

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1890.

NUMBER 35

[FOR THE HELPER.]
HOW THEY SPEAK PIECES IN JAPAN. (7)

TOM'S name was called, and up he sprang,
A grin was on his countenance,
He looked from friend to friend, to see
How they would view the circumstance.
He stepped upon the platform high,
The words he should have said, were gone;
He laughed at his predicament,
Although his teacher looked forlorn.
Dick's turn had come, and very slow
He wound his way beyond the throng.
The platform reached, his piece began
With demonstrations loud and long
With sudden jerk his accents ceased,
He pulled his coat tail o'er and o'er,
Looked skyward, hemmed, and almost cried,
But could remember nothing more.
Then Harry stepped upon the stage
With form erect and manly tread;
No fool was he, to smirk, or fail
With dignity his piece he said.
He did not hesitate to speak,
He knew his lesson, that was plain,
We'd sail across the sea to hear
Tom, Dick, and Harry speak again.

JAPANESE.

LETTERS FROM CAPT. PRATT.

TO HIS OWN CHILDREN.

Although not intended for publication, we are sure that Capt. Pratt would not object to our printing for the entertainment of the readers of the HELPER, the following parts of his most interesting letters received this week, which a favored few have so greatly enjoyed:

STEAMER CHINA, PACIFIC OCEAN.

600 miles east of Japan, March 21, 1890.

We have passed the 180th meridian, where, by general consent each day is born, and instead of being in the same day with you and several hours later we have skipped one day and are a day ahead of you.

It is now 10 A. M. here, but at Carlisle it is 7:50 P. M. of yesterday. We dropped Wednesday the 20th, that being the day we crossed the meridian. It is not to be lost to us, however, for we shall have two days of the same name and date on our return.

We have been most unfortunate in our weather, which from San Francisco to this has been stormy, with head winds and heavy sea, except a few hours day before yesterday.

Of course, quite all the passengers have been sick. Mamma and I are no exception.

Seasick folks are an unsociable lot and it was only day before yesterday that we began to get acquainted with our fellow passengers generally. Now we have become somewhat chummy and each knows the other's business and plans more or less.

My worst spell was on the morning of the 3rd day out.

The ship both tossed from side to side and pitched heavily, my head ached and I felt extreme nausea in my berth, but determined to get up.

I was permitted to complete my dressing but was in an agony of nausea.

I crawled to the deck and fresh air and felt some better, but for ten days I was not free from distress.

We are all mostly over it now and I am sure I am better for it all.

Our noble ship lunges ahead at the average rate of over 400 miles per day in spite of the head winds and storms.

If our speed makes her take too much water a few less revolutions per minute of the great propelling wheel are dropped until a lull enables them to be taken up again.

Not one pleasant day.

Not a sail or other sign of earthly inhabitant since the morning after we left San Francisco. Nothing but water and tossing to and fro.

When 2500 miles from California and the same distance from Japan we had the company of gulls and stormy petrels.

They did not so much stay with us as seem to be at home in the vast waste and heaving billows.

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

ED. 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.

Say "RENEWAL" when you pay
To renew. We beg you may.

We are grieved to learn that Frank and Hope Locke's little daughter born two weeks ago, has died.

We have an interesting letter from our old pupil Peter Powlas, who has been teaching for several years since he left Carlisle among his people the Oneidas of Wisconsin. He says they have a debating society every Friday night and that Joel Archiquette is the President. It is well attended. The rest of the letter will appear in the *Red Man* for May.

A letter from Mrs. Pratt, now in Japan, was received last week, which measured by actual measurement, eight yards. When Mr. Standing unrolled it Saturday night before the students he first stood on the platform which is three feet high, and then got up into the chair. The letter then fell in folds on the floor as he continued to unroll, when Mr. Potter took one end and carried it off toward the center of the room. The proceeding caused a merry laugh and all wanted to hear the rich and racy contents. Full extracts from the letter will be printed in the May *Red Man*.

Last Friday night the school had another treat, such as comes to a person but once in a life time. Captain Long, of Gettysburg, was here with his Stereopticon and pictures of the battle of Gettysburg. The pictures were fine and beside battle scenes included most of the new monuments. Capt. Long's talk was intensely interesting to the intelligent portion of his audience, although a little tedious to those who could not understand the army terms. The position of the troops were most vividly pictured and a realistic view of the battle as it occurred has been stamped upon our memories in such a way that it can never be effaced. Many thanks, Captain Long. Come again!

ARBOR DAY.

Arbor Day after a week or two of most charming weather turned out to be rainy and damp, on account of which our Arbor Day celebration was not carried out quite as planned. The ceremonies began at 9:30, A. M., by the whole school singing a tree song to the tune of Auld Lang Syne after which Mr. Standing gave an address.

The boys of each class then marched to the spot selected for their special tree and planted it while the girls looked on from balconies and windows. There were special trees for the graduating class and choir.

