

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1887.

NUMBER 36.

THE HORSE'S PETITION.

GOING up hill, whip me not;
Coming down hill, hurry me not;
Loose in the stable, forget me not;
Of hay and corn, rob me not;
Of clean water, stint me not;
With sponge and brush, neglect me not;
Tired or hot, wash me not;
If sick or cold, chill me not;
With bit and reins, oh! jerk me not;
And when you are angry, strike me not!
It would be a good thing if these maxims
were put up in every stable, and kept in
mind by every one who has anything to do
with horses.

HOW TO GET RICH AND BECOME FAMOUS.

By following this Alphabet of excellent
counsel the great Baron Rothschild made him-
self famous and rich:

Attend carefully to details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation nor business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating
drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
'Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right.
& success is certain.

TRUE COURAGE.

A lame beggar was striving to pick up some
old clothes that had been thrown him from a
window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered
about him, mimicking his awkward movements
and hooting at his helplessness and rags.

Presently a little fellow came up, and push-
ing through the crowd, helped the poor lame
man to pick up his gifts, and place them in a
bundle.

Then slipping a penny into his hand, he
was running away, when a voice far above him
said:

"Little boy with a straw hat, look up!"

A lady leaning from an upper window said
earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow!
God will bless you, for that!"

As he walked along he thought of the poor
beggar's grateful look, and of the old lady's
smile and her approval; and last and better
than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly
Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful
for they shall obtain mercy."

He was a noble boy, and had true courage.

He was not afraid of being laughed at be-
cause her helped a poor beggar.

Dr. Anandabai Joshee, the distinguished
Hindoo graduate of the Woman's Medical
College of Pennsylvania (Class of 1886), died at
Poona, India, February 25, of phthisis, devel-
oped on the voyage home. She had been ap-
pointed resident physician in the Albert
Edward Hospital at Kholapur, and was on her
way to her post.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

We all very well remember Dr. Joshee, who
visited us last August, with Mrs Ramabai
and Miss Bodley, the Dean of The Woman's
Medical College of Pennsylvania. And it is
with deepest regret that we read the sad news
of her death.

AT the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-
page quarto of standard size, called **The Morning Star**,
the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This
paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters,
and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the
school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

Sample copies sent free.

Address, MORNING STAR, CARLISLE, PA.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Star** we give the same
premiums offered in Standing Offer for the **HELPER**.

The Indian Helper.

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

Price:—10 cents a year.

(Five cents extra for every change of address after once in the galley.)

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 $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

News from Pawnee Agency, Ind. Territory, says that the Indians are dying fast with the measles.

"We have a new interest in Carlisle since Geo. Hill and Flora Wellknown, two of the Carlisle Crow students have been engaged as assistants in our Industrial School on the Crow reservation. They will have a grand opportunity to elevate their people and improve themselves in this good work. I hope all the Crow pupils at Carlisle will be able to do some such work for their people when they return, as they are in great need of such help."

GENERAL MARSHALL.

BOSTON, April 8.

The Girls' Literary Society.

One of the highest toned and most intellectual entertainments we have had the pleasure of witnessing for a long while was given Wednesday evening by the Girls' Literary Society. Esther Miller as President and Edith Abner as Secretary of the society performed their several duties with grace and dignity. The regular order of business was carried out, as Reading of minutes of previous

meeting, New Business, Unfinished Business, etc., after which there were singing and recitations. Lucy Jourdan as Mrs. Short all the way from Wisconsin, was capital, and the more to her credit that the piece was original. Ella Barnett's "Charcoal" we can hear yet, and Annie Thomas' Daisies, and afraid of "Yover"—was very natural. Susie Bond and Edith Abner sang as though they were a little afraid, notwithstanding which their voices were sweet.

Mrs. Meloy's Irish accent by Susie Pricket surprised us all, and the Fan Drill brought down the house. Then came the Women suffragists before the Senate committee. The speakers—Dessie Prescott as Susan B. Anthony; Alice Wynn, as Mrs. Shattuck, of Boston; Cecilia Londrosh as Helen Gougan, of Lafayette, Indiana; Lucinda Clinton as Mrs. Dunaway from the North-west; Jemima Wheelock as Mrs. Howell, of Albany; Florence Redeye as Mrs. Rogers; Lilly Wind as Mrs. Harding; Lucy Jourdan as Mrs. Sarah E. Wall; Nancy Cornelius as J. Smith Parker; and Jennie Doubray as Nancy Allen of Iowa, each did her part admirably, but Jemima and Nancy deserve special notice. Clara Faber had a part well suited to her but a bad cold and temporary sickness interfered with her coming out. The flattering compliments that Miss Cutter and the young ladies composing the society received from Mr. Sinclair, Dr. Brown and Capt. Pratt were richly deserved, and we trust the Society will be kept up as long as the school lasts.

