

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1890.

NUMBER 42.

ACORNS AND BOYS.

☞ SOME people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help this temp'rance thunder
Roll all the big world through;
I'd have them look behind them,
When *they* were small, and then
I'd like just to remind them
That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree,
The minutes make the hour,—
'Tis just the same with me,
I'm small but I am growing
As quickly as I can;
And a temp'rance boy like me is bound
To make a temp'rance MAN!

—Little Folks' Speaker.

ARE THE TRANSFORMING POWERS AT CARLISLE "SIMPLY WONDERFUL?"

CROW AGENCY, MONT., June 5th, 1890.
M. O. T. B. S., Carlisle.

SIR: Enclosed find sixty cents for *Red Man* and INDIAN HELPER, one year.

I see in the INDIAN HELPER, dated May 30, 1890, these words, in the article "Our Dining Room!":

"The girls are very neat considering that many of them are new comers, never washed dishes before, and never had any idea of eating off of anything but the ground or their laps."

This paragraph and others in your publications would lead those unacquainted with Indian work to believe that your transforming powers at Carlisle are simply wonderful. Just think! To take a wild savage from the wilderness and in six short weeks to change him or her into the intelligent, useful creature doing detail work in your school! But do you do it?

I should like to inquire, sir, how many of your one-hundred and fifty new pupils arrived at Carlisle in blankets? How many heads did you relieve of their scalp-locks? How

many breechcloths and leggings did you confiscate and replace by the male attire of civilization?

How many squaw dresses did you receive in exchange for apparel the white sisters wear? How many did you put into room No. 1? How many of the girls never washed dishes or ate from anything but lap or ground? Is it not true, sir, that nearly all of your new scholars were taken from reservation boarding or mission schools? Speaking for Montana I know they furnished almost the entire quota taken, and this State furnished over one-half your entire number of new recruits this Spring.

I submit, sir, if answers to the above queries about as follows are not very close to the truth: "Of the one-hundred and fifty pupils received at Carlisle to date this Spring hardly one would be known as an Indian by dress or actions. They were mostly clad in citizens dress and cleanly in person, having attended boarding or mission schools for some years previous. The girls are familiar with common house-hold duties, such as sewing, sweeping, bed-making, dish-washing, etc."

I do not desire to detract one iota from all the glory your school deserves. It is doing a grand work and I sincerely hope that its influence and capabilities may increase more and more, but I ask in all fairness, sir, is it right or just to these far away schools from whence your new pupils come, to continually represent in your publications that your new children are savages when they are not. I can only account for such statements by the theory or idea that you must think there is no difference between a child from a boarding-school or from a wig-wam, but I assure you there is, and many readers of your papers in these western States who know where your recruits are from know there is. They know something of the labors and trials of a boarding-school, and feel the injustice of your representations. I am sir, Yours, Truly,

H. D. ARKWRIGHT,
Supt. Crow, Boarding School.

With all due respect to the doubting mind of the Superintendent of the Crow Agency, Boarding School, the M. O. T. B. S. has but to invite our friend to come see us, and we will prove in less time than it would take to answer on paper all of his queries that every word uttered in the article in question, or other such article is positively true.

(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.

A number of our pupils on farms have taken active part in the Children's Day exercises at the various churches near them.

The Indian Appropriation Bill is now being discussed in the House of Representatives. Now is the time when one or two boys and girls who do not do well at their homes make those suffer who need money for an education. Congress does not want to give an education to people who use it not to help themselves. We do not hear much about those who do well, but the failures are held up to view.

As was anticipated, the exhibition given last Friday night was much enlivened by music. We had piano duets, singing duets, choir singing, quartettes and sextettes, operatic and plain, by babies and old men, music on horns and music without, red music and white music and all kinds of music. The recitations and speaking were all good with one exception, and we would like to give the names of all who helped provide the pleasant entertainment, but space will not allow. Among the pieces deserving special mention, however, are the opening duet in which Miss Moore took the principal part; Johnnie's song, and chorus by class from No. 13 who marched upon the platform, Jack bravely leading off and Irene bringing up the rear; the sweet song by the choir in which the bugle was a part; Don's difficult song which he mastered so well showing talent of no small degree; John Sanborn's manliness; Samuel Six Killer's story of Edison; "Johnnie cake for Grannie" by pupils from No. 9; The lovely song by Mrs. Campbell and Miss Fisher; Joseph Hamilton's and Arthur Johnson's dialogue, which brought down the house; and the black boot of a black boot-black and a boot-black's black boot that was not the black boot-black's boot, so admirably spoken by George Valier.

