

# The Indian Helper.

FOR THE CARLISLE INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME I.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1886.

NUMBER 36

## THERE'S DANGER.

Write it on the lower store,  
 Write it on the prison door,  
 Write it on the gun-shop sign,  
 Write—ay, write this truthful line:  
 "Where there's drink there's danger."  
 Write it on the workhouse gate,  
 Write it on the school boy's slate,  
 Write it on the copy-book,  
 That the young may at it look:  
 "Where there's drink there's danger."

### IN AN INDIAN CAMP.

#### How to Cook Beans.

Out in the Indian Territory, a camp of Indians one Sunday, not long ago, had no minister to preach to them.

A white man lives near, but he is not a minister. He tries to teach the Indians the right way to live, and they respect him as much.

He did not like to let this bright Sabbath pass without teaching them a useful lesson, but he did not know exactly what to do.

As he was standing by the tent door thinking, he saw an Indian woman put some beans over the fire to cook for dinner. She threw the beans into a kettle without either picking them over, or washing them first. So the man thought to himself, "here is a good place to begin to teach a useful lesson."

He had learned that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," and he thought he would teach the Indian woman this same lesson.

He said to the woman, "Let me cook those beans, I will show you how white women do it."

She just laughed at the man, and talked very fast in the Indian language about

some of the things that she had done now.

First, he picked over the beans, taking out all the bad ones, then he washed them and put them back in the kettle to boil. The beans boiled until the water was a reddish color.

Second, he picked over the beans, taking out all the bad ones, then he washed them and put them back in the kettle to boil. The beans boiled until the water was a reddish color.

This red water was poured off, and fresh water put on the beans, then they were cooked until done. That is all very nice, and the beans tasted first-rate, but you should have seen those women when the white man was cleaning the big bean kettle with ashes and soap.

He took it outside of the lodge, rolled up his sleeves and went to scouring in earnest. The Indian women all came out of their lodges, stood around, looked at each other and laughed. Some of them even called him a squaw.

They did not watch him long, though, before they understood the lesson the white man was teaching. One after another they hurried to their tents, and gathered up their own kettles, cups, plates, baking pans, etc., brought them out and went to scouring and cleaning them.

It was very funny to see them all scrubbing away, and a white man leading.

"Surely the Lord blessed that work" wrote the man afterwards. Every thing was made clean, and the camp fixed up,

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# The Indian Helper.

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Address in Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE WORK OF THE BLIND.

After the interesting talk last Saturday night about the blind boys and girls at the Institution for Instruction of Blind, Philadelphia; and after examining the wonderful work of their hands we have great reason to feel encouraged, and think that WE who have good eyes should make even greater progress.

But it will be hard to beat them. First, the Captain held up a broom made by William Bradford, who is blind. This surprised and pleased our pupils, but when they were shown a very nice broom made by George Stevenson, who is not only blind but has no right hand, the whole school broke out in enthusiastic applause. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" we could hear whispered.

Mr. Ezra Staley, who is blind is teaching Manuel Romero, a blind Indian boy in that Institution. Manuel went from here only a few weeks ago, but he has already learned to make a first rate broom. When one of his make was held up the applause was even greater than that given for George Stevenson.

Then we were shown some of the girls work, such as bead watch pockets and baskets. There were two tiny bead chairs, made by some little blind girl. The watch pocket by Florence Stecher, the baskets by Clara Workman, Lizzie Davis and Mary Clunen were very pretty. Lillie Rendall

who made one of the articles was only 10 years old, and two of the other girls were but 12 years.

There were stockings and mittens and other garments made by girls entirely blind. One pretty little sack knit by Lillie Rendall off a blind Chinese girl.

We talk about these wonderful things. How nicely they work! How happy they are! How they are learning to read with their fingers, and do examples of arithmetic on their slates in which are made small holes for the blind boys and girls to put the figures in as fast as they count. All of this was very interesting, and we could have listened quietly for another hour without getting tired.

Our pupils would be glad to visit that institution sometime, and we would be still more pleased if some of those boys and girls would come to visit us. If they could not see us, we could talk to them and let them feel our work, and they would get a breath of good country air besides.

## ENIGMA.

My 4, 3, 5, what we do not like to become.

My 8, 1, 6, 3, 2, what the man-on-the-band-stand would like to see Levi Eln do, just once.

My 5, 6, 2, 8, is what the new grass does if you run over it too much.

My 7, 4, 5, is a kind of fish that the Yankees like.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is one of the departments of music we learned this week.

Answered last week's Enigma correctly:

Our pupils:- Jemima Wheelock, Frances King, Minnie Yellowbear, Nellie Londrosh, Nellie Aspenall.

Others:- Lizzie Scholey, E. J. Stahle.

## The Right Spirit for a girl on a Farm.

She writes to her school mother:

"Please don't think I am lonesome. I am not lonesome, No, ma'am, I will not get lonesome. I am not going to get mad either like some other girls do. I am going to try very hard to be a good girl as long as I stay here."

Trees are beginning to leaf.

Lovely, bright days all this week.

Examination only three weeks off.

How beautiful our green begins to look:

The new place to hang clothes is very fine.

Some of the girls are learning to jump rope gracefully.

When a boy has business or lessons on the brain he has not much time to throw away, or behave foolishly.

Girls' Literary Society will not have an entertainment to-night on account of the special drill in singing which takes every evening this week.

Jos. Schweigman, Peter Douville, Casper Edson, Henry Outa and Arnold Woolworth, called on Saturday to see our new press, but it has not yet arrived. Just wait, boys! It will be here soon, then with the new type and fixtures already received we will have a printing office worth coming to see.

