

# The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1887.

NUMBER 47.

## CLASS OF INDIAN BOYS.

The following verses were taken from a poem written by a Bucks County farmer's wife, and read by her at the opening for the year of the Makefield Friends' First Day School. Our small space does not allow the full publication:

New love to one another,  
On this fresh, bright, spring morn!  
New light, new strength, new splendor,  
New radiance is born.

Neighbors and kin are gathered,  
Without the least of noise,  
Then, in stately procession  
Came class of Indian boys.

Wallace, Hartley, Odellah;  
Tahkieh, Keweache, Hugh;  
Constant, Jonas, and Lucius,  
Clarence, John, Roland, too.

In quiet, careful order,  
Each took accustomed place;  
A still beautiful calmness,  
Spread o'er each dusky face.

All peaceful in His presence!  
Feeling His love and power,  
Keeping silent devotion,  
In sacred meeting hour.

But two of them grew careless,  
Thought naught but talk and play,  
And some one felt so sorry  
At those actions that day.

For sister or for brother  
This rule safely lay down.  
The heart of still another  
Is hurt when you do wrong.

Tumult confusion within  
Will stop all power to hear  
The voice of whisp'ring angel,  
Although it be so near.

O, ask for help in morning,  
Ask Him to bless at night,  
He'll give new strength to workers  
Who pray and try the right.

O, "Bury" then "the hatchet,"  
With willing heart and brave,  
But not our "Master's talent!"  
Sinners he died to save.

Dying—He left this duty,  
A work for young and old—  
Those who are out in darkness  
"Go gather to the fold."

## A TRIP.

While our pupils in the country must work if they wish to earn a living and make a good name, often times they are allowed a day off for a pleasant trip. The following from a letter by Katie Grinrod, to her School Mother, tells of a pleasant journey she and Clara Cornelius had and how they appreciate their nice home:

"Mr. V—— and Mrs. M—— took us up the Delaware River to the city on a steam-boat Brandywine. It was a very pleasant trip.

We left home about half past twelve o'clock. Mrs. M—— and Clara took the street car to the river and I walked down with Mr. V——.

He told me many things which interested me very much.

As we were going to the river we went into a house that was over a hundred years old.

After we got to the river we had to wait quite a while for our boat.

Clara and I stayed out side and looked at the boats on the river. Some were anchored, and others going and coming. Some of the small sail boats looked as if they would turn over.

When the Brandywine came we got on board.

Clara and I stayed on deck all of the time going.

We kept our eyes open and saw all we could.

We saw so many steam-boats and sail-boats I could not begin to count them.

For a while I tried to count the boats we passed. I counted forty-nine and then gave it up, for there were so many.

Mr. V—— took us to see the large engine which makes the boat run.

It took us an hour to go to the city. We went up Chestnut street a little way and then rested at a book store.

After we had rested we went on a little further and it was too warm for Mrs. M—— to walk and so she stayed in one of the stores while Mr. V—— took Clara and I to Independence Hall.

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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 Better Chance.

"I want to go to a college or higher school than this, said a young man who is now a Carlisle student.

"That's good," said the lady whom he addressed. "I suppose you have gone as high as this school can carry you. Are you in the highest class?"

"Well, no, not in the *highest*," answered the boy, a little ashamed to think he had made such a proposition when he can not reach the highest mark here.

The lady turned on her heel and walked away, feeling, as the Man-on-the-band-stand thought, a little sorry at the short-sightedness of the lad.

He certainly is not prepared to enter a higher school than this if he does not stand number one in the highest class here, and he probably can't find another place in the country where he may work for his board and clothing, get a little pay and receive school instruction at the same time.

It is pleasant to see a boy have ambition, but unless he can use well every chance he already has, to read, and study and get ahead, he will never use well a *better* chance if he gets it.

Maud Chief Killer's father was so glad to see her when she got home that he invited a party of Cheyennes and Arapahoes to eat with him. He paid \$40 for the feast, threw away two good horses and killed a cow. There must be a great deal of *Indian* about Chief Killer to exterminate, and we hope Maud's influence over him will soon kill it out. The idea of throwing away two good horses because you are glad! Suppose our Pennsylvania farmers would throw away a horse every time they were glad, they soon would become as poor as Chief Killer is to-day.

