

# The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1886.

NUMBER 17.

## HEALTH ALPHABET.

As soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet ;

Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet ;

Children, if healthy, are active, not still ;

Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill ;

Eat slowly and chew your food well ;

Freshen the air in the house where you dwell ;

Garments should never be made too tight ;

Homes should be healthy, airy and light ;

If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt.

Just open the windows before you go out ;

Keep the rooms always tidy and clean ;

Let dust on the furniture never be seen ;

Much illness is caused by the want of pure air,

Now to open the windows be ever your care ;

Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept ;

People should see that their floors are well swept ;

Quick movements in children are healthy and right,

Remember, the young cannot thrive without light ;

See that the cistern is clean to the brim ;

Take care that your dress is all tidy and clean ;

Use your nose to find if there be a bad drain ;

Very sad are the fevers that come in its train ;

Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue ;

Xerxes could walk full many a league ;

Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep ;

Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HORSE.

Washington never lost his liking for a good horse, and he knew what a good horse was.

He had a servant who had been General Braddock's servant, and had been with Washington ever since the battle of the Monongahela.

Bishop, as he was named, was a terrible disciplinarian, and devoted to his master's interests.

At sunrise every day, he would go to the stables, where the boys had been at work since dawn grooming the General's horses.

Woe to them if they had been careless!

Bishop marched in with a muslin handkerchief in his hand and passed it over the coats of the horses; if a single stain appeared on the muslin, the boy who had groomed the horse had to take a thrashing.

It was no light matter to groom a horse in those days, for, just as the heads of the gentlemen were plastered and bewigged, so the horses were made to undergo what would seem to us now a rather absurd practice.

The night before a horse was to be ridden he was covered from head to foot with a paste made of whiting and other ingredients; he was well wrapped in cloth and lain to sleep on clean straw, by the next morning the paste had hardened, and it was vigorously rubbed in, the horse curried and brushed, the result was a glossy and satiny coat.

The hoofs were blacked and polished, the mouth washed, the teeth picked and cleaned, and the horse was then ready to be saddled and brought out.—*Ex.*

It is said that thinking men live thirty-two years longer than those who do not think. This sad news for people who spend so much time allowing their minds to run away with them.



# 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.

~~43~~ 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.

## SILVER.

The news papers say that the white man has  
found silver in the ground near Caldwell,  
Kansas.

What does that mean?

It means that if there is silver in *Kansas*  
near Caldwell, there must be silver in *Indian*  
*Territory*, near Caldwell, and the white man  
has smelt it.

It means that if there is silver in the In-  
dian Territory and the Indian is not smart  
enough to hold it and use it, the white man  
will go in there and take it away from him.

The Indians have friends who will fight for  
them and help them to keep their silver, but,  
I tell you boys and girls what you people need  
is educated INDIANS who are able to stand up  
and fight for *themselves*.

You don't want any Man-on-the-band-stand  
to do your fighting.

You do not want Capt. Pratt to do your fight-  
ing.

You do not want the Indian Rights Associa-  
tion to do your fighting.

You do not want the Indian Defence Assoc-  
iation to do your fighting.

You want to get your gun, which is ed-  
ucation, your powder which is experience;

You want *plenty* of education and experience  
then do your *own* fighting.

How can you get knowledge and experience?

Not by always living with your pa and ma in  
an Indian camp, or on an Indian reservation.  
These things cannot be carried to you in  
little bucket-fulls.

You must get out into it.

You must live *with* the people who have it.

If you are in it *now*, STAY in it, long enough  
to get all that is worth having.

Capt. Lee, the late agent of the Cheyennes,  
has left that Agency.

A club of 23 this week from Santee Agency,  
Nebraska, thanks to Mr. Samuel H. Weston.

Elkanah and Dana are begging for work, but  
the Agent has no use for boys whose school  
record is poor.

We are sorry to learn from Rosebud Agency  
of the death of Noel Little Eagle and Laura  
Good Nation.

Rev. John Robinson writes from Pine Ridge  
Agency, Dak., that the thermometer has  
reached 24 degrees below zero there.

Stephen Williamson has left Mr. Voth and  
gone to Cheyenne Agency camp to hunt a  
wife. Poor place to go for a good one.

We are glad to hear from Cyrus Windy that  
he is again perfectly well, and is working at  
his trade, (printing) at Rosebud Agency.

A letter from Moses Nonway from Crystal  
Falls, Mich., says he is working in the timber,  
cutting logs and receives \$22 a month. Good  
for Moses.

During the absence for a few weeks of the  
regular interpreter at Pine Ridge Agency,  
Dakota, Clarence Three Stars has been filling  
the place. We are always glad to hear of our  
boys occupying responsible positions.

We have a nice letter from Ella Man Chief,  
a small Pawnee girl who went from Carlisle  
to Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia, a few  
years ago. She wishes to be remembered by  
her friends here, and says Maud Echo Hawk  
and Frankie Bear are well and happy.

William Fletcher and wife are living at Chey-  
enne Agency. We hope that Fletcher finds  
plenty to do. He is a bright, active young  
man, and we hear that he has a good wife.  
The Man-on-the-band-stand is anxious to see  
them get ahead. Can they? It all depends  
upon whether they WILL to.



Cold.

Colder.

Coldest.

Oh, for a fan!

Board walks are down again.

There must be skating at the cave.

Some boys like tobacco better than pay.

Beg of your teacher to show you every mistake.

How thankful we are to have a comfortable place to stay this cold weather!

Capt. Pratt went to New York yesterday. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Pratt is much better.

Two good things about cold weather, it makes one step lively, and it clears the corners of lazy boys.

The wagon Etahdleuh was driving yesterday was blown over as he rounded the corner by the school house.

The statement last week that we had received 25 subscriptions from Mason, Mich. should have read 35.

