

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1887.

NUMBER 44.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ARE you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are fo ridding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

—Selected.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM MISS WILSON.

All the Way From Scotland.

We are sure that all our readers will be interested in Miss Wilson's pleasant description of her journey across the big ocean, and we have to thank Miss Seabrook, who takes the temporary place of the former as Hospital matron, for the privilege of printing the following extract from a recent letter:

It will be remembered that Miss Wilson went first to Newark where she met her sister, from there she says, "We went to New York, in time to see that our trunks were all right. Passed the night at Earles Hotel.

Thursday A. M., had breakfast, then made our way to the steamer.

Some of our friends had come to see us sail, and we found two ladies and one gentleman, whom we were acquainted with, from Newark, going to Paisley with us on the same steamer. This was pleasant and unexpected company.

Thursday 12, at nine A. M., the steamer bell rang, all the 'Good-byes' were said, and we left the pier with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs till we disappeared in the distance.

Only one little girl I noticed crying at leaving New York. She was all alone, and two young boys and she were put in charge of the stewardess till they would meet their friends on the other side.

I like the appearance of the Indiana (that is the name of the ship). The state-rooms are suitable for two or four if necessary. One other lady will room with us. She has been across several times, has traveled all over Europe, and is going again for another tour.

There are 62 cabin passengers on board, 35 steerage, among them are two ministers, and one of their wives. There are two physicians, also two cats and one canary bird.

We passed by the Statue of Liberty. It is really a beautiful piece of workmanship.

Friday 13. Smooth sailing; foggy. For amusements we have rope-quoits, croquet, dominoes, checkers, piano-music and singing. For boys and girls, rope jumping.

In the dining-room, there are accommodations for a hundred passengers. The room and tables are well furnished. I could not wish for better.

Here is the bill of fare:—7 a. m., oat-meal porridge and milk.

Breakfast,—8:30—beefsteak, ham and eggs, stewed potatoes with meat, coffee, tea, biscuit, bread, butter, toast, crackers.

Dinner,—Roast-meat, chicken, soup, mashed-potatoes, turnips, pickles, rhubarb-tart, tapioca pudding, apples, oranges, nuts, raisins.

Supper,—Cold-meat or ham, beets, potatoes, salad, radishes, tea, coffee, bread, butter, toast, buns, cake, preserves.

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The Indian Helper.

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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.

A certain girl says, "When I go home I am going straight to the Agent and ask for work. I feel that I am going to find a place to work when I go home."

That is what they all think, perhaps, and that is all right, too, my young friends. But have you looked still farther ahead?

The Agent can't give paying work to every one who asks him. He may want very much to help you, but the Agent's hands are sometimes so tied he can't do what he wants to do.

What are you going to do if the Agent can't give you work?

Will you hang around, and do nothing?

Are you going to *wait* till he can furnish work for you?

Suppose the Agent can't give a boy work, will he then lie about the store by the hour, and smoke and look at and talk about every girl and woman who comes there to buy. That is the way many a good-for-nothing fellow puts in his time out there.

Will the girls who go home, be willing to sit in a dirty house or tent and spend the time talking about things that had better not be talked about?

If you can't get work, will you fall into these ways?

We hope not.

Grab a broom and sweep out the house! If you have no broom make one out of a bush! Stop talking so much and work more!

If you don't want to fall lower than you are, now, keep busy, doing something useful.

Never mind the pay. DO SOMETHING!

Help keep the tent clean! Help carry the water! Help tan the hides! Help do anything and everything you see *should* be done! Work! Keep busy!

You can find PLENTY of work, if you want to.

Maybe you cannot find work that will be pleasant, or work that will bring the money

into your pocket. No matter; WORK anyhow, and keep *alive*!

You do not have to be lazy and idle, just because you are in an Indian camp! Keep moving ahead! KEEP BUSY, and you will be happy.

We have several excellent letters from boys and girls on farms this week in which they say they *will* do right when the time comes to go home. One girl says "I am not going to let the camp Indians pull me down again."