Better not work at all than to work lazily.

General Clinton B. Fisk visited the school yesterday afternoon.

We are grieved at the death of Frank Yates, who died at his home, at Pawnee Agency, Ind. Ter., on the 22nd. inst.

The closing exercises of the Indian Industrial School, at Genoa, Nebraska, were held Tuesday, to attend which our Superintendent was invited.

Hattie Porcupine, Pollock Spotted Tail, Peter J. Powlas and Susie Prickett went to their homes in Dakota and Wisconsin this week.

We have heard already that Cleaver and Calvin began at once to help out with the work at home. The same writer also speaks of Ernie and Fletcher as doing well.

Our pupils remember the bicyclist who came this way a few weeks ago, Mr. H. C. Tropp. He went as far south as Fortress Monroe, and returned to Weissport, Pa., making a journey of 1,200 miles in all, 400 of which he travelled on his bicycle.

An invitation to the closing exercises of the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, to be held this evening, was received by Capt. Pratt. The card was very nicely written by Moore Van Horn, one of our former Cheyenne pupils, who is now at Lawrence.

Joe Guion writes from Rosebud Agency, that he has 20 acres of ground to cultivate and has two horses to work with, and thirty cattle. He says some of the boys and girls felt so badly the first day or two after they arrived, that they went up on a hill and thought about Carlisle, and wished they were here.

Chief Bigbone, who works on a farm in Luzerne County says in a late letter, "I saw in the *Morning Star* some of the farm boys wrote to the school, that plowing is hard. When a boy likes to work plowing is not hard. I have been plowing sod, and I don't think it is hard." We guess he is right. It all depends upon whether you like to work or not.

Willie Butcher, one of the printers who went to his home at Leech Lake, Minn., a few days ago, was kind enough to inform us he arrived safely, and says "we are glad to be with our folks once more. We are all well and happy with our relatives." We hope to hear often from Willie, or Henry who went with him.



Boys are going to camp in a very few days.

Not even an alarm clock can waken some people.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would like a ride in the mail wagon.

Miss Rutherford, of Washington, D. C., is a guest of the Worthingtons.

The new building begins to look like a building, now that the roof is on.

Did you ever do a mean thing that you were not caught at? Never! Always caught some time!

Conrad Roubidoux seems to be the best batter among the boys, and they enjoy catching his long-range balls.

Miss Ely has moved into the back office, and part of the fence between that office and the chapel has been removed.

Did you ever notice? A person always finds time to do what he WANTS to do. That is a poor excuse to say "I haven't time."

Mrs. Laura Lutkins, of Topeka, Kansas, takes Miss Stafford's place as matron of the dining-hall and instructor of cooking class.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has done nothing much this week but smell and admire the fine bouquet sent him from the farm.

Lida, that was my clerk's fault. You did go to Johnnie's party, and I told my clerk so. If she doesn't do better I shall have to discharge her.

Mr. Samuel Motzer, of Penna., recently appointed Superintendent of the Puyallup Indian School, Washington Territory, spent a day with us.

Miss Crane, Miss Campbell, Miss Booth, Miss Lowe, Miss Fisher and Miss Bender left to-day for their summer vacation among friends.

Hon. Louis E. McComas, Congressman from Maryland, paid the school a visit yesterday. He is a great friend to the cause of Indian Education and one of the youngest men in Congress.

Geneva DeLodge and Marion Primeaux the little Indian mutes who attend the National Deaf Mute College in Washington, D. C. are with us again for their summer vacation.

Mr. Richards closed out his work as an employe of our school yesterday. We understand he has bought out Mr. Piper, the oldest and best book-store in town. We wish Mr. Richards every success in his new enterprise. He is certain to succeed, however, without our wishes, being 'just the man for the place.'

Miss Ella Patterson is expected to-day.

None of our printers have learned to fold papers rapidly.

The ground for a new gymnasium between the boys' and girls' quarters has been broken.


Emory Ballow, Mark White Shield, and Jennie Connors went to country homes.

We were greatly honored on Sunday afternoon by a talk from the Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, of Philadelphia.

One of the Apaches who came in November, is employed by Mr. Wetzel the contractor, and he receives the same pay that the other laborers get.

Cecilia Londrosh has gone to Washington to live, where she will have all the advantages of the excellent schools of that city, and the comforts of a pleasant home.

