

The Indian Helper.

461

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1886.

NUMBER 16.

SOUND PRINCIPLE BUT POOR POETRY.

I'LL get my living by the sweat of my face,
And bear good will to the human race;
I'll pay my debts as soon as due,
And wear my old clothes till I can make
new.

If you would drive away
Gloom, and would hive away
Honey-like peace in your innermost cell
Work—like the humble bee,
Soft let your grumble be;
Burn your own smoke, and the world will go
well.

A BOY NEEDS A TRADE.

What about the boy who does not take up
with a trade or profession?

Look around you, and the question is speedily
answered.

He must cast his hook into any sort of pond
and take such fish out as may easily be caught.

He is a sort of tramp.

He may work in a brick-yard to-day and in
a harvest-field to-morrow.

He does the drudgery, and gets the pay of
the drudge.

His wages are so small that he finds it im-
possible to lay up a dollar, and a fortnight of
idleness will see him dead broke.

The other night I saw a man dragging him-
self wearily along, carrying a pick on his
shoulder: "Tired John?"

"More so than any horse in Detroit."

"What do you work at?"

"I'm a digger; sometimes I work for gas
companies, but oftener for plumbers."

"Good wages."

"So good that my family never has enough
to eat, let alone buying decent clothes; if it
wasn't for the wife and children, I'd wish for
that street car to run over me."

"Why didn't you learn a trade?"

"Because nobody had interest enough to
argue and reason with me. I might have had
a good trade and earned good wages, but here
I am working harder for eight or nine dollars
a week than many a man does to earn eighteen
dollars."

And now, my boy, if men tell you that the
trades are crowded, and that so many carpen-
ters and blacksmiths and painters and shoe-
makers and other trades keep wages down,
pay no attention to such talk.

Compare the wages of common and skilled
workmen.

Take the trade which you seem fitted for.

Begin with the determination to learn it
thoroughly and to become the best workman
in the shop.

Do not be satisfied to skin along from one
week to another without being discharged, but
make your services so valuable by being such
a thorough workman that your employer can
not afford to let you go.—[*Detroit Free Press*.]

A Sick man who Wanted Whiskey.

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of stim-
ulant," cried the invalid earnestly. "I am
cold, and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's answer.
"See here! this stick is cold," taking up a
stick of wood from the box beside the hearth
and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm,
but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood first send
out the puffs of smoke, and then burst into
flames, and replied, "Of course not; it is
burning itself."

"And so are you when you warm yourself
with alcohol; you are literally burning up the
delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

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, 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, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE
school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly.

Our Thanksgiving Turkey and the Letter he Wrote Before we ate Him.

*) | (

To give
all good people
a pr O per Thanks-
giving. ly relinquish
living and hereby
() Will, and who
will forfeit the dinner
by these presents,
leav ing nothing
to work, desire
cremated with
carved so that
share. My drum sticks I
little boys in hopes they will add many "pounds" to their
joys; my "wish bone" must go to a sweet little maid who's wish
will by Fairies be surely obeyed; my wings, heart and breast to the
ladies must go, with plenty of "dressing" which pleases them so.
My dark meat and gizzard and liver so fine to men, if they're
thankful, I duly assign; to the carver, provided he's carved "on
the square," I leave my own "Turk's cap" he proudly may
wear. And, now, if I happen, alas, to be tough or,
being so hungry, you don't get enough, please fill
up with pumpkin-pies, yellow as gold, with all the sweet
dessert you ever can hold. But value this Turkey's
Thanksgiving bequest, who for you just dies so
you all may
digest.

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In spite of the rain, and snow, and sleet, and
disagreeable weather generally our Thanks-
giving was a success. The morning services in
the chapel, arranged and printed especially for
our school was most appropriate and impressive.
The beautiful display of our farm products
on the platform was inspiring in itself, and

must have aroused in the heart of every
member of our school, grateful thanks to the
Giver of all Good, for special blessings. The
pupils dinner at 1 o'clock, which consisted of
chicken and duck pot-pie, mashed potatoes
and coleslaw, with apples for dessert, was
thoroughly enjoyed.

Married.

JOHNSTON-HEYSINGER—On Wednesday,
at the St. John's Episcopal Church in Car-
lisle, by Rev. Wm. Leverett, Mr. Herbert
Johnston, of Philadelphia, to Miss M. G. Hey-
singer, of Carlisle.

