

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1887.

NUMBER 45.

A CLUSTER OF NEVERS.

Never utter a word of slang,
 Never shut the door with a bang,
 Never say once that "you don't care,"
 Never exaggerate, never swear,
 Never lose your temper much,
 Never a glass of liquor touch,
 Never wickedly play the spy,
 Never, O never, tell a lie!
 Remember these maxims
 Through all the day,
 And you will be happy
 At work or play." —Selected.

TWO BOYS TALK IN THE CARS ON THEIR WAY HOME.

WHAT THEY MAY HAVE SAID,

One, we will call Ira, the other Bart, for short. They belong to one of the north western tribes. They are going home with a first class record as students of Carlisle and with the best of intentions to do well.

"Oh, Bart" exclaimed Ira as they were rounding horse-shoe-curve just west of Altoona on the Pennsylvania Railroad. "Isn't this grand? How do they ever build a railroad around such a place as this any how?"

"It is wonderful!" answered Bart while straining his neck toward the window to catch all there was to be seen, as the cars were running swiftly. "I wonder how long it will be before our people can turn out in the world, men of such great brain power as it must take to plan out such wonderful bridges, and tunnels and curves as we see along this rail-road. I did not notice these things when we came on the way to Carlisle, five years ago. Did you?"

"No," said Ira with a shrug of the shoulder. "We didn't know *how* to look, then. We didn't have our eyes open that time. We could not understand them, and they did not interest us, and we are not far enough along yet with our education, to fully understand them. No one with small education can ever hope to do such mighty works," continued Ira. "It takes years and years of hard labor and

study to ever get up to such great undertakings, but I believe what we were always taught at Carlisle: 'He that is faithful over a few things will be made ruler over many.' If we work *well* with our little knowledge, God will give us more. I believe that."

"So do I" said Bart, "and wasn't the talk about the *talents*, good, last Sunday evening?"

"Yes; but I didn't understand all, did you?" asked Ira.

"Most of it, I think. You see, you and I may not have many talents. It may be in our power to do only a *small kind* of work, but if we *do that* the best we can, our talents or powers will grow, and after while we will be able to do greater works. If we do *not* our very best all the time, we will *lose* the little power we have, don't you see?" asked Bart earnestly.

Ira: "Oh, yes. I see now what they meant. How *can* we use our talents, though, when we get home."

Bart: "Easy enough, I think, if we *WILL*. For instance, I have learned to hate *dirt*. If I work to keep myself clean, and every thing around me clean, that will be using one talent. By keeping myself clean, and by keeping my place in the tent clean, and by keeping every thing about me clean, others will look on, and they will like to be clean, too, maybe, and the improvement in cleanliness will go on in our tribe, just from my example, perhaps."

Ira.—"That's so. Now, I have learned to hate *idleness*. If I stay away from the store except when I have *business* there. If I keep myself working nearly all the time, and reading and studying in my leisure moments, I shall be using *my* talents. Don't you think?"

Bart:—Yes, of course, that is what they meant, and let us begin just as soon as we get home. Let us not say a word of Indian to people who can understand English. Lots of the Indians speak a little English and let us make them use it when they talk to us, will you?"

Ira:—"I will if you will."

Bart:—All right. There is another thing. Let us go to *WORK*, just as soon as we get there!"

Continued on last page.

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.

The white man who hurts his horse's mouth by reigning him back too tightly, doesn't set a very good example to the Indian.

If Indian boys should crawl down a fire escape, and throw heavy dumb-bells right through a door into a gentleman's private sitting-room when he was entertaining his guests, as the Dickinson College boys did the other evening into Prest. McCauley's room, people would say, "That is the savage instinct, don't chew know."

A little 4-page paper, each page measuring $2\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches, called *The Eagle*, and published by M. E. Gates, Jr., at New Brunswick, is the cutest exchange we get. Master Gates is a son of President Gates of Rutgers College, who visited us recently. If there is anything an Indian boy loves, it is an eagle, and we shall watch eagerly for the coming of this one each month.

The following pupils started for their homes in the west, at midnight, Monday:

ARAPAHOES: Clay Ainsworth, Cleaver Warden, James Antelope, Matthew Red Pipe, Star Yellow Eyes.

CHEYENNES: Calvin Redwolf, Ernie Black, Maud Chief Killer, John Peak Heart, Daisy Reynolds, Florence Little Elk, Ella Stone Calf, Laura Standing Elk.

MODOC: Willie Hansel.

WICHITA: Johnny Tatum.

CHIPPEWAS: Willie Butcher, Willie Douglass, Charles Martin, Henry Bonga, John Warren.