In the afternoon the school assembled and were entertained by appropriate Arbor Day recitations and singing.

Singing, "Spring has come," "Nature's Tribute," and "April Song," by the choir, and "The brave old oak," by the school; Recitations and Declamations: "The Object of planting trees," Martin Archiquette; "Interesting Trees," Louisa King; "The Elm Tree," Robt. Hamilton; "History of Penn's Elm," Henry Phillips; "Little Acorn," Ulysses Paisano; "Planting of the Apple Tree," Minnie Topi; "Exercise on Trees," boys of No. 5; a declamation by Harvey Warner; "The Live Oak," Otto Zotom; "Among the Trees," Martinus Johns; and marching and singing by the pupils as they marched, comprised the programme, the most of which was excellently performed.

The lessons learned cannot easily be forgotten and will be of practical value to us in the future.

Married.

On last Wednesday evening, at the home of the bride's father, at the Carlisle Indian Industrial School, Miss Maggie E. Jordan, to Mr. B. T. Middleton, of Harrisburg. The officiating ministers were Rev. J. T. Hammond and Rev. J. C. Brock, of Carlisle. Carriage loads of handsomely dressed guests began to arrive at 7 o'clock and the occasion was one of unusual brilliancy. Miss Maggie looked very sweet and pretty in her bridal dress of rose-colored silk and lovely lace, and the handsome groom as he stood beside his bride looked the picture of strength and manliness.

A sumptuous repast was enjoyed after the ceremony and the bridal party left on the mid-night train for Harrisburg. Rich and beautiful presents of silver and china and all the little keepsakes and useful articles a bride naturally falls heir to have been pouring in for several days. Long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, is the wish of their friends at Carlisle.

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 to Standing Offer for the **HELPER**.
ADDRESS: THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.

It takes Minor John and Paul Shattuck to work well and quickly.

Dennison played a cornet solo at the Y. M. C. A. rooms in town on Sunday afternoon, which was well received.

Thomas Black Bear called and subscribed for the *Red Man* for himself and the HELPER for his brother at home. Thomas appears to be all business these days.

Miss Ely returned Wednesday evening from a little visit to her Bucks County home, where she attended the birth day anniversary of an aunt who is ninety years old.

After a lingering illness, little Belle Cohoe, died this week. She was one of the girls who came from the Indian Territory, last year, and has been ill and a great sufferer from the day she arrived.

Some of the girls who are not very well are going to live with Mr. and Mrs. Bennett on the farm for a little while. That will be nice. The Man-on-the-band-stand almost wishes he did not feel very well so he could have the same privilege.

One of the pleasant features of choir practice especially to those not in attendance is the serenade so often given as the young men march from the chapel to quarters. Their rich and harmonious voices fill the night air with music that is appreciated by all who hear it.

Mr. Potter has left Carlisle for his home at El Reno, Oklahoma. He leaves behind many friends which his short term of service at the school has made. The boys especially will miss him, as he made them feel he was one of them. He entered into their sports and society life in a way that was very helpful to them and which they highly appreciated. Others besides the boys will miss Mr. Potter, and all wish him great success in all that he finds to do.

An amateur team has been born, known as the "Amateur Base Ball Club." From the way the names read they are not so very "amateurish" and the others may well look a little out. The following are the names: Pitcher, Frank Everett; catcher, Robert Penn; 1st base, Harvey Warner; 2nd base, Bennie Thomas; 3rd base Josiah Powlas; short-stop, Levi St. Cyr; right-field, Benj. Miles; centre-field, Paul Lovejoy; left-field, Chas. Moncravie; substitute, Stailey Norcross; Howard Logan, Manager, and Harvey Warner, Capt.

A new team has been organized who modestly call themselves "New Beginners." They express the hope to be prepared in a short time to compete with other teams of our school. Martin L. Smith is their chosen captain. The team stands as follow: Pitcher, Geo. W. Means; catcher, Martin Smith; 1st base, Johnson Webster; 2nd base, David Turkey; 3rd base, James McAdams; right field, Luther Dabbah; center-field, Peter Snow; left-field, Ralph Nal-tu-ey; short-stop, Chas. Marksman; substitute, Ulysses Paisano.

One small fellow who is just learning to speak English was not provided with a new hat. He had been overlooked, so he knocked on the door and asked Mrs. G., "Will you please give me a new pair of hat."

We have now fresh prints of Apache Contrast on elegant paper, almost equal to the photograph, for five cents cash, or for two subscribers for the HELPER and a one-cent stamp. We are ready for several hundred orders.

Lost, strayed, or stolen: One two-year-old hat, branded O. T. (cross) and bullet mark on left side. It was slightly sun-burnt although it originally enjoyed a white complexion. A liberal reward will be given to the finder. Apply at the HELPER Office.

Do you ever go to your friend's table or desk or room and touch things that do not belong to you? Then you are a sneak.

Do you read the note you are carrying to some one? Then you are a sneak.

