

# The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1887.

NUMBER 50.

## THE BEST BEAUTY.

I know a little fellow  
Whose face is fair to see,  
But still there's nothing pleasant  
About that face to me,  
For he's rude and cross and selfish  
If he cannot have his way,  
And he's always making trouble,  
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow  
Whose face is plain to see,  
But that we never think of,  
So kind and brave is he.  
He carries sunshine with him  
And everybody's glad  
To hear the cheery whistle  
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see it's not the features  
That others judge us by,  
But what we do, I tell you,  
And that you can't deny.  
The plainest face has beauty,  
If its owner's kind and true,  
And that's the kind of beauty,  
My girl and boy, for you.

—[Golden Days.]

## MISSES IRVINE AND BURGESS HEARD FROM.

The Following Letter from Miss Burgess has just been Received.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 16, 1887.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:—Of course you have seen everything Miss Irvine and I have done since we left the school Thursday afternoon at two o'clock.

You saw how we hunted around at Harrisburg for a shady spot and a cool drink of water.

And you heard that lady tell us we had better take a drink of ginger ale. She said it was a good hot-weather drink, but we were afraid there might be alcohol in it, and we didn't want to make a dreadful mistake right in the beginning of our journey.

You saw how at Altoona we walked into a sleeper and took the two best seats, and how

we trembled for fear they had been engaged, and when the conductor came around how happy we were that no one had taken them before. We paid for them, and had good seats and sleeping berths as far as this city.

After paying for the berths, you heard us ask the porter to put up a little table between the seats; then we spread our lunch and ate with good appetites for we'd had nothing since dinner and it was then nearly 9 o'clock.

The night was cool, and although the place we had to lie down in was small we enjoyed the chance to stretch out, and we slept well all night.

You saw us eating breakfast at Crestline, O., and lunch again in the cars at Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Miss Irvine thought there was no scenery worth looking at after we left Pennsylvania, so she employed most of her time reading what she called a very interesting book.

I was too warm to do anything much but fan, and look at the people, and look out of the window and think.

You saw the very funny couple nearly opposite us. We could not make out whether they were man and wife or brother and sister.

The gentleman was very kind to the lady, and seemed all the time pleased about something.

When we arrived at Chicago you saw us go to the Hotel Howeden, the same place where Miss Patterson stayed with Jimmy McClosky when he made himself sick by breathing gas.

You have seen and know all these things so what is the use of writing them? but perhaps you will want to print in your paper for others to read. That is the reason I write.

I know you must be glad to have such a cool place to stay as that dear old band-stand. I wish I was there now.

There is no nicer place to be in warm weather than at Carlisle Barracks and there is no better place in winter.

The thermometer here yesterday, 105 in the shade. Terribly hot, but guess we will get through all right. It is time now to take the train again. Hoping you have nothing bad to report in your paper this week, I am hastily,

Your chief clerk,  
M. BURGESS.



# 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.

It is much easier to suppress a first desire than to satisfy those that follow.

Beware of that person who is so willing to tell a mean thing about another. He or she is very likely to have a mean heart.

Annie Lockwood's mother goes to school near her home in New Mexico, so she may learn English and be able to talk to her daughter when she returns.

Don't think you "know all about it," till you can do your work quicker and better than anybody else you ever saw. Even though you may not know ALL about it.

Don't lie in the grass this weather, boys, nor even walk through it much. With wet feet and damp clothes you are sure to take cold, which may end in serious illness for you. The best way is to take good care of yourself while you can, and then you will not have to suffer for a little carelessness on your part. Last Sabbath, the Man-on-the-band-stand saw some of the boys run out in the pelting rain, just after the storm and they must have gotten thoroughly wet. This was not necessary at all and the boys might have seriously endangered their health.

Some of our little white friends who are working to raise clubs for the INDIAN HELPER sometimes are met with, "Oh that paper is too cheap to be good." But after the people once read the paper they always say it is too good to be cheap.

