

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1887.

NUMBER 30.

SO SAY WE, ALL OF US GIRLS.

WHEN I'm a grown-up woman,
I'm going to learn to make
The most delicious puddings
And thirteen kinds of cake;
My bread shall be the lightest
And the whitest in the town,
And your mouth will water when you see
My coffee golden brown.

When I'm a grown-up woman,
And have a house to keep,
I musn't slight the corners
When I have learned to sweep;
The dusting and the cleaning
I must always do with care,
And a cobweb! I should blush with shame
To find one anywhere.

Now, to gain such skillful fingers,
The only certain way
Is to learn to work while I am young,
And practice every day.

—Adapted.

THE INDIAN'S HAIR WOULD NOT CURL.

When I taught school among the Indians in the west my room-mate who was also a teacher, had long dark brown, curly hair.

The Indians used to call her "Spux-cod-e-we," meaning curly hair.

One day a chief came to our room to visit us.

We had a pleasant talk about different things, but while he was there the young lady with curly hair having come in from a walk in the wind a few minutes before, went to the glass, and with a wet brush twisted one or two of her curls around her first finger to make them smooth.

She brushed and brushed the curl around her finger, and then after taking her finger away the hair dropped upon her shoulder a beautiful, smooth ringlet.

The chief watched her closely but didn't say a word.

After she took her seat, however, and began talking again, the chief got up, and very much

to our surprise and indignation, walked to the glass, picked up the same brush, wet it, and twisted a bunch of *his* raven locks around his fore-finger.

The hair went around very nicely, and looked perfectly smooth while it was on his finger, but when his finger was taken away and the hair fell on the man's shoulder it was as stiff and straight as an iron poker.

We shouted with laughter, in which the Indian heartily joined.

He then learned that it takes something else than wet brushes to make hair curl.

AUNT MARTHA.

FROM A FORMER STUDENT OF CARLISLE.

52 BANK ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Feb. 13, 1887.

Capt. R. H. PRATT,—DEAR FRIEND,—I have taken the pleasure of writing you a letter, as I have not written you since I was there during the holiday weeks.

I want to say, that the entertainment given at N. Y. was just capital, and only hope that, it may stir up the minds of the people towards Indian education, as the people have witnessed for themselves, what the Indian can do, if he only has the chance.

The people of that, one great metropolis, now see that Indian intellect can be developed and made use of, and equal that of any race in existence.

It has been proved in the peoples' presence by such exhibitions that were given at New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. I hope that more may be done to awaken the people towards educating our race, and if any one can do it, the students of Carlisle are the ones to open the eyes of their pale-faced brother. I am proud of the boys and girls, and especially those of my class.

I felt so much pleased that I felt like getting up and shouting, Hurrah! for Carlisle.

Well Captain, I have talked enough on that subject, so I will end. I hope all are well.

My best regards to all the teachers, so this is all, hoping my letter will find you and family well. I remain,

F. D. AVELINE

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

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 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(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.)

We were surprised and delighted with the music rendered by the Indian band this morning. They made excellent music and our town band had better "look a leedle out."—*[Carlisle Herald, Feb. 26.]*

Two full companies of Indians made a fine appearance on the streets yesterday afternoon. They were dressed in the fatigue uniform of the United States Army, and were bound for the exhibition of the Battle of Gettysburg.—*[Carlisle Herald, Feb. 26.]*

The streets were alive yesterday with blue coated Indian boys and blue dressed Indian girls, on their way to the different churches.—*[Carlisle Herald, Feb. 28.]*

We are glad to see our boys taking an interest in outside matters, by subscribing for different papers. 6 of the boys take the *Household Journal*; 5, *The Watchman*; 20, *Farm and Fireside*; 4, *Carlisle Daily Sentinel*; 1, *Philadelphia Daily Times*; 8, *Philadelphia Weekly Press*; 2, *New York Semi-Weekly Tribune*, 6, *Farm and Home*; 1, *The Montana Stock Journal*; 1, *The Art Journal*; 2, *The Council Fire*, 1, *The Taos Herald*; 13, *The Youth's Companion*; and 8, *The De Perre News*;

Items from the Pipe of Peace, Genoa Nebraska.

