

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1887.

NUMBER 40.

THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

Come, boys, the world wants mending,
Let none sit down to rest,
But set to work like heroes,
And nobly do your best.
Do what you can for fellow man
With honest heart and true,
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

You can but do a little?
That little's something still,
You'll find a way for plenty
If you but have the will.
Untiring fight for what is right,
And God will help you through;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

Be kind to those around you.
To charity hold fast,
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last,
Act as you would have others
Act always unto you;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

—Selected.

ALWAYS DO IT WELL.

Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate insensibly into poor workmen.

"That is a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing recently; and he meant that it was a piece of work not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar. Some of the wisest law makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, have

risen from the great mass. A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying:—

"You blacked my father's boots once."

"Yes," said the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well."

And because of his habit of doing even mean things well he rose to do greater. Take heart, all who toil! All youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances, and they who labor unappreciated. If it be but to drive the plow, strive to do it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

"There was time to live.

The epoch of haste had not come.

A day's journey was a serious matter.

The saddle was the emblem of speed.

Brawn and brains went hand in hand.

We were still a nation of handworkers.

The highways were dusty and populous.

No house contained a sewing-machine.

The turnpike was still the great artery of trade.

The canvas-covered wagon was the ark of trade.

There was not a mower or harvester in existence.

The land was lighted with candles after nightfall.

The steam saw-mill had just begun to devour the forest.

Butter was unmarketable one hundred miles from the dairy.

The day began with the dawn and not with the train's arrival.

The lord of one thousand acres sat with his harvesters at dinner.

The spinning-wheel and shuttle sounded in every farmer's house.

He who counted his possessions by the square mile kept open house for the wayfarer.

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The Indian Helper.

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

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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.

News of and from our Returned Pupils.

John and Cyrus Dixon are still at Albuquerque, New Mexico, working at the Government school.

John M. Chaves is reported as working on the railroad near his home.

A letter from Minnie Yellow Bear, Darlington, Ind. Ter., says she is working at the Arapahoe School at that place. "I am not one of the lazy ones. I will tell you something of the returned Carlisle boys. Neatha Segar is doing well, and Arnold Woolworth, too. Neatha is going to be married to Flora Young Bear, soon."

We had with us this week three of the principal men in the Pawnee tribe of Indians, Mr. Bayhille, the principal chief, Mr. Rice the interpreter, and Curly Chief. They were returning from Washington, D. C., where they had been attending to business relating to their lands. They appeared to be greatly impressed and pleased with what they saw here. In a special exhibition on Tuesday evening, after various exercises and recitations on the part of the pupils, each of the visitors spoke to us a little while. They showed a very commendable spirit in their talks. Mr. Rice said that in consequence of the failure of the

crops last year, and subsequent suffering, every Indian was in the field this year. In Mr. Bayhille's remarks he said that although he was not an educated man he depended on the Great Spirit and his muscles to make his living, and he made it. Curly Chief spoke in his native tongue and said that when he heard the white men talking to his two companions and they to the white men, it made him ashamed of himself, because he could not also talk and understand English.

From the *Algoma Pioneer*, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, we find an account of an industrial exhibition given by the Indian boys and girls of Shingwauk and Wananosh Homes, under the management of the Principal of those institutions, Rev. E. F. Wilson, whose pleasant visit to Carlisle last winter, our students will remember.

There were tableaux by the boys and girls of all the principal industries, speeches, singing and a debate of the question "Resolved that Canada has done more for the Indians than the United States."

"A better satisfied audience rarely left a public hall, than that which witnessed the testimony given that the Indians are advancing, soon to become useful and honorable citizens of the Dominion.

If Principal Wilson decides on making a tour of the Province with his pupils, we bespeak for them crowded houses and a higher and more general appreciation of the great life work to which he has devoted himself." So says the editor.