The Principal Teacher at the Nez Perce Agency Montana, is boarding with our Harriet, and we know that she serves him up good meals.

Maria Annallo at her home in Laguna, finds plenty to do with her new sewing-machine, making dresses for her sisters and nieces. She now is making a fancy bed spread to exhibit at the State Fair.

Friends of the original Samuel Townsend of Baltimore, for whom our Samuel Townsend was named visited the school and evinced much interest in becoming acquainted with the name sake of their beloved friend.

Rev. Dr. Vance, of Chester, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, dropped in upon us a few minutes on Wednesday. Those of our pupils who remember his kindly face and earnest talks were rejoiced to see him again. Mr. Vance starts for Europe on a pleasure trip, the 16th of July.

Where Dr. Rittenhouse used to go boating when he was a boy, there was a rock near the middle of the stream. They could easily see it and did not go near it, but there were rocks in the stream that when the water was muddy after a rain they could not see. These were the dangerous ones to watch out for. He compares our hidden faults to the hidden rocks and says they are the most dangerous.

Rev. Dr. Rittenhouse, who has preached for us most acceptably for over three years gave his last talk Sunday afternoon. If his other talks have been gold this last was diamond. Can we ever forget his impressive sermons, his kindly and fatherly advice, his forcible rendition of truth, the influence of which has reached far out upon the prairies and whose power for good can never be estimated? Dr. Rittenhouse is a speaker who never tires his hearers. What he has to say is always fresh and presented in the newest and strongest light. With one voice, pupils and faculty alike can say we are very sorry to part with our beloved friend and teacher, although we can but feel that what is our loss will be a gain to the community to which he goes to labor.

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.

Warm?

Yes, rather.

It makes the corn grow.

Say "Renewal" when you renew.

Mr. John Forney again comes to the front with a list of subscribers.

Mr. Campbell spent a day or two in Bucks County, looking after pupils on farms.

Esther Miller and Eva Johnson are taking their examinations at the High school in town.

Johnnie says that the auger he borrowed from the carpenter-shop "doesn't gnaw worth a cent."

The little girl who ran after a lightning bug saying "there goes a lighted fly," was not far wrong.

The coming issue of the RED MAN contains another very interesting Japan letter from Mrs. Pratt.

The Commencement exercises at Dickinson College have brought out numerous distinguished visitors this week.

Nellie Carey has charge of Jemima Wheelock's Sunday School class, while the former has gone to the country for a few weeks.

We have reached the first step! Ten Thousand INDIAN HELPERS, weekly. We can manage a hundred thousand as well as not. Shall we have them?

Samuel Six Killer has been detailed at the printing-office to help us with our "orderly" work these warm afternoons. He makes himself very useful indeed.

A small girl had watched a sparrow's nest with great care, but one morning found the young ones had disappeared. She described the event in a home letter by saying that she guessed the little birds had "graduated."

The little boys who went over to the lower farm, Saturday, to make war on the potato-bugs, were rewarded by being allowed all the plunder they could appropriate from an adjoining strawberry bed.

Saturday the convalescents at the hospital were gathered in the big Herdic and taken to the lower farm where they were treated to fresh milk and good things from Mr. Harlan's cellar-

Talk about the noise that sparrows make. Their chatter and fuss is nothing compared to the bustle a dozen little girls made the other morning, in Miss Fisher's yard. They had permission to attack the big cherry tree, and the back yard resounded with their merry voices.

No 12 Arbor Day tree is dead.

Annie Thomas comes to-morrow.

Graduating class picture is sold for 30 cents.

Onions, Whew! Never mind! They are healthy.

Give former address when you wish an address changed.

We hear through letters from Laguna that Christine Shotemutsy is dead.

Our pupils once more enjoyed a second treat of strawberries on Saturday.

Mr. Bache and granddaughter, Miss Nichols, of Wellsboro, Penna. were guests of Miss Luckenbach, this week.

