

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1887.

NUMBER 31.

TAKE CARE.

LITTLE children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back:
So, my little folks, take care.

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders as they pass,
Will perceive and know them, too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

—ALICE CARY.

AN OLD OSAGE.

The Osages are called "Shave-heads," by all the other tribes in the South west.

The other men of the tribe wear only a little scalp-lock on the top of the head which they cultivate to stand up straight about an inch high.

A part of this scalp-lock is allowed to grow six or eight inches. This they wear braided.

The rest of the head is kept shaved and painted red or some bright color.

Many of the men are tall and strong looking,

and when rigged out in Indian toggery look fierce and ugly.

The tribe is divided up into bands. Some of them are now leading a partially industrious life, and as a tribe they are considered ahead of many others in civilization.

In 1877, one of this tribe who took not to the better way of living, and dressed as above described—a wild, fierce looking old fellow, came to my school room in the Indian Territory, one day just after the pupils had been dismissed, and I was alone.

He made signs saying "I want some thing to eat."

I pointed to the desks to let him see it was a school room, not an eating house.

He was not satisfied. With more forcible gestures, he drew his hand across his stomach and made motions like picking up food and chewing, saying in Indian words which I knew must mean, "I want some thing to eat, I tell you."

"I have nothing."

He pointed to my dinner basket. "No! No! Nothing there? All gone!" I exclaimed.

He commanded me by motion to open the basket. To convince the man I was speaking the truth I obeyed.

A warm dinner had been sent me from my boarding house, and after eating to my hearts content there was left in the bottom of one of the dishes only a little gravy.

The old Indian seeing this, snatched the dish from the basket and with his fingers wiped up the gravy clean, after which he left the house, grumbling as he went.

How like a hungry wolf he behaved!

"What an animal you are?" said I to myself as I watched him out of sight.

"Are you a specimen of the noble red man we read about?" I went on musing.

Not a fair specimen, perhaps, but there are hundreds just as bad or worse than you on the different reservations throughout the west.

Why is it?

Because, as children they were kept by their parents away from school.

(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 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4½x6½ 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 still more marked contrast between a Navajoo 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.)

GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

The Man-on-the-band-stand felt very sorry for the boys when the news came that Congress had again denied the money to remodel their dormitory buildings this year, and the boys, well, they were so bitterly disappointed they hardly knew what to do. They talked the matter over, among themselves, and concluded that to be packed 19 in a room with no chance to read, study or be quiet out of school hours, for another whole year was more than they could stand, and so 125 of them gathered in the chapel to discuss a way out of the difficulty. The meeting was one of intense interest, lasting until nearly midnight, during which time the best of feeling prevailed, and some earnest speeches on the part of the boys were made. Capt. Pratt was sent for, and asked to explain the situation exactly. He did as requested, after which the meeting enthused more than ever. A motion was made that they contribute from their own savings, which was agreed to and a paper started. Over \$1700 has been raised among the boys and offered to the Captain as a start on the necessary amount needed to complete comfortable and roomy quarters.

Capt. Pratt has promised the boys he will beg or borrow the balance of the ten or twelve thou-

sand dollars, and has obtained permission from the Secretary of the Interior to begin operations as soon as practicable. The boys will move out in tents as soon as the weather permits, and the old Man-on-the-band-stand and his many friends here are as well pleased over the pleasant prospect as the boys themselves.

Four Sioux have been visiting the school this week. The Man-on-the-band-stand does not like the business they have followed this winter in New York City. They have been acting a lie to crowds of white people every day. They were trying to make our Eastern people think that the Indians are ugly, savage and brutal. And the white people were fools enough to pay money to see this lie. Our boys and girls, who belong to the Sioux tribe, would much prefer to have these men go back home, cut off their hair, and settle down to some decent business, than to go to Europe this summer, as they are urged to by men who want to make money out of them, and there lead the people to think that the Indians of America are cruel, blood-thirsty savages.

