

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1890. NUMBER 14.

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"

YOU who imagine you are so wise
Will please stand up in a row,
And I'll give you a little exercise
To learn how much you know.

No doubt you 'll all be very glad
Our presidents to name,
Or to tell the number we have had,
Or the states from which they came.

And next please answer without delay—
For this is an easy one—
How many states we have to-day
From Maine to Oregon.

"'Twould almost seem beyond belief
If one of you should say
You do not know how many teeth
You still retain to-day.

You're now dismissed, but ere you go
Here's a memory gem for you:
"It sometimes happens we do not know
As much as we think we do."

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming the hedge, and the "snip-snap" of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive. Indeed, he was very particular, even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked for his help.

Just below the hedge was the public side-

walk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work on one side of the hedge, and they were on the other.

"Hello, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh, you have only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course, not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him I offered you another time as much; and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it,—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh! let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he had stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"That lad has a good face, and is made of the right kind of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

(Continued on 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, 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.

George Thomas has a Government position, at Crow Agency, Montana, and sends ten cents for the "weekly letter" from Carlisle.

A letter from Moses King says he arrived at Haskell Institute, Kansas, in good shape, is working in the carpenter-shop and is contented.

The hostile Indians are called Rosebuds. Perhaps, that is to make the soldiers more active in gathering them in.—[Philadelphia Bull tin.

The Orphan's News, Salina, I. T., published by the Cherokee Orphan Asylum is a neat little paper nearly the size of the HELPER and sprightly in its reading matter.

"Your poetical selections are very helpful to young people and for grown-up folks, too, and your weekly issue is always welcomed by my little boy." SUBSCRIBER.

Wonder who WILL get that dollar for the story! If you hand it in by December 22, that will do; or, if the story is done now, hand it to Miss Burgess or Mr. Given at any time.

A short letter from George Means, now at Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., dated Thanksgiving day, says nothing about the troubles there. We have an idea that the troubles are mostly newspaper talk.

Bertha Nason is secretary of the Sunday School, at home, in Grand Rapids, Minn., and is much interested in church work. They are about building a new church. She speaks very earnestly of the dangers and temptations a young girl must meet in that country and the hard fight she has had to be a "decent girl."

Superintendent Backus started Tuesday for Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, where he goes, as was formerly stated in these columns, to inspect the government buildings in company with Commissioner Morgan, whom he meets there, with a view to adopting their plans in building here next season. He will be absent for several weeks and perhaps visit the Indian Territory before returning home. —[Pipe of Peace, Genoa, Nebr.

A letter from Solomon Chandler, now at Anadarko, Indian Territory speaks plainly about the condition of the Indians there.

He seems to think that the order from the Department not to allow the Indians to employ white labor is doing them an injury. They have done very little farming for a year. In his own words, he says, "I do not think that is helping the Indians in the right way, and quarrelling with them about their country, it just keeps us in hot water all the time. We do not know whether to go ahead and make farms or not. They say one day they are going to cut the country up and say another way again and so we do not know what to do. They have done the Indians a great wrong by not letting them have the white labor. They have been doing well until last summer, which is enough to make any one discouraged."

The Messiah craze among the Indians may have been sprung upon those poor ignorant people by white men who are after their lands, or their money, or who want a war with the Indians so that they can rush into battle, kill them and thus win renown. What a shame and an outrage it is! What is the real reason for it all? Ignorance on the part of the Indians, nothing else. Our boys and girls who have learned to read and reason, know better than to be led into trouble in that fashion. Thousands, perhaps, of your people will suffer and many be killed before they get their eyes open. Dear boys and girls, if you were there you could not help them. Be content that you are where you can get the education that will save you from such a fearful mistake in the future.

A very pleasant letter from Mrs. Dr. Miller has been received in which she wishes to be remembered to all her friends at the school. She says, "I shall always be interested in the welfare of the boys and girls there, and in the great work Captain and his faithful co-workers are doing." Mrs. Miller is thinking some of going among the Yakamas, in Washington, in the Spring.

"I have just received notice that my subscription to the INDIAN HELPER has expired and I hasten to send the wherewithal for its renewal. I can work Calculus and Thermodynamics, Trigonometry and Mechanics, but I sometimes get stuck on your enigmas. I quite look forward each week to the arrival of your bright and wholly original little paper." —C. G. A.

Don't keep from writing a story because you are afraid you can't spell all the words right. No matter about that. The M. O. T. B. S., will understand and he will make the words right before he prints it.

Cleaver Warden, who lives at Darlington, Indian Territory, wishes to thank an unknown friend who kindly sent him a package of newspapers.

Mr. A. W. B., Jr., of Helena, steps to the front with a neat little list of subscribers for the HELPER for which we return thanks.

The marching of the small boys, Sunday evening, as they passed out of chapel was extra good.

What fun!

Snow at last.

Get out your sled.

But keep dry feet.

Jack has a new sled.

Nearly ready for Christmas?

How many have read the President's message?

Every thoughtful boy or girl will if not already.

Mrs. Ashton, of Philadelphia, visited the school on Monday.

The sleet of Wednesday made a splendid foundation for sleighing.

Miss Campbell has received the regular appointment of dining room matron.

Breathe through your nose these days and you will not be so likely to get the sore throat.

A few taps of the large chapel bell is enough to announce the close of school, study-hour or a meeting.

If it is cold enough for an overcoat, it is cold enough to wear it buttoned. Remember the chest is the weakest part.