Do you go to a girl's bureau drawer and touch things that are not yours? Then you are a sneak.

When a person is writing something, do you look over his shoulder and try to read it? Then you are a sneak.

Have we any such terrible people at our school? Let each one of us look at ourselves very carefully and answer the question!

Mark Evarts has a right to feel proud of a set of single harness just completed, of the finest make, all hand made and silver mounted. Mr. Kemp, who is an experienced harness-maker says it is the finest set of harness ever manufactured at the school and other boys have turned out beautiful work. This harness is Mark's own and he will sell at a fair price. All he wants is good interest on his money invested and fair remuneration for the extra time spent upon it. The harness, according to the Man-on-the-band-stand's judgment is worth every cent of a hundred dollars. Mark may sell for a little less, cash in hand. Call and see it!

May Paisano is dead. How we all miss her sweet face! A week ago Sunday she was in line at inspection, but soon after went to the hospital with a raging fever and headache. The fever was reduced in a few hours and May felt she was getting better. To every one who addressed her she would sweetly smile and say "I am better." But at 7 o'clock last Sunday morning she became very weak and passed away quietly without a sign of distress. Her heart ceased to beat and May was gone forever. Dear May was so beloved by all the girls especially those of her own age that when the sad news of her death was announced an uncontrollable wail of sorrow filled the assembly room. The day of her funeral the little casket was beautifully trimmed with flowers and the services were most solemn and impressive. Rev. Dr. Evans of the Methodist church, Carlisle, officiated.

(Continued from the First Page.)

Ours is a noble ship, built of steel and driven by a monster 7000 horse power engine.

Her crew is about 160 Chinamen.

It takes 1600 tons of coal to carry her over She has 56 boilers.

Her driving wheel is 21 feet in diameter, and each of the four paddles weighs more than two tons.

Her shaft is a solid piece of steel, near 200 feet long and 19 inches thick and turns the great driving wheel at the rate of 70 revolutions per minute.

In our worst sea and strongest head-wind we made over 12 miles an hour.

A Chinese cook prepares for us the best of food, and Japanese waiter boys serve it in the most gentlemanly manner.

Our state-rooms are large and almost elegantly fitted up.

We have a social hall where we gather and comment on the weather and compare notes of each other's health.

Captain Matts and officers are polite, and taken altogether our lot is not a hard one. Mamma is becoming quite her old self.

Tuesday 25th, we had a stormy night and shipped several heavy seas.

The Captain said we went under until our sea passed over the smoke-stacks solid, which of course was a nautical yarn, but the upperdeck was heavily washed.

This morning there was a war of the two elements we contend against—water and air.

The wind had been heavy from the southwest but veered and came with equal force from the northeast, which gave us a chopped sea and cuffed us so as to make it appear to some that we might be striking rocks.

I put on my rubber boots and coat and went up to the bridge at the pilot house for two hours.

The second officer was on watch and told me many of his experiences.

He ran away from home when quite a boy in 1863, and joined our Navy, with which he saw some service along the coast of the Carolinas.

His home was in Liverpool, England.

When the war was over his vessel was ordered to Philadelphia.

A rumor got out among the sailors that all the men whose time to serve was more than twelve months were to be sent to foreign stations.

As he was one and dreaded such a result he deserted.

Two weeks after his crew were all mustered out and received their pay and bounty, which he had forfeited.

He has been quite everywhere on the seas and on all kinds of vessels.

It is now near noon. The sea has become more quiet and the air clear. There is hope that we may see Fujiyama, the highest mountain in Japan, this evening, and the Captain expects to anchor in the bay of Yokohama by four o'clock to-morrow morning. Our spirits rise.

I drop this for dinner.

Five P. M. A false announcement that land is in sight calls every body on deck.

My old Army field glasses fail to reveal the

land though I go to the pilot house, and we all return to the cabin to wait for further announcements.

The weather has improved again and we almost have sunshine.

[Continued Next Week.]

THE LITTLE BOYS MADE GLAD.

Dr. Carlos Montezuma, a real Apache medicine man, being a graduate of the Medical College of Chicago, sends the following letter with substantial contents:

FT. STEVENSON, N. DAK., April 23, 1890.

—: I often wish I could do something that would make men and women out of our Indian children, and such is my desire. May I show it by contributing \$5.00 for the Library of the Little Boys' Quarters? Regards to all. Very respectfully,

CARLOS MONTEZUMA, M. D.

When this letter was read to the little boys assembled for prayers, it would have done Dr. Montezuma's heart good could he have heard the enthusiastic and continued applause with which they made the house resound in appreciation and gratitude for so thoughtful a remembrance from one of their own kin, of whom they are proud.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 4, 6, 7, is a tin dish.

My 8, 5, 3, is a definite article.

My 2, 6, 8, 5, 1, is a turners machine.

My whole is a large animal.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Annual Examinations.

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 premium will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x11 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.