Edgar M'Cassey and Ellwood have arrived home safely. Ellwood is talking of returning East to school, and Edgar, himself, when he thinks of the band boys, would like to be here again. He has a horse, saddle and bridle of his own and seems to be enjoying himself. Fred Lookout is married to Julia Prior, and Mac. Dougan is also married.

For several weeks the subscriptions have been coming in very slowly. We hope our little friends are not getting tired. We have 7000 subscriptions now but don't let's stop at that. We can have 14,000, in a short time if each subscriber would send in one name. We could get the steam fixtures, then, besides making many other improvements in our office.

About sixty of the pupils went to the Rosebud and Winnebago agencies, from the Genoa, Nebraska, Indian School soon after their closing exercises of the year. Volly M'Kensie spoke a piece at their exhibition. We all remember little Volly who came to Carlisle with his mother, when our school first opened.

Rev. E. F. Wilson in charge of the Indian School at Sault Ste Maire Ontario, has recently made a visit to the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Peigans.

He says there are 6000 of these people divided into three tribes all speaking the same language and are nearly all pagans.

He was told that if it was known he wanted children to return to school with him they would run away and hide from him.

Instead he found a number wanted to go with him to his school.

He took ten Blackfeet boys back with him to the Shingwauk Home.

So we believe it would be with many other Indian children; if they could but get out and away from the old reservation life, they would gladly leave.

## Report of School.

Pupils on farms. ....	281
Pupils on grounds. ....	157
Boys in camp. ....	89
Belonging to school. ....	527



Rain, Rain, Rain,  
Drizzle, Drizzle, Drizzle, all the week.

Paul Black Bear is a good "kicker."

Jack thinks he will be glad to see his papa.

Irene felt rather lost when her mamma went away, too.

That is an interesting letter from Miss Burgess, on the first page.

We are all glad to know that Mr. Standing is expected home to-day.

Our pupils who went to Williams Grove enjoyed their trip very much.

Johnny is pretty lonesome now, when Richenda can't play with him.

Don and Herbert have been up at camp with their papa during the past week.

Captain went to Washington yesterday on important business connected with the school.

The printing office was not injured in the least by the storm, not even a window broken.

Every body around the printing office feels lazy this weather, except Joe. He makes the boys all work.

Miss Wilson arrived last Saturday evening, having just gotten back from her trip abroad. She enjoyed her trip very much, and looks quite well again.

Bruce Hayman, one of our printer boys, who has not been well for some time, is going out in the country to Miss Bender's home, to stay the rest of the summer. We hope he will enjoy himself and get well.

The scarcity of boys on the grounds compels the girls to form the bean-picking brigade at the farm. The girls were also at work this week clearing away the leaves and other rubbish, brought by the storm, from in front of their quarters.

A number of interesting letters, from our pupils in the country and at their homes in the west, and other articles of interest, in the next *Morning Star*, which will be out in a week or two. All the friends of the Indians should take this paper, as it gives thirty two columns of interesting reading matter on the Indian Question. It is published monthly, at fifty cents a year.

#### Whoop!

The latest from the Capt., at Washington, says the Commissioner has approved the plans and granted the money for the new small boys' quarters. Down she comes!

Mr. Goodyear, of Carlisle, has joined us and takes Mr. Richards' place.

Siceni, the orderly finds it hard to amuse himself sometimes, so he climbs trees by way of variety.

Mr. Campbell says they had a hard rain at camp but they did not know of our storm here until Wednesday.

Lazy man's fever is raging, at the school. At least it would seem so, for every body is boarding at Miss Rote's.

Boys and girls on farms in the country who live close together, should not neglect their work and go to see each other too much. It's a bad policy.

#### The Storm.

Last Sabbath afternoon the Man-on-the-band-stand thought he would have to change his quarters, for about half past two o'clock we had a terrific storm, and for a while the old man thought he and his stand and every thing else were going to be blown away.

It had been very warm all day and he was just taking his handkerchief out to wipe his face when, whiz! bang! come the wind and rain and hail. He had to hold on tight and forgot all about his handkerchief.