KAWS: Edgar McCassey, Ellwood Wilberforce.

PAWNEE: Abram Platt.

OMAHAS: Bertram Mitchell, Eli Sheridan, Howard Frost, Noah Loveloy, Reuben Wolf,

Theo. McCauley Thomas Mitchell, Alice Fremont.

PUEBLOS: Harry Marmon, Annie Menaul, Manuel Romero, George Seoresura, Roy Sisechu, Harriet Kyocea, Johanna Bibb.

ROSEBUD SIOUX: Conway Two Cuts, Joseph Guion, James McClosky, Lewis Eagle Dog, Norris Stranger Horse, Preston Three Bears, Vincent Stranger Horse, Willard Standing Bear, Esther Side Bear, Josephine Bordeaux, Martha Bordeaux, Louise Wilson, Rosa Dion, Stella Berht, Rosa White Thunder, Bear Fire Heart.

PINE RIDGE: Clayton Brave, Frank Lock, Frank Conroy, Herman Young, Mack Kutepi, Robert American Horse, Samuel Dion, William Brown, Wallace Charging Shield, George Fire Thunder, Adelia Low, Emma Hand, Alice Wynn, Isabella Two Dogs, Katie White Bird, Ralph Iron Eagle Feather, Julia Iron Eaglefeather, Lydia Biddle Iron Eaglefeather.

STOCKBRIDGE: Lucy Jourdan.

Crow: Chloe Bad Baby.

Miss Ella Patterson went with the Dakota party, Mr Standing with the Indian Territory, and Miss Cutter with pupils going to New Mexico.

Henry North is again heard from. He assures us that he will never forget the pleasant times he spent here. The crops planted by the Cheyennes and Arapahoes "seem promising of a crop worth working hard at," he says. We are sorry to read in his letter that the Kiowas are going to have a medicine dance near Mr. Seger's industrious colony. Of course, the lazy, worthless Indians will try to do all they can to hinder the progress of those who have taken the right road.

Frank Engler writes from his home at Cantonment, Indian Territory, that he finds so much work to do that he can't get time to write to his friends. Good! Then he will not have time to go to that medicine dance, Henry tells about, will he? We like to hear from our boys and girls and hope they will write often. There is plenty of time if you manage rightly.

Julia Given who lives in a lovely home at Amherst, Mass., says, in a nice letter just received that she and Lydia are getting along nicely. They like THE INDIAN HELPER because it tells all the Carlisle school news. She ends by saying "We hope the boys and girls who are going home this week will be brave to come back again."

Yum! Yum!
Strawberry short-cake!
Oh! for a stove-pipe hat.

The fire-plugs are being fixed in good condition.

Please say "*Renewal*" when you send ten cents for another year.

Miss Crane spent a day or two of this week, in Brooklyn, on business.

Nicholas Ruleau and Mark Penoi went to country homes this week.

Bertha and Madge Nason's father was here for a few minutes last Thursday.

Mrs. Pratt's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., are with us.

Mrs. Pratt, who has been quite ill for several days is now better, and we hope will be out shortly.

Mrs. Laura Doanmoe was a wise mother not to be willing to take her bright little baby home this, his second summer, to Kiowa Agency, I. T.

The hospital is under obligation to Parke Davis & Co., Detroit, Mich. for $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen bottles "*Syrup Trifolium Compound*." Good remedy for Scrofula. Thanks.

Mr. Edward McFadden is with us again, slinging stenographic characters for the Captain, and working the type-writer between times. Welcome back!

Dennison Wheelock, one of our printers, spoke in the Methodist Church, Carlisle, last Sunday, it being Children's day. We are glad to hear that he did very well.

Chester Cornelius was acting disciplinarian during Mr. Campbell's absence at the Commencement exercises of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., from which he graduated several years ago.

We were pleased to see that suit of clothes going off in Chloe's trunk. Whom were they for? William Steals-the-Bear was sending them to his brother, at Crow Agency. They were bought and paid for with money William earned himself.

Mr. Jordan, leader of the party carrying bricks up the long ladders to the third story of the boys' new building, says he carries sixteen bricks every time until he gets tired and then he makes his load twenty for a little while and that rests him.

A telegram from Miss Patterson from Chicago says Jimmy McCloskey blew out the gas in his room at the hotel, and was found nearly dead. The rest of the party went on to Dakota, while she remained in Chicago to take care of Jimmy. We hope he will get over it.

Our teachers and officers were favored with invitations to the Metzger Institute Commencement Exercises, yesterday, and the lawn-party in the evening.

Lost: A paper lamp-shade, from the upper balcony of the teachers' quarters, on a day the wind was blowing a gale from the east. If Miss Hyde sees it anywhere in Kansas, we hope she will send it back.