Jimmy and Johnnie Given called yesterday to see our new mailer. It is not yet in active operation, owing to delay in getting a part of the type. It will soon be running, though, at the rate of 2000 an hour. Just think! It will only take five hours to mail 10,000 papers, and the way the names are coming in, we will soon have them to mail. Don't stop, though, we have not nearly 10,000 yet.

The school has received special lessons, in singing this week. We have already learned to say "Yes, whiter," instead of "switer," and we are not going to "drag" after this. Prof. Fondray holds us right up to time, and no doubt the school will be greatly benefitted by the two and a half hours drill he puts us through daily.

#### Public Debate.

The I. U. Club held a public debate last Friday night, in the chapel. The meeting was conducted in a very business like way and everything passed off in a smooth and creditable manner, from the reading of the Bible by the President, Richard Davis, down to the closing song, which was omitted on account of the lateness of the hour.

The opening piece "Rain on the roof" was

well sung by the whole club, there being no discord, and the words were spoken plainly.

After Roll Call and reading of the minutes by the Secretary, Luke Phillips, we listened to some very interesting news by the Reporter, Henry Kendall.

Then followed a Declamation by S. Townsend, and an Essay on Alcohol by Henry Kendall.

Percy's declamation which came next was spoken with ease and grace, after which there was singing (double quartette).

Before the main question for discussion was taken up it was decided to appoint five of the teachers to act as judges, Miss Irvin, Miss Dittes, Miss Fisher, Miss Seabrook and Miss Semple were named.

The question about selling the Indian lands before the Indians should have a chance themselves to pick out farms, was then very thoroughly talked over.

Kish Hawkins, John Menaul, Peter Powlas, Cyrus Fell Star, William Fletcher, Carl Matches, Chester Cornelius, Theo. McCauley, Percy Zadoka, Thomas Kester, H. Kendall, John D. Miles, Frank Jannies, S. Townsend, all made speeches; several of them stuck to the point and used good arguments, but one or two of the boys wandered from the subject, and hardly knew what they were talking about. That should not discourage them, however, because some of the white people who were invited to speak did not hold to the point very well, at least it was hard to tell on which side they were speaking.

That the Indians should first have a chance to select their lands, received the strongest arguments, and was so decided by the judges.

The whole evening was very enjoyable; and now we have to look forward to the girls' entertainment, and hope it will be just as good.

Timber Yellow Robe writes from a farm in Bucks County that his father wants him to get a good education, and do every thing as well as he can. This he intends to do. That is right, and the education he is receiving now on a farm where he can work for his own living is the very best thing he can do for himself.

#### THE MOMENT.

Use well the moment; what the hour  
Brings for thy use is in thy power;  
And what thou best canst understand,  
Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.

—Goethe.

[Continued from First page.]

when "a boy who had come back from Carlisle, brought out the 'Gospel Hymns' and we heard some of the best singing the camp could afford."

A few days after this these Indians cooked some dog for dinner, and the woman who had learned the lesson of bean cooking, offered some dog meat to the white man, for his kindness in showing her how to prepare beans.

The man did not like to eat dog meat, so he said "No, I thank you; you keep it," when the woman said it was clean, for she washed it herself. This showed that she had remembered the lesson.

[The foundation for the above may be found in a recent letter to the Cheyenne Transporter.]

In a recent letter from Rosebud Agency, Dak., to Mrs. Ege, of the town of Carlisle, we see that several of the returned Carlisle pupils of that agency are still on the good road.

Luther is out a little ways from the Agency at Cut Meat Creek assisting a teacher to start a school. She says he is a gentleman in all his ways.

Daniel Milk has been very steady at work in the commissary for some time. Stephen is still busy. Julian has been away from the Agency for a while but is now back in the harness shop.

The Spirit of Missions says that Reuben Quickbear is a catechist at St. Luke's Station, some distance from the Agency, and Amos Lonehill is a catechist at Porcupine Tail Creek, not far from Pine Ridge.

And so the good news comes, which rejoices the hearts of all the true friends of these boys.

REMEMBER! Only FIVE new names for the Helper, will give you a photograph group of our Indian printer boys, with names and tribes indicated.

From the Indian Territory.

We have a letter from Mrs. W. J. Mann (who used to be Sarah Crowell when she was one of the Creek girls with us) asking our cooking class girls to tell her "how to make a good custard pie, and how to make a meat pie."

Let some girl answer this question, and we will print it in the INDIAN HELPER so others can learn, too.

Sarah sends the money for both papers. She wants "to learn something every week and month of the dear place and friends" she loves so much.

"Girls," she says, "stay east. I say it for your good. Stay where there are nice people, and you will never regret it. If you could only walk around here just long enough to see these poor, troubled girls and hear them say, 'Oh, I do wish I had stayed at Carlisle!'"

Sarah did not say we might print this letter, but everybody ought to know the truth about these things.

She is one who made good use of her advantages, while here, and no doubt the experience she passed through during the few years absence from the tribe will serve her greatly in building up a nice little home out there in Indian Territory. Yet, there are people who say it is not wise to permit the girls to get out and away from those sorrowful surroundings of which her letter speaks. Keep them in school, right in the midst of such things, then their minds will not grow so pure, nor so far above the wicked ways of reservation life, that it will make them unhappy to see wickedness and the misery caused by it.

Girls! If such people had the management of your education we should feel very sorry for you. The Man-on-the-band-stand would, if he could, give every Indian girl as GOOD A CHANCE to grow into a true, noble, pure-minded woman as the best of white girls have, and that chance is found only in the midst of civilization.

No sensible white mother would want to send her daughter to an Indian reservation to learn purity, and goodness of character.