

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1890.

NUMBER 32.

I AM not strong enough, I know,
To earn my daily bread;
I cannot dig, nor plough, nor sow,
And yet I must be fed;
But if I try, I think I may
Just do a little day by day.

I may, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways;
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days.
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try, each day and hour,
To act upon this plan:
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by and by.

A WOMAN ONLY FORTY INCHES HIGH.

MEMBER OF THE GREAT NORTH TRIBE.

A True Story Written for the Helper by a Little
Girl of Ten Years of age, who Lives in
Philadelphia.

Olof Krarer was born and lived in Greenland until she was fifteen years old.

Then she left home with a party of shipwrecked sailors, and, after traveling one-thousand miles on the ice, they reached Iceland.

They staid there ten years, and then went to Europe and came to North America.

Olof Krarer is forty inches high and thirty years old.

She lectured at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and they had to have a small platform for her to stand on so she could reach the table.

Her arms are so short that they hardly come to her hips.

She said the women in Greenland tied their arms up for they did not have to use them, and so they were curved. They grease themselves every day. If they washed, the water would freeze on them. When she was first taken to Iceland she did not know what the people were doing when they washed.

And when they gave her soap and water she put the soap in her mouth to eat it.

She said it took her three months to get all the grease from her hair and body.

When Greenlanders are born they are the same color as we are; instead of washing the new baby the mother greases it.

The frames of the houses are made of drift wood which they find in the Spring time.

Then the men pack snow over the frame leaving a hole for the chimney, so when the house is done it looks like a snow drift.

There is only one room in the house. The fire is in the middle of the room.

The family have a place in the corner to sleep, but the company (if they have any) sleep on the floor.

Their clothes are made of bear-skin, sewed with strips of deer-skin tied around a small tusk, which serves for a needle, requiring two or three men to push it through the skin.

The only amusement they have is to sit on the floor and see who is the prettiest.

They think that the one who has the most grease on her face is the prettiest.

They have four months day, six months night, and two months twilight.

In the Spring when the whales come near the shore the men try to kill them with long tusks.

If they kill a whale they are sure to have plenty to eat and plenty to burn, for they eat the fat and burn the lean.

The man who first puts his tusk in the whale has a right to the skin.

There are other animals: the deer and bear.

The deer skin is used for making harness for the dogs and the bear skin for clothes.

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

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.

The steamer China in whose fortune we have all been so deeply interested beat her record across the Pacific by two days. We are not surprised. There is but one conclusion for any body to draw—two Captains are better than one.

Mr. Campbell has had a narrow escape. He was travelling in Montana, on a train going west, and happened to be on the first section of the train. At a certain station he thought he would get off and wait for the second section which had the sleepers on. The section he got off was wrecked a few miles ahead.

Mrs. Miller has left us for her home near Philadelphia. She has been visiting her sister Miss Bender. Mrs. Miller is so genial that we all feel as though a sister had been visiting us. Little Jean will be missed, too. If she has not left some of her retty curls in somebody's pocket we are mistaken. We shall remember her for a long time.

It is nice to see the little "old girls" taking the new comers all about the grounds, and pointing out the different things. It does a good deal toward making them feel at home in a strange place. It reminds us of the hint which Mr. Standing gave to the pupils in the Chapel last week about the old scholars telling the new ones how to behave. It is doing as one would be done by, and might save much embarrassment.

"The Indian school under the management of Miss Ella Patterson is a success. The school, both in management and advancement, is superior to two-thirds of the schools in Dona Ana county. On the night of my arrival here there was an entertainment given by the school—singing, elocution, dialogues and pantomime. Supt. Woodson made a few remarks to the children and expressed surprise to find an Indian school so far advanced."

The above clipped from a New Mexico paper refers to the Mescalero Agency school taught by our Miss Patterson, who left us last year.

Straight and Loyal.

One of our boys who has returned to his Indian home and is passing the trying ordeal which so many must suffer says, "Though I may be compelled to dress in rags and starve because I am not taking up the Indian garb and the old mode of living I will not submit. Carlisle has taught me independence."

Adelia Lowe and Lydia Harrington have gone to Washington to live with Mrs. Morgan, wife of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. It is a splendid opportunity for them to see and learn much, and from accounts already received they are going to make the most of their chance and do the best they can.