Stacy Matlack who received a broken leg at the foot-ball game on the college athletic grounds is getting along well but he thinks time moves slowly.

Miss Clarke is teaching temporarily in No. 11, while Miss Luckenbach, formerly teacher of the room has been called to do clerical work in Captain's office.

The board walks were so slippery on Wednesday that many a fall-down was the result of trying to walk on them. But then it made lots of fun, and nobody was hurt.

We made a terrible blunder last week in the advance sheets of the HELPER, in saying that we had 600 roasted ducks and chickens for Thanksgiving dinner instead of 600 POUNDS.

Miss Hamilton's school is so full that it has begun to overflow into the next room. Everybody likes to go see the little ones, and they are as bright and happy at their work as can be.

Miss Ely was pleased to hear Wednesday afternoon that her sister who left for Mound City, Kansas, on Thursday night of last week, arrived home safely after twenty-four hours delay on the way.

The promotions in school have made some hearts glad and some sad. The Man-on-the-band-stand is pleased to see pupils sorry to leave their old teachers, but when they know it is for their own good they should not be silly about it.

The Boston Symphony Club concert, Friday night was somewhat classical for the majority of our pupils who attended, to fully appreciate. "We like the good old tunes," said one of the advanced boys. Part of the Company visited our school the next day and two of the best violinists brought their instruments and gave the whole school a musical treat.

Snow, but no sleighing.

The story on first page is well worth reading.

Where are you going to spend the Christmas holidays?

There are not many pleasanter places than right here.

Word comes from Pine Ridge Agency that Thomas B. Bull, is married.

Don't forget that the HELPER for a year will make a nice little Christmas present.

Mr. Campbell is Chairman of the Christmas committee. That means he is to be Santa Claus' right-hand man.

Katie Grindrod and Eva Johnson spent Thanksgiving day at Millersville, with Cecilia Londrosch and Clara Faber.

The storm-doors are again in winter quarters, and at their old game of making the fronts of houses look ugly.

Plank walks are down for the winter, and we are glad to have them if they are poor miserable excuses for something to tread upon.

Richard Davis led the meeting Sunday evening. His earnest, thoughtful words will long live in the memories of those who heard him.

Don't think you must write a great LONG story to get the prize. Tell something about your life at home that our little white readers will be interested in.

Save your pennies for the King's Daughter's Fair to come off soon. There will be pretty things and useful things and good things to eat, and all home made.

No letters have yet been received from Santa Claus. The Genoa school is ahead of Carlisle. They have already heard from the venerable old gentleman, but we know we are all right.

Messrs George Vaux, and Bartlett of Philadelphia, visited the school on Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. Bartlett is superintendent of the Friends' school, 16th and Race. Both gentlemen seemed much interested in all they saw.

Yes, the boys have their skates out. Such small things as ash heaps, loose boards, raised up boards, open boards in the walks and big spikes and nails and stones and sticks, are nothing. Over the ice, and over the snow with face aglow away they go.

We have had a visit from Richard and Nannie Davis with their two precious babies. They came from their home in Chester County, on Friday. (Doesn't that sound just right— an Indian having a HOME right here in Pennsylvania?) Every body loved the babies at first sight. Richenda Davis and Mary Davis are their names. While here Mr. Choate took their photograph and we all want one, of course, if it is good. Nannie was the picture of health and happiness. Richard was just getting over a severe cold. Their dairy work called them back early Monday morning, but we hope they may come again sometime.

(Continued From the First Page.)

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Frenton," was the reply. John Brent remembered the name of the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleasing smile crossing his face.

"You may stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said with a significant smile.

"But I offered no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I heard you recommend yourself."

But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the conversation he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed and heard and overheard than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes, and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and parental respect would speak in your behalf! — *G. Iden Days.*

The appropriations for Indian schools have increased from \$20,000 in 1876 to nearly \$2,000,000 for this year. If it had stopped but one small Indian war it is a fine investment, and there is no reason to believe that it has not stopped many an outbreak. A man in his senses and with open eyes does not butt his head against a locomotive no matter how angry he may be, and the training of the schools have opened the eyes and cleared the senses of many an angry savage disposed to butting against civilization's irresistible advance.

A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck ever dreamed of.

400,000 CHRISTMAS TREES.

In the town of Orland, at the mouth of the Penobscot, in Maine, a Rockland firm have a large crew of men employed in cutting fir trees, and expect to ship 400,000 to the metropolises between now and the middle of December.

The firm pays about half a cent a tree for the privilege of cutting the firs, and all the expenses except for freighting, are small.

The trees range from five to thirty feet in height, but the greatest demand is for those measuring between five and eight feet.

The bushiest and most symmetrical trees bring the best prices, and those are found in abundance along the edges of the woods.

There are enough young fir trees along the Penobscot River to supply the world with Christmas evergreens for centuries to come.

Enigma.

I am made of 18 letters.

My 3, 2, 4, 10, 11 is the time we should sleep.

My 13, 12, 7, 6 is one thing we learn to do in school.

My 5, 1, 16, 11, 12 is what our boys will do soon at the creek if it keeps cold.

My 18, 8, 9 is a small carpet.

My 15, 17, 14, 11 is one's hand doubled up.

My whole is something to happen soon which we are looking forward to with pleasure.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Horse-back riding.

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 premium offered to Standing Offer for the **HELVETIA**. Address: **THE RED MAN** Carlisle, Pa.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the **INDIAN HELPER**, we will give the person sending them a photograph group of the 17 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 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 (bandoir) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose 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 cent 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.