

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1887.

NUMBER 6.

BANG AWAY!

First be sure you're in the right,
In whate'er you wish to do,
Even though you have to fight
All the world to push it through:
Then bang away.

Let no feeling of dismay
Overpower your single aim,
Lest the world may truly say
To success you have no claim;
So bang away.

Fate disdains a coward heart,
So do you, I dare to say;
Let that never be your part;
Whether work or whether play:
Bang away.

—Selected.

HOME DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG INDIAN GIRL.

An Indian girl once attended the Carlisle school for a term of five years, and learned how to sew, to cook nicely, to bake bread and cake very well, to keep a nice house and to speak English.

She also kept herself looking neat, and was polite and lady-like in her manner.

It came time finally for her to go home. She wanted to go home. She wanted to see her people, she said, and tell them about what she had learned here.

When she got home, she found her people living in a small log house, with only one room. When she saw the out side of the house, she felt a little disappointed, but said to herself, "Well, that is better than a tent, anyhow."

When she opened the door and looked in, she saw there was no board floor, and but one or two broken chairs for seats.

There was a stove, a table, a trunk, three beds and a few boxes for furniture.

The one small window was so dirty it was impossible to see through it.

From the logs over head and in every corner, there were large spider webs full of dust.

Meat-bones, old rags, pieces of Indian bread, seraps of greasy bacon and other filthy

trash littered the ground floor, while the air in the house was full of tobacco-smoke and other vile odors.

The mother's calico sack and skirt had never seen water, and the hands and faces of the little home group were grimed with grease.

The welcome was cordial and they gave the returned daughter the best seat in the house. She talked and answered all their questions as pleasantly as she could, and her people seemed very happy because she had come back.

When supper was ready they gave her the best dish and the best part of the meat, the largest piece of Indian bread and the only stone china cup they had. This had once seen a handle, but now only a small piece of a handle was there.

The poor girl could not eat. She had seen her mother cut the meat with a knife wiped but a moment before on her moccasin.

She had notice how they washed the dishes with some dry filthy rags that were lying about the floor.

She saw her mother tear a piece of cloth from her under skirt which was very tender with age, to clean the spoons with.

No! She could not eat, and she did not like to tell her friends why.

Oh, there was such a lump in the bereaved girl's throat; and as she glanced around and saw the condition of things, a big tear stole down her hot cheek.

"Is this home?" she asked herself time and again, all the while talking away as fast as she could to conceal her true feelings.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! If I had only known this I shouldn't have come back just yet. I did know it once, but I thought my people by this time had improved. When I heard they lived in a house instead of a tent I was so happy but I am not happy now that I am here. This home is worse than a tent. We used to move our tent when the surroundings were so filthy we could not stand it, but we can't move this heavy house and everything is so dirty.

"I wish I could go back to school this very night.

"Ugh! just look at that filthy bed. I wonder where I am to sleep. I am afraid to sleep under any of that bedding. It must be full of creeping things.

"Oh, if I only had my nice clean bed, at school with clean sheets and comfortable pillow.

"Dear, Dear! How can I stand this? What shall I do in this wretched place?"

She talked pleasantly and was kind and

Continued on Fourth Page.

The Indian Helper.

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Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

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

The INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

We seem to have four kinds of people; those who are on the move backward; those who are standing still; and those who are going to start in some direction soon.—*Uncle Esck's Wisdom in Century.*

Abram Platt has been heard from. He is at his home at Pawnee Agency, Indian Territory, and doing well. The picture he drew in his letter of the Man-on-the-band-stand was more funny than correct.

There is a little matter that some of our boys need pushing up about. It is this. They do not save their dollars and cents. It is necessary if you ever expect to own anything in this world to be saving of money. Save your money so as to have something to begin business with.

"Who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—shun him.

Who knows not and knows that he knows not, is humble—teach him.

Who knows, but knows not that he knows, is asleep—wake him.

Who knows and knows that he knows, is wise—follow him."—*Arab Proverb.*

We have a nice letter from Miss Millie Cuny, of the Pine Ridge Agency school, who wishes the HELPER and *Morning Star*. Miss Millie had just returned from the Whites' Institute, Wabash, Indiana, when Miss Irvine and Miss Burgess were at Pine Ridge in July, for pupils for Carlisle, and was employed at once in the Agency boarding school as Assistant Matron. She went about her duties in a quiet, dignified and competent way, a credit to her Indiana teachers and to her race.

What the Man-on-the-band-stand Likes to See.

The girls lady-like.

The boys gentlemanly in manner.

Boys put on their coats when they go out in the rain.

Every one polite at table, old and young, white, red and black.

A great many take part in our Sunday evening meetings.

The girls reading and studying, out of school hours.

A person forget herself and her friend, and think sometimes of other people and their friends.

Our beautiful Sunday flag wave in the breeze.

Etc.

Frank D. Aveline, who took a course at Carlisle and has for the past year or two worked at his trade in Newark, N. J., sends ten cents for the HELPER another year, with the words, "I find it very interesting indeed."

A letter from Maggie Stands Looking Belt, of Pine Ridge Agency, says she has a splendid little boy baby, and it is as nice as any white baby she ever saw. Maggie is happy and doing nicely.

If you wish to take the *Indian Helper* another year, hand your name and ten cents to Dennison Wheelock. Or if you have not the ten cents, and have money in bank, Dennison will fix it right with Miss Ely, if he has your order.

Mr. and Mrs. Almarine Briggs, their sister Mrs. Edward Smith, Mrs. Rebecca Atkinson and niece Mrs. Smith, all of Bucks county, called at the school on Sunday, having stopped over in Carlisle on their way to Gettysburg from Luray Caverns, on their return trip home.

