

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1890.

NUMBER 37

## A SPRING PICTURE.

Have you seen the apple blossoms in the orchard,  
Pink and white, in clusters on the trees,  
Have you smelled their breath, the while they whisper  
All their sweetest secrets to the bees?  
Have you seen the blue eyes of the early springtime,  
As they peep from underneath her brows,  
(Violets, we call them) growing in the shadows  
Of the fences and the willow boughs?  
Have you seen the golden butterfly, enjoying  
All the radiance of his one bright day  
Seen him settle on the peachblows in the garden,  
Spread his book-like wings and fly away?  
Have you seen the tadpole in the pool of water  
By the grassy roadside where you passed,  
Patient in believing that his slimy substance  
Shall evolve into a frog at last?  
Have you seen the little children, sunburnt children  
Baking mud-pies with a dextrous touch,  
Seen their faces yellow with the dandelion pollen,  
They have kissed the pretty flowers so much?  
Have you seen the dandelions in the fields and pastures,  
On the sidewalks, where the bricks scarce meet,  
Growing on the waters edge, and up the rocky passes,  
In the country lane, and by the city streets?  
Have you seen the yellow wasp, just out of prison  
With his striped suit on, make a dive  
For a drop of honey in the pink columbine,  
As if he were the greatest thief alive?  
Have you seen the Spring, the dainty creature, standing  
Tip toe by the river calm and sweet;  
Seen her charms reflected, from her crown of azure  
To the grace of her green sandaled feet?

E. G.

## CAPT. AND MRS. PRATT IN JAPAN.

From a private letter we take the liberty of copying the following, knowing that many of our readers are interested to know the movements of our Superintendent in a foreign land:

TOKIO, JAPAN, April 11, 1890.

The mail came this morning bringing us good letters. We hoped for others and there may yet be some.

To know that all goes well at home is a great comfort.

I am invalided to-day from medicine of which I have had to take a deal since leaving San Francisco.

I have lost 28 pounds in flesh and enjoy all

the innumerable wonders of this marvellous country, under no little disadvantage.

However, I keep going.

Yesterday and the day before, I selected about 150 colored lantern slides, made by two of the best Japanese artists in that line in Tokio. Not the best, but they will do to give you all an idea of what we see daily.

I shall increase the number to 250 or 300. I get them for 25 cents each. The foreign dealers produce a better article but charge 75 cents.

After selection, the artist is kind enough to come to our quarters and give us an exhibition, allowing us to reject any we do not like.

Mrs. Pratt was out all the forenoon with Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Miss Haines, visiting a famous garden and the Temple most used by the Japanese in Tokio; also a hospital to call on Mr. Uchimura who is just convalescing from Typhoid fever, and an inmate of the hospital.

I stayed at home to recuperate, but put part of the time in visiting a young ladies' school and kindergarten attachment, in which are several children of the nobility, the daughter of the Minister of War among them.

I had to put on knit slippers over my boots, and the lady who accompanied me pulled off her shoes at the door and went in, in her stockings.

The children were sweet little tots, thirty-two in number and from three to six years old.

They went through a large number of exercises, all in English, singing the songs in good voice and pronouncing the English remarkably well.

It was the cutest performance of the kind I ever saw.

The principal and all the teachers were Japanese, graduates of Mrs. True's excellent school.

I forgot to say that the kindergarten includes a primary section.

Unable to eat much breakfast and less dinner I am in my room this afternoon, while Mrs. Pratt, back from her long ride, after a hasty dinner, has gone to a reception which Mrs. Morris is giving to a party of Japanese, at the Tokio Hotel where they are stopping. It will be novel and I was sorry to lose it, but have too many aches.

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)



# The Indian Helper.

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THE INDIAN HELPER IS PRINTED BY INDIAN BOYS, LET EID'ED 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 secret of life is not to do what one likes but to like what one has to do."

Oh, yes, Indians are strong. But sitting around quietly with damp shoes on the feet will kill even an Indian.

If we are tired or sick let us sit or lie down to rest, but when we DO work, let us work as though we meant BUSINESS, and don't be a slow-poke.

It is hard when we have planned an afternoon or forenoon of pleasure and have to give it up for work, but how gratifying to see the boys not mind it and double down to work as though that was what they had planned to do. There is plenty of time for pleasure and play outside of the regular work and school period.

