

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1890.

NUMBER 36.

A LITTLE KINGDOM.

A LITTLE kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.
For passion tempts and troubles me;
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.
How can I learn to rule myself,—
To be the child I should,—
Honest and brave, and never tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?
Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee and feel
That Thou art ever near,
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small
Since thou with patience infinite
Dost soothe and comfort all.
I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

LETTERS FROM CAPT. PRATT.

TO HIS OWN CHILDREN.

(Continued from last week.)

On Shore.

33 KAMI NI BANCHŌ,
TOKIO, JAPAN, April 2, 1890.

No opportunity having offered to send the letter I wrote on the steamer, I have carried it until now.

A steamer leaves for America on the 3rd,

and all letters sent in to mail by 6 this evening will go.

We are busy sight-seeing and must wait until after our return to tell most of our experiences.

We reached land early on the morning of the 29th, and mamma, Mrs. Morris and Miss Haines were sent to a hotel while I remained to fix matters with the Japanese custom officials.

To see the ladies trotted off each in her own carriage (jineriksha) with a man for a horse was funny enough.

The custom's men were not critical though they looked well into each bag and trunk.

We stayed three days in Yokohama and had a good time breaking into the ways of the country.

Yokohama has a native population of 70,000 and a foreign of 1,500.

Tokio has 1,300,000 native, and about 500 foreign population.

We are at one of our good Presbyterian mission schools, and most comfortably entertained, far better than we could be at a Japanese hotel, though some of them pretend to be on the foreign plan and actually have beds to sleep in and chairs to sit on.

We are going to make expeditions into the country and then we shall have fun—no beds, no chairs, no tables, and regular Japanese food except what we take with us.

The National Exposition is just begun, and we shall have a fine chance to see all the best things from every quarter of the Empire.

Yesterday mamma and I visited an old Buddhist Temple, and by putting on over our shoes some knit shoes mamma made while on ship we were permitted to look through it under the guiding of a priest who charged sixty cents for the service.

The cute little stores are innumerable and native wares cheap.

I bought a first class silk umbrella for \$3.00 such as would cost six at home.

I had a suit made at Wanamaker's before I left which I have with me. Wanamaker

(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.

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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.

Letters again have been received from Capt. and Mrs. Pratt now in Japan, extracts from which will be printed next week.

Is the person who chews and says he doesn't, a liar? Of course, he is, and the meanest, most sneaking cowardly kind of a liar, too.

If the HELPER you wish to renew, and you DO, please say RENEW, to help a few of the mailers blue who get in a stew when they haven't this cue.

A gentleman on the grounds asks us to say in this week's paper, "Boys always take off your hats in the house, especially in the presence of ladies!"

Our Forest Children, edited by Rev. Mr. Wilson, of the Saulte Ste. Marie Indian schools, has again come to hand and is teeming with interest, as usual.

The May number of the Red Man, to be mailed about the 25th of the month will contain a very interesting letter from Mrs. Pratt, and the graduating essays of class of '90.

We only lack nineteen names of having 800 pupils on our school roll at the present writing. We have 296 girls, (See? four more would make 300) and 485 boys. Of these 274 are now on farms.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is glad to learn that Phebe Howell, one of our girls who is taking a course in nursing at the Pennsylvania Hospital is making creditable progress. "She can be relied upon," says the letter. When it can be truly said that a nurse can be relied upon, that is a grand step in the right direction.

WATCH!

Suppose you should see a child sitting on the rail road track, and the train was coming, would you let the child sit still, or, would you call to him to get out of the way, quickly?

Suppose you called and called and the child did not move, then what would you do? Would you not run and drag him off the track to save his life?

Now, again:

Suppose you saw a person sitting or lying or playing in the wet grass, would you let that person stay there and say nothing?

Or, would you call to him to get out of the grass, and thus try to save his life?

The wet grass in one way is as dangerous as the steam engine coming toward you when you are sitting on the rail road track.

By getting our clothing wet or our shoes damp and not changing them we run the risk of taking a cold that may kill us.

It is not dangerous to run in the wet grass if we are barefooted.

The danger is in getting our shoes wet and sitting with damp feet.

Let us use a little good sense and stay out of the grass when it is damp!

Let us take care of our health before it is too late!

The Dickinson Preparatory team were badly beaten by the Young Americans at baseball on our school grounds last Saturday afternoon. There was fine pitching, catching and batting on the Indian side. Gary Myers and Felix I. E. Feather made the only home runs. The college team retired in good order but painfully acknowledged their signal defeat. The following is the score by innings:

Indians.. ..	2	1	0	11	6	0	0	0	6—26
College.....	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	5	3—12

Alex Splitlog, of White's Institute, Wabash, Indiana, writes an interesting letter in which he says they have begun to plant corn, and their farm boys are "rustlers" to use his own expression. Nearly all of their large Indian boys and girls expect to go home in June and Master Alex expresses sorrow that such is the case, showing that he likes his school.

The large boys have added to their library, Harper's Magazines from 1873 to 1888, complete, and nicely bound. They also have four years of Scribner's.

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.

Off!

Keep off!

Keep off the

Keep off the edges!

Keep off the edges of the grass!

Lawn mowers are busy these days.

The old chapel has been re-kalsomined.

The school carriages are being overhauled.

Who *does* compose that new band? Ah! That is the (?).

The carpenters are putting up a stairway in the gymnasium.

Mr. Standing spent Tuesday in Philadelphia on school business.

Mr. Zimmerman, of Dickinson College preached on Sunday for our school.

Some of the new boys thought the roller composition looked good enough to eat.

Did you ever see a man or woman of good sense walking or playing in the WET grass?