If the new pupils could only write and tell their friends in the south how much better they feel with clean clothes on and long hair off, what a nice place Carlisle is, and how happy they are here, wouldn't their friends be glad? They *will* be able to write in a very short time. Why some of the little fellows can already find B on the "Keep off the Grass" sign. We don't know where the B is. Maybe it was a bumble-bee.

Miss Wilson, our hospital nurse, who is just recovering from an attack of pneumonia, accompanied by her sister from Colorado Springs, Colorado, left us on Tuesday for New York, where she took passage yesterday on the steamer Nebraska, of the State Line, to Glasgow, Scotland, which is near her old home.

Miss Wilson took a number of specimens of our students' shop and school-room work, also a number of our school photographs. She expects to look into the hospitals of Glasgow and Edinburgh during her two months' stay.

Hot, but

Better than rain.

Our edition this week is 6,500.

We have 610 pupils on our rolls.

We are glad to see Mrs. Pratt out again.

Plenty of work for everybody now-a-days.

"No examination? That's good," is what we hear.

Our working hours have been lengthened an hour.

Quite a number of visitors on the grounds this week.

We had a very interesting exhibition last Friday evening.

Francisco Garcia got the base-ball, offered as a prize, in last week's paper.

It was the Union band, not the "Lutheran" band, Johnny, who played so nicely for us.

Our S. S. scholars have prepared quite a number of "Stories of Joseph" for Dr. Given.

Miss Cobb, a friend of Miss Fisher, from Rochester, N. Y., is spending a few days with her.

Benajah Miles, one of our printer boys, has been engaged in making some rollers, for our presses, this week.

More tents are being put up for the large boys in order to give Miss Patterson more room, for the little boys.

Some of the boys are occupied in cleaning the brick from the old building, and preparing it for use on the new.

The numerous warm rains that have fallen lately, have improved the grass on our lawns so much, that it already needs cutting.

One of the late arrivals made a hole in the door-mat, and hung it up, and he thought he was helping to make the school-room look nicely.

Bert Wetmore, Nellie Aspenall, Isadore Labadie, Ida Whiteface, Lizzie Dubray, Susie Bond, Sophia Metoxen, and Lillie Cornelius, went to country homes this week.

Misses Burgess and Ely left on the early train, Wednesday morning for Philadelphia to be gone a few days. In the chief clerk's absence her assistant is acting clerk.

A canvas has been stretched under the trees, in front of the new building, for the convenience of the painters, during the summer.

The old boiler in the large boys' quarters, after having been there for a number of years, is being torn out and a new boiler of 40 horsepower will be placed in position as soon as possible.

Mr. Campbell reports the new Apache boys as fair workers, but somewhat clumsy with the pick and shovel. They will have a good opportunity to learn this summer, if they use their eyes and ears to advantage.

Miss Seabrook, one of our teachers, whose school closed this week, takes Miss Wilson's place at the hospital, during her absence. With such a competent assistant as Nancy Cornelius, she will have no difficulty in meeting any emergency that may arise.

The late arrivals from Florida are very anxious to be clean. Almost any time during the day a half dozen may be seen at the basins scrubbing away for dear life. And talk! Why they beat anything in the new line we have ever had for talk, and all sorts of lively games.

We made a mistake last week in stating that Miss Rote and Miss Burgess left Friday afternoon, as the train on which they expected to leave was reported to be late, and they did not get off until early the next morning. Although it rained some, they had a very "pleasant but quiet" visit.

Cleaver Warden, one of our carpenter boys, while at work on the new building, Monday, cut himself with a hatchet, severely wounding the large artery of the arm which made the blood spurt quite lively for a few minutes. Some stitches, a compress, a tight bandage, and the doctor, stayed the flow, and made the arm as good as new. The wound is doing well. Cleaver says he don't like the smell of blood.

Frank Yates, who has not been well for some time past, left us on Tuesday, for his home, in company with the Pawnee chiefs who visited us.

Louie Bayhille also went with his father, who was one of the party. Although Louie has been here five years, he is too young yet, to leave such a good school as Carlisle. We hope he will come back.