Hail-stones as big as hen's eggs, were whirling down and with the pieces of wood branches etc., flying through the air and striking the buildings, made a terrific noise.

The wind ripped a piece of the roof off the girls' quarters like paper and blew it with a crash right up against the Captain's house, breaking a window and shattering a post.

The hail broke windows in every direction, and trees all over the grounds were blown down. The large tree in front of Mr. Standing's house was broken off about half-way up and fell over on the house.

Almost one-half of the roof on the small boys' quarters was blown off and one of the ventilators smashed to pieces. A part of the roof was blown a quarter of a mile away. The rooms just below were thoroughly wet through with the driving rain.

The roof on the school building was also somewhat injured. The new building was not hurt at all. A large number of window panes were broken at the shops, but that was all the damage they sustained. A good deal of the fence was blown down. We were all pretty thoroughly frightened but that was all for there was no one injured. After the storm was over some of the buildings looked like they had been painted green from the leaves which were plastered all over them and the ground was strewn with the branches of the trees and other debris from the storm.



### DULL CHILDREN.

Some of the most eminent men of all ages were remarkable only for dullness in their youth. Sir Isaac Newton in his boyhood was inattentive to his study, and ranked very low in school until the age of twelve. When Samuel Wythe, the Dublin school-master, attempted to educate Richard Brinsley Sheridan, he pronounced the boy an "incorrigible dunce." The mother of Sheridan fully concurred in this verdict, and declared him the most stupid of her sons. Goldsmith was dull in his youth, and Shakespeare, Gibbon, Davy, and Dryden, do not appear to have exhibited in their childhood even the common elements of future success.

When Berzelius, the eminent Swedish chemist, left school for the university, the words, "Indifferent in behavior, and of doubtful hope," were scored against his name; and after he entered the university, he narrowly escaped being turned back. On one of his first visits to the laboratory, when nineteen years old, he was taunted with the inquiry whether he "understood the difference between a laboratory and a kitchen." Walter Scott had the credit of having "the thickest skull in the school," though Dr. Blair told the teacher that many bright rays of future genius shone through the same "thick skull."

Milton and Swift were justly celebrated for stupidity in childhood.

The great Isaac Barrow's father used to say that, if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising. Calvius, the greatest mathematician of his age, was so stupid in his boyhood that his teachers could make nothing of him till they tried him in geometry. Corraet, the celebrated painter, was so inapt in his youth that his masters advised him to restrict his ambition to the grinding of colors.

"One of the most popular authoresses of the present day," says an English writer, "could not read when she was seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said, as everybody did learn, with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen, the apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from

the profits of her first work, and before thirty, had published thirty volumes."

Dr. Scott, the commentator, could not compose a theme when twelve years old; and even at a later age, Dr. Adam Clark, after incredible effort, failed to commit to memory a poem of a few stanzas only. At nine years of age, one who afterward became a chief-justice in this country, was, during a whole winter, unable to commit to memory a little poem found in one of our school-books.—[Selected.]

### PUZZLE CORNER

#### Square Word.

	1	2	3	4
1	*	*	*	*
2	*	*	*	*
3	*	*	*	*
4	*	*	*	*

(Read down or across.)

1. What a young lady is called.
2. A preposition, denoting entrance or admission.
3. To move.
4. A painful spot on the skin.

#### Words of four letters.

1	*	*	*	*
2	*	*	*	*
3	*	*	*	*
4	*	*	*	*
5	*	*	*	*
6	*	*	*	*
7	*	*	*	*

1. A company of musicians.
2. Not pretty.
3. Not plentiful.
4. A precious metal.
5. The direction in which the sun rises.
6. A place to sit down.
7. Not hard.

The first letters of these seven words, read downward, spell the name of the Man-on-the-band-stand's chief clerk.

#### THE CHESTNUT CRACKED.

A little darkie (dark e) in bed with nothing over it.

Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous if the person was mean afterward. Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.