Many of our pupils will remember Minerva Burgess. She is now at the Indian School, Lawrence, Kansas. She took a prominent part in some literary entertainment at that school recently.

At this writing the school has more children than ever before. Including the Indian employes, we have nearly 170 in our care. We only regret our building is not larger as we could easily swell the number.

The question of education being no longer one to be tested, much of the early prejudice among the Indians is dying out. They are anxious now to have their children educated, and are willing with a view to bettering their condition, to trust their care and nurture to others.

The pupils of the Presbyterian School, Albuquerque, N. M., took part in a grand parade in that city, on Washington's birth-day.

In the *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, we find the following:

"A number of huge floats, gotten up by the pupils of the Presbyterian Indian School, came next. These floats bore representations of "liberty and industry," with Indian girl running a sewing machine, "Home," Indian women washing and ironing with patent wringer, etc., * * * a mattress manufactory with Indian boys industriously at work, a paint shop, a blacksmith shop, a carpenter shop, all in active operation, and these were followed by a covered chariot in which a bevy of little Indian girls looked as happy and as proud as their whiter sisters on a liberty car at a Fourth of July celebration."

William Paisano writes very interesting letters to his old Carlisle friends. In one just received we see that he is busy all of the time. Just now he is collecting pupils for the Albuquerque school. He says they have a nice school of 130 pupils. Frank Paisano's sister, and Emma Seowitsa's sister, and Barbara's big sister were in the last party he took.

His people are busy digging ditches for water to run through to water their land. In two weeks they will finish ther they will commence to sow their crops. They have had no rain for months. Nothing but wind, he says. William has just made three long troughs and bought water pipes for his place.

A letter from Little Elk, Cheyenne Agency says he has a comfortable house built mostly by himself, and he is farming.

Ugh!

Slush!

Too much snow!

Comanche is sick.

We mean the pretty colt.

Who spells girl—g-r-i-l?

Change of details, on Tuesday morning.

Miss Stafford was off duty a few hours on account of sickness.

This month's *Morning Star* has been sent to the parents of all our pupils.

Monday was pay day, and everybody was happy again, except the tobacco boys.

Two boys were expelled from the I. U. Debating Club last Friday night.

Who is that boy who wants to buy "a pair of a hat, and a pair of a umbrella?"

We would like to print all the letters from our little white friends, but our paper is too small.

Miss Rote and Miss Burgess were anticipating a trip to Millville, this week, but did not get off.

Our base-ballers have re-organized and mean to do some square playing when the season opens.

The Government bought a farm for the Carlisle school, the one adjoining the school grounds on the east, 109 acres in all.

The school was honored, yesterday, with a visit from Mr. Herbert Welsh, the great Indian Rights Association man, accompanied by Mr. Paul, of Philadelphia.

A dooth prush, a collar potten, and a pen necktie for, are what one of the boys wants to buy. He should not want to buy so many things until he can spell better.

We had some extra work to do last night, and a chance was given the printer boys to offer their services. Lorenzo, Yamie, Paul and Howard were the willing ones.

The farming season is commencing, and Casper Edson, Eugene Tahkapar, Henry Outa, James Y. Miller, Joel Cotter, James B. Garcia, Parker West, and Percy Kable went away to work this week.

Sample copies of *Morning Star* sent free.

The printer boys and several girls went for a sleigh ride to Mt. Holly, Tuesday night; all in a big four-horses sleigh, the whole thing the Man-on-the-band-stand's treat.

The picture of the printer boys we now offer for five subscribers contains a group of thirteen, all well taken. The card is a little smaller but the picture better than the first one.

Kitchen-garden entertainment last night at the girls' quarters, was very select.

Not even the Man-on-the-band-stand was invited to be present, but the few who were from town expressed themselves as well pleased.

Mrs. Julia with little Lydia, and Mrs. Laura with baby Richard called on the printers, Wednesday. Howard was the only one Richard would laugh for, but Lydia's little yellow haired doll done up in a tiny beaded Indian cradle drew forth a loud smile from every one in the office.