The foundations of the eastern half of our new boys' quarters have been completed, the lower floor joists laid, and the brick-work begun. The plans have been somewhat altered since ground was broken, making the building 292 ft. long and capable of holding 250 boys. This change has been greatly needed in our school accommodations and we hope soon to see a more imposing, as well as a more convenient building, in every way, than formerly occupied this site.

Continued From First Page.

The telegraph had begun in Washington and ended in New York twelve months before.

The rich were lavish in an abundance which was not yet coveted by the keen eye of commerce.

From east to west was the pilgrimage of a life; from north to south was a voyage of discovery."

What a vast improvement our country has made in *forty* years!

By the genius of the white man we travel from New York to San Francisco, a distance of over 2800 miles in 5 days, provided with all the comforts of a palace. Whereas forty years ago the journey was made in a covered wagon requiring nearly a year.

Why has not the Indian made the same improvement in this time? Why has he not kept pace with the white man? Is it because he has not as many nor as good brains as the white man? We think not.

Is it because the Indian has been oppressed and kept down by the white man? Then we ask, why has he not attempted to overcome the difficulties set in his path by the white man.

But we see in the near future a better day dawning for the Indians of this country, and we hope soon to see them on an equality with the white man with the same rights and privileges, but above all we hope to see him taking care of himself, and making his own living.

--QUESTION BOX--

Ques. Who are the members of the brass-band?

Ans. Our band consists of the following fourteen Indian boys with Mr. Norman in charge.

Dennison Wheelock, Charlie Wheelock, Luke Phillips, Conway Two Cuts, John Elm, Edwin Schanandoah, Conrad Roubideaux, Peter Cornelius, Geo. Fire Thunder, Joe Harris, Edgar McCassey, Eustace Esapoyhet, Clayton Brave, Wm. Baird.

Q. Can an Indian appreciate a joke and do they ever laugh?

Ans. Our best answer to the above query is to ask the author to visit Carlisle school, where he will find representatives from forty different tribes, and hear the jolly, rollicking laughter on the play-ground and listen to the witty sallies from both boys and girls. At one time a party of Crow Indians arrived at the school, and as they were passing through the grounds to their new quarters all at once from every direction came the suggestive cry of "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

—PUZZLE CORNER—

Enigma.

My 5, 6, 2, is a part of the foot.

My 7, 2, 4, 8, is something we learn to do in school.

My 1, 9, 10, is something to cut wood with.

My 12, 11, 2, 8, is something we plant.

My 3, 6, 12, 11, is a part of the face.

My whole is the name of a distinguished friend of the Indians.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle.

ENIGMA:—THE OCEAN.

Our pupils know that the quotation "God helps those who help themselves" is our school motto. Can any of them tell the Man-on-the-band-stand, what celebrated man, in the early history of this country, wrote this well-known saying?

A GOOD JOKE.

A professor in one of our colleges was walking out with a student. They saw an old man hoeing in a corn field. His shoes were lying by the road. It was near sun-set and the old man would soon go home. The student wished to play the old man a trick. He said, "I will hide his shoes, and we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes and see what he will do." "No" said the professor, "it would not be right. You have money enough; just put a dollar in each of the old man's shoes; then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal. They put a dollar in each of the shoes, then they hid behind the bushes. Soon the laborer came out of the field to go home. He put on one of his shoes, and felt something hard in it. He took it off and found the dollar. He looked around, but saw no one, and looked up gratefully towards heaven. He then put on the other shoe and found another dollar. He looked all around, but could see no one. He then knelt upon the ground, and thanked God for the money he had sent him.

The professor and student were listening. They learned from the prayer that the man's wife and one of his children were sick and that they were poor; so the two dollars were a great relief, and the old man thought they had been sent from heaven. "There," said the professor, "how much better this is than to have hid the old man's shoes." The student's eyes filled with tears, and he said he would never play another joke upon any one, except in kindness.—[Exchange