The pocket book prize has been put off for a week, so that those boys who have not their lists of tools quite done can finish this week. Hand them to Mr. Standing before next Wednesday. He has some good lists. Let every boy try to write the names of the tools he works with! A horse can pull a wagon, but we don't expect a horse to know how to spell wagon. A horse is an animal. We *do* expect a boy to want to learn how to spell the names of the things he works with. Don't work for the prize! Work for the knowledge.

We will give the girls a chance next week.

We have a nice letter from Rev Chas. Smith Cook, the Indian minister at Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., which we will print in the next *Morning Star*. Mr. Cook ends his letter with the following encouraging words: "The graduates from Carlisle who are here employed in the agency are a noble lot of fellows—they are a great credit to the Institution which has sent them home so well equipped for the battle of life. I refer to Clarence, Edgar, Frank, Guy and Amos."

Joe Schwiegman is night watchman at Rosebud Agency, Dakota. He does not like the business, but means to stick to it till he gets something better. Joe and Winnie are thinking of visiting the Genoa school in the spring. He gives no bad reports about any of the other Carlisle boys. Luther is still teaching.

Mud.

Tops.

Good-bye snow.

We have a new choir.

Good meeting Sunday night.

Dry your feet, or change your shoes!

The O. and U's have a sociable to-night.

"Excellence in anything means hard labor."

Bad for a young person's lungs, to go with round shoulders.

Buy rubber shoes instead of neckties and ribbons this time of year.

Did you see the ring around the moon Friday night? It was so very plain.

"Keep off the grass" signs should read "Keep off the snow" these days.

Neah Levejoy stained our galley cabinet, in a very short time, Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Montfort, of Gettysburg, spent a day at the school, a guest of Miss Seabrook.

We have received 1223 subscribers since the beginning of February. Circulation now is 5000.

A number of questions too late for the "Question Box" this week will be answered next.

Rev. H. B. Wile, Pastor of the Lutheran Church in Carlisle, preaches at our school Sunday afternoons.

Days and nights are now nearly equal in length. The sun is travelling north and will cross the equinox on the 21st.

Some Indians think the Milky-way in the sky is the ghost's road. So said one of the girls as they were walking home from society Friday night.

It is dangerous to put on moccasins for a day or two, after wearing thick leather shoes. Wait till June, boys! Then there will be no danger.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is immensely pleased with the Calisthenic drill the girls get every evening. Some of them who were quite round shouldered are beginning to walk with heads up and shoulders back, and how much better they look.

Pollock Spotted Tail has joined the printers' ranks and can already set two sticks of type in one morning, and work press very well indeed.

We wish our little friends who send clubs for the INDIAN HELPER would be very careful to dot all of their i's, and cross all their t's, and make their writing very plain.

Let us not be always ready to pick out the bad in the character of our school-mates, and talk about it. See only the *good* in a person, and give him credit for what he is worth.

The base-ball club want it understood that the name they are to go by this year is "Indian Athletics." Conrad Roubidoux is their captain, and he considers that he has a good team.

The Girls Literary Society had an interesting discussion last week, every one taking part. Esther Miller is a good President and Edith Abner performs the duties of Secretary very well.

The girls' mother and my clerk went the rounds of the school-rooms Tuesday evening during study hour. All seemed to be busy and happy, and some of the pupils while writing sat erect and in a business like way.

A club of 126 subscribers was received from Grammar School, No. 49, N. Y. City. We thank our young friends for wanting to see and hear a better side of the Indian than has been exhibited in their city, daily, during the past winter.

The carpenter boys made a fine large galley cabinet for the printers this week. There is room in it for 10,000 names set up in type, and we expect to get them soon, if our hundreds of little friends keep on sending in clubs.

Papa's Little Girl: "Papa I want to go see Johnnie."

