

# The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1887.

NUMBER 4

## STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts,  
In the battle for right, may quail not,  
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears  
In their search for light, may fail not.

Strength for to-day—that our precious youth  
May happily shun temptation,  
And build, from the rise to the set of the sun,  
On a strong and sure foundation.—[*Ex.*]

## GOING HOME!

"Are we going home this summer?" asked one Indian girl of another as they sat together on the steps of the girls' quarters.

"That is what I heard," answered her companion.

"Are you glad?"

"Why? Aren't you glad?"

"Yes, a little bit, but I am sorry, too."

"What makes you sorry?" asked Allie. (That is what we will call the first little girl.)

"Well" answered the other with a sigh, (We will call her Fanny,) "don't you remember, I was home only a year ago, for a visit? And I saw so much to make me sorry. I don't mean because my people were poor I was sorry, for it is no disgrace to be poor, my teacher says; but the young girls in the camp, I just had to pity them.

They have no way to be good, and clean, and nice and womanly as we are taught to be here. They wander about from place to place, having nothing much to do, and there were so many wicked things going on all the time, right before our faces, many, many times, I had to blush for shame. If I tried to do right, they laughed and called me white woman. They made so much fun of my hat and coat that I put them away and pulled my shawl over my head, just like the other squaws."

"Why, Fanny! Did you do that? I shall not wear a shawl over my head when I go

home," said Allie, proudly lifting up her head.

Fanny laughed, and said "I thought that way, too, before I went home last year, and I was mad at myself when I found myself so weak that I could not stand up in decent clothes and face their laughing. I tell you, Allie, we will have to be brave and face all sorts of mean talk about us, but we should pity these people who laugh at us, and not sneak away and hide our hats, and pull a shawl over our heads, just because they laugh; and I certainly shall not do it again, for I feel so much stronger now than I did last year."

"All right, Fanny, but I suppose we hardly know what we will do when we get there. After the pleasure and excitement of seeing our friends are over, it will be hard for us, no doubt, but I tell you," she continued earnestly, "we can make up our minds what we will not do. Can't we?"

"Yes, we can! and I am determined not to eat meat cut with a knife wiped on a dirty old moccasin."

"Oh, horrible! Did you ever see anything so dirty! Tell the truth! Now Fanny."

"Honestly, I saw a lot of school girls, once, go in a tent, and there was meat in a kettle hanging over the fire. After all were seated on cushions around the fire, an old Indian woman put her hand into the pot and took out a hunk of meat, then she wiped her knife on the dirty moccasin that was on her own foot, and then she cut each girl a piece of the meat, and they ate it."

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny, I can't believe that!"

"It is so, any way, and if I should see a woman doing that, I would say, 'Please give me the knife, a minute' and should slip out of the tent and take it down to the creek and wash it. We don't have to live so dirty as that, if we do live in tents. We don't have to eat off of dishes wiped out with grass or a piece of some old woman's skirt, and we don't have to eat off of dishes washed with spit, either, as the INDIAN HELPER told about a few months ago. It was a true story, too."

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# The Indian Helper.

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83 The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

One does not really become interested in any great work until he takes hold of it in earnest to help push it forward. The reason our boys are so interested in the new building now going up at this school is that they are helping in the actual work. Those who stand off at a distance, and look on, are not especially interested.

Buffalo Bill's Indians might live in civilization a hundred years, and if they should continue in what they are now doing, they would never learn the first principles of civilization, simply because they do not take hold of it. They are more lazy than they ever were on the reservation. They are in the midst of civilized life, yet know nothing of it.

Most people have heard the story of the Quack-doctor who was selling a kind of powder to exterminate fleas, and on making a sale proceeded to explain how to use it with "first, catch the flea; hold him between your thumb and finger, then he will open his mouth and you can put the powder in, which will kill him at once—etc., etc."

We see it was a prime necessity in order to use the powder to first have the flea, and even then the object could be equally well accomplished without the medicine.

But how is it in the matter of education? Can we make use of an education unless we have it? First *get* the education and then use it. He who has an education is a possible failure, but how can anyone tell what use will be made of an education before it is acquired? What is a soldier without weapons? With them he will probably accomplish all that is expected of him, without them he is a forgone failure as a soldier.