Ira Goso, who was reported sick last week at his country home, died. Mr. Potter who was sent from the school to attend the funeral says that the body was laid to rest among the trees in the beautiful cemetery at Newtown. The people with whom Ira lived speak of him in the highest terms and mourn with us the loss of a good and faithful boy, and a worthy example to all who knew him.

'Twas a day in April. The warm Spring rain had flushed the meadows again and again; the uplands had put on a new green dress, and the face of all nature looked clean and fresh, when off for the woods set a rollicking crew to find where the trailing arbutus grew.

At the head of the squad rode our honored Miss E. Not a veil to save her complexion wore she. And she looked like a Casabianca there, with her brow bared alike to the sun and the air. Altogether it was a delightful trip. Sheep and cattle on green hills, flowing streams, woods and moss and flowers, sparkling red checkerberrys, torn dresses, pitch on hands, burnt noses, and good appetites for the picnic driving home. There are pleasant memories of it all to store away, provided somebody who don't know what real fun is, doesn't report the spruce gum. Tired people might forget their miseries if they would oftener run away and rest on Mother Nature's lap.

The reception at Miss Noble's on Thursday night was a pleasant one. There were flowers for all, games, and all sorts of confections. The violin music was just the thing, and the handsome screens set all about in the large halls gave an oriental air to the whole scene. The event did not terminate till the next morning at ten o'clock, when the little folks were seen running along under umbrellas to "call on Miss Noble" they said. She knows there is no avenue to a child's heart like a sweet one. When the children got home, they said to their mammas, "We did thank Miss Noble, truly."

Rev. W. W. Evans, of the Methodist Church in town, preached our Easter sermon.

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.

New white wash on all the back fences.

Joe went fishing, and caught a duck (ing).

We are getting ready for a nice little time, Arbor day.

Mrs. Bair of W. C. T. U. fame talked to our girls on Tuesday morning.

Miss Bender accompanied as far as Columbia the three girls who went to Maryland to live in country homes.

Marie Worthington spent her Easter vacation with her mother at this school. She returned to her Art studies in Philadelphia, on Monday.

To a few we continue to say, that when a renewal you pay, write bold and strong the word "RENEW", so that the mailers will not stew.

Walter Anallo has just entered the printing-office. He has already learned most of the boxes and from the way he begins the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks he has a prize.

Our story this week on the first page is by Julia Blankenburg, of Philadelphia, and a picture of the young woman of whom she writes may be seen by calling at the printing-office.

The work of kalsonining, and plastering a building and of cleaning up after, is hard and disagreeable, but it pays, as will be seen by the appearance of the Small Boys' Quarters in a few days.

The cloud that swept over Carlisle at 7.30 A. M. Wednesday was frightful in appearance and made it so dark that some peoples' breath flew quite away. It proved to be only an April shower after all and lasted only five minutes.

Mr. Standing made the census talk very plain Saturday night, and what he told of the City of Paris and of the way steamships were made was very interesting. He chalked as he talked which always adds interest to the subject and makes it plainer.

Mr. H. S. Campbell, who escorted the party of pupils from the Crow Agency to Carlisle, left on Thursday. While here he took a hearty interest in all that he saw, and he paid for the HELPER for five years, and one year's subscription to the *Red Man*.

Our work is doubled at this season of the year when so many people are moving and asking for changes of address. We hope our subscribers will have patience if the change is not made the same week as ordered. It will be attended to as soon as possible, and we shall be glad to supply missing copies.

The new lock on the back office door will stump the key-thief. Let us keep our eyes open and catch the sneak. There is nothing more detestable than to go around taking little things that do not belong to you. Two or three such persons in a school can give a bad name to the whole school. Let us catch him!

Miss Paull's hammock is a novelty in these parts. It is made of barrel-staves and ropes.

The storm doors are coming down, and we hope that the board walks will be going up, soon. A little too soon now, though.

Miss Noble says her kitchen boys have never been reported for misconduct. What a splendid thing it is to have a good reputation and then to keep it.

Easter eggs were abundant in all colors. Real eggs dyed, eggs on beautiful cards, and candy eggs. Richenda had more than a hundred given to her to play "keep store" with.

The school enjoyed a half-holiday on Good Friday. Those of us who had to work in the printing-office were treated to a fine pitcher of lemon-ade, by the foreman, which made the work slip along twice as easy.