My dear girl, the old gentleman on the band-stand knows you feel all right about it now. Every boy and every girl feels strong here; but *there*! when you get back there, can you? WILL you face the laughing, and the mean talk about you, and stand FIRM in what you know to be right. If you DO, you will not only feel happy and comfortable yourself, but you will be doing good and making your Indian friends and your white friends feel proud and happy.

If you DO NOT, Heaven only knows what will become of you.

A recent Bazaar in New York City, gotten up by the young ladies of Mrs. Julia A. Gallaher's school, for the benefit of Carlisle school, netted \$283. The money is to be devoted to the new building and our boys as well as all connected with the school are very grateful to be thus remembered.

We are pained to hear of the death of Cyrus Fell Star, at Rosebud Agency. Many Indians, especially children and young people are dying at the Agencies, all the time, because there isn't much chance in camp to take care of the sick; those who are in school stand the best chance of keeping well, and of getting better when sickness comes.

We are pleased to learn through a letter from Thomas Kester, Pawnee Agency, Indian Territory, that he is still improving in health and is now able to work some. He spoke of seeing Frank Yates and Louie Bayhille, but did not say how they are getting along. Thomas' many friends here are always glad to hear from him.

A letter from Embury Gibson, a returned Osage says he is still clerking in the store at Osage Agency, Ind. Ter.

Bad habits are thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds.

Say "Renewal" when you renew subscription by letter, please.

Mr Paxson, with whom Ainsworth lived, visited the school Sunday.

The north porticoes of the hospital are being boarded up and made into rooms.

We can't keep a credit account with persons getting up clubs. Send all the names at once, please.

One of the Apaches detailed to "kick" press for us got his thumb badly mashed, but didn't make any fuss.

Benajah Miles, George Valier, Bruce Fisher, Andrew Beard, Albert Cassadore and Francis Lee went to country homes.

We have a pleasant letter from Harry Shirley this week, who says he likes his place in the country and he is doing as well as he can.

Lewis Johnson, who came last week from Washington, to spend his vacation with us, has joined our printers' ranks, and can already pull up a couple of thousand ems a day.

Frank Lock, Herman Young, Howard Frost, John Tatum, Henry Bonga, Noah Lovejoy and Maud Chief Killer returned this week from farms to go home with the home-going party.

Eliza Cewakista and Winnie Conners each paid the school a little visit. We are glad to see them looking so well and to hear such good reports about them in their pleasant country home.

In running off 6,800 INDIAN HELPERS, we make 13,600 impressions. In the whole number there are necessarily two or three hundred crooked papers, every week. These are kept for our home readers, thinking they will more willingly excuse us.

Miss Irvine and Mr. Richards who were in different parts of the country looking after pupils on farms, returned Saturday. The reports of what they saw and heard of our boys and girls who are doing so ably for themselves, are very encouraging.

Every one, both young and old, was charmed with Rev. Mr. Loucks' talk last Sunday afternoon in our chapel. The sermon was one which we may carry with us through life, and every time we think of the kind face of the speaker and the happy illustrations he so beautifully pictured, we will be made the better.

THE OLD MAN SMILES

When it rains.

When the sun shines.

When subscriptions come in fast.

To see the girls eat strawberries.

To see how glad the boys are for the girls to have the strawberries when they are not enough to go around.

To see the girls beat the boys marching.

To see a girl fixing up her bureau drawer.

When a boy brushes his best suit and puts it away nicely, Sunday night.

To see the boys and girls keep out of the wet grass.

At the lady who admires her own diamond ring.

When Mrs. G. hits the tennis ball.

When Willie Butcher and my clerk beat the opposite side at tennis.

When the boys buy something useful instead of foolish.

When the girls in the country make good bread.

When we get a good letter from a returned pupil.

When the boys and girls march out of chapel nicely.

When the pressman feeds the papers straight.

On pot-pie day.

When a girl walks with shoulders back.

When a boy wipes his feet before going into the house.

When you think you know who I am. Ha! Ha! And you don't.

When a boy comes in with a good record from a farm, and with money in his pocket.

At Romola when she sees a dog.