The best jumper:— Grasshopper; for he jumped from his work on the tin roof of the new building, where he was getting good pay to a hole in the ground, where the new cistern is digging. His careless work caused the jump.

The hot weather has warped our 

Clubs which began a year ago are running out. 7,000 now! We hope the number will not grow less.

Several of our young ladies participated in the promenade on the Dickinson College campus, Wednesday evening. The grounds were lighted by electricity and presented a very pretty appearance.

After the foreman, Joe Harris can wrap two papers to one of any other printer, and at press work he can't be beaten. Dennison Wheelock is the most accurate on the mail list, and Chester the most accurate at case work.

Miss Stafford left this morning not expecting to return. While somewhat tired of her work and needing rest, she still thinks that Carlisle is a pretty nice place. The best wishes of her many friends among employes and pupils go with her.

Miss Cutter returned from New Mexico, Wednesday morning. She saw many interesting things, which her friends enjoy hearing her tell about, and some of which will appear in the July number of the *Morning Star* in the form of a letter.

We are sorry to lose Pollock Spotted Tail from the printers force. He was called home by his dying brother, who is chief of the Rosebud Sioux. We hope Pollock will come back again and finish his trade. He was a faithful little worker, and will make a good printer if he sticks to it.



*Continued From First Page.*

We saw the very chairs which Washington used to sit in and the sword he carried, and many relics and curiosities in the Museum.

We saw the Liberty bell and the frame which it hung on.

We went to see the Carpenter's Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was first written, and also the church Washington used to worship in, but we did not go inside of the church.

We saw so many things I would like to tell you about, but I cannot begin to describe them. We got on the same boat and got home little after five.

It has been a day that I will never forget and will always remember Mr. V—— and Mrs. M——.

We are having such a pleasant time here, it seems just like a home to me."

#### **WHAT MR. STANDING FINDS AT THE CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHOE AGENCY, INDIAN TERRITORY.**

**From his Last Letter.**

That our returned students are in much better condition than he expected to see.

That Tom Carlisle and White Buffalo are working well and looking well.

That Frank Engler is in good shape, but just got married Indian way.

That Clement Black Deer dresses Indian, but with a lame hand is cultivating ten acres of corn.

That Chief Raven was in the field pulling weeds. He had two two-horse cultivators running. His son was on one, Anna's husband on the other.

That Anna Raven talked pleasantly and asked many questions about Carlisle.

That the girls must be educated on equality with the boys, or education is a partial failure.

That Dan Tucker is at home and has two nice little children.

That he and his wife are very happy together and have 40 or 50 head of cattle and \$300 worth of ponies.

That he expects to sell his claim near Reno and establish himself for good at Cantonment as being the best place for cattle.

From Etahdleuh's last letter it is plain to be seen that he feels very anxious for the Kiowas. They are very much opposed to education, not being able to see the benefits of it. They will not listen to good advice and do not wish to be anything different from just what they are.

They will see the light after a while, it is hoped, and may the time come before all the other tribes get ahead, or before they are forced to it.

#### **—QUESTION BOX.—**

Q. Can the readers of the "HELPER," repeat rapidly and correctly this little sentence:

The sea ceaseth, and dismisseth us with his blessing." G. F. G.

#### **Enigma.**

I am made of 6 letters.

My 3, 2, 6, is what Ramola, the cat, likes.

My 1, 5, 2, 6, is the kind of food most Indians like better than anything else.

My 3, 2, 4, 5, is a tool the boys on farms use in the hay-field.

My whole, is where Lilly Wind went with Miss Rote, one Wednesday morning.

Why is a sheaf of wheat like a baby? First it is cradled, then thrashed, and then it becomes the flower (flour) of the family.

#### **SILLY REASONS FOR NOT DOING OUR DUTY WHEN IT IS A LITTLE HARD OR UNPLEASANT.**

I can't.

I haven't time.

Somebody else can work so much better.

They ask me too often.

Somebody made fun of me, once.

They do not ask me often enough.

People will call me crazy.

My friends will laugh at me.

I will have it all to do if I commence.

My friend said, "Don't do it."

My head aches.

I don't want to.

Baah! A person who is always ready with an excuse, is not of much account.

**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.

**A**t 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.

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