Jessie Spread Hands is invited to spend Christmas with her farm mother Mrs. Milton Wood, in Bucks county.

Those boys who have been fixing up their rooms, of late, have succeeded in making them very cheerful and pleasant.

There are many poor people suffering cold and hunger these days; let us think of them, when we feel that we haven't all we would like to have.

A subscription this week from Heilbron, Germany! Our little paper will reach clear around the world after while, helping the Indians wherever it goes.

It is a pleasure to see the little girls enjoying themselves so much on rainy days, playing table-croquet with the set recently received from their friend in Baltimore.

Martin Quahada, who has been at work in Mifflin county for over three years, is with us again. Every one here who remembers when he left us, can not but exclaim "How wonderfully improved!" With five or six years more of work and study Martin will be able to transact business with any man.

Jack Standing is not well, but the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks he soon will be.

Herman Young writes from his Bucks County home that he is well and learning a great deal. He also sends ten cents for the HELPER another year.

The happy countenance of Mr. E. McFadden was seen coming around the guard-house corner Saturday eve; but why so much haste? Hardly on the grounds till he was off.

New details for girls' work Wednesday morning. Some hearts were glad, and others sad, but soon again they'll settle, and each young maid will be well paid, if only she doesn't "frettle" (?)

Those officers who lost their stripes this week are just the kind of people we heard about a few weeks ago in the chapel, who can not stand prosperity. They were up, but now are down, because they could not stand it to be up.

When you are asked to come in out of the wet, or when you are sweating, if a kind friend asks you not to sit where the wind blows, you may laugh and pay no attention, but you don't feel like laughing so much when you get that death cough.

The ladies often run down to the hospital after their duties for the day are over, and give a word of cheer to the sick. Roderic, who is the only one bedfast, suffers a good deal, but through it all he wears an expression of sweet content—an example to the rest of us.

Don and Herbert thought they would play hospital. Don was the Dr. and cut the end of Herbert's finger off with the scissors, in consequence of which the little fellow was made quite sick. The Man-on-the-band-stand does not like little boys who play that way.

Don't begin your home letter "I thought I would write a few lines to you this afternoon." Begin at once to say what you want to, and make your letter interesting by telling the little things which happen every day. If you try so hard to use big words, you spoil your letter.

Chief Killer spends some of his time in the school-room, and he is learning to write. Learn? Of course he can; and when he has nothing else to do, if he would try to read and write and speak English, he would soon be able to attend to his own business affairs without the use of an interpreter. Boys, help him by speaking only English to him while he is visiting us.

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## PUZZLE CORNER

Your name Printed on ten Cards, if you send in the Correct Answer to this Question.

A woman went to market with a basket of eggs, a man ran against her knocking the basket from her hand and breaking the eggs.

She brought suit against him to recover the price of the eggs.

The squire inquired how many eggs she had.

She replied that she did not know, but that in counting them she had found that when she counted them by twos she had one over; when she counted them by threes she had one over; when she counted them by fours she had one over; when she counted them by fives she had one over; when she counted them by sixes she had one over; and when she counted them by sevens they came out even.

How many eggs did she have in her basket?

### Square Word.

- |    |         |
|----|---------|
| 1. | * * * * |
| 2. | * * * * |
| 3. | * * * * |
| 4. | * * * * |

1. The meanest things on earth.
2. One-twelfth of a foot.
3. What you hear when you speak against a large building.
4. What girls wear ribbons for and boys wear high heels.

### Enigma.

I am made of 5 little letters.

My 4, 3, 5, is what we breathe.

My 1, 2, 2, is that part of their money some boys like to spend.

My 5, 4, 3, 2, what some of the pupils walk on when they go to town by the Railroad.

My whole is the meanest person on earth.

### Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

ENIGMA: Captain Pratt.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA: Little Jack Standing pushing his wheel-barrow.

ADDRESS: John Underwood, Andover, Mass.

ELIZABETH WIND'S QUESTION: My father had fourteen children. He gave to his children, \$7.00. He had \$13.00 left.

And still they come! What? Subscriptions for INDIAN HELPER. Yet we are not satisfied. We want more.

## ROLL OF HONOR FOR OCTOBER.

The following, received perfect marks for lessons and conduct in the school-room.

CLASS, No. 1: May Paisano.

No. 3: Juan Antonio Chamo, Wood Nashozey, Matthew Red Pipe, William Bull, Work Together, Moses Culbertson, Kowse, Kirochumma, Kowice, Nori, Bruce Fisher.

No. 5: Cotton Wood, Otto Zotom, Istea Owastea, Christine Archiquette, Jennie Dubray, Cornelia Kowitesy, Maria Anallo, Amelia Elseday.

No. 6: Annie Boswell, Julia Old Camp, Susie Metoxen, Katie White Bird, Rosa Dion, Frank Paisano.

No. 7: Minnie Yellowbear, John Warren.

No. 8: Luke Phillips, Isadore Labadie, Julia Powlas, Jemima Wheelock, Susie Prickett, Edwin Schanandoah.

No. 9: Peter Powlas, Mark Evarts, Geo. Fire Thunder, Thomas Kester, Levi Levering, James Garcia, Thomas Metoxen, Wilkie Sharp, Wm. Morgan, Geo. Means, Frank Jannies, Frank Conroy, Frank Lock, Robert American Horse.

No. 10: Thomas Mitchell, Chief Big Bone, Maurice Walker, Lorenzo Martinez, Richard Wallace, Charlie White Shield, Henry Standing Bear, Eli Sheridan.

## MASTER OF WOODPILE AND TONGUE.

It is said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, thus addressed a well-known merchant: "Sir, have you any berth for me on board your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, which was a queer sort of a question.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered once in school for a year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

Fortune favors the brave.