

The Indian Helper.

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

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NUMBER 28.

SLIDING DOWN HILL.

O, it is a merry sight to see
Young folks coasting on the frozen snow,
Each in turn awaits the coming sled,
While the sharp wind makes their faces
glow.
But I'll tell you boys and girls, how you may
Slide down hill *without a sled* any day.

I let the girls neglect their morning work,
Take long stitches in the gowns they mend,
Wash the dishes with a pout and jerk,
Never lift the burden of a friend;
These, and half-learned lessons, too, people
say
Take you down the hill without a sled any
day.

Let the boys watch out for chances now,
How to play at "keeps" behind the fence,
How to chew a "quid" that isn't gum.
If nobody sees, what's the difference?
Let them swear a little, too, that's the way
Boys may slide down hill without a sled
any day. E. G.

A TALK WITH FRANK EVERETT.

How it was at Home when he was a Little Boy.

In talking with Frank Everett the other day we naturally fell to discussing old times at Wichita Agency, Indian Territory.

It was fourteen or fifteen years ago that Frank was a pupil in the boarding school there, and did odd chores for the Doctor.

Industrious, then, as now, he thought it a lucky day when he could get a "job," and we thought it a lucky day for us, too, for Frank could be depended upon.

We lived close by the school house with only a fence between. The school lot was a large one, of several acres, and our pony, whose name was "Delaware," used to browse on the grass.

We called her Dell for short, and Frank taught her to come when called.

He would stand by the gate and call "Dell, Dell," and away she would fly, for she well knew the golden ears of corn as well as the bridle were waiting her.

The school boys would run a race with her sometimes, and as Indians are generally good horsemen they found little difficulty in mounting her, "two or three double," pro-

vided they could run along side of her for a few yards, but the difficulty was in staying on.

Dell would stand straight up, and, of course, as her back was unusually smooth and shiny the boys found themselves left behind, in no time.

Dell was a very knowing horse in many ways.

Once, when her master led her into the stable she refused to touch her corn which had been put into her feed-box, but pulled back and snorted, and objected to all invitations to proceed with her repast.

Her master put his hand in her corn box and said "Look here, Dell," when a loud rattle warned him that Dell was the more prudent of the two.

There, under the corn, was a very large rattlesnake which was soon dispatched, and Dell ate her lunch in peace.

Frank remembers, too, our water-melon patch, and how very big the melons were.

They were three feet long, I am sure.

And he remembers the chickens.

I have mentioned the fence around the school-yard. Well, the boys used to play marbles in the shade of that fence, and I had noticed for some time that they frequented the corner nearest the chicken house.

So I slyly watched, and what do you think those boys did?

They reached through the cracks in the fence and pulled out the prettiest tail-feathers in the flock.

They kept that little game up day after day, just where the fowls liked to preen themselves under the shrubery close by the fence.

They would skulk along, and surprise the poor chickens, and after the roosters had been robbed, they did not disdain to treat the poor old hens in the same way.

We soon put a stop to that.

You see Indians of all ages liked feathers then, much better than they do now-a-days.

I should not be afraid to risk my hens right on the parade ground at Carlisle.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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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.

We have pleasant words of greeting from Miss Semple, who is now at her home in Texas. She is not in good health at present, but her friends at Carlisle hope soon to hear of her gaining in this particular.

One of the teachers at Pawnee Agency, I. T. closes a letter in which she sends fifty cents for the *Red Man*: "The coming of the HELPER is watched for like a ray of sunshine, by the pupils of this school." And furthermore she says, "Allow me to express my admiration for the nobleness of the Carlisle students, in giving so liberally to the suffering Indians of the North."

We have the pleasure of having Otto Zotom, a Kiowa boy from Carlisle, here visiting with us. He keeps company with Tyrrel, a little sick boy of the same tribe. Tyrrel is the only Kiowa here and can speak no English, so we hope that our Carlisle friend and he will have good times together in the hospital. Hampton will try and make his visit a pleasure to him.—[*Talks and Thoughts*.]

