

Bland & Snively

The Indian Helper.

—FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS—

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1887.

NUMBER 32.

TAKE THE SUNNY SIDE.

LET'S oftener talk of noble deeds
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about our sad ones,
We are not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it,
Oh! there is slumbering good in all,
And we, perchance, may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.—[*Ex.*]

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM JOHN DIXON, ONE OF OUR PUEBLO BOYS WHO WENT TO HIS HOME IN NEW MEXICO LAST SUMMER.

The following letter we print without corrections:

GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCHOOL, ALBUQUERQUE NEW MEXICO. March 6th 1887. Mr. CAMPBELL: DEAR FRIEND:—One the 22nd of last month as you all know, it is the birth-day of George Washington. We also at the Albuquerque Indian School, had a holiday.

Before dinner all the boys got ready to start for the celebration of that day. As soon as we came out from dinner we started off up to the new town.

John M. Chaves, (another Carlisle boy) had B Company; Cyrus (another) had C Company and I had A Company; and all the girls rode

on wagon, but before we got to the town a storm came.

The people and we were marching through the streets, with a heavy sand storm that we hardly could see each other.

It would be nice time at that day if the windy was not blowing so hard.

They had two bands, but the two bands could not play well, for the windy was blowing so hard.

When we were working at the R. R. we came home, but we did not stop long, we stayed only four days at home. Then we started off again, in search of any kind of work. We started from home with the notion in going out to Arizona, or to California. For we heard that out there were building a new railroad some where. When we arrived to Albuquerque, we intended to stop over a night at the Indian school, so we did, but the Supt., was not at home, but his wife took us in and told us to wait for Mr. Burke, who is the Supt., might he will give us some work. So he did kept us doing the carpenters work, and take charge of the boys.

For the present we have no carpenter boss, but Cyrus, John M. Chaves, and I am working by ourselves.

Last two weeks we put up the sides of the building, and this past week we began to work on the roof, shingling. Yesterday I went up to town and I bought two plows one for Cyrus and one for myself and sent them home for our folks. Out here the people are working on their farms sowing wheat and some other kind of seeds. About two or three weeks ago since they got through working on their ditches, for out here we have not have any snow this winter except on the high mountains nor rain either: you see the people must have their farms all irrigated before they sow any kind of seed for the land is too dry.

Most of the time we have some Indian visitors. It seems the school is getting on pretty well. How are the Carlisle scholars getting on? I remain your sincere friend,

JOHN DIXON.

One asked why B stood before C? "Because," said another, "a man must B before he can C."

The Indian Helper.

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

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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 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.)

Hon. J. B. Vance, of North Carolina, in a speech before the United States Senate, the other day gave as a sort of side remark, the following excellent advice and quotation:

“Let me commend to all those who trust too much in those men who make high professions of their superior honesty and integrity, the homely wisdom of the negroes in my country, expressed in the song which I often heard them sing:

De bigger dat you see de smoke
De less de fire will be,
And de leastest kind of possum
Climbs de biggest kind of tree.

De darky at de old camp-ground
Who kin loudest sing and shout,
Is a gwine to rob some hen-roost
Afore de week is out.”

So the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks about those people who are making such a big smoke and loud cry about the poor (?) Indians' land which will be taken from them they say on account of the Lands in Severalty Bill, which lately became a law. There is very little fire underneath that smoke, boys!

Keep your eye on such people, “De is gwine to rob some hen-roost, afore de week is out.”

From a report of the Colonel in charge of the Apache prisoners, now in Florida, we see that 4 Indians have died since they went there, and three children have been born. There are now 82 men, 206 women, and 158 children in all.

A PRIZE FOR THE GIRLS.

A Pretty New Ribbon.

The Indian girl who writes the best list of articles used in her every day work—*anything* she uses to work with—shall have a yard and a half of any colored ribbon she may choose. Send your lists to Miss NANA PRATT, before the first day of April. Our girls on farms should try for this prize, but don't work so hard for the prize as for the practice. We hope all the girls will write papers. Beat the boys!

One of our returned pupils at Rosebud Agency, Dakota, says, “We have a great many sick at this agency. Most of the sickness is consumption and scrofula.”