The exercises on Wednesday, were carried out as follows:

In the forenoon, inspection of industries, from 9 to 10:15; inspection of schools from 10:15 to 11:30; gymnasium drill, 11:40 to 12:10; students' dinner, 12:15; visitors' lunch, 12:30 to 1:30; and music by the band. In the afternoon the graduating exercises were held in the chapel, a full account of which will be given in the May *Red Man*, which will be mailed about the 25th; and a short sketch will be given in next week's HELPER. We go to press earlier this week on account of the break which examination day makes in the busiest work day for us, and so that the HELPER subscribers will not be disappointed in receiving their paper at the usual time. As we go to press we hear of a large party of Congressmen and others from Washington who expect to attend the exercises and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs will be here. A number are coming from Philadelphia and other points.

We are requested to print all the words that were formed from the letters in the word, "Reluctantly." As it would take several editions of the INDIAN HELPER to do so we beg to be excused. The person making the request can not see how that more than 250 legitimate words could have been made. Where we made the mistake was in allowing proper names to be used. When we try the word puzzle again we will restrict in such a way that the trial will be a more worthy effort.

Mr. Forney, brother of our fireman, comes to the front with a neat little club of twenty-five subscribers for the HELPER. Although two of our mailers are considerably under the weather, we are ready for a thousand new names at any time. Indian printers are the same as all other "art preservatives", the mails must be and are met and the paper comes out no matter what happens, whether cyclone, fire, Commencement, or what. We can manage anything but the grip. That beat us out.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is glad to see the line of pupils march along *sometimes* without keeping step and in no particular order, but when the Sergeants are saying "Hep! Hep! Hep!" it is simply ridiculous for him not to make every one in line—EVERY ONE—keep step. If a boy will not keep step, turn him out of ranks, put a shawl on him and let him walk like a dear old lady.

We shall have to wait for next week's HELPER for the particulars of the class reception given Wednesday evening by Mr. Standing, Miss Fisher and Miss Cutter. The school-fathers and mothers of the graduating class were the only honored guests outside. Reporters are never counted in any gathering.

The King's Daughters Society which meets at the Hospital in charge of Miss Seabrook, have named themselves "The Wayside Gleaners". For president they have selected Veronica Holliday; for Vice-president, Zippa Metoxen; for secretary and treasurer, Mary Johnson.

Joel Tyndall, formerly a pupil of Carlisle and now a teacher among his people, the Omahas, is interested in circulating the RED MAN, and sends for sample copies for distribution. He could not be interested in a worthier cause, and we gladly sent him the samples.

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. The 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.



Who?  
Trembles?  
About this time?  
Wednesday noon?  
The graduating class.

"Oh, for a nice day to-morrow," was the sigh from many a heart, on Tuesday.

Mr Keller, the florist from town trimmed the platform for the graduating exercises.

Miss Paull's class spent Tuesday morning in the woods gathering wild-flowers.

Gary Meyers goes home to the Omaha Agency, Nebr, this week. What will the Young American's do with out their master catcher.

One of the boys was heard to say on Tuesday, "I don't think I'll work in the shop to-morrow, for I have promised to help Miss Noble in the kitchen." He must like cake, a printer thinks.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Stevick unexpectedly arrived from Denver, Col., Saturday. Mr. Stevick's legal business brought him to Washington, and Mrs. Stevick and baby came along to Carlisle for a little visit, thus surprising and delighting their numerous friends.

The King's Daughters' Society led by Miss Carter will be known hereafter as the "Whatsoever Circle." The officers are as follows: President, Nellie Robertson; vice president, Esther Miller; secretary, Rosa Bourassa; treasurer, Boise Bassford.

The bakery has changed its dress of red for the more sober color of drab. Wonder if it is a Friend! It is a friend to the Indian boys and girls anyway, judging from the loads upon loads of delicious sweet bread it pours out into the dining-room.

Mr. George Bixler, organist at the Lutheran Church, in town, favored us with hymn music at the Sunday afternoon service. The march he played was much enjoyed and called very pretty by the pupils as well as the rest of the congregation.

"Mr. Kemp, is the little one who came to your house Sunday night, a son or daughter?" was asked of our harness-maker by an interested party.

"He will be a voter," replied Mr. Kemp, proudly.

A very interesting letter from Samuel Townsend this week. He, too, is going through the trials of hard examinations and has been fortunate enough to pass in some studies, already.

Mr. Standing spent Saturday in Washington.

Miss Hunt's class of little ones spent last Thursday at the cave and had a fine time they think.

The new bridge across the spring in the meadow, has never been noticed. It is a neat affair and was badly needed.

One hundred and twenty boys and girls go to the country immediately after examination, for the summer vacation.

