

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1887.

NUMBER 24.

LA-MAH-NI.

La-mah-ni was an Indian boy,
 And a sensible boy was he;
 For he said to himself: "I'll take care of my-
 self,
 And a strong, healthy man I'll be.
 My food shall be simple, wholesome food;
 Strong drink I'll throw to the dogs,
 I'll remember I'm going to be a man,
 And not a companion for hogs.
 "I'll prepare for the future's great demands
 By taking care of the *now*;
 So I'll run and jump, and I'll swim and skate,
 Chop wood and plant and plow,
 "I'll use my arms and my legs and feet,
 For that makes them strong, you know.
 O, I'll have a body to match my work
 When I to a man shall grow!"

La-mah-ni is an Indian *man*,
 And a great strong man is he;
 And he says to his friend; "I took care of my-
 self
 When I was a boy, you see.
 And now, with a mighty work to do,
 I can do it without a pain,
 Without constant fears lest my health shall
 fail—
 I have muscle as well as brain."
 —Adapted.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A DOG.

Written for the Indian Helper.

I am certain that Indian boys and girls like dogs, for I remember when on several occasions I visited Indian villages, I was more afraid of the dogs, then I was of the Indians. So many! And how they would bark at us white folks!

I wondered how the Indians could feed them all. Observation revealed the fact, that dogs frequently *feed the Indians*.

But my story is not about an Indian dog, but a real civilized one, belonging to a gentleman living in New York state.

The dog's name was Governor, shortened by his many friends to Gov.

I was a little girl in Gov's time, and was one of his friends.

Gov. was a water spaniel—big and brown,

with several white spots over his body; his hair soft and curly; his ears were large and hung like beautiful long ringlets each side of his face.

When he looked up into my face with his beautiful brown eyes, so lovingly and confiding, he seemed to say I am very good, and I hope you are too."

We children always felt that he understood just what we said to him, as he was well educated for a dog.

His master did not believe in *dogs*, even, growing up without being taught to be useful.

First he learned to be obedient and a safe companion for his master's children.

As he grew older, he learned to do errands for the family, such as carrying notes or packages to and from the store and home.

He was even trusted with the market basket, containing what is most tempting to a dog—fresh beefsteaks and many other good things to eat.

Neither boys nor dogs dared to annoy Gov, when he had the care of any of his Master's property.

He was also taught to transact business for himself.

When given a silver piece of money, he knew he was to go to the butcher's and buy for himself a nice piece of beef.

When given a penny he could go to the grocer's to buy crackers, of which he was very fond.

He soon learned which butcher and grocer gave him the most for his money.

One day when given a penny, he went to his favorite grocers, laid his money on the floor, and put one paw partly over it, then looked up to the clerk to be waited upon.

Now, this man knew very well what Gov wanted, but he thought he would play a joke on the dog; so he took a cracker from the barrel, and made a very quick motion as though he had thrown the cracker to the dog and the man quickly picked up the penny, from which Gov had taken his paw.

Instead, though, of the cracker going to Gov

(Continued on the last page.)

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., 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 sending 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 another of the same pupils three years after; or, for the same number of names we give two Photographs showing 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.

The Secretary of the Interior, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar arrived this week at Washington, from the south with his new wife.

Mr. Dawes is elected U. S. Senator, again, from Massachusetts. That is good news for Indians.

General Beaver was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania, last Tuesday, at Harrisburg. Remember the name of the Governor of the state in which you go to school.

Jack Mather is working at a hotel in St. Augustine, Fla., and receiving \$1.25 a day. He is soon to work at the carpenter trade, and will get \$1.50 a day.

The School in Oregon.

We have now ten acres grubbed and plowed for a garden, and that amount will be increased by next spring.

They get away with the large stumps by bursting them into pieces with powder, and then setting them a fire.

When the blast goes off, the girls in the school house are frightened and holla.

We have just been visited by a lady Inspector from Washington.

The Editor did not learn her name, but he heard her talk and liked her very much. We hope since seeing our wants here she will recommend new improvements, as we need many things yet to make this a model Indian Industrial School.—[The Indian Citizen.

A NEWSY LETTER FROM CHEYENNE AGENCY.

EDITOR INDIAN HELPER—DEAR SIR:—Since I have ordered five copies of the HELPER, I am troubled with some of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, every Tuesday and Wednesday, they flock around me and ask me for a paper, so to keep them in good spirits I send you inclosed fifty cents for five additional copies, if this will not be enough to supply their wants, I will have to get enough of them the next time.