The Man-on-the-band-stand came near be-
ing invited to this wedding, of which fact he
is very proud. Mr. Johnston has made many
friends among our employes through his visits
to his sister Mrs. Campbell, and Miss Hey-
singer seemed almost like one of us, as her fre-
quent visits and interesting Sunday School
Class brought her into close relationship with
both teachers and pupils of our school.

May joy and peace go with this couple
through life, is the wish of the Man-on-the-
band-stand.

The question for discussion at the next
Public debate of the I. U. Debating Club to be
held December 3rd, is "Resolved, That the In-
dian be exterminated." Principal speakers
on the Affirmative, Cleaver Warden and
Chester Cornelius, Negative, Peter Powlas
and Abe Somers. At their last meeting a new
committee of arrangements, consisting of
Henry Kendall, Peter Powlas and John D.
Miles was elected, and Percy Zadoka was
made reporter for the Club. An interesting
and spirited discussion of the subject, "Re-
solved, That it is best for the Dakota Indians
that the Territory be admitted *now* as a state,"
occupied considerable time after which the
club adjourned.

ONE OF 'EM

An Indian boy living with David Satter-
thwaite had his shoulder dislocated and his
head badly cut, besides being otherwise hurt,
by falling off a load of corn stalks on Wednes-
day of last week. His wounds were attended
to by Dr. Richards, and he has now so far re-
covered that he is able to be out.—[Bucks Co.
Intelligencer.

This was Juan Cordero.

We all remember Mrs. Ramabai, the interest-
ing East India lady, who visited us sometime
ago. She has now sent a little remembrance
to the girls' Literary Society, and some other
things for Christmas, among which was the
picture of her dear little girl. We thank Mrs.
Ramabai for these things and especially for
the picture.

Winter at last.

Why get your picture taken so often? Foolish!

To day the weather is fine but, Oh, my! Yesterday!!!

How do you like the new shade of blue on the girl's cloaks?

A new coal house for the printing office made by Luther Kuhns and Percy Zadoka.

Oh! What fun! The sleds are out this morning for the first, and how the boys do enjoy them!

Mrs. Pratt is in New York receiving treatment for a long continued illness. We hope she will be made well very soon.

Rev. Wm R. Higgins, of Oberlin, Ohio, an old friend and school-mate of Capt. Pratt is here, and will remain over Sunday.

It was Annie Lockwood, not May Paisano who sang the pretty little piece, on the evening of the entertainment given by the little No. 1. pupils.

Dr. and Mrs. Given and Johnnie returned last Friday evening, from a visit among friends in the West. The Man-on-the-band-stand knows who was the "gladdest" to see Johnnie.

Frank Conroy has gone to live in a family near Bryn Mawr. Frank will do well most anywhere with only half a chance, so we expect the best kind of reports from his employer.

If your paper stops coming, your time is up unless a mistake has been made. When you think we *have* made a mistake please inform us. Our boys are always glad to correct mistakes, if possible.

The wind blew so hard last week that once or twice as some of the girls were passing the band stand, their bangs were actually raised, and would you believe it? Some of them have real pretty foreheads.

A number of the girls under Miss Campbell's instructions are busy making Christmas presents—mittens, hoods, pulse-warmers and what not? It does look so womanly to see them spending a part of their leisure hours knitting. What looks worse than to see a great, big, well girl sitting holding her hands, reading nothing, and doing nothing?

When you have nothing else to do sit down and add up a long column of figures. The practice will help fit you for business.

25 subscribers this week from Mason, Mich. Clubs gotten up by Kittie Mehan, Mabel Hardenburgh and Sadie Van Ostrand—all little girls. Will others try, and thus make the Man-on-the-band-stand smile?

In answer to the question about the line of Presidents in last week's HELPER, Cleaver says, "By standing 45 miles apart they would reach from the city of Washington to Cleveland, on Lake Erie." Is he right?

There is a gentlemanly way of commanding, and we hope all our non-commissioned officers have found our the polite way. But if there is a Sergeant or Corporal, who is afraid to keep order among the boys for fear they will not like him, he must be a poor stick.

The Onward and Upward club had a delightful little sociable in the teachers' parlor, on Thanksgiving eve, at which a number of the girls were invited and one or two of the teachers. The chief clerk of the Man-on-the-band-stand was there and all enjoyed themselves immensely.