The Truth Teller has a very nice letter in it this month, written by our little Jennie Lawrence, who went home to Sisseton Agency, Dakota, a few years ago. Some things about our school she does not remember quite straight, but the most of it is very good.

Miss Bessie's little girls enjoyed the picnic down at the farm, oh, so much. Richenda and Lida and Thara went along. While there they were talking about trees being so much like people, trees having trunks and limbs. "Yes," said one of the smallest Pueblos pointing to her head, "and these are the apples."

Out of a total population during the year of 641 pupils at our school we have lost by death seven, which is not as many, considering the large number of students, as in any previous year. Five of the seven came here with inherited diseases which are considered incurable. The health of our school is excellent.

The water which had been stopped to repair fire-plugs, was in the middle of the night turned on. The girls having gone to the up stairs bath room for water in the evening finding none, left the spigots turned on. Before morning everything was flooded, and the ceiling below is a sight to behold. Too bad!

Mr. Mason Pratt is home for a few days previous to the commencement exercises at Lehigh University from which he graduates this year. Boys! Have you noticed that he doesn't sit around doing nothing? Even though his stay is short, working clothes were put on, and he has been busily employed, doing odd jobs.

A lawn-party in honor of the "home-goers," Monday night was a success in every way, and especially were the straw-berries, ice-cream, and cake enjoyed. If credit is due to any one person for the many good times of this sort we have had during the year, Miss Noble is entitled to it. Her work is greatly increased on every such occasion, but she doesn't mind it for she likes to see young folks enjoying themselves.

Continued From First Page.

Ira:—That is a good idea. What shall we do?"

Bart:—"Oh, I don't know. If we can't find work for pay we can get plenty to do for nothing."

Ira:—But I don't like to work for nothing."

Bart:—I don't either; but I had rather work for nothing than to lose my power to work, as the lesson about the talents assures us we will, if we do not use the power in us.

Ira: "Certainly! But I tell you, Bart, if we can't find paying work at home we can get all we want in the country around near our home."

Bart: "Yes, it is harvest time, and I've no doubt there are plenty of farmers who would be glad to hire us, if we are Indians."

Ira: "That we are Indians is nothing against us. We can go to work and if we are quiet, polite, and attend strictly to business and work our best, farmers will be glad to hire us."

Bart: "A week around home is as long as I want if I can't find work."

Ira: "That is long enough for me, too, and I think the best plan for us is to strike out and hunt work, and when fall comes, let us go back to Carlisle if they will take us, and then when we get back, let us get all we can out of another year's study. What do you think?"

Bart: "I don't believe I will go back, for I have been there so long now, and some one else can have a chance in my place. If I find work, either at home or away from home I'll stick to it for a while, but you had better go back to Carlisle, for you are so young. Let's see. You are only about sixteen, and it would be a shame to give up school yet. Are you really thinking of going back?"

Ira. "Yes, indeed, if Captain will take me. I am not ready, yet, to give up that good chance for learning. I want to push ahead, and get through the high school next year."

Booh! Here is a tunnel. All is darkness, and our reporter lost the connections of his story. We will see how the boys turn out when they get home, before going farther. It is so much easier to talk than to do; but we hope all our students who are on the western bound train at the time of this writing, will DO well as well as talk, when they get home.

Our students must not think that the Man-on-the-band stand really heard the above talk, but we have no doubt many times our boys on their way home this week talked something in the same style.

Henry Ward Beecher once took indoor exercise by shovelling from one end of his cellar to the other a load of sand which he had put there for the purpose.

—QUESTION BOX.—

Q. You say an Indian becomes a chief after showing great bravery in battle. Does he have to wait till the reigning chief dies?

B. C. W.

Ans. No? A tribe may have several chiefs. One of the Pawnee boys says that years ago when the Pawnees had many enemies, and were on the war-path much of the time, the bravest act of a man in battle was to strike a live enemy six times with a bow or whip without killing him, and this act alone would make him chief.

Answer to Last week's Puzzle.

SQUARE WORD:

R A I N
A H O E
I O W A
N E A R

Stand up for the Chinese.

A kind lady living in Boston, sent us fifty cents to help towards a new engine, and closes her letter with the following:

"Do your boys know anything about the Chinese? I teach in a Chinese Mission Sunday School. The scholars are very bright and attentive and love their teachers very much, showing it in various ways. Many look precisely like Indians, and I suppose there is no doubt that our western shores were partly peopled from Asia. So, stand up for the Chinese, boys, if you ever see them abused."

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 4½x6½ 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.

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

Never speak evil of any one.