

The Indian Helper.


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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890.

NUMBER 43.

A PROTEST FOR THE READERS OF THE HELPER.

 IS very true that money "is a strange metallic key,"
But that it opens "every chest of good" I don't agree.
And that a person's happiness depends upon his gold
Is wide of every moral mark, as I shall now unfold.
A man's possessions can't augment the volume of his brains,
The SENSE within him is not known by the CENTS his hand contains,
If he is lacking in the wealth that education makes,
He'll find himself behind, in what he undertakes.

Did Lincoln rise to heights beyond what most of men enjoy,
Because he had a bank account at home in Illinois?
Did Grant become Commander of our forces in the war,
Because of hoarded millions and the checks that he could draw?
Did Franklin's pocket-book secure the lightning's awful flash,
And make the clouds of heaven respond to ready cash?
I think investigation will prove beyond a doubt
That PRINCIPLE is what you can't afford to do without.
You may be rich as Croesus, and yet if Virtue's gong,
You'll find among your fellows, that you will stand alone.
A man may rise to honors, be he black, or red, or white,
According as he is resolved to do the thing that's Right.

Some men are so determined to have a bank account,
That they are sorely tempted to STEAL a small amount.
Resolved to have some money, to get some cash or fail,
They find on some bright morning that they are lodged in jail.
And so I would advise the youth to shun the greed for gold
And rather seek for VIRTUE, whose value can't be told.
The Tree of Knowledge bears its fruit low down upon the bough,
Reach out your hand and take it, and you are wealthy NOW.

CARLISLE.

A PLUCKY LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.

**She Tells an Interesting Story of her Life, Since
She Left Carlisle.**

In answer to a list of questions one of our former pupils writes the following. We withhold the name and agency as she did not write her letter for publication:

"I now seat myself to inform you how I have been getting along since I left dear Carlisle.

I received those printed questions to be answered and all the answers are very true.

I am the assistant seamstress here, and they say they cannot get on without me.

I can now make my own dresses as well as any one else.

I will undertake to make my sister's clothing when she comes home from Philadelphia, and not trouble about having them made.

We have a small stockade house. It is my

brother-in-law's. We have a small farm, too.

We have a few peach-trees, and a few apple trees, and we have a garden in the yard.

It is doing very well. There are onions, beans, tomatoes, cabbage, musk and water-melons, Irish and sweet-potatoes, pumpkins, and different kinds of corn.

We have ten rows of sweet-potatoes, right in the yard and twenty rows in the field. We always have plenty of sweet potatoes; ours lasted from last summer, till late this Spring.

I had about twelve head of cattle, but some were lost or killed by the Indians. Some were sold and two or three were killed when we were out of beef. One was killed last Christmas for a dinner when my niece was born.

My sister has two children; the oldest is my favorite.

My mother has got so that she wears dresses on Sunday.

All in our family belong to church except my little brother who is off to school.

We sold our farm to one Indian woman; we have selected a new place that is six miles from it. It is a beautiful place. There is a large grove and there is a nice opening at the end of the grove, where the house will be.

They will coral in some trees to make it a shady spot for the cattle.

By next summer we will be ready to move to the new place.

It is a wide valley, and on each side are two long solid walls of rocks instead of hills; they are very high and are all overgrown with moss, ferns and wild ivy.

It will make a pretty home if we just had a house to commence with. A house here costs so much to get the lumber.

I will try and go without getting new dresses for a while and give the money toward getting the lumber. I will give them most of my wages for a house.

We have no man at our home but my brother-in-law, and he does all the work, for we cannot afford to hire a man work for us, but I promised my brother-in-law I would pay

(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 force have been favored with invitations to attend the closing exercises of Haskell Institute which came yesterday. Carlisle wishes for Haskell big success in all that she undertakes.

Through a private letter from Laguna, N. M., we gather the following items about some of our returned Pueblo boys and girls:

Maria Annallo, Eliza Sewakista and Lora Thomas have not put on the dress of the Pueblo women as several of the returned Carlisle girls have.

George Kowice has married a widow.

Sowcea Kinery married an uneducated girl.

William Paisano is busy at his farm work. He has one of the best looking farms in that country, and sometimes he stays up all night to irrigate. William is an enterprising young man.

