The Indian Belper.

FOR THE CARLISLE INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME I.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY, 8, 1886.

NUMBERS 21 & 22.

SMILE WHENEVER

When things don't go to suit you, And the world seems upside down Don't waste your time in fretting, But drive away that frown; Since life is oft perplexing, 'Tis much the wisest plan To bear all trials bravely, And smile whene'er you can. And though you're strong and sturdy, You may have an empty purse (And earth has many trials Which I consider worse); But whether joy or sorrow Fill up your mortal span, Twill make your pathway brighter

-Ex.

WHAT IS POLITE?

To smile when'er you can.

It is polite always in asking anything to say, "Please, sir, will you do this?" or. "Will you be so kind, sir, as to do this?"Or, "Please ma'am," in asking of a lady.

It is polite to say "Thank you!" when anything is handed to you.

It is polite to ALWAYS answer when you are spoken to.

If you are sulky and refuse to speak when anybody speaks to you, that is very IMpolite.

It is polite at the table not to help yourself to the BEST.

It is polite to sit up, and not put your elbows on the table while eating.

It is polite to put food into your mouth with a fork and not a knife. A knife is made to cut your food. Do not use your knife for a shovel.

It is polite after the last word of the blessing to wait a few seconds before beginning to eat.

It is polite when the school is standing in the chapel, and some one offers prayer, to wait a few seconds after the "Amen!" before sitting. It is shameful to be in a hurry about sitting down.

It is polite to knock, and wait at the door until you are invited in, before entering any one's else room.

It is polite not to think about yourself

It is polite to be kind and gentle.

It is polite to get up and offer your chair, if it is a comfortable one, to an elder person who enters the room.

It is polite in company not to take the best place by the fire or by the window.

It is polite to stop talking to your companions when other people are by.

It is polite to listen when anybody is talking or reading aloud.

It is polite never to interrupt another when he is talking.

It is polite never to contradict. It is polite to eat slowly.

It is polite not to make a noise in taking your soup, or in drinking.

A whale may live 1,000 years, an elephant 400 years, a swan 300, tortoise 100, eagle 100, camel 100, lion 70, porpoise 30, horse 25 to 30, bear 20, cow 20, deer 20, pig 20, cat 15, fox 15, dog 20, sheep 10, squirrel 8, rabbit 7.

If a two wheeled vehicle is a bicycle and a three wheeled is a tricycle, it does not follow that a one wheeled is an icicle. It is a wheelbarrow.

"He that gets money before he gets wit, Will be but a short time master of it."

The Indian Helper,

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437 The Indian Helper is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, a person of another race and color.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

Two men from every state in the Union are sent to Washington every winter.

These men are called United States Senators.

In Washington these Senators meet together nearly every day, and talk over the affairs of our great nation. You see it is a kind of Debating Club, and this great Debating Club is called the United States Senate.

Now, there are TWO debating clubs in Washington.

The other one is larger than the United States Senate, and it is called the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Every state in the Union is divided into DISTRICTS, and each district sends a man to Washington every winter.

These men are called Representatives.

They meet together every day just as the United States Senate does, and they, too, talk over and discuss the affairs of our great nation.

These TWO branches or clubs make up CONGRESS.

Is THAT what you call Congress?

Yes, and I would like to tell the readers of the Indian Helper what the Congressmen talk about every day in Congress, but you know the paper is too small. When I hear them talking about the INDIANS, I will try to tell something of what is said.

Last Wednesday Mr. Morgan, Democratic

Senator from Alabama, said he would like to have the Committee on Indian affairs to report if it would be a good plan to establish a school west of the Mississippi where Indians shall be prepared for service in the United States Army; and so the Committee are going to talk about it and they will report in a few days.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will.

It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable.

Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl.

A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a slattern, and no one likes to look at her.

Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked.

I went into a little girl's room once, and all her clothes were on the floor, and her bureau drawers, Oh! Oh! You should have seen them—strings, and papers, and handkerchiefs, and ribbons, and bits of cloth all mixed up together like a rat's nest. The wash-stand was dirty, and the wash bowl and pitcher and towels were a sight to behold, and there was dust all around on everything.

Girls, learn to be neat.

There was a very heavy snow fall, day before yesterday, in Colorado. The cars could not run on account of the snow. The cattle are suffering in that part of the country, for the weather is very cold.

Exhibition to-night. Good!

Miss Hyde returned last evening from a little visit to friends in Brooklyn.

Miss Semple has been spending a few days at Wernersville, this state.

It seems to be the fashion just now at our school, to have a "co'd id the 'ead."

One of the Pueblo boys wants his father to tell him who is the "Gobernador" of his village this year.

DIED.—One of the Feline tribe. His poor remains lie unburied at the end of the new printing-office porch. Who is there to mourn? Not one!