Sarah Walker the young Indian woman from the Hampton Normal Institute, Va. who stopped at Carlisle for a few days while on her way to the Crow Agency, Mont., to take a position in a new Unitarian school just started there, left us on Tuesday afternoon, having during her short stay with us made many friends. We wish her abundant success.

Who is going to get that pocket-book, offered last week? Why, the boy who writes the best list of the names of tools he uses to work with in the shop. Remember, send the words to Mr. Standing. We hope the printers will not let the shoe-makers beat them.

The Mission Indian difficulty was made very plain to us last Saturday night, by Mr. Standing, and the argument in favor of foreign immigration, taken up where the debating club left off at their last public debate was impressive. Sure enough! Where *would* the Indians be today had foreign immigration never been? Yes! They would still be using the same old stone knives, bone needles, flint arrow heads, etc. Many things the civilized foreigner has brought, of which the Indian even in his wild state enjoys the comfort. From the beginning of his remarks to the end the attention was marked, and at the close a good round of applause was given for the very nice talk.

HE KNEW TOO MUCH.

If I were a boy again, and knew what I know now, I would not be quite so positive in my opinions as I used to be.

Boys generally think that they are very certain about many things.

A boy of fifteen is a great deal more sure of what he thinks he knows than is a man of fifty.

You ask a boy a question and he will answer you right off, up and down; he knows all about it.

Ask a man of large experience and ripe wisdom the same question, and he will say,

"Well, there is much to be said about it. I am inclined on the whole, to think so and so, but other intelligent men think otherwise."

When I was eight years old I traveled from Central Massachusetts to western New York, crossing the river at Albany.

A kind gentleman was talking to me one day, and I mentioned the fact that I crossed the CONNECTICUT River at Albany. How I got it in my head that it was the Connecticut River I do not know, for I knew my geography very well then; but in some unaccountable way I had it fixed in my mind that the river at Albany was the Connecticut, and I called it so.

"Why," said the gentleman, "that is the Hudson River."

"Oh, no, sir!" I replied, politely, but firmly. "You are mistaken. That is the Connecticut River."

"The gentleman smiled and said no more. I was not much in the habit I think, of contradicting my elders; but in this matter I was perfectly sure I was right, and so I thought it was my duty to correct the gentleman's geography.

I felt rather sorry for him that he should be so ignorant.

One day after I reached home, I was looking over my route on the map, and lo! there was Albany standing on the Hudson River, a hundred miles from the Connecticut. Then I did not feel half so sorry for the gentleman's ignorance as I did for my own.

I never told anybody that story until I wrote it down on these pages the other day; but I have thought of it a thousand times, and always with a blush for my boldness. Nor was it the only time that I was perfectly sure of things that really were not so.

It is hard for a boy to learn that he may be mistaken; but, unless he is a fool he learns it after a while. The sooner he finds it out, the better for him. —*St. Nicholas.*

PUZZLE CORNER

Conundrums.

Who is the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph, for he was made into a ruler.

Ma, when is a griddle cake inhabited? Why my dear, when there is a little Indian in it.

What animal comes down from the clouds? The rain Deer.

What relation is the door to the door mat? A step father.

What is the difference between the north pole and the south pole? All the difference in the world.

What was the first money transaction mentioned in the Bible? When Moses drew a check on the Red sea and the Children of Israel passed it.

Why is letter *T* like an Island? Because it is in the middle of wa *t* er.

Why is letter *E* like death? Because it is the end of life.

Enigma.

I am made of 5 letters.

My 3, 5, 2, is not night, but the opposite.

My 1, 5, 3, is another name for boy.

My 1, 4, 3, is a cover.

My whole is the first name of a nice little girl who came with her mamma to call on the printer boys this week.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

SQUARE WORD:

J A C K

A G U E

C U R E

K E E P

ENIGMA: No Indian.

QUESTION BOX

Q.—Do the Indian pupils at Carlisle speak their own language among themselves? M. J.

Ans.—No, indeed! Our pupils use the English language only. Boys and girls coming from camp and not knowing a word of English, drop the Indian language inside of six months. It is a hard pull sometimes; instances having been known when certain ones went for days, scarcely uttering a sound, on account of knowing so little English, but they conquered for the right, and came out ahead, in the end.

"The use of money is the surest test of a man's character."