly), we shall all turn Oliver Twists and ask for "more."

Friday, Miss Lizzie Bender left us with the intention of going to Japan in the autumn as a missionary. If it only could have been that she felt her duty lie toward the Indians in the east instead of the Indians in the west! We shall all miss her, but then we shall remember that she will help to make the cause she goes to serve more real and beautiful to the people of Japan.

It rained Tuesday, it rained Wednesday; but on both days it also shone.

The boys have left the parade with their baseball and are back again upon their old ground.

From Rosebud Agency comes word that Frank Locke and Hope Blue Teeth are married.

Mr. Stailey who is with us now has the distinction of having coined the first Maximilian dollar.

A delightful discovery! Some of the new pupils are musical; we have found out two tenors, and nobody knows yet how many musical instruments.

One evening Mrs. Given was telling her little boys Bible stories. After she had told them of Moses, she asked them if they knew about David. "Oh, yes," said a chorus of children, "that's David Hodgson, he's a Pueblo."

When Saturday evening after Mr. Stailey's talk to us, the Captain spoke, he gave us all the strongest motive in the world for doing our best, the motive that by doing it we could come to help others. He spoke especially to the Pueblos who are near Mexico and related to the Mexican Indians and who when they are civilized will perhaps do a great deal for the Mexican people who need so much. This hope of doing for others when it grows strong is more than a motive, it is an inspiration.

Mr. Jordan and his boys have altered the steam pipes in the school rooms and chapel so as to remedy the cracking sounds by which we were annoyed last year, and the boiler rooms have been renovated and the boilers overhauled and made ready for their winter's work. This is from excellent authority. How far off that work seems in such days as these. Yet it is not; for we shall wake up some fine morning before long and find that Jack has been busily at play. This does not refer to Jack Standing!

The M. O. T. B. S. perceives that his clerk did not tell his readers last week of the arrival of the two parties of Chippewas. A party of eighteen, twelve boys and six girls, arrived on the early train Wednesday, and another of twenty-six, eighteen boys and eight girls, Thursday. The boys were, David Abraham, Jonas E. Cabay, John N. Davis, Marpass Cloud, Johnson Adams, Andrew Medler, John Heart, George Fisher, David Vanaey, Daniel Isaac, Edward Peters, Ernest Peters, David Tipscow, Joseph Paymersadung, Wallace Williams, Edward Compeau, Daniel Jackson, Westbrook Sharpless, Mawbeens Waymegance, Levi Chatfield, James Sharpless, Edward Jackson, Elmer Simon, Samuel Gruett, Solomon Collins, Jacob Comboosa, Smith Shawwegans, Levi Pego, Enos Pego. The girls were, Rosa Bourassa, Aggie Cloud, Lucy Cloud, Sarah Vanaey, Mary Cook, Julia Shaycaw, Julia Jackson, Sarah Williams, Julia Williams, Mary Jane Silas, Susan Rodd, Martha Isaac, May Jackson, Julia Edward.

Continued from First Page.

reached home first. As Nelly walked along slowly, trying with all her might to think of something pleasant to do next in her holiday and not finding one thing, her sister standing at the gate called back into the house, "Here she is now, mamma. Hurry up, little girl," she said to Nelly. "If you'd come home two minutes later you would have missed a splendid long drive. Mamma wanted to take you, but she couldn't wait to find you. She is going to Winchester. Run into the house and get your other hat."

But the little girl stood perfectly still for a moment. She was so astonished. She had tried as hard as she could not to do the right thing, she had, as she had told Annie, really tried to forget the message; but she hadn't forgotten it, she had given it, and then she had thought her day spoiled. And now? There was no game, and no story, that she liked half so well as a drive. And if she had not told Charlie she would not have had this one.

It was very funny. Was this the way things happened?

Not always, by any means, Nelly. Only, sometimes.

Indian Energy.

Julia Powlas writes from Oneida, Wisconsin, that since her return from Carlisle, she has spent a few days with Jemima Wheelock. And did she find Jemima a specimen of Indian indolence? Her friends here can much more easily believe what was actually the case, that that young lady, an apt pupil in her studies, a next year's graduate, so far from allowing herself to settle into indolence, was out in the field with a reaping machine cutting wheat with her father, and doing it well, too, as Jemima has a way of doing her work.

This is not a girl who will spoil waiting for something to turn up. She was one of the pupil teachers at Carlisle, and showed quite as much aptitude at getting ideas into the heads of the younger children, as in reaping her father's wheat fields.

One thing we may be sure of, when the higher education for the Indian comes, as come it surely will, Jemima, if living, will be on hand for it.

And Julia went out to the field and begged to be allowed to try the reaping also; and she did. "I liked it very much," she says, "although that was the first time I ever got on the reaper in all my life."

Julia's own work is to begin in September.

Then she is to open her school. She graduated here this summer and went home to teach; and together with her diploma she carried away with her that desire to do good work which she caught here. She has already begun to plan for her school work.

She has not seen Lily or Alice Cornelius since her return, but hears that Alice is gaining strength.

Animated Letters:

When may "t" be called a musician?
When is "c" a good bargainer?
When is "g" a happy letter?
When does "k" turn part of a church into a rogue?
When does "l" turn a reptile into a means of ascent?
When does "s" turn a thing badly done into something foolish?
When does "a" win a wager?
When does "s" put a musical instrument out of tune?
When does "r" turn a man's wages into food?
When does "i" change distance into beauty?
When is "o" a long letter?
When does "p" turn a thin man into wood?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S DIAMOND PUZZLE:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1					Y				
2					F	E	B		
3					B	A	S	E	R
4				F	A	N	T	A	I
5	Y	E	S	T	E	R	D	A	Y
6					B	E	A	R	D
7					R	I	D	E	R
8					L	A	D		
9							Y		

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 15 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 Navajo as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand (boudoir) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(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 3x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8x10 showing all our buildings.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.)

For THREE new subscribers we will give the picture of Apache baby, Eunice. Send a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.

For TWO Subscribers and a One-cent stamp, we send the printed copy of the Apache contrast. For ONE Subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo contrast.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once. If the stamp to pay postage on premium does not accompany the subscription list we take it for granted that the premium is not wanted.