Belknap Fox has received a very encouraging letter from his Uncle, Running Fisher, at the Belknap Agency, Montana. He expresses great pleasure at his nephew having gone into the black-smith shop. They are having plenty of rain in Montana and the crops look well. Two members of the family have died very recently. A big party of the Crow Indians have just been visiting at Belknap and they had quite a talk about the Carlisle School. He closes with "You must learn all you can. Be good, study hard, work hard at your trade and return to us a good industrious man. Tell all the boys and girls at Carlisle that are from Belknap that I send a good heart love to them. Also the chief of the teachers and woman chief of the girls that I send them my best wishes."

Over a hundred people wanting Indian help have been refused, for we have not enough boys to supply the demand.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. PRATT ARRIVE.

As Monday's 4 P. M. train from Harrisburg drew near the station and the faces of our returning Superintendent and wife who have been absent four months in Japan, were seen through the car window, dignified cheers of welcome from a hundred and twenty of our largest boys who had gone to the Junction to meet them, filled the air, while hats and handkerchiefs were enthusiastically waved. After handshaking with those on the station platform the Herdic took up the party consisting of Misses Nana and Richenda who had gone to Harrisburg to meet their papa and mamma, and Mr. and Mrs. Standing and Miss Ely, besides the Capt. and Mrs. Pratt.

Half way up the lane they ran into a large crowd of small boys some of whom were perched upon the fence and some in trees. These could not restrain their ecstasy and resorted to no dignified cheering but kept up a continued shout for joy. This was carried forward by the girls who, 160 strong, had congregated around the guard-house gate. As soon as the Herdic rolled past all made a grand rush across the parade, waving hats and handkerchiefs, while the band upon the band-stand played a merry tune.

At the horse-block stood teachers and officers and Judge Hendeison of town, all of whom gave hearty handshakes of welcome. As the Captain, so tall, stood in the midst of the multitude who had gathered around him, and looked over their heads at the campus, and then glanced down again into the beaming faces, from the depths of his soul came the words, "I have seen many grand things in my travels, but this is the grandest of all," directly after which the boys in the band sent up three hearty cheers, although they were too far away to hear what was said.

Quite a large number of new pupils had never seen their school-father and it was interesting to the Man-on-the-band-stand to watch the countenances of those as they studied the tired face of the man who had come across the big sea.

Jesse Spreadhands seems to be enjoying the good times she is having at her country home. Of course the girls who hurry and get the work done have lots of time to enjoy themselves.

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.

Haying has begun.

It takes James Wheelock to make good rollers.

Croquet by electric light is the very latest hereabouts.

The last home letters of the school year are writing this week.

Lizzie, Takeny and Barbara helped get off the HELPERS last week.

The new stair-way put up by the carpenters in the gymnasium is an ornament, and would adorn any building.

A photograph of the teachers and officers of the school was taken Wednesday afternoon by Mr. Choate.

The gate leading from the pasture has been repaired. This was a much needed improvement, and now the herd may without difficulty be kept off of our pretty lawn.

Levi Levering has the golden opportunity of attending Mr. Moody's Bible School, Northfield, Mass., a guest of a friend. He started for Northfield, yesterday morning.

Cheerful and pleasant but continued drive and plod by the girls and ladies of the sewing room are what turns out such stacks of articles and repaired garments.

It will take along time to thoroughly examine all the beautiful and curious things Capt. and Mrs. Pratt have brought back from Japan. We are anxiously waiting for the first talk in the chapel.

The Second Presbyterian Sunday School held their annual picnic on Tuesday, several of our pupils attending. On Wednesday the First Church pupils had the same privilege, and all claim to have had a very good time.

Mr. Jordan and boys, with an eye to the coming winter winds, have taken down all the steam pipes of the small boys' quarters and are putting them in again, adopting another system of distribution.

School closes Friday night. Then for a good strong pull at work this summer to earn ten months of schooling next year. How independent it makes us feel when we earn what we get and don't wait for some one to give us these advantages!

Wednesday night was simply perfect. There was no dew on the grass till after eight o'clock, and the clear sky overhead and soft breeze from the west made it just the night for a lawn sociable. The party was given in honor of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt and was a most enjoyable occasion all around. Several guests including Judge and Miss Henderson and Miss Martha, and the Misses Fleming Mr. McKnight and Miss Stewart were out from town; the band played exceptionally well; the effect of the electric light upon the beautiful lawn was never prettier; every one was in good spirits; the cake and ice cream so abundant was most delicious, and, well, everything was all that could be desired, what more?

Fair prospect for good crops on the farms.

Miss Wood takes Miss Seabrook's place at the hospital.

"Uncle Sam" is getting cleaned up. We mean our fire engine.