What is an American citizen without intelligence and some education? With the best equipment obtainable he cannot be better than the republic needs. With nothing at all

but natural brains he is of necessity a mere accident of a man.

What prospect is there for the Indian without education? With it, his success is doubtful, without it, savagery and barbarism are assured.

What then can we do better than educate even if success is not uniform in every case? S.

A good question for debate: "Resolved, That young men who receive an Industrial and Book education, through Government expense, ought to be ashamed to accept further help from the Government after they leave school."

Indolence is the parent of vice, degradation and meanness, for Indians as truly as for white people.

It is easy for all men to be animal, hard to be morally pure and noble. DR. RHOADS.

A letter with ten cents enclosed for the HELPER, from Joel Tyndall, now at Bryn Mawr, Pa., says: "I am enjoying myself well in the country and hoping the old man is having the same blessing."

Can any of my Indian friends make the following numbers fifteen, fifteen, fifteen and fifteen equal to 1516. W. LIEBERMANN.

99 E. Broadway, N. Y.

The boys detailed to weed onions and do other work at the farm, Mr. Cornman reports as willing and ready; and they did a good job.

Lewis Johnson, Tuscarora, is with us, he having come from Washington, D. C., to spend a few weeks at our school.

Bertha Nason who returned this week from a lovely home in the country, looks the picture of health.

**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 4x6 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.



Lovely weather again.

The rain spoils our tennis.

Some rumors of a picnic, soon. When? is

the ?

Miss Semple is spending a few weeks at the sea-shore.

A large cistern is to be dug near the west end of the new building.

There is no need of getting sick in rainy weather if we keep out of the wet.

Dr. Given, Miss Moore, and J. B. Given, spent Decoration day at Antietam.

We are sorry to learn that White's Institute, Indiana, was burned a few days ago.

Feel the grass first with your hand. If it is wet, stay out of it. Wet grass is dangerous.

Where is that Alligator? We were promised a sight in the chapel, in connection with a Florida talk?

Take hold of your little Apache friend and lead him out of the wet grass. You may save his life in that way.

The difference between a man and a dog is that when they go into a saloon together, the dog will come out sober.

The Teachers' Club cellar and a number of other places round about have received their spring coats of white-wash.

Jack forgot the Man-on-the-band-stand again at his birthday party, Monday. Jack says he is 3 months old, but guess he means 3 years.

Two of our little white gentlemen got paid last week for tipping their hats. It always pays, boys, whether you see the cash or not. It *pays* to be polite.

A pleasant letter from Casper Edson, says he and John Miles are doing very nicely at their country homes, and that the HELPER is very much "enjoyed."

Norris Stranger Horse, John Miller, Frank Everett, Benj. Lowry, John Rooks, Frank Jannies and Belle Logan went to country homes. Calvin Red Wolf, Jas. McCloskey, and Bryan Earlybird, returned.

Miss Irvine is expected home tomorrow.

Wish I had a new Japanese sun-umbrella, too.

Tom Torlino has been heard from and seems to be doing well.

More than half of the brick work is done on the new building.

Will all who are going home please send their home address to the printing-office?

Latest thing out: Mud balls hand painted with chalk. Don and Johnny have them for sale.

It shows our students are making progress when they discuss which is the better dictionary, Worcester or Webster.

*Our Dumb Animals*, now comes to our office as an exchange. We find it a very interesting paper, and everybody should read it.

Capt. Pratt and Inspector Thomas this week visited the homes where some of our pupils are living. They went from Baltimore to Bucks County.

It would be a good thing for all those boys and girls who are going home next week to pay for THE INDIAN HELPER for *another year* even if their time is not up yet.

Paul Boynton is in disgrace. The boy he has been going with is never out of disgrace. That boy will find himself in the penitentiary some of these days, we are afraid.

"What will *save* the Indian?" was earnestly asked in Saturday night's talk. The answer came from the speaker himself, "The industrial lines of civilization." Could anything be more true?

