

The Indian Helper.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME II. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1886. NUMBER 5.

THE LAST DRINK.

By Thos. Hall Shastid, only 12 years old.

An old man entered a dram-shop:
He staggered and stumbled in;
His face was as hard as granite;
His hair was light and thin.

The bar-keeper's daughter entered
In a dress of purest white,
And she looked as sweet as could be
In her nice new clothes that night.

The old man stopped and reasoned,
For his own dear child he knew
Was shoeless and cold and ragged,
And his wife was starving too.

So the dime that lay in his pocket
Bought bread for his wife that night,
And the old bar-keeper's daughter
Still dressed in her snowy white.

But soon ere the winter was over,
The drunkard was drunkard no more,
And his wife and child were happy
As they never had been before.

—Signal.

Just Wanted to see the Indian School.

I had heard a great deal about the school,
but I wanted to see it for myself.

So yesterday morning was the time set, and
I started on my journey.

When I got to the gate, I was a little afraid
to go in, because I heard many stories about
Indians being savages and cruel to man and
beast, and I thought maybe the stories are
true.

So I just jumped upon the fence, and peeped
over to see if I could see any of the boys and
girls.

Yes, there was a group of boys standing by
the chapel and others under the walnut tree
by the office.

They had such kind faces, and were laugh-
ing and playing, I thought they could not be
Indians, but I knew they must be, because
they all had dark eyes and hair.

I wanted to stay near them and watch them,

and possibly make friends with some of them.
But I did not like my place on the fence, and
thought I would find a nice place on the limb
of a tree.

As I jumped down to the ground, a boy saw
me, and called out something to the other boys,
and before I knew it forty or more young In-
dians were chasing me, and throwing stones
at me, and making the greatest noise you ever
heard.

I just ran as hard as I could, for every minute
I expected to be killed.

Not knowing where to go I looked up and
saw a funny old man standing on the band-
stand.

He called out excitedly, "Come here! "Come
here! Quick! Get up in this high tree."

No body heard him but me, but I saw in a
minute which tree he meant, and I ran with
all my might to the tall walnut tree by his
stand, and got up on the very highest limb.

There I looked down on the wicked looking
fellows who would be glad to kill me if they
could.

They were disappointed because they did
not catch me on the ground. And some of
them began to look around for small stones to
throw at me.

They threw as many as could be found, and
one boy had his bow and arrow just ready to
shoot, and I was beginning to feel afraid
again, when who should come out of a door just
over the office but a woman with a kind face
and a loving voice, and said:

"Don't boys, don't! Let the poor little squir-
rel live. You have had your fun. You could
not catch him on the ground, now let him
live."

The boys dropped their sticks and stones
and walked away. They were polite and gen-
tlemanly to the kind lady, but many of them
looked up at me as though they would like to
get me yet.

I owe my life to The-man-on-the-band-stand
and to the kind lady on the balcony.

If I ever get out of here alive, I will never
come back.

Why is it, boys always try to kill us squir-
rels?

Indian boys are no worse than other boys
about that, but I wish all boys could give us
a chance in the world, and not go wild every
time one of our tribe crosses their path.

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE
INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

Price:—10 cents a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second
class mail matter.

The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but
EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to
the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person send-
ing them a photographic group of the Carlisle Indian
Printer boys, on a card 8x5 inches.

For TEN names two photographs, one showing a
group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and an-
other of the same pupils three years after; or, for the
same number of names we give two Photographs show-
ing a still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as
he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks.

For FIFTEEN names we offer a group of the whole
school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly.

Send FIVE 2-cent stamps for THE INDIAN
HELPER, if you have not done so before read-
ing this.

Henry Kendall did not spend his vacation
in idleness, he went to work when he got
home. We have heard of others who did the
same.

Frank Aveline, one of the Carlisle Indian
boys of a year or so ago, is now working in
Newark, N. J., at his trade of carriage paint-
ing. Frank found this place for himself after
being at home for a while, and from all accounts
he is doing very well.

Joe Schweigman's house at Rosebud, Dak.,
is not yet done, on account of not having lum-
ber enough to finish. The man-on-the-band-
stand hopes that he and Winnie will get into
their new home before winter.