The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders if it is because they are getting civilized so fast. Some people think that Indians die of consumption when they try to come into civilization. Dr. Given, our school physician, who has lived with and doctored the Indians for many years, has written a very interesting article for the March number of *The Morning Star*, showing that such notions are false. The only thing that will save the Indians as a people from consumption, scrofula, and death is the right kind of civilization. The Doctor proves that, and he knows what he is talking about.

Master Chas. H. Spayd, of Millersville, Pa., wrote a letter to a prominent paper in which little folks' letters are printed. He referred to our INDIAN HELPER, and has received over 120 letters from people all over the country asking to know more about that paper printed by the Indian boys. At the request of our 9-year old friend we send sample copies to these people, each of whom will no doubt read this notice and may thank Master Chas. for the paper.

While the INDIAN HELPER gives about all of our school news, weekly, and persons interested in knowing just what we are about can't very well do without it, *The Morning Star* deals with the Indian Problem in general and is the paper for older heads. Sample copies sent free. Address, M. Burgess, Carlisle, Pa.

A letter from a Carlisle boy now at Pine Ridge Agency, says that sixteen children have just gone from that Agency to the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian School. One of the party was James Fox.

The boys on farms do not wish to be left out in the cold when it comes to help put up comfortable quarters, and money is already coming in. We are pleased to see them so willing to help themselves.

Don't lie!
Dull weather again.
Exhibition to-night.
Wild geese are flying.
The old ice house is being torn down.
The Teachers' parlor is to have a fixing-up.

Don't steal! You are *sure* to be caught sometime.

The little boys beat the big ones now in marching to meals.

The guest chamber is receiving a double floor, and a general cleaning.


Ask your teacher the name of that beautiful large star in the west these evenings.

The Girls' Literary Society was held Wednesday evening this week instead of to-night.

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. Pratt is improving in health rapidly and will be with us soon again.

The room over the office now looks fine, with the nice carpet, the new border, the blue tinted kalsomine and the freshly painted wood-work.

A nice club of 59, this week, from the Race street Friends' school, Philadelphia, helps to

fill up a corner in our 

The band played well, on Wednesday noon. Chas. Wheelock's base horn is always so full and loud and true. The leading cornets are also excellent.

Miss Kate Foote, who is a sister-in-law of Senator Hawley; Mrs. W. N. Clarke, of Toronto, Canada, and Miss N. G. Bradley, of Washington, D. C., spent a day and night at our school this week.

Nori, Shiosee, Hartley R. Bear, Kitewmi, Ainsworth, Harvey Townsend, Jessie Spread Hand, Hope Blue Teeth, James Cornelius, John Davis, and Charles Hubbard, went to work on farms this week. Zippa Metoxen returned.

TO OUR LITTLE WHITE FRIENDS:

We need a small steam engine to run our presses. If our little friends will keep on sending us large clubs, we will be able in time to get all we need. Ask your older friends to subscribe for the *Morning Star*, and that will help us still more. This paper is an Indian helper, the *Morning Star* is an Indian helper, and you are Indian helpers, too. Thank you!

Capt. Pratt went to Harrisburg several times this week, to talk with the men who make the laws for Pennsylvania. The business has to do with the United States Government buying a farm for us. A man in this state can't sell a farm to the United States, without a special act of Legislature.

Let the two debating clubs entertain a kindly feeling one towards the other. It is *small* to allow little personal feeling to interfere, when politeness requires that the courtesies of one club should be extended to the other. What difference if *one boy* does make fun of us? Let us do the *polite* thing anyhow.

The club meeting and sociable held last Friday evening by the "Onward and Upward's" was a success in every particular. Frank Lock, who is president, conducted the meeting in a dignified and efficient manner. Ernie Black, who is secretary, also did well. After several recitations and music by the band, a discussion of the question, "Resolved, That Washington was a greater man than Lincoln," was entered into with earnestness and ability, by the different speakers. Capt. Pratt was called upon to say something on the Washington side, and he gave some pleasing illustrations showing the greatness of our country's father. Mr. Standing then spoke in favor of Lincoln. After the literary exercises, came the sociable which was enjoyed by all. The ice-cream and cake made the Man-on-the-band-stand's mouth water, it looked so good. Taking all in all, the I. U. boys will have to watch out or the O. U's will come out ahead in speech making and sociables, too.

Frank Lock Won the Prize.