Captain's and Mr. Standing's offices were cleaned. Theo. McCauley enjoys base-ball better than cleaning windows, but he can even do that well when he tries. It is hard to beat Willie Douglas, though, and the two orderlies.

Decoration day was a holiday all around. Long walks were taken, base-ball indulged in, croquet was kept in active motion, tennis had a share in making pleasure. The Campbells went fishing, but we believe a mud-turtle was the only thing caught, after several new hooks disappeared mysteriously. The Worthingtons went picnicing, and several teachers, pupils and others went to town to witness the Decoration ceremonies, and thus the day passed pleasantly and we trust profitably.



Continued From First Page.

"No we do *not* have to be so filthy. We can keep the tent floor swept nicely, and we can keep our faces and hands clean, and we can always keep our Sunday clothes put away in a box, and wear them only when we ought to be dressed up, and we can get a tub and wash-board and soap, and wash our clothes when they are dirty, and we can get a flat-iron or two, and iron our clothes. We can have a little looking-glass to see how to comb our hair neatly. We can wash the dishes nicely in hot water, and keep certain rags for dish clothes and towels, and use them for nothing else. We can do all these things even if we do live in tents, can't we Fanny?"

"Yes, we can, and we can keep our fathers' and brothers' clothing clean, too, and show our mothers how to sew and be neat," answered Fanny. "I believe what we heard in the chapel the other evening, that where there is a WILL there is a way. Let us make up our minds that we WILL be clean, and neat and womanly and do just as near right as we can, then I believe our friends here will not be ashamed of us if we do have to live in Camp.

"I am going to do that," said Alice, putting her foot down with a vim on the step. "If we girls will stick to our hats and the boys keep on wearing short hair, the other Indians will see from the start that we intend to do differently from the old way, and they will not trouble us long. We can go *quietly* around and do what we know to be right, and thus help them when they do not *know* we are helping them."

"Some who go home," continued Fanny after a pause, "begin to talk, talk, talk, and try to tell their fathers and mothers what they should do, and what they should not do. Of course, that makes the parents and friends angry and they won't listen, nor try. The civilized way looks so high and hard to the older Indians who have never tried it, that they think there is *no use in trying to get up*; but if we do *little things* without making a great talk, they will see that our way is best and they will accept it. But, Fanny, let us *come back if we can*. What you?"

"Yes, indeed! I don't think we are strong enough yet to do much good out there! We will come back! We will *beg* to come back that we may learn more and get stronger.

The Man-on-the-band-stand did not hear the very words used in this story, and Fanny and Allie are names he made up. But Fanny and Allie told the truth about how it will be at the homes of many of our girls who are about to go. Do remember, girls! Do remember, boys! that

**Where there is a WILL, there is a way.**

And you can BE what you now think you are going to be, if you WILL.

## — PUZZLE CORNER —

Ten weary, footsore travelers,  
All in a woeful plight,  
Sought shelter at a wayside inn  
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine beds—no more," the landlord said,  
"Have I to offer you;  
To each of eight a single room,  
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host  
Could only scratch his head;  
For of those tired men no two  
Could occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—  
He was a clever man—  
And so to please his guests devised  
This most ingenious plan:

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

In room marked A two men were placed;  
The third he lodged in B;  
The fourth to C was then assigned—  
The fifth retired to D;

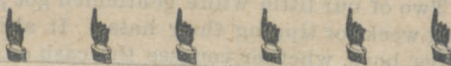
In E the sixth he tucked away;  
In F the seventh man;  
The eighth and ninth in G and H,  
And then to A he ran,

Wherein the host, as I have said,  
Had laid two travelers by;  
Then taking one—the tenth and last,  
He lodged him safe in I.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nine single rooms—a room for each—  
Were made to serve for ten,  
And this it is that puzzles me  
And many wiser men.

Study this out, boys and girls! How *could* he put 10 men in 9 rooms and allow each to have a room by himself? He *did* it, didn't he?



### Answers to Last Week's Puzzle.

ENIGMA: JOHN MILLER.

SQUARE WORD:

|   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|
| C | O | W | S |
| O | R | A | L |
| W | A | K | E |
| S | L | E | D |

An *idle* brain is the devil's work-shop.