Merrill E. Gates, President of Rutgers College, spent a day or two with us, and we think went pretty well to the bottom of things. His several remarks at different gatherings of our pupils were well understood and thoroughly appreciated. At English speaking meeting on Saturday evening, he said it was a great thing for the new little Apaches to go without speaking Indian for two weeks. He wondered how he and Capt. Pratt would get along without speaking English if they were thrown together among the Indians. How soon could they learn to speak only Indian for two weeks? He thought it would be a very difficult thing for them to do, at which the school acquiesced by a round of applause.

The reason he thought, that Gen. Sheridan is looking more favorably upon the work at Carlisle, is because we are killing out the Indian so fast here. (Applause.) We wish we could print all that he said, for every thought was excellent. Dr. Gates' words of good cheer to different boys and girls as he passed around and among them in the school-rooms and work shops will long be pleasantly remembered, and the Man-on-the-band-stand as well as every member of the school, wants him to come again very soon.

6,054.

So *warm*

For three days.

Rain is needed.

Miss Wilson is quite sick.

Many new bows and arrows.

School opened Tuesday morning.

Johnnie calls Barbara, "Rhubarb."

The roof is nearly off of the boys' quarters.

Miss Ely went as far as Harrisburg, Wednesday, with Miss Hyde.

It is **IMPORTANT**, when you renew a subscription to *say* renewal."

Sam Dion says, "I work hard, I am sweat." Correct his English, some one!

Frank Conroy returned from a farm this week with an excellent report.

It is good exercise, and we like to see the boys shooting; but spare the birds.

It was *seed* for the farm and not deed, as Miss Ely understood through the 'phone.

Miss Hyde left us on Wednesday morning for a delightful home in the west with her brother.

Nearly every one got an Easter egg from Miss Phillips, except the poor old man, who is so often left out.

We can not keep a credit account with our little subscribers. Send all the names of your club at once, please.

The winter plank-walks have all been removed and Mr. Jourdan and boys are busy fixing the paths nice.

The large field-roller for our new farm, made by the blacksmiths and carpenters, is just finished and it is a nice one.

A type-setter wishing to make *time* at the case, will not stop and read each piece of copy all through before beginning to set.

Mr. Spayd, of Millersville, father of Master Chas. Spayd, who has sent so many subscribers to the **INDIAN HELPER**, called yesterday.

The *Reds* will play a game of base-ball tomorrow afternoon with a Freshman nine of Dickinson College, at the request of the College nine.

Be as kind to those dear old mules as you will want people to be with *you* when old age comes. Shame on a boy who would throw stones at a helpless old mule.

The company of merry little sweepers, Tuesday afternoon, had their own good time when moving from one part of the grounds to another. The broom drill was fine, and didn't they march well, with brooms up like guns?

The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that Richenda and Johnnie would make pretty good little printers, for they helped Miss Burgess so nicely in the office, on Saturday afternoon. They just *like* to put papers in a mail-bag.

Archie C. Sinclair, with his papa, mamma and sister, all of New York City, called at the printing-office Wednesday morning, to see how the Indian boys get off the **INDIAN HELPER**. Master Archie operated the mailer on a few names, and seemed much interested in all that he saw.

If the girls notice how the boys wear their hats, (see Question Box) they will soon begin to notice how badly some of the boys look walking around with hands in pockets. All well-bred people notice such things, and to be thoughtful about the way one carries himself is very important to a young man who is anxious to get up in the world.

Maud Chief Killer, Noah Lovejoy, Christine Showtumutsy, James Black Hawk, Bryan Early Bird, Frank Dorian, Sewakery Alonzo, Luke Phillips, Henry Standing Bear, John Hiyi, and Joe Pawnee, went to country homes this week. Chas. D. Wheelock went in place of Peter Cornelius last week, as Peter could not be spared from the harness shop just now.

C. Skyles, of Martinsburg, Pa., for eighteen months a teacher in the Indian school there, called on Saturday. He speaks well of the Osages who went from Carlisle to that institution. Several have gone home. Joe Big Wolf is still there. He worked in a printing-office in the town for a while. Geo. Summer writes from his home that he would like to come east again. Mr. Skyles, said that the Osages were delighted with a visit from Mr. Miles, their old Agent, some time ago.

"They flocked around him as children around a beloved parent." "The Osages are a rich people," said our reporter to Mr. Skyles, "Yes; but Mr. Miles told the truth no doubt, when I made the same remark to him—'How rich, and yet how poor!'" was his answer."