One of your Carlisle boys by the name of Carl Matches is dead. He died three weeks ago out in camp.

Mr. John Seger of the colony was in town last week and he says the Indians are doing a little better than he thought they would, most of them there have houses to live in, he is going to give the Indians a dance.

Mary L. North and her brother Henry are gone out there to live, Mary is a sewing for the Indians.

Henry has picked out a farm for himself and he is going to settle down there to make a living for himself.

Seger says that Henry is going to get married soon to one of the school girls Sadie Williams by name. Grant Left Hand is still working for us and he wishes to be remembered to the boys and girls. He sends ten cents to renew his subscription for the INDIAN HELPER I will close wishing to be remembered to the boys and girls which left here the last time Capt R. H. Pratt was here.

I remain yours respectfully.

ROBERT D. FRASER, P. M.

We have a bright letter from Mrs. Mann, Ind. Ter., who used to be Sarah Crowell. She has the dearest baby that ever was, she thinks, and while writing, the baby is "sitting in her crib talking to a little red string," her mamma gave her to play with. Lizzie McIntosh spent Christmas day with Sarah. In speaking of returned Carlisle boys and girls she says, "Ben Marshall is getting along well. Ellis Childers was at her house not long since. She hasn't much good to report of Robert Stewart, Eliza Chisoe and Silas Childers. "I don't forget Carlisle and all the nice teachers and all they did for me," she says, "I don't know how I would ever have gotten along in this world if it had not been for what I learned out there. Oh, how much I owe to Miss Hyde. She did talk and teach me, so much, and now I see the benefit of it all."

The soldiers camped near Arkansas City, Kansas, are having trouble to keep white people out of the Indian Territory. They were obliged to shoot at some men a few days ago, who would not stop when ordered to halt. One horse was killed and a white man shot through the head.

Warmer.
Melting.
Snow again?
We guess rain.

Don't forget about being *quick* at work.

Mr. Ray Worthington is not any better.

Our base-ball boys are already practicing the curve pitch.

Capt. Pratt and Mr. Standing went to Philadelphia, Monday.

In asking for change of address please send five cents to pay for the extra work it requires.

Dr. Hamlin, the Methodist minister of Carlisle, gave our pupils a practical talk on Sunday.

Miss Marion Pratt in company with Miss Zug of Carlisle visited the Bryn Mawr College this week.

How nicely the girls go through with their gymnastic drill! They must not forget to stand as erect when out of the class as they do when exercising.

That young man who stays away from rehearsal just because he doesn't *want* to go, is no gentleman. He ought to be named Mr. Selfishness.

Miss Shears was quite sick for a day or two with sore throat, but is up again and on duty. Dessie Prescott taught in her place in the mornings and Jemima Wheelock in the afternoons, each doing her part nobly.

The new Apaches furnish excellent foot-power for our Universal press, but when it comes to putting on ink it requires all of Lorenzo's patience to make them understand just how much.


Christopher Tyndall put in a window pane for us one day this week, and was so quick about it and did the work so well that he excited the admiration of every printer in the office.

In addition to the regular clerks and printers, Miss Irvine, Mr. Richards, Lily Wind, and Isadore Labadie, at the school office, and Dessie Prescott, Josie Vetter, Edith Abner, Cecelia Londroski and Julia Given at the printing office, helped to fold, address, and stamp six thousand invitations to the Philadelphia and New York Indian meetings, to be held Feb. 3, and 4.

The rocking-chair man was around yesterday morning, again. Several of the ladies bought.

The girls are very much obliged to the boys who put snow on their toboggan slide. Now, there is just one more bare spot, which if covered, they could take a nice *long* ride.

PHILA., Pa. Jan. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please publish in the next copy of the INDIAN HELPER the number of subscribers it has, and oblige, a Reader? 3,300! Not half a  full.

Rev. Dr. Brown received a very nice letter from Cyrus Dixon, who is at his home in New Mexico and doing extra well. He has been employed on the Rail-road as carpenter and been receiving \$2.50 a day. Just now he has no work. That is generally the way when such good wages are paid, there are times when no work can be had, but Cyrus says another rail-road is to be built soon, and he is already engaged as one of the hands. We know Cyrus is too energetic to remain out of work long. There is not a lazy bone in his body.

Rev. Edward F. Wilson, Principal and Sec.-Treasurer of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, is with us. In the January number of the *Morning Star* will be published an account of his work. The two homes above named are Indian schools. The first one is a boys' school and the second a girls' school. Look on your maps! Find Upper Michigan; now look at the river between Upper Michigan and Canada! On the Canada side of that river are his schools.

Such a rushing around and throwing on of clothing as there was the other morning when our new man rang the dining-room bell, by mistake, instead of the one on the chapel, for rising. Why, the Man-on-the-band-stand hasn't laughed so much since old Santa was here. One of the boys jumped up so quickly that he hit his head against the wall. Another got his right shoe on the left foot, others grabbed their overcoats, not waiting to put on all their underclothing. Mr. Campbell rushed down stairs and in his hurry got hold of some one's old tall hat instead of his own, and after the hurry, to see them walking around rubbing their sleepy eyes, waiting for the real breakfast bell to ring, was nearly as funny as the first part of the scene when all thought they were late.

(From first page.)

the man threw it back into the barrel, and the penny went into the money drawer.

Now, Gov was very much surprised, for he never was treated that way before, so he waited about thinking, no doubt, the man would yet give him his cracker, but no use,—so Gov went out of the store a "sad but wiser" dog.

In a few days Gov was given another penny.

Off he went to the same grocer's, only this time the man really did give him a cracker, and what do you suppose Gov did? Why, he kept his paw on the penny until he had quickly swallowed the cracker, then he picked up his penny with his teeth, and ran out of the store, the very wag of his tail seeming to say, "I got even with you this time."

LETTER FROM A YOUNG INDIAN MAN WHO SPENT FIVE YEARS AT CARLISLE.

Now Assistant Teacher at the Pine Ridge Agency Boarding School.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, DAK.,
Jan. 14, 1887.

MR. MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND, DEAR SIR: Herewith enclosed 10 cents worth of stamps for your good little paper for one year.

Perhaps you want to know some thing about the Boarding School at this agency. There are 139 pupils, they learn just as fast as at Carlisle, but they don't talk English to each other unless some one makes them talk.

Of course there are some half-breeds here who talk as well as any Carlisle boy, but they are too bashful, besides they are getting in the habit of talking Indian. I am getting in the habit of talking Indian, too, but I shall never let Mr. Ignorance pull me down.

There is a large farm connected with the Boarding School in which they raise their crops. The boys do all the planting and cultivating the soil, they like to work. When the industrial teacher asks the boys who wants to work, they hold up their hands, "Me! me! Mr. Keith,"—the industrial teacher's name, and some of them call out, "Miye! miye!" which means, me.

The girls make their own dresses and aprons, taught by a seamstress, and also the girls do all the washing, a lady in charge.

Some of the large boys who have been here long enough to understand the English language are now employed at the agency, learning trades, so you see that the Pine Ridge Boarding School is doing some thing for the Indians.

A man named ——— was in charge of

the school last spring, was inexperienced among the Indians. He used to make the girls pull the weeds in the field with the boys, causing much excitement among the Indians. Of course it is a good thing for the girls to learn to be farmers but they are much better at the house-work. He had a great deal of trouble with the Indians, but he is not here now, and the school is getting on much better than last spring.

Respectfully,

C. T. STARS.

Where did Clarence get *his* courage? Take away from him the farm experience, the shop experience, the experience of living in a community where all is business and push, the English speaking experience gained in his five years in Pennsylvania, and do you suppose he would now be able to stand head and shoulders above some there who have been in school more years than he?

— PUZZLE CORNER —

Enigma.

I am made up of 8 letters.

My 8, 2, 5, is what some of the little boys do in chapel when the talk is too long.

My 5, 7, 1, is the nickname for Daniel.

My 6, 4, where people often go when they open the door of a house.

My 3, is the letter we must not say too often.

My whole is what we *all* are anxious to hear tomorrow night.

Square Words.

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

1. What never should go at the end of cigar.
2. What a printing press is made of.
3. What teams travel in.
4. What this puzzle now does.

CONUNDRUM:—How long can a goose stand on one leg?

Answers to Last week's Puzzles.

DIAMOND.

- | | |
|----|-----------|
| 1. | P |
| 2. | R A T |
| 3. | P A P E R |
| 4. | T E N |
| 5. | R |

1st. ENIGMA:—Charles Jones.

2nd ENIGMA: Etahdleuh D.