The M. O. T. B. S. is pleased to get a nice letter from Hannah Long Wolf, who likes her country home and says she is trying the best she can.

"That is what the little boys are here for, to scrub," a large boy was heard to say. So are the large boys here to scrub, and the little boys can beat them all to pieces.

The graduating class have had their "pictures took" in group. The Carlisle School is proud of class '90, and trust that we shall never have reason to feel otherwise.

Mr. S. M. McCowan, formerly superintendent of schools at Rosebud Agency, Dak., and now superintendent of a school to be established at Ft. Mojave, visited our school this week.

During Miss Moore's absence in Harrisburg on Sunday, Veronica Holliday was called upon to play the piano for the Sunday service and for marching out of chapel. She did nobly and we think the boys took special pains to keep step.

Miss C. M. Folsom, of Hampton Institute, Va., in charge of the Indian Department of the *Southern Workman*, spent two days with us. Miss Folsom met a number of friends among our pupils.

Capt. Pratt's trip to Japan is going to benefit the whole school as well as himself as will be seen by the letter on the first page. He is purchasing slides for our entertainment and we expect grand treats of most interesting and instructive pictures, showing the manners and customs of that peculiar people.

A very pleasant letter has been received from our old time co-worker in the Indian cause at Carlisle, Miss A. R. Stafford. Miss Stafford is Secretary of the Women's Christian Association in Germantown, and says she will follow with interest the wanderers in Japan from Carlisle and the others, too, especially Miss Haines, who is treasurer of the Board of Managers of the same Association.

**Strength of the Carlisle School,**

Boys.....	483
Girls.....	295
Total.....	778



(Continued from the First Page.)

We leave here on Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning, for two days at Yokohama, which will be our head-quarters from then until we sail.

About Thursday we visit the great idol, Diabutes, and spend a day or so in that vicinity 16 miles north of Yokohama.

Then we go to a famous mountain resort about twenty miles further north, called Miyanoshta for several days.

Here are hot springs and noted volcano sights.

Then we go on south as far as Nagasaki stopping at Nigoya Kiota and Koba and may be other points of interest.

We have had no well-defined shocks of earthquake, yet, though Mrs. Pratt declares she has felt one.

We spent last Sunday with Miss Bender, (a former Carlisle employee) at her pleasant school home in the outskirts of this vast city, and were most agreeably entertained.

Mr. Large, a Canadian missionary teacher in their large school near Miss Bender was most cruelly murdered by Japanese robbers the night before, and his wife seriously wounded.

One of the murderers has been caught and they expect to find the other.

It is the first violence toward missionaries for twenty years, and would not have resulted in murder if Mr. Large had consented to be robbed.

He was a brave man, boldly following, unarmed, two men armed with swords, picking one up and almost throwing him down stairs.

He had thirteen wounds, four of which would have proven fatal.

Fugi is the name of the volcanic mountain hereon, and although seventy miles away is in plain sight of our porch looking like a great mountain of snow.

It is 12,300 feet high and the pride of all Japan.

We have our state-rooms for the 31st.

Yours, cordially,

R. H. PRATT.

### THE ENERGY THAT SUCCEEDS.

The energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy will commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following story strongly illustrates this truth:

"About thirty years ago," said Judge P—, "I stepped into a book shop in Liverpool in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy of twelve years of age came in and inquired for a geography.

"'Plenty of them,' was the salesman's reply.

"'How much do they cost?'"

"'Four shillings, my lad.'"

"'I did not know they were so much.'"

"'He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

"'I've got three shillings,' said he; 'could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?'"

"'How eager his bright eyes looked for an

answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the shop.

"I followed and overtook him.

"'And what now?' I asked.

"'Try another place, sir.'"

"'Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?'"

"'Four different shops I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"'Will you try again?' I asked.

"'Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one.'"

"'We entered a fifth shop, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much he had.

"'You want the book very much?' asked the proprietor.

"'Yes, very much.'"

"'Why do you want it so very much?'"

"'To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Beside, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go.'"

"'Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do:

(To be continued.)

### Enigma.

I am made of 17 letters.

My 3, 10, 13, 14 is a rude name for food.

My 5, 7, 8, 9, is a number.

My 6, 4, 1, 2, is to rip.

My 12, 16, 15, 11 is to put on top of each other.

My 17, 1, 2 is something to ride on.

My whole is the name of a country in South America. SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Delayed Justice.

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, or a card 4 1/2 x 6 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 9x12 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.