"My dear, you go to see Johnnie, too much. He will come to see you, perhaps, if you stay away a little while. That is the right way, too. Little girls should not go to see the boys."

NEXT DAY ON THE BALCONY.

Richenda: "My papa says little girls must not go to see the boys."

Johnnie: "Why not?"

Richenda, (*Modestly*): "Because little boys ought to do the go seeing."

Johnnie with a turn on his heel: "Oh that's 'diclous!"

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
m o n a r d m g d t a r

(From first page.)

Ask that man to send his children to school! He will say. 'No!'

Why?

Because he is such an animal he can't see the benefits of an education.

Ought good people seeing his children growing up in ignorance and filth be governed by what he says?

Should we not look to the interest of the growing children and not to the temporary wishes of their ignorant parents?

Should not these ignorant parents be compelled to place their children in school?

And thus standing in the door of her school room musing and watching the old Indian as he walks away, we will leave

AUNT MARTHA.

—PUZZLE CORNER—

Hidden tribes of Indians who are at Carlisle.

1. Papa, Chester went to town.
2. Meta, rap a hoe over the dog's head if he tries to bite you.
3. My horse Barnicad does not need a whip.
4. Where did I get my tobacco? Manchester, England.
5. Mac rows the boat well.
6. Ohio was a territory once.
7. Who hurt your lip? Answer me.
8. Inez, Perce went to live on a farm.
9. I saw one. Ida said she did not.
10. A cat's paw needs no cushion.

Enigma.

I am made up of eleven letters.

1. My 11, 5, 6, 7, is what all of us like to hear the bell do on pot-pie day about dinner time.

2. My 3, 10, 9, a little animal which the Indian boys like to catch.

3. My 8, 2, 4, the relation every boy is to his father.

4. My 9, 2, 1, the first name of a Navajoe boy who went home.

My whole is the name of a paper, which every one interested in Indian educational work should take.

Why is the letter K like a pig's tail. Because it is the end of pork.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEKS ENIGMA: Lydia.

Wet feet brings sore throats and coughs. Coughs bring Consumption. My dear girls and boys do keep your feet dry and take care of your health.

A person does not know what a dollar is worth till he earns it.

—QUESTION BOX—

Q.—Do the boys at Carlisle drill with guns as do the students of many of our first class colleges? C.

Ans.—No. Our drill consists merely in marching and simple evolutions for exercise.

Q.—Are your Indian pupils anxious to go out on farms or have they to be forced somewhat? G. W.

Ans.—There are already this spring 109 applications on file in the office, from boys who are *anxious* for a good place to work in the country. No force is used, whatever. We have hosts of *little* girls and boys who would be glad to work for their board a few months this summer. All over twelve are able to earn wages. Persons addressing Miss A. S. Ely, Carlisle, Pa., will receive prompt and authoritative answers to inquiries, upon this subject.

Q.—How many pupils have you on farms, and are they giving satisfaction as workers? L. D.

Ans.—There are at present 113 pupils on farms, the majority of whom are doing excellently in work and conduct. They are supporting themselves, and learning English faster than it is possible for them to learn here. They have comfortable homes and are treated as members of the family. They are gaining that courage which will enable them in after life to take a place beside their white friends, and attend to their own business affairs, and for all this gain they are doing good work and getting the regulation pay for same. They go out for their own good.

Will It Be You?

Every four years, on the fourth of March, some man is inaugurated President of the United States.

The man who will be President thirty, forty and fifty years from now is a boy to-day.

Perhaps some boy who reads this will be inaugurated President on some future fourth of March.

Who knows but what *you* are that boy?

Are you fitting yourself, in every way possible, for whatever future may be before you?

Even if you do not go to the White House some day to live—and chances are that you will not—the country needs good men, intelligent, honest citizens outside the White House, just as much as it needs good Presidents.

You can, at least, be a true, manly American—and that is worth working for with all your best energies.—[Sun Shine.

Sample copies of *The Morning Star* sent free.