In response to the request for lists of tools to be furnished by Indian apprentices in the various shops, some very good lists have been received, but not nearly as many as should have been among so many boys who are learning trades and who are able to do very fair work in their respective departments.

Among the lists received which are quite creditable to the boys who made them are those from Frank Lock, black-smith, Luther Kuhns, Carpenter, Yamie Leeds and Dennison Wheelock, printers, and Eli Sheridan, shoe-maker. The list furnished by Eli Sheridan was very complete as to the tools, but no prices were attached. That of Frank Lock's is the best, all things considered, and he is awarded the prize offered. The other lists will be returned to the boys who made them, and who can keep them for their own use with the feeling that the knowledge they have acquired and satisfaction of possessing such lists fully repays them for their labor. A. J. S.

--QUESTION BOX--

Q. Who is in the new choir?

FARM BOY.

Ans.—Jennie Mitchell, Joey Pedro, Rosa Lewis, Esther Miller, Josephine Bordeaux, Isadore Labedie, Minnie Yellowbear, Theodore Mc'Cauley, Benajah Miles, John Londrosh, Frank Jannies, Abram Platt, Carl Leider, Jhon Elm, Willie Morgan.

Q.—How do the Indian boys and girls amuse themselves at home, before they come to school?

A. H.

Ans. The boys have various games. With bow and arrow, one favorite game of some tribes, is shooting arrows in a ring. A small ring about two inches in diameter, made of buffalo or beef sinew, is thrown on the ground where the earth has been made soft for the purpose, so the arrow will stick up. Each of the two boys has a number of arrows and they take turns in shooting, standing from the mark not more than six feet, and often times a less distance. The one who shoots the largest number of arrows in the ring wins the game.

Another game is played with sticks about 4 feet long, on the ends of which are fastened two hooks bent backwards. They have a smooth piece of ground from fifty to a hundred yards long, made very hard by usage. A boy with a sinew ring three inches in diameter throws it so as to roll on the smooth hard earth; two boys then run and try to throw the hooked stick so as to catch the ring. They become very expert at this and it is good exercise for them, but they spend too much time at it, and as with most Indian games, rarely play without gambling. The grown up men of the tribe spend time at this sort of thing when they should be at work earning their living.

One very social game is played by a party of boys dividing off on sides sitting in lines facing each other; then holding a bean, grain of corn or other small thing, they try to have the opposite side guess in which hand the object is. The whole company sing a wierd song, while the boy holding the object swings his hands frantically up and down, backwards and forwards from side to side, in fact in all sorts of ways, one could possibly imagine, at the same time passing the object from one hand to the other, while the opposite party watch every movement and at a given signal guess by sign. They become very much excited over this. School boys on the reservations often gamble away their pencils, books, articles

of clothing etc., and it is sometimes difficult to stop them.

The girls play with pumpkin seeds, having from five to ten in a flat wooden bowl. The seeds are made black on one side while the other side is left the natural color. The game is to toss the bowl up so as to turn the seeds over. The one who succeeds in getting all the black sides up at once wins the game, and in this way we are sorry to say Indian girls and women gamble by the hour. The Indians are quite expert card players too, and also amuse themselves when children, at that. They amuse themselves by gambling, and carry it to a fearful extent after they are grown men and women.

--PUZZLE CORNER--

Square Words.

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

1. What we have quantities of just now at the printing office, but never get tired of seeing.
2. The name of a little tribe of Indians in Indian Territory, situated between the Poncas and Pawnees.
3. The name of a pretty but common flower.
4. What a sensible person will do with his money.

Enigma.

My whole is composed of 7 letters.

My 5, 3, 4, 5, is what an angry boy sometimes does with his feet.

My 1, 2, 6, 4, 5, is what Miss Patterson likes to say when she plays chess.

My 1, 2, 3, 7, is the part of your face below your lips.

My whole is what we like best to have our pot-pie made of.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

HIDDEN TRIBES:—1. Apaches; 2. Arapahoe; 3. Caddoes; 4. Comanches; 5. Crows; 6. Iowas; 7. Lipans; 8. Nez Perce; 9. Oneida; 10. Pawnee.

ENIGMA:—Morning Star.

A lady was importuning Lord Rothschild to direct her son into a paying business; "Madam," said he, "any business is good; selling matches even is a splendid business, if you do enough of it."