The following girls returned from country homes this week to attend school here this winter. We will give the boys' names next week:

Rebecca Bigstar, Irene Horse Looking, Julia Logan, Agnes Howeri, Martha Napawat, Laura Reid, Hope Bluteeth, Mary Bailey, Belle Logan, Dessie Prescott, Nellie Aspenall, Jemima Wheelock, Etta Robertson, Phebe Howell, Rose Howell, Susie Gray, Isadore Labidie, Madge Nason, Clara Faber, Lizzie Dubray, Jennie Conners, Louisa Smith, Julia Bent, Jennie Black, Delia Hicks, Edith Abner, Ida Whiteface, Sarah Lyon, Julia Old-Camp, Lucinda Clinton, Nellie Iddings, Meta Atsye, Julia Powlas, Cornelia Kowitesy, May Pasiano, Florence Walton, Annie Lockwood, Bertha Nason, Jemima Two Elks, Mattie Kuhno.

Rain!

It poured!

The grass liked it!

Too much for some folks!

Are we going to have electric lights?

When are we to have our new chapel lamps?

The band boys now play many very pretty tunes.

No small work to prepare lunch for the 200 Philadelphia paraders.

Work on Little Boys' Quarters and gymnasium went slowly this week on account of rain.

All the printers have gone off to Philadelphia, and left the chief clerk alone to mail the 7000 HELPERS.

112 pupils in all returned Monday and Tuesday, from country homes. Such a jolly hand-shaking we did have!


A letter from Theodore McCauley says he hopes we do not feel sorry he has gone to the Genoa School. Do we?

If pupils on farms want *The Morning Star*, let them send fifty cents, then they will be sure to get a copy every month.

The second-hand carpets and matting lately received, help out wonderfully in making the offices and teachers' rooms comfortable and neat.

No study hour this week, and the boys received extra drill in marching. Considering that there are so many new boys now in ranks, they do wonderfully well.

Capt. J. O. Skinner, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., visited the school Tuesday. Capt. Skinner was post surgeon at St. Augustine, Fla., and attended the prisoners there in 1875 and '76.

QUESTION FROM CHICAGO LADY:—"Is not that  almost filled?" No. We are packing it tightly to stop the leakage of large clubs which began about a year ago.

It is the One hundredth Anniversary of the Adoption of the Constitution, that the people of Philadelphia celebrate, this week. Boys, learn this line, so you can tell what you went to take part in.

Nellie Aspenall brought a cake to the teachers' club, when she came back from her farm home Monday evening, and it was delicious. The best part of it was, that she made it all herself. Jennie Mitchell's cookies that Capt. Pratt found on his desk were excellent, too.

Our New Clock.

WHEREAS: We, the large boys and members of the Carlisle Indian School, have become the recipients of a valuable, beautiful and useful clock, which has been placed in our new Assembly-room from our esteemed friend Mr. L. L. Mason, of Jamestown, New York; and to show our true appreciation of it: We hereby extend our hearty thanks.

Resolved, That a copy of the above be sent to Mr. Mason, and a copy to THE INDIAN HELPER, for publication.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK LOCK, Sioux,
C. P. CORNELIUS, Oneida, } Committee.
JOSHUA H. GIVEN, Kiowa, }

Isaac Williams thinks we make a mistake every time we say new Boys' Quarters. He forgets that the name of the building is "Boys' Quarters."

Dr. Given returned from Washington. He says that the Medical Convention was a wonderful gathering of renowned Doctors from all parts of the world.

Girls, never mind! We will go some where that the boys can't go, sometime, maybe. They will be tired enough when they get back from Philadelphia, to-day.

Luther Kuhns, Charlie Wolf, Lyman Kennedy, Wm. Morgan and Wallace Scott renewed subscription after coming from farm, and brought some names of their friends. That is business.

Miss Irvine went the rounds of the new Boys' Quarters on Monday evening, before assuming regular duties in her own quarters Tuesday morning, after a month's leave. Her delight at the cosy rooms and many conveniences the boys now enjoy over their old dormitories, was expressed in enthusiastic exclamations at every turn.

On Sunday morning, one of the late arrivals from Dakota, failed to put in an appearance at the kitchen, his place of work for the month. A young Apache cook was despatched to discover the whereabouts of the new-comer, and to escort him to his place of duty. On finding him the boy remonstrated and the following colloquy ensued:

Apache: "Yes, you come."

Sioux: "Nup."

Apache: "Yes, you must. Come on, quick."

Sioux: "Me no work Sunday."

Apache: "That's all right. Then you no eat."

It is needless to say that Mr. Sioux saw force in the argument, and without recourse to more severe measures, repaired to the kitchen, where he has since done excellent duty.

polite, her thoughts running on in this busy fashion all the while; but finally she excused herself from the company, and stepped quickly to the door.

Over there was a ravine, and some cool running water. Over there she went, and on the banks of a pretty little stream, she threw herself upon the ground, and with face buried in her handkerchief cried as though her heart would break. There we will leave her for the present, and see next week what she did when she got over her cry.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Benjamin Franklin, as a young man, lived on bread and water that he might buy books.

Horace Greeley laid down on a rude floor and studied by the light of blazing pine-knots.

So did Abraham Lincoln, who walked nine miles a day to school, also.

A New England Judge gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go through college with it. He returned at the end of one year without a dollar, but with a number of bad habits. At the close of vacation the father said, "Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on."

"It's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; it was all I had to give you: you can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the astonished young man. He took in the situation, determined to make the best of it, taught school, re-entered college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became Governor of the State of New York, entered the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and made a record for himself which has made his name famous, being none other than that of William H. Seward.

A homely looking boy, who entered Dickinson College some forty years ago, had such a struggle with poverty that for a long time he lived on even poorer fare than many slaