

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1887.

NUMBER 28

YOU CONQUER ME, ME CONQUER YOU.

THERE was an old Indian fled from a bear;
He afterward found it asleep in its lair.
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "How do you do?
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you!"

He raised his tomahawk high in the air,
And bringing it down, laid Bruin's brain bare.
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "How will that do?
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

The Indian went to the city one night,
Where he became exceedingly "light."
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "This will not do;
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

So to fast set an entering wedge
He right away signed the temperance pledge.
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "This will I do—
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

Some fellows the Indian's temper to try,
A whisky-jug placed where he would pass by.
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "Know you, me do;
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

He then raised his tomahawk high in the air,
And bringing it down on the crockery-ware,
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "Guess that will do.
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

AN INDIAN SCHOOL IN CANADA.

We all remember Rev. E. F. Wilson, who came all the way from Saulte Ste. Marie, Ontario, a few weeks ago, to see our school. We have not forgotten the good talk he gave us, and the kind greetings from his Indian pupils. The following interesting letter has just been received, which we are sure all our readers both big and little will enjoy reading:

SHINGWAUK HOME, SAULTE STE. MARIE, ONT.

February 5th. 1887.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: You will like to hear about my getting home up here among the ice and snow.

I enjoyed my trip in the States very much, and am very glad that I was able to visit three of your large Institutions,—the Carlisle Insti-

tute, the Hampton Normal Institute, and the Lincoln Institute in Philadelphia.

After leaving Philadelphia I took train northward to the St. Lawrence River, and crossed the river at Morristown to the Canadian side.

The river was frozen over solid, but the ferry boat cut its way through the ice like cutting cheese.

Then I went to Ottawa, which is the seat of our government, and had a conference with the Heads of the Indian Department, and laid before them my report of what I had seen and heard while travelling in the States.

I want our government to take up the Indian cause in the same way that your government is doing in the States.

After leaving Ottawa I travelled westward up the course of the St. Lawrence, through Toronto, to Sarnia at the south of Lake Huron.

There are about 1400 Indians at that place, nearly all of them Ojibways (Chippewas) and Pottowattamies.

I had two meetings with them and told them all about my visit to you, and I showed them the Cheyenne moccasins I got at Carlisle and the cotton pod and the little black doll and pottery from Hampton, also the photographs; the Indians were very much interested in seeing the things.

On Monday evening, the 31st, I started off home.

I went by train up the west shore of Lake Huron to the straits of Mackinaw, and then crossed the straits in the ferry boat; it was about eight miles wide where we crossed and the ice was about two feet thick.

Then I had to drive 65 miles in an open sleigh to Saulte Ste. Marie and Oh! It was so cold! The glass was 19 degrees below zero!

I wonder how you would have liked that! My nose got frozen at the tip, and another passenger got his ears frozen. I don't think I was ever so cold in all my life!

Well I got home at last about half past ten Tuesday night, Feb. the 1st; and my wife and children were all very glad to see me again.

Continued on Last Page.

The Indian Helper.

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Price:—10 cents a year.

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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, worth 20 cents when sold by itself.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

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, worth 20 cents a piece.

(Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.)

SUPPOSE WE HAD A BLAND FRIEND.

Suppose we had a friend who kept telling us, "You must be *Indians!* You are not ready for citizenship! Don't be in a hurry to become citizens of the United States. It must take a thousand years to prepare a people for that. If the Government gives you a chance to take up a farm, don't take it! You might not like it! Somebody might cheat you out of it! Be careful! Be careful! Stay on the reservation where you belong! Keep the white people out. Don't go out among the white people! Don't encourage your brothers and sisters to go *far* from home to school. Home school is good enough. They might get sick and die if they go far away. Yes, the white people send their children away to school, but it isn't good for *you*. Stay at home!"

Such a friend we would call a bland friend.

If you look in the dictionary you will see that bland means soft, mild, gentle.

Bland friends are not the best kind for us. Bland friendship will make babies of us and keep us weak.

We need friends who tell us to throw away our Indian. We *are* ready for citizenship. Take a farm, the best one you can get! Hold

on to it! Let no one cheat you out of it! Get away from the reservation life! Mingle as much as possible with industrious, intelligent people. Send your children to a place where there are more influences to pull up than to pull down. Where they have a constant opportunity to *try the worth* of all that they learn. Where they will get thoroughly *soaked* in business push and enterprise. Where they see so much business they are unhappy if they can't take hold and help.

It is only 51 years since the first rail-road was built and 43 years since the first telegraph was made. These two forces alone have changed, in that time, the character of all the civilized nations of the world. The civilized nations have lived and grown more in these 50 years than they lived and grew 500 years before. Remember that you are living in the push and go of 1887, and you must take on the spirit and capacity of this age, so that the people of this age will respect you and you will respect yourselves. Don't live as far back as 1565. Live *now!* Be men *now!* Manage your own affairs *now!*

Nothing soft, nor bland about this kind of friendship, and such friends will keep us up; will put courage into us, will make us strong.

The strong, manly young men of Carlisle don't want any *bland* friendship. They are preparing themselves to fight their *own battles*.

When all the BLAND isments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave give on. SEWELL.

A new little paper called *The Pipe of Peace*, has just been started at the Genoa Indian School, Nebraska.

This paper has for a motto—"Labor omnia vincit." It is a good motto. Wonder how many of our pupils can read it! And who knows what language it is?

We have letters from both Mr. Seger and Henry North, Cheyenne Agency, who say that some of the statements made by Robert D. Fraser, in his "Newsy letter," published in No 24 INDIAN HELPER, are not true. Mr. Seger denies telling Mr. Fraser that Henry was to be married.

In a letter to Joshua Given, from Kiowa Agency, Ind. Ter., we learn that Virginia and Emily are doing poorly, but Mabel and Lucius Aitson are prospering nicely. William Aiyawat is dead.

Walter Guerrier who is working on a farm in Bucks County just sent \$50, to put in bank. He doesn't spend his money for a watch, and fine clothes. He has more sense.

Spring like.

Good health prevails.

Lovely weather, again.

Rev. Dr. Vance called yesterday.

Miss Hyde is with us for a short visit.

OUR SCHOOL:—Whole number of pupils 559:—Girls 195; Boys 364.

Mrs. Virgil Hillyer, of Washington, is with us, a guest of Miss Lowe.

Wardrobes were put into all the new rooms at the girls' quarters, yesterday.

Felix Iron Eaglefeather arrived safely at Wm. H. Ackor's, New Hope, Bucks Co., Pa.

Sample copies of *The Morning Star* sent free. Address, MORNING STAR, CARLISLE, PA.

Mr. Frank Stakes, student of Princeton, was here a day or two.

A telegram informs us that Nellie Londrosh arrived at her home at Winnebago Agency, safely.

Mr B. F. Cornman is now the Carlisle School farmer in the place of Mr. Miller, who has gone to live at his own home at Camp Hill.

If you should ever meet a young person who talks against the college or school which gave him his education, don't get angry at him; just pity him because he is such a fool.

We are again remembered by the Mittineague paper company, of Mittineague, Mass. by a present of 557 pounds of nice paper, for which we are very much obliged.

Little Maud Coffey was a guest of Miss Campbell last Friday. She says when she gets bigger she's going to learn to darn stockings just as well as our little Indian girls.

We wish Senator Dawes could have heard the hearty applause of our whole school when the announcement was made the other evening that the Lands in Severalty Bill had become a law.

The little boys used to have the best company on the grounds, but the Man-on-the-band-stand is really ashamed sometimes at the way their Sergeant allows them to march now-a-days. Come! If you are faithful over a few things you will be made rulers over many.

The Debate.

The public debate given by the I. U. Club last Friday evening was decidedly rich. This club represents the intelligence of our boys, and its membership is constantly increasing.

Henry Kendall, president, called the meeting to order, and Chester P. Cornelius, secretary, read the minutes of the previous meeting. Samuel Johns read an essay and Geo. F. Thunder, declaimed. The question discussed was, "Resolved, that immigration from foreign nations should be stopped at once." John D. Miles, opened the argument on the affirmative and was followed by Frank Lock on the negative. Carl Lieder, then came out strongly in favor of stopping immigration while Levi Levering, who addressed only the *young gentlemen* and *young ladies*, thought to stop foreign immigration would be a great disaster to our country. After these speakers the decision of the judges, who were chosen from the visiting ladies, was called for and they claimed that the negatives produced the best argument.

After this the question was open for general discussion, and Jesse Paul was the first speaker, Henry Martin, Ernie Black, Lorenzo Martinez, Staley, Theodore McCauley, James Garcia, Peter Cornelius, Edwin Schanadoah, Frank Jannies, Bertram Mitchell, and Kias Sioux Man all made earnest speeches, some in favor and others against foreign immigration.

The meeting was a success, but one thing the speakers must learn, that short sensible remarks gotten up without help from others, are far better and more interesting than long-winded, noisy harangues which others have written for them.

Te! he! he! We got one too. We are tickled:
TO MY VALENTINE:

They say it is a sign,
If you get a Valentine,
That you are young and handsome
And charming and divine;
But, dear old man, you see,
You've done so much for me
That none shall be my Valentine
But *thee* and ONLY THEE.

Our little 9-year-old friend, Master Charles Spayd, of Millersville, Pa., sends this week, 88 subscribers to help fill the INDIAN HELPER



He heads the list of a number of earnest little workers who are sending names in continually, he having sent considerably over 100.

The next day I had all the pupils from both Homes collected in the school room and I told them all about you and showed them the photographs and pictures and read to them the letters which you sent; and now there are two or three boys busy in the school room writing to you.

All our people were very much astonished at the photograph of the Carlisle group, it looks such an immense number and the faces are all so plain.

My boys and girls were much pleased too to see the specimens of your school work and drawing.

Now I must close my letter, May the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD F. WILSON.

PUZZLE CORNER

Square Word,

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

- 1. What some of our boys think about English speaking.
- 2. An animal that is more industrious than four or five of our boys who at times when not obliged to work, stand around on the board walk in front of the printing office, doing nothing.
- 3. The name of one of our base-ball teams.
- 4. What each one of our pupils has in the school room.

Find the Name of a Person we Know who Admires the Crane.

- 1. Behead what we all must be and leave what we all must do to live.
- 2. Behead once more and leave the getting of money.
- 3. Behead the name of a part of a dog's neck and leave a grinning animal.
- 4. Behead to surprise and leave a kind of grain.

THE A'S AND GUEST.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

ENIGMA: "Ever since I was born."
ZIG-ZAG.

- 1. M a p
- 2. p O p
- 3. d o N
- 4. a T e
- 5. E a t
- 6. u Z e
- 7. g n U
- 8. a M y
- 9. A i r.

QUESTION BOX

Q.—How do you punish at Carlisle? A. L.

A.—We venture the assertion that there is not as large an institution in the country where there is so little punishing done as at Carlisle Indian School.

When a large boy misbehaves, his case is generally brought before a court martial, composed of our most intelligent young Indian men. The case is tried in the regular way, there being a judge and jury and witnesses, all pupils of the school. The offender is sometimes sentenced to the guard house, for solitary confinement for a certain period, or his privileges to leave the grounds are cut off, all punishments depending greatly upon the character of the crime committed.

The small boys and all the girls are dealt with exactly as any sensible loving mother deals with her own children. In the next issue of the *Morning Star*, will be printed an interesting article gotten up by our boys' Debating Club, answering insinuations concerning our modes of punishment, from a person who never has visited Carlisle and knows nothing about us. The boys are quite indignant and plainly say so.

A TRUE STORY.

The boy was not careful About Little Things.

One day a gentleman, living in Brooklyn, saw an old barrel hoop lying in his yard.

He called his son and told him to throw it in the alley on the ash-heap, which the ashman would take away in his cart.

The boy did not want to take the trouble.

He threw it out of the front door and it fell in the middle of the front street.

Not long afterward a wealthy gentleman and his son in a buggy drove a fine and spirited horse.

The front wheel of the buggy passed over the hoop and broke it and the end of the hoop struck the horse's flank.

The horse was frightened and bounded forward with great swiftness over the pavement.

The man tried his best to stop the horse but he could not.

The man said to his son, "Charlie we are gone."

Just then the buggy crossed over the track, but it got fastened on the track.

And it threw the man and his son out.

The father fell on his head and was taken up dead.

His son Charlie's leg was broken and he was lamed for life.

The whole accident has the result of carelessness about a little thing.

Neat again nase