At Lida pulling onions and lettuce to give to her neighbors, to make *them* smile.

At Jack wheeling a locomotive in a wheelbarrow, and Herbert wishes he had one.

At Irene gathering flowers for her mamma.

At Richenda when she does not get hurt with a fall down stairs.

To see Chester figure on a nice job of table and rule work and bring it out all right.

To see a boy in the country reading, Sunday afternoon, instead of sitting around doing nothing.

To see little Richard show his teeth.

To see a working man with a working man's clothes on, instead of a white shirt and cuffs.

To see the new building going up so fast.

To see boys punished for stoning the birds.

To see Benajah beat Mr. Campbell in a foot-race.

To see the pretty colt out for exercise.

To see the Captain go fishing, once.

Continued From First Page.

At 8:30 P. M., lunch for any who may wish it.

Saturday and Sunday, rough sailing. Both sea-sick, in bed two days, Jennie three. Oh, dear, good for nothing, but the stewardess is very kind and attends to all our wants. Nearly all the passengers were affected.

Monday 16. Fair weather, pleasant on deck, a heavy swell is on the water. Now it looks like a sea of glass, waving to and fro without a crest. How wonderful are the works of God!

2 P. M. A dense fog comes on which lasts till next A. M., during which the fog horn blows every few minutes.

Tuesday 17. Calm and bright. On deck all day. Passed two sailing vessels and one of the Cunard steamers which left New York two days behind us.

Wednesday 18. Spent most of our time on deck. Cloudy. White caps on the water.

Thursday 19. Stormy all day. Now we could sing 'While the billows near me roll; while the tempest still is high.'

Miss Seabrook, if you would like to have some new experiences and pleasures of an ocean trip, I will invite you to cross if we return safely. Then you will know what it is to be in reality 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep.'

To be sure, it is not pleasant to be so rocked, but tomorrow may bring us the sun-shine. We are sailing more rapidly to-day than we have been. Passed the steamer 'State of Georgia' bound for New York.

Friday 20. Weather still cloudy.

Saturday 21. Too damp and disagreeable.

Sunday 22. Ship rolling too much for ladies to walk on deck. You may think we feel rather gloomy under such circumstances. I don't at all. We can have good times in the saloon (not a drinking saloon) as well as on deck, only we do not get so much fresh air.

The motion of the vessel has not effected us any since we first paid our accounts to old Father Neptune, and we hope not to have any more debts till we return.

Friday P. M. Concert in the saloon—recitations, reading, singing; very entertaining. Collection for the benefit of seamen's widows and orphans. Raised fourteen dollars.

Sunday 10:30 A. M. Listen! I hear the Church-bell ringing on deck. We enter the saloon. The Captain, some officers, stewards, and a fair number of passengers make up the audience. We had a regular Presbyterian service, by Rev. M. Houston, from Canada.

Subject, "The Christian Race." Singing, "All people that on earth do dwell," "All hail the power of Jesus's name," "Onward Christian soldiers." Collection for the Life-Boat fund \$4.25. Bibles and Hymn books are provided by the company.

Monday 23. Early in the morning we had a good view of the coast of Ireland and all along the coast of Scotland.

The mists of the morning have cleared away. The sun has come out and we are enjoying the scenery before us.

Good-bye to our ocean trip. We may consider that we have had a favorable journey so far.

May 24. We arrived at Greenock, at 1 P. M., or 9 A. M. American time. By the time the custom officers came on board, all baggage over hauled, and we started on the train, it was 5 P. M. Had to go to Glasgow to see after our trunks. Got to our cousin's house at 7:30 P. M. One of them was waiting for us at the depot. Now we are settled. Will take some rest before going any where."

—PUZZLE CORNER—

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

1. What we have had enough of this week.
2. What every boy who goes home is going to use in his little garden out there.
3. The State in which Miss Annie Moore lives.
4. Not far.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE: *He didn't.*

—QUESTION BOX.—

Q. How do Indians become chiefs?

H. O. W.

Ans. An Indian earns the title of chief by being brave in battle.

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.