Cora Corruth and Mary Tyndall, students from the Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia, were with us during the holidays, and we also had a few days' visit from Miss Allen, teacher at the same institution.

During the holidays Miss Bessie Patterson visited Washington, D. C., Miss Irvine went to see friends in Newark, N. J., and Miss Burgess spent a few days in Paterson, N. J. The Man-on-the-band-stand said HE wanted to go away some place, too, but he has so much to see after here that he can't get away.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has been scolding the printers all this week because they did not print his paper, The Indian Helper, last New Year's day. Let him stand there in the cold and growl if he wants to. Of course we will not print his paper holiday week. The printers want to rest just as well as any body else. Poor old fellow. He is not a printer, or he would have done the work all himself.

There is a tribe of Indians in Maine, called Passamaquoddy tribe. There are 531 of them and they are all farmers.

THE SOCIABLE.

The Man-on-the-band-stand had the best time of all, the night of the sociable in the dining hall last week. From his stand he could see everything. The boys and girls did enjoy themselves so much, and behaved so gentlemanly and lady-like as they played the different games and promenaded to the music by the orchestra which came out from town for the occasion. The whole evening was gone almost before the happy young men and maidens knew it had begun, and as they passed to their respective rooms from the hall many a one was heard to say "I wish we could do this again?"

Now, boys and girls, the Man-on-the-band-stand sees farther ahead than you do. If you wish ever to have another sociable, you must behave gentlemanly and lady-like ALL THE TIME—at work, at play, in the school-room, in the chapel, or any where else. The boys at singing school last Wednesday night were NOT gentlemanly, and that is the way to put a stop to "sociables."

SKATING.

The new pond down in the meadow, which the boys, under the direction of Mason Pratt and Mr. Campbell made, by overflowing the spring, is now frozen over and the skating was begun in earnest yesterday morning. We hope the boys will stay off the THIN ice until it is frozen hard. If you break through, don't you know that will make a rough place, and the skating will be spoiled? SOME boys don't care if the skating IS spoiled. Those boys who don't care, ought to be shut up in their rooms, or not allowed to go NEAR the pond.

Frank Engler says they have very few benches and poor tools to work with in the shoe-shop at the Lawrence school, and so the boys can't get on as fast as they ought. He bought some awls with his own money.

PUZZLES.

Send in your answers to these puzzles. It is very easy to take an interest in anything when you are PAID for it. Let us see if you can work out these WITHOUT pay, and we will print the names of all who send correct answers:

HIDDEN GAMES PLAYED AT THE SOCIABLE.

- 1. Were you ever at Sodom? I? No! Esther was there.
- 2. I can speak Apache! Kersy can talk Dutch.
- 3. A boy spelled taught t-a-u-t. Horse would be a better word for him to try.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 2, 8, 12, 1, 14, 15, is used in tying horses.

My 2, 14, 12, 13, means to assist.

My 6, 4, 9, 11, is to eat dinner.

My 10, 8, 7, 15, is what SOME people have on their heads.

My 13, 3, 5, is what we write with.

My whole is a certain newspaper.

From one of our girls in the country.

(Who of course was helped.)

SIX SAILORS.

On Wednesday, a steamship arrived at New York, on which were six sailors who had been found away out in the ocean drifting about in a small, open boat. These sailors along with others had gone up in the Northern part of the Atlantic Ocean to catch whales.

On the 29th of November, these six men got out of the large boat into a small boat, and went off a little ways by themselves where they saw a lot of whales.

They stuck their long spears into a large whale and killed him, but just before

he died the whale hit the small boat and threw it high in the air.

Of course, the men all fell into the water, but they were good swimmers and soon got the boat right side up again.

The boat was broken, though, so they could not get back to the large boat again.

Night came, and the sailors in the large boat thought the others were drowned, so the next morning they went off and left these poor six sailors to die on the ocean. They floated about for four days, watching all the time for another ship to come.

They had nothing to eat nor drink, (the ocean water is too salt to drink), and one of the men went crazy, because he was so hungry. The other men had to hold him down to keep him from jumping into the water.

They took turns sleeping on the back of

the dead whale.

On the morning of the 4th day a steamship came along and picked them up, and the six sailors were very glad.

This is a true story.

In Congress they are talking about making a ship-canal to connect the Delaware River opposite Philadelphia with the Atlantic ocean.

Just think how many hundreds of men and the amount of money it will take to dig a great ditch nearly seventy-five miles long, across the state of New Jersey to let in the water from the Atlantic Ocean so ships can go through to Philadelphia.

Fourteen of the Osages left the Martinsburg school for their homes, in Indian Territory, last Tuesday. They wish The Helper forwarded to their home address, and we shall be glad to do so.

The Indian children at the Genoa, Nebraska, school had for dinner on Christmas day, fresh pork, mashed potatoes, turnips, pickles, bread, gravy, coffee and rice-pudding.