--QUESTION BOX--

Q.—Who are the members of your base-ball nine?
G. F. G.

Ans.—We have two clubs—The Blues and The Reds: REDS:—Conrad Roubidoux, Sioux tribe, Captain; Mark Evarts, Pawnee tribe; Peter Cornelius, Oneida tribe; Willard Standing Bear, Sioux tribe; Joe Wisecoby, Menomonee tribe; Henry Kendall, Pueblo tribe; John Miller, Miami tribe; Edwin Schanandoah, Oneida tribe; Cleaver Warden, Arapahoe tribe.

REDS:—Theodore McCauley, Omaha tribe, Captain; Frank Jannies, Sioux tribe; William Butcher, Chippewa tribe; Charles Redmore, Sioux tribe; Joe Guion, Sioux tribe; Thomas Metoxen, Oneida tribe; George Baker, Kaw tribe; Benj. M. Thomas, Pueblo tribe.

Q. Dear Mr. Man....., how do you think a boy should wear his hat on his head?

INDIAN GIRL.

Ans. What a queer question! We would say, let every boy wear his hat to suit himself! Of course, when the hat is set square on the head, it shows that the boy wearing said hat is a square honest fellow. If the hat is on one side it shows he wants to do something to make people look at him. He is a proud vulgar fellow. If the hat is down over the eyes, it shows he has done something he is ashamed of. If a young man sets his hat away back on his head, well-bred people call him "a rowdy."

The Man-on-the-band-stand wears his hat square on the head.

One of Our Returned Printers Heard From.

Charles Kihega Iowa, who during part of his stay at Carlisle edited *The School News*, has kept very silent for the past year or so. A letter dated Nohart, Nebraska, March 30, came to hand a day or two since, which throws some light upon his doings at home.

"We are having some snow on the ground yet. We will commence on our garden as soon as snow goes off and be ready to put our crop in. Last year I farmed twenty-eight acres of land and rented the rest to a white farmer. I rent mine and father's, too, for grain rent. He and I have about sixty-eight acres at home, and I have fenced one hundred and eighty acres west of here. I have broke eighty acres and the rest for pasture. The pasture is scarce in this country.

Last summer, after I had my corn laid by I went down to Indian Territory and stayed six months. While I was there I clerked in one of the stores at Wellston.

I met Little Bear and Arnold at the Sac & Fox Agency. They were with soldiers, I only cleared \$95 and four head of ponies beside two big horses I took down, I took a team, harness and spring wagon down. I made many pony trades down there.

The Indians down there live hard because they don't raise their potatoes and other things to eat.

--PUZZLE CORNER--

Square Word.

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

1. What many of our pupils play now-a-days.

2. The surface of a piece of ground, and what our boys who expect to get farms soon should learn to figure about.

3. What we should be happy to do when we can help a friend in want.

4. What a girl should want to be.

Last Names of Officers and Pupils of our School Woven Into a Story.

Once upon a time early in the morning as I was (Assistant Superintendent) by an old (player of lead-horn in our band) tree, near the city of (our tall printer) this state, a (teacher in No. 9), man came along, who lived in a (teacher No. 3). "Great (Sioux boy in No. 6)!" said the fisherman, "What are you doing here at this time of (little Pueblo girl) and looking so white? Have you been smoking a strong (one of the best workers among the new Cheyennes)? Or, are you (our doctor) to drinking too much?" "Oh, no," said I, "I always rise early in the morning, so they call me an (Apache in No. 3), and while taking a ride this morning in my new (teacher in No. 8) and after I had gone only about 3 (our only printer on a farm) the (Pine Ridge Sioux boy who is here now and came when the school started) that I was driving got frightened at a long-necked (teacher in No. 7) which was walking along the road. The horse ran away and brought me (teacher in No. 10) on my back, and I was dragged near to the (our Sioux blacksmith) which you see in yonder canal. Seeing the danger I was in the (teacher in No. 6) which I always carry in my pocket, came in good use, and by much exertion I succeeded in cutting the strap which bound me to the frightened steed.

Here I am as you see, and from present indications I shall be in need of (Apache in No. 3) for some time to come." The fisherman said over some words he had learned by (the teachers' club matron) and then passed on, to trouble me no (the last syllable in a No. 9 Sioux boys' name).

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

ENIGMA:—"Boa-Constrictor."

HIDDEN THINGS USED IN A SCHOOL ROOM:—

1. Slate; 2. Chalk; 3. Pen; 4. Pencil. 5. Paper;
6. Eraser; 7. Blackboards; 8. Book; 9. Ink;
10. Desk.