After a little difficulty with one of the pupils in a certain school, the teacher asked if any in the class had ever driven a pig. O, yes, the boys were full of experiences of how they had to coax it, and drive it, and poke it, and push it, and take it by the ears and drag it, and head it off, and use various other means, but one hopeful Indian youth remembered that sometimes rings were put in pigs' noses and they could thus be led quite easily. A flash went over the class in an instant. They had themselves made an application of the lesson, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thought with them that it would not be a bad idea to ring boys' noses when they get so stiff and stubborn over nothing that they will not go the way they wise and patient teachers show them is the best way.

THE WEATHER.

When the weather is wet
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm;
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

Last Messages From Captain.

SAN FRANCISCO, 10.
Miss NANA L. PRATT: Good-bye. China sails to-morrow 3, P. M., six your time.

SAN FRANCISCO, 11.
A. J. STANDING: Sailing. Good-bye. Golden gate open wide. All bright beyond.

As the Man-on-the-band-stand peeped in the room over Mr. Standing's office last Tuesday night, what did he see? A dozen or more of as happy young ladies as one often finds, all seated around the table cutting out bright, pretty pictures and pasting them in cloth books to please more than one needy or suffering child. They were the King's Daughters thus spending a happy hour in missionary amusement.

One of our reporters went to the sociable, Saturday night, with a big note-book under his arm prepared to "write it up." There was nothing unusual to report, however. The students were polite, behaving like ladies and gentlemen. The *Youth's Companion*, not long since, stated that the students at Hampton when gathered for a sociable did not know what to do with themselves. The boys stood up in one corner and the girls in another, and cast shy glances about them. While our boys and girls are not at all bold, they do not behave in the manner above described. In fact they are not different from any other people at a sociable. They are sociable and always have a good time. This monthly gathering of the school in our splendid large gymnasium is looked forward to with the happiest anticipations.

The Mission Indian who acted as guide to Gen. J. C. Fremont, has just died at San Diego, California, at the age of 110 years.

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 price as charged in Standing Order for the HELPER.
ADDRESS THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.

Exhibition to-night.

The office hall has a new floor.

Sunday was the loveliest day of the year.

It pays to study the polite way of doing things.

Please renew, and when you do please say "Renew."

Remember, at table, the knife should be used to cut with, not as a shovel.

Wasa stands at the head of good thorough work in the line of house-cleaning.

Miss Paull's room and those over the dining-hall are being re-painted and kalsomined.

The monthly meeting of the King's Daughters, over which Lydia Flint presides met on Sunday afternoon.

Bessie and Fordy wanted the same chair, when Bessie coolly remarked that she got it "first."

The highest number of words made from the word "reluctantly" thus far reached is 240. Beat it, some one!

A dispatch from Mr. Campbell, at Crow Agency, Montana, speaks favorably for quite a large party of pupils coming from that Agency.

Martin Archiquette received the prize offered in the HELPER two weeks ago for solving problems. The answer to the first is Ten Minutes: 2nd, Lost \$13. 33 $\frac{1}{3}$; 3rd, 630 acres.

One of our little white girls admires her father's long mustache, and after looking at it for some time the other day informed her mamma that "Papa has a roof over his mouth."

How bright, airy, convenient, and well-furnished our school-rooms appear to the ladies who visited the Philadelphia schools last week, where thousands of city children are crowded into small, close, stuffy apartments.

Miss Haskins, one of the very first helpers at Carlisle, but who has not been heard from for a long time, now sends greeting, from Chattanooga, Tenn., to old friends. Not many of the workers of those days are left, still we have a few yet with us who remember their friend as teeming with wit and humor.

Henry Kendall saw Capt. Pratt as he and party passed through Albuquerque last week. Henry is improving in health all the while, and is enjoying the freedom of home life. He handles a six-shooter and a Winchester rifle with comparative ease and has not yet met with a horse which could throw him.

Spring examinations are going on in some of the school-rooms.

The teacher in No. 8 is proud of the desk that the carpenter boys fixed for her school-room.

The cooking-class girls occasionally help to mix and roll out the pie-dough on Saturday for Sunday dinner.

Miss Seabrook returned from her Ohio trip on Saturday evening, and claims to have had a very pleasant time.

The last one of the wardrobes, which the carpenter boys have had on hands for nearly two years, was finished this week.

It adds interest to the study of Geography for the beginners to trace Capt. Pratt on the globe as he progresses on his journey half way around the world.

When everything else is quiet, the M. O. T. B. S. turns his ear toward the sewing-room, and the hum of a dozen machines run by Indian girls makes his heart proud.