No school yesterday morning, that our teachers might attend the Commencement exercises of Dickinson and Metzger.

Not Boise alone who arranges the flowers at chapel, but Julia Dorris, Zippa Metoxen and other King's Daughters.

Briggs Cornelius and Martin Archiquette two more faithful good printers have gone to the country for the summer.

The new steps to the hospital improve the looks of the front, but they would look better still if they ran the whole length of the balcony.

A telegram has been received stating that the party from Japan arrived safely in San Francisco, Sunday. Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are expected home on Monday.

Samuel Townsend of Marietta College is back at Carlisle to spend his summer vacation. His plans for the summer are not yet mature. He is now ready to enter the college proper in the Fall.

Ah, my band-stand is having new seats and new floor. Joe Stewart who is just in from the country is helping with the carpenter work. The M. O. T. B. S. has been ashamed of his house for some time, but now he is glad to invite all to come see him.

Veronica Holliday and Boisie Bassford have gone to Sea Isle City for the summer. Won't they have splendid times bathing in the glorious old Atlantic. They both have taken brand-new bathing suits, and the M. O. T. B. S. knows they will have a grand time, even if they do have to work between times pretty hard to earn it.

Yes, it was Fordy's birth-day and instead of waiting for every one to give him presents he came around with the cutest little basket full of the cutest little doughnuts you ever saw and handed them out to the printers, who wish it were Fordy's birth-day every day.

(Continued from the First Page.)

In regard to the one-hundred and fifty Montana students to whom our correspondent refers, the article in question was in manuscript almost at the time of their arrival, and it was not intended to refer to them at all, although a considerable number of them did come direct from camp in Indian toggerly and with long hair.

Carlisle does not profess to be better than the Reservation schools, except in matters beyond the control of the Agency management. We are able to keep our pupils continually under the influence of school training, or where they may have still better and broader opportunities. This is impossible at an Agency Boarding or Day School, and while they, too, are doing a grand work, the progress of students in school surrounded by the home influences must be much less rapid and sure, and the incentives for industry nothing like as great, as where there are no interruptions in their pull up the hill of civilization.

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

A COMPOSITION BY ONE OF OUR IMAGINATIVE SIOUX GIRLS.

Of the many strange lands and queer places I have visited in my life, the strangest and the one I have experienced more pleasure was my trip to the moon, in 1900.

I got on board an air ship which was bound for the moon, one fine morning in June. Quite a number of people were starting for the same place.

For many days we sailed through the air. The scenery all the way was delightful both day and night, but the motion of the ship in air having the same effect as the motion of the ship on water, we did not enjoy the sights very much on the way.

After many days of travelling, we landed in a large city called Ujipa, which means in our language, Greentown.

The lunarians resemble the people of the earth in every way but the color of their eyes and hair. The color of their eyes is a bright green and their hair a very bright yellow.

Both men and women dress alike, in a loose gown, but you can distinguish them by their way of wearing their hair. The men have long hair and wear it in two or three plaits in the back. The women have short hair and wear little caps to match their eyes. They are a very kind and polite people.

Up in the moon they have no school-houses nor books of any kind from which to read or

study. They are a blissful people. They know nothing outside of what is going on in their own world. Money is of no use to them there. Food of every kind grows all the year round.

A sort of fruit something like our cheese grows on trees very abundantly, and they call it bread. Corn, potatoes, cabbage and numerous vegetables grow wild. Water-melons, pumpkins and squashes grow on trees, apples, oranges, peaches and grapes may be found in abundance.

The people do not work very hard for their food.

Their clothes are made from the leaves of a very large plant. These leaves measure about 20 square feet. They make very strong and durable clothes.

The houses are built only of wood and beautiful. The people are ruled over by their king, Nonboose Kiang, which we know as "The Man in the Moon." He is a good, kind man and is liked by all his people.

The amusements and habits of the lunarians are very much like ours. They were so kind to us that when the time came for us to leave we were very sorry. I hope sometime in the future to take another trip and see more things of interest.

NELLIE ROBERTSON.

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 4, 5, 7, something blue over head.

My 1, 3, 4, 6, what we all would like to be.

My 4, 2, 6, the title of a book that has been read by many people.

My whole is a kind of key that is dangerous to touch.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: "First Cousins." EXCUSES are first cousins to LIES."

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.