New rollers are making this week in the printing-office and Henry and Benajah are the honored cooks.

Dr. Dorchester, Superintendent of Indian schools has presented each of the libraries his book on "The Liquor Question."

It takes Regis and Alphonso to do a piece of work neatly and quickly. There is not a lazy bone in their bodies.

Superintendent Meserve of the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, the next largest Indian School to Carlisle, spent Sunday with us, a guest of Mr. Campbell.

Of course, no one would be so mean as to walk on the edges of the grass when they see how hard Mr. Jordan and his boys have worked to sod and straighten up the corners and sides of the parade.

The sewing-room is more than heaped with work, making dresses and other articles for the new pupils and fitting out comfortably those who are to go on farms for the summer vacation. The graduating dresses are nearly done, but these the graduating girls made themselves, mostly.

There are many extra things to be done now that Spring has come and Commencement day so near at hand, but each department is standing up bravely to the extra demands and there is no complaining that the Man-on-the-band-stand has heard of.

Word has come from the Ft. Peck Agency, Montana, Indian School from whence Mr. Campbell brought the last party of very nice children, that since he left there last month, they have taken into the school thirty new pupils. This bit of news shows that the right spirit prevails at Fort Peck. As fast as pupils are promoted to better opportunities they fill in with pupils at hand.

The tailors average ten suits a week.

The Arbor Day trees are all right, so far.

Mrs. Hamilton is on temporary duty at the hospital.

Let the BIG boys learn how to scrub as well as the small ones!

Christine Spruce and Louis Bedell left for their homes yesterday afternoon.

The wainscoting on the large boys' quarters is getting a new coat of oil.

Mr. S. M. Brosius of Sac & Fox and Iowa Agency, visited the school this week.

"No. 9 tree is small, but wait!" says a passer by, and he may belong to No. 9. Who knows?

The young artists in No. 13 illustrate their sentences which they write upon the board.

Supt. Meserve's remarks at English Speaking meeting on Saturday night were encouraging and helpful.

As one takes a peep through the school rooms we find all down to bona fide business, these examination days.

Mr. Standing finds it very convenient to have his office connected with the store-keeper's office by electric bell.

The blackboards are being bordered by pretty designs in colored crayon by the pupils of the different departments.

It would pay the philosophy class to watch Mr. Harris put tires on wheels—expansion and contraction illustrations.

Yes, the marble craze is over yet some are loth to give up the game even though more tempting summer games are in vogue.

There are as good fish in the stream as has ever been caught, but the trouble is that our fishermen and fisher women don't find them.

An orange tea, Monday night at the Teachers' club was a new and striking feature. Everything was orange, even the vinegar cruet.

The pupils and teachers of Haskell send greeting to Carlisle by Supt. Meserve. A number of our pupils and teachers have friends at Haskell, and visa versa.

The school-rooms have had their Spring cleaning, and don't they look nice? The chapel did not quite suit two very neat boys and had to be done over again.

John Frost, one of the new Crow boys of intelligence, says what he has already seen in this country is more than he would learn at home in a year.

The written work from the examination exercises of this year will make a good showing in the hall case. On Examination Day, next Wednesday, strangers will have a chance to test orally whether our pupils actually know what they have put upon paper.

(Continued from the First Page.)

charged \$38. I am having the same duplicated here for \$15, and better made. "No fittet no takee."

The small carriages are innumerable and a man will pull one person about the city for six cents an hour or trot off into the country 30 or 40 miles for the same.

It takes five jinerikshas for our party, and as we trot from place to place we look odd enough. We are going to have the party photographed.

The Japanese excel in politeness. Bowing, the most profound, meets one every place.

We are within a half-mile of the Emperor's palace, but as it is surrounded with a great moat and a high wall inside of that, we have no idea of its appearance.

We pass along the moat going down to the American legation. Wild ducks are a common sight on the moat.

Crows are as abundant throughout the city as buzzards in Charlestown, S. C.

Houses are of wood and mostly but of one story in height.

Earthquakes are frequent, but not severe, and appear to be governed by the seasons.

We have not yet had one, though we may expect several, while here.

Foreigners who have been here longest dread them most.

Just now cherry blossoms are out and as they are double, extra large and most profuse they are a grand addition to the landscape everywhere.

They are as staple a subject for talk both among foreigners and natives as real estate is in Denver.

We went to a Jap John Wanamaker's store, yesterday.

Every body had to go in at one place and follow the sinuous windings of the place coming out another door near a hundred yards from the entrance.

WANTED—A BOY.

A brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy;
One who scorns a lie, one who hates deceit;

One who has courage to say No, and sticks to it;

One who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upwards;

One who thinks it would be unmanly to smoke;

One who thinks education is worth striving for;

One who is willing to obey his superiors;
One who won't cheat in a fair game;
One who won't be a sneak, and do a mean act when unseen;

One who won't spend every penny he earns or gets;

One who thinks he should respect himself, and keep himself in decent appearance;

One who won't torture dumb animals;

One who won't steal;

One who won't swear;

One who won't listen to or repeat nasty stories;

One who won't do a dirty act for another boy who is too cowardly to do his mean-ness;

One who loves to do right because it is right.
Wanted—a boy, a whole-souled, earnest, honorable, square boy.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 10, 11, 4, 5, is to remain.

My 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, the part of an orange we like best.

My 7, 9, 1, 2, a young fellow that most people make fun of.

My 3, 4, 7, a boy.

My 12, 13, 6, is hard water.

My whole are two words that Supt. Meserve says he sees before him whenever he speaks to a body of Indian children, as last Saturday night.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Elephant.

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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ 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.