A number of teachers leave Monday for their summer vacation.

The cellar for the new commissary is digging, down by the old brick-yard.

Joe Grinnell is making himself useful around the printing-office these days.

Johnson Webster thinks he has found a good place, and we are sure Mr. Starkey has found a good workman.

Mr. Edward McFadden, class '91, Amherst College, is again with us for his summer vacation. He occupies a desk in the Captain's office.

No. 4, Miss Wood's school, jumped temporarily into Nos. 7, and 8, Miss McAdams taking the morning school and Miss Botsford the afternoon.

The coming of Richenda's papa and mamma was almost too much for her as she has been a little sick for a day or two, but is getting quite well again.

Capt. Pratt took the mid-night train to Washington the same evening he arrived. Returned the next day, and now occupies the old familiar stand—his office desk.

The printing-office was honored this week with a call from Misses Julia and Anna Culbertson, Miss Ella Stickney, and Miss Gertrude Mann of Lewistown, and Miss Kathleen Watts of Chambersburg.

Eva Johnson, having passed a satisfactory examination from the Junior class of the town high school, has gone with Nellie Robertson, the valedictorian of our this year's graduating class, to spend the summer in the country at a pleasant home.

On Wednesday evening Miss Seabrook left for the West taking with her Samuel Merrick, Omaha, Theodore Everett, who goes to Ft. Stevenson, Isabella Two Dogs and Robert Cow Killer whose homes are at Pine Ridge Agency.

Henry Phillips has grown into a man of business, making his ten hours a day at Long & Company's shops, in town. Henry has a bright future before him if he sticks to the ship and follows out his natural bent for mechanics.

Esther Miller has joined the hospital forces. Nancy Cornelius, Lily Wind and Phebe Howell are making such a success of their hospital work in Hartford and Philadelphia, and have such bright prospects for the future that it makes our own hospital work popular among the girls.

(Continued from the First Page.)

a man out of my wages or hire him to help him put up the fence.

We are going to enclose in our land by barb-wire fence, and hire a man to break the land where our field will be.

I am not married yet. I have had offers but refused them.

I do a great deal for my nieces. I make them dresses and buy them suits. I made a baby quilt for the youngest. I love them and they love me. The oldest thinks that there is no one like her auntie.

Both of them have worn dresses ever since they were babies and will and *shall* wear dresses and not Indian clothes as long as I have money."

In answer to the question, How much stock have you? our little heroine answers:

"My sister gave me a hen, and she gave me a sorrel mare with a white face, and I have three cows."

Then she goes on "I can make anything in sewing but sorry to say I can't cook much.

My sister does the cooking, but I can do everything else, from cleaning house to weeding a garden, feeding the chickens and milking, but we have only one tame cow.

I can ride a horse as well as any man on a spirited horse, and a wild horse cannot very easily throw me.

I can ride bareback, astride, and side ways, and have run races lots of times."

What Lazy People Say.

There are few expressions we hear more frequently than the feeble wail of the lazy or cowardly mind, "I can't!"

Every day do we not see people who permit their progress to be stopped by trifles which, instead of retarding them, should spur every faculty up to the resistive conquering point?

"I can't," and "I forgot," are two fatal phrases which should be scratched from the vocabulary of every young man or woman who is ambitious of being or doing anything in this world that shall deserve to be recorded.

Worth more than Gold.

Give young men fortune without education and at least one-half will make a wreck of their lives.

Give them an education and they are far more likely to be of service to themselves, and to acquire wealth.

Education is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor—one can never spend or lose it.

The Devil Laughs.

"Liquor-dealers will have little fear of losing their business so long as Christian people favor cider.

Cider fosters the taste for strong drink. If not, why will a poor drunkard beg for just a little cider at a farm-house, when he has no more money to buy liquor in town?

I believe the devil laughs when he sees a father pour out cider for his little boy to drink."

FOUR SENTENCES IT WOULD BE WELL NEVER TO USE: "No danger." "Only this once." "Everybody does so." "By-and-by."

Courage is always greatest when blended with modesty.

Woman first tempted man to eat; but he took the drink himself.

The "coughing hoss" is an Indian name for a locomotive.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 4, 6, 5, 8, 12 is what our boys often watch when at work.

My 1, 10, 7, 2, is what some children call their mothers.

My 11, 5, 9, 3, is what horses love to do when turned out in the meadow after a hard day's work.

My whole is the name of a boy who does not work lazily.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Whiskey.

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 8×10 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8×10 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.