Mr. Standing's picture last Saturday evening, of America in her early days, when this country belonged to the Indians, and his remarks about the Indians not being able to see and use their best opportunities were understood and appreciated by his 500 listeners. Rev. Dr. Brown also made some very impressive remarks.

When the Man-on-the-band-stand looks over in the school rooms and hears the new Apaches reading so plainly, and out side of school sees them taking hold of the work so willingly, and notices the little girls rolling up their sleeves to go at the dishes so like little women, and watches them in the sewing-room darning stockings and mending clothes, his dear old heart leaps for joy, for he sees there is great hope for them becoming useful men and women.

The finger Frank Dorian hurt last Summer playing ball, has caused much suffering ever since, and this week had to be taken off a little above the first joint. Miss Cutter and her class in Physiology went to the hospital to see the operation performed. Edith Abner was the most courageous girl of the party, and looked on as calmly as if she were accustomed to seeing such things. The finger is doing well and will never give Frank trouble again.

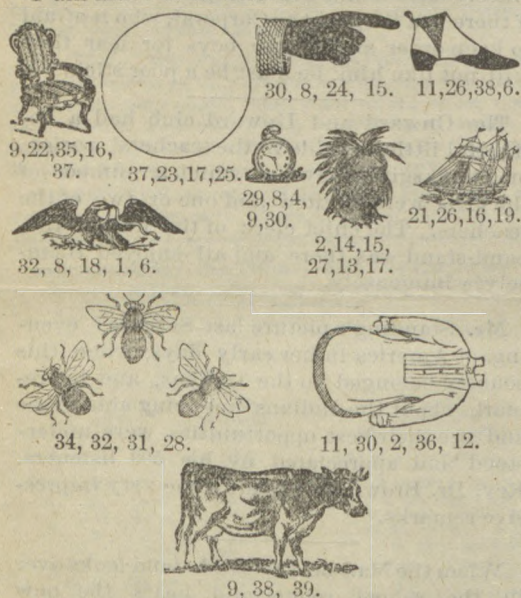
PUZZLE CORNER

Enigma by Lucy Jourdan, pupil from Wis.

I am composed of 12 letters.
 My 1, 2, 12, is a domestic animal.
 My 8, 2, 3, 10, is what Lyda calls her father.
 My 3, 2, 6, 7, 4, is what Christopher has to do.
 My 9, 2, 11 is a destructive little animal.
 My 1, 5, 8, is what boys wear on the head.
 My whole is some one whom we all like.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

I am made of 39 letters:



My 3, 13, 33, 5, 38, 29, is what candles are made of.

My 7, 20, 18, is what vinegar is kept in.

My 6, 1, 10, is an animal with long horns that the Indians like to shoot.

My 15, 38, 18, is something that barks.

My whole is what the Man-on-the-bandstand likes to see a certain boy do.

A man whose name was James Hole, was so lazy that when he had to sign his name he would make a J and then punch a hole in the paper. Another man always wrote his name and post office this way:

I	Wood
b	John
g	
Mass.	

Who can read it?

Elizabeth Wind, pupil from Quapaw Ag'cy, Ind. Ter., who is now living in a family in Chester County, sends the following question. It is a good one. Who can answer?

I have twelve sisters beside myself, and each of us has a brother. How many children has my father? Our father has only \$20 and he gave 50 cents to each of us, how many dollars did he give to his children? And how much had he left?

Answers to Last Weeks Puzzles.

SQUARE WORD.

J O H N
O H I O
H A I R
N A I L

ENIGMA:—Are the puzzles too hard?

REBUS:—A c-a-t c-aught a r-a-t and ate it.

SAVED BY KINDNESS.

A Southern lady of large fortune would never see a human being suffer without attempting relief.

Riding in the country one day, she saw a young man drunk.

His face was covered with flies, and the hot sun beat upon him.

She stopped her carriage, and looked on the prostrate form before her.

The young man was well dressed and evidently accustomed to good society.

She dipped her handkerchief in a stream near by, wiped his face, covered it with her handkerchief, and drove back to town.

She notified the police.

A week afterward, a stranger called and wanted to speak with her.

"I am ashamed to say," he said "I am the young man you cared for.

Your name was on the handkerchief you put over my face.

I thank you for your kindness.

I have signed a pledge, with my hand on my mother's Bible, God being my helper, that I will never taste another drop."

That vow he never broke.

Prominent in church and as Attorney General, he became one of the most eminent men of the nation.—*Presbyterian Journal*.