That corn-starch sprinkled with raisins, which we have frequently for supper, looks very tempting to the M. O. T. B. S., especially when he is a little hungry.

On Sunday, the Y. M. C. A.'s of Dickinson College and of town met with our Y. M. C. A. in the school chapel. The meeting was presided over by Levi Levering and was enthusiastic and helpful throughout.

There is one word in gilt letters pinned over the black-board in No. 2 which must be stamped upon our brains in burning letters of fire, before we can ever hope to succeed at anything. It is—"T H I N K."

The Man-on-the-band-stand is always glad to see a woman able to manage machinery. When anything in the laundry, (which is full of machinery) gets out of fix, Mrs. Jordan is not the one to sit down and cry and say, "What shall I do?" She searches out the trouble and nine times out of ten masters the difficulty, whether it be a broken cog, packing of engine, stopping of drain-pipes, or what not.

Quick map-drawing is now the order in some of the school-rooms. One of the small boys in No. 5 drew a very creditable map taking in the southern part of the United States, Central America, the Isthmus of Panama, and Northern part of South America, in less than five minutes. Quick and correct work is the kind we must learn to do both in school and in the shop, indeed everywhere, if we wish to become really useful and able to earn money.

(Continued from the First Page.)

I should know their feathers would never adorn the scalp-lock of the pupils here.

Those children at the Wichita school were only just learning the A, B, C, of civilization, and their parents were not anxious then, as they are now, that they should learn the white man's best ways.

Why, chickens were hardly safe from the depredations of the big Indians themselves, in those days, but they were thoughtful, and left the bulk, only appropriating the "foliage," as the German Professor would say.

By the way, wasn't it funny to speak of the "foliage" of a fowl and the "plumage" of a tree?

It was pretty though, we thought.

We always saved the feathers when we feasted on fowl of any kind, to please the fancy of the Indians.

They would pick wild grapes and plums for us, and go away perfectly happy with a handful of feathers as a reward.

An old Chief for whom we had the highest respect actually offered our cook ten dollars for the tail of a turkey she was dressing one day in the back yard.

But white folks are guilty in this respect, too. Most of us wear ostrich feathers and pay a good deal of money to get them.

And we have even gone farther than this: some of us have worn whole birds.

If this reminiscence of Wichita suits the very particular Editor of the HELPER, we will talk with Frank again next week, and tell you how that school house burned down one night at twelve o'clock, and how brave the boys and girls were.

REAL OLD TIMER.

From a Washington Lady.

"I want to compliment your little HELPER. I think it the brightest and cutest little thing I ever read. And you get so much information for such a small amount of money. Why only about one mill a week. It seems like riding all over Washington in a street car for five cents. I ordered the paper for two little girls at the North, for a new year's present, and they write they "like it *ever* so much," a common expression with girls now, and which means a great deal. I am going to try and interest some of the little misses in the neighborhood to help you to reach your 10,000 circulation."

TEACHER—"Which New England State has two capitals?"

Boy—"New Hampshire."

Teacher—"Indeed! Name them."

Boy—"Capital N and capital H."

A Wise Suggestion.

School Girl: "Oh, I do like history so much."
School Boy: "Indeed! What is your favorite?"

She: "The discovery of North America by the Indians is so interesting, and they were so far ahead of Columbus that I think they ought to hold the world's fair in the Indian Territory."—[Exchange.]

ENIGMA.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 5, 10, 11, 12, 13, is to unclothe.

My 1, 6, 7, 8, is what is found at the sea-shore.

My 13, 3, 4, 14, is to peel.

My 2, 14, 6, 4, is to rip.

My 9, 12, 13, 15, is how a person drinks hot tea.

My whole is a good thing under which the Carlisle school is trying to educate her pupils.

SUBSCRIBER.

In the teachers' quarters there is a "morning girl" who is said to be a perfect jewel. She fixes up nice little cornucopias where most needed to hold things, and when anything suggests itself to be done she does not wait for the "regular day" to come around, but goes ahead.

See who can find her name in the following verse:

All around the room she looks;

Nook and corner feel her hand.

Now she sees a spider's nest

In the drawer beneath the stand.

Ever active is this maid.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Our Flag.

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 Navajoe 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 9x14 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 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.