Mr. Kennerly made the first contribution for the new library in the little boys' quarters. He apologized for giving only five dollars. Just think of it! If every body would give as much how soon the little library would grow.

We wonder if the pupils who enjoy their big pieces of pie at Sunday dinners, stop to think of the pains which somebody takes to make them. More than one hundred, and always enough to go around, too. We wonder who "counts the noses."

We took a whiff at the bean pot and the roast beef in the big kitchen this morning, and found ourselves wishing we had beans for dinner, too. And the beef looked nice enough for anybody's table, it was just the right shade of good deep brown.

It is surprising to see how many beautiful plants can be carried over to the chapel when occasion requires, and nothing borrowed from the greenhouse either. We saw more than one pair of eyes turned towards them during the march out, Easter afternoon.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks they made a mistake in the Catechism when they said that Job was the most patient man. We think his name is George Foulk, by the way he waits outside in the Herdic at church, and at lectures, on shopping days and on every day. Always patient and polite.

We cannot help it if the HELPER does have a smack of the kitchen about it this week. We saw some slices of bread away up on a shelf, two big tin cans, and asked what they were going to do with it. "Why, make French toast of it for supper, of course," was the answer. We opened our eyes wide. The idea of making French toast for so many hungry people!

We tried to count the sirup cans on the tables but stopped at less than two hundred. We tasted the sirup and were reminded of the big sorghum plantations we saw in the South. Then we pinched a piece of the yellow crust off from a loaf of bread on the table, and went home wondering on the way if our boys get hungry sometimes for their "mother's cooking," as white men are reported to do.

(Continued from the First Page.)

A mother can put her baby in the hood of her suit to carry it about, until it is two years old.

They never have more than three children in one family.

The way they tell how old they are is to keep a little bag for each member of the family, and every time they see the sun they put a little bone in the bag.

The children never touch the bag, because they are punished so badly.

When the children are naughty the mother heats a bone and burns them.

That is the only punishment they have.

When a baby cries, its mother does not love it.

She thinks the bad spirit has come into it and puts it into a corner.

When one of the family dies the rest are not one bit sorry. They dig a hole in the snow and put the body in.

And when an old man is sick, if he is not married they put him in a house where no one lives, and once in a great while throw a piece of meat in to him, and if he is not able to catch it he can wait till next time.

But if an old woman gets sick, they let her stay in the family.

They never live to be more than forty years old, and are never any higher than four feet.

The way they build fires is to first put down some bones and then some lean meat.

The rich people have a flint to strike a fire with, and the tony people have a block of ice with a fur on it to sit on, and the poor have nothing but the floor.

They never go to see each other except on an errand.

If they get married the boy must steal the girl.

If he is caught they burn him to death.

But if he can get her he can have her.

These people are called Esquimeaux.

J. R. B.

DOGS.

No Dogs at Carlisle.

The taxation of dogs has become almost universal in the United States.

The tax varies from 50 cts. to \$2.00. ahead.

The average dog is a useless animal. Some are very intelligent and deserve human society, but the greater part are worthless.

The more miserable and poor a family is the more dogs they appear to keep.

Among the Indians wherever we have been, dogs are numerous.

They must eat a great deal of food that should be given to the children.

We have seen them fed from the common pot in the camp by people who were on the verge of starvation.

The facts are, there is nothing which dogs will eat but might be appropriated by the Indians themselves.

We have often wondered why the Indians cannot see that the keeping of so many dogs is expensive and wasteful.

Kill the dogs, and save the bits of bread and meat for the children! is our advice.

No man is kept from study by lack of time; yet no excuse for a failure to study is more common than that of a lack of time. A man who studies all the time he can study, often wants more time than there is; and if there were more time, he would use it. But the man who refuses to study because he has no time, would not study if he had nothing to do but to study.

Enigma

I am made of 11 letters.

My 6, 4, 9, 8, is better to do than to receive.

My 7, 11, 10, 8, is what a good education will make us.

My 3, 4, 2, 1, is what girls who play too roughly get in their aprons.

My 2, 10, 5, is used to write with.

My whole is a kind of sickness, not dangerous at all, that some of our shop boys are getting these nice days.

ANSWER SO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Sociables.

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 9x15 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.