Peter Douville is now clerking in the store
at Rosebud Agency, Dak. In a letter received
recently he says, "I thank you all for your
kindness to me, and always try to do all I can
to help the school." This shows the right kind
of spirit.

Why Smoke, if it Kills you?

In Los Angeles, California, there is a law,
that no boy under 18 years of age may smoke
cigarettes on the streets, and no one is allowed
to SELL cigarettes to boys.

Such a law would be a good thing on every
Indian reservations. Little Indian boys begin
to smoke cigarettes before they are six years old,
and many of them die before they are twenty.

There is no doubt that so much smoking is
what makes Indians' lungs weak.

One boys says, "My lungs are weak; but I
never smoked much."

That may be, but your father was a great
smoker, and you are now feeling the effects of
his wrong doing.

The boy who runs off from school is doing
himself a great injury and one which he will
live to regret.—[The Indian Citizen.]

There is a dear, old man, living in Utah,
who is a great friend of this school, and of all
Indians.

In a letter received recently he says he has
been obliged to live in the mountains for fifteen
years, on account of his health.

He sees many Mormon people and he has
friends among the children.

"I see Indian men, women and children,
almost every day," he says. "They wear fine
red blankets, but they go around the streets
begging.

We feed them, but it would be far better to
teach them how to work and earn their own
food and clothing as white people do.

I send your papers to my little friends here
and they are pleased with them.

There are several hundred children in the
Mission School in Salt City, but not one In-
dian boy or girl among them.

Your Octogenarian friend

MARUS B. OSBORN."

What kind of a friend is an octogenarian
friend?

Are the Chemaw (Oregon) Indian Girls
Beating the Carlisle Girls?

The Indian Citizen says:

Kitchen girls say they can cook anything
from a stew to a plum pudding.

Dining-room girls scrub their floors with
sand, and you must notice how white they
look.

Sewing room girls will soon be smart
enough to start a dress shop all by themselves.

We must not forget the chamber maids.
They attend strictly to business and keep
every room fairly shining. "Oh! We girls
are doing very nicely.

The Chemawa school is the same as Forest
Grove. There is no Indian school at Forest
Grove; it was moved to Chemawa, near
Salem, Oregon.

Warm again.
Those bangs are noble.

Sunday service is now held in the south end of the dining-hall.

Mr. McFadden spent Saturday and Sunday at Atlantic City.

Johnnie Given can drive a Government mule as well as any one.

Mr. Richards, of Carlisle, is now a clerk in the office with Mr. Gould.

When a boy is sent with a note he should NEVER read what is on the paper.

Every Indian boy and girl should take THE INDIAN HELPER and another paper, too.

Miss Dittes' trunk has left for the west. We hope both the owner and trunk will return sometime.

The teachers' dinner bell is rung with some vim when Ella Barnett has hold of the handle. We like vim.

Jessie Paul came back from his country home with an excellent name and a neat little pile of money saved.

A new printer was brought to the office the other day, but as she is made of rag, she can't set type very well.

Boise, a Piute, who has been living several years in New York state, entered our school as a student, this week.

Capt. Pratt telegraphed yesterday from Indian Territory that a party of Cheyenne pupils start for Carlisle in a few days.

Quite a number of pupils are coming in from the country this evening and to-morrow. Next week we will give their names.

Howard Logan, Winnebago, has joined our force of printers. He set a stick the first morning, and the second morning, two.

The new part of the girls' quarters has been washed the same color as the rest of the building; the blinds are on, and some of them already painted.

Manuel Romero left us, on Monday, for his place in the Institution for the Blind, in Philadelphia. Although blind he went alone and got through safely.

One of the teachers was heard to say last Sunday night, "The prayer meeting is much more interesting than before I went home. It is a pleasure to see so many pupils taking part."

Mr. Mason Pratt returned from a pleasant trip among pupils in families north of us. He reports many doing well. This morning he left for Lehigh University, where one more year will end his college course.

The man-on-the-band-stand saw a dreadful thing Wednesday afternoon. Two of our nice little white boys were very angry at each other, and, let me see! Did they fight? We will not tell their names this time, but they must never do so again.

WANTED:— A lawn tennis set for our girls. The man-on-the-band-stand thinks the Indian girls at Carlisle work well for their education, so when play time comes he would like to see them enjoy themselves well. Maybe our boys will club together and give the girls a set. Wouldn't that be kind?

The September number of *The Morning Star* will contain 32 columns of interesting reading matter. Besides local incidents of our school, and letters and extracts written by our pupils, which are always of an entertaining character, there are articles from the best writers on the Indian question, as well as general news on Indian matters. Capt. R. H. Pratt, Supt., Mr. A. J. Standing Asst. Supt. and M. Burgess, editors. Subscription price 50 cents. Address, MORNING STAR, CARLISLE, PA.

The party of boys and girls who went to the Lancaster county fair, last Friday, had a grand time.

The Lancaster City daily papers have very nice accounts of the way the band played and different pupils spoke.

In the Main building when they passed J. B. Martin and Co's exhibition the firm, made a present to each of the Indian girls of a bottle of perfume, telling them to make their own selection from the great variety of samples on the tables.

Mr. Simon B. Cameron made an address commending our pupils for the excellence of their performance, and Hon. John H. Landis made an appeal to the people of Lancaster county to give the school their moral and material support.

A CROSS OF WORDS.

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2	*	*	*	*	9

Put letters in the place of the stars as follows:

From 1 to 10 something that belongs to Captain, and it walks around eating grass, every day.

From 8 to 0 is what we would like to do with every Indian girl and boy.

From 3 to 5 is what boys like to wear on their hands in cold weather.

From 1 to 7 are places that girls or boys should not forget when sweeping their rooms.

From 7 to 2 a place the Indian boys and girls like to go to.

From 4 to 6 is something we should always have in our minds before we do *anything*.

From 2 to 9 what a Christain never tells.

From 8 to 9 what mischievous girls like to do in other girls shoe-strings.

Hidden names of studies our boys and girls like.

1. Over there! Ad! in Glasgow is where I used to live.

2. What is your age? Og? Rap Hyder with a stick, and go find out.

3. What do you think was in the program? Marching and dancing.

4. James spelt tower t-o-w-r. I tingle when I think of it.

5. Mr Barnum berates the drunkard.

6. The Gospel lingers in your ear.

Some people think that commas and periods are not of much account, and so do not try to learn to use them. Did you ever notice the name on the wagon in which ice is brought to the school every day? It is John S. Low. How would that name read if there were no period after the S? Learn to use periods and commas properly.

"POLITENESS is to do or say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Over in Bucks County.

As The Man-on-the-band-stand looked over into Bucks County last Sunday he saw several of our nice boys all dressed up and sitting under the trees, near the Dolington meeting house, while their good friends were inside holding a meeting of worship.

One boy said, "Come on! Let us go in."

"Oh, I don't want to. They do not often have preaching," said one.

"And they never sing," said another. "And I don't like to sit so quietly," added a third. So those Indian boys all staid out side, and a few of them went to a store house near by, and—and—and—well—we are just ashamed to tell what they did in that store.

The boys in the country should go to meeting or some church every Sunday they CAN. If you have no other meeting than Friends' even if it is not your church, go inside any way. Sit down. Make your body quiet, and make your thoughts obey you. Think of Good! and good will come to you. No good will come of such behavior on Sundays as these few boys were at.

The Man-on-the-band-stand looked over into Newtown the very same Sunday and saw there a very different sight—twenty or thirty of our boys were in church behaving as nicely as could be, and all receiving good.

Cows in a Well.

The Indian boys out at the Forest Grove school, in Oregon had a big time the other day, with some cattle.

As one of their Professors was walking along near the school, late at night, he heard the moaning and splashing of cattle in a well not far from him.

Two dozen Indian boys were soon out of their beds and down by the well, trying to get the cattle out, with ropes.

There were three young heifers in the well.

One was already dead when the boys arrived, but they got the others out safely.

The *Indian Citizen*, a bright little paper, printed at that school, says:

I can tell you, the Chemawa boys know how to pull with the rope, having had to pull so many stumps, when they are dug, out of the hole.

Send FIVE Names, and we will give you a splendid picture of our Indian Printer boys.

Only ONE name for the *Morning Star*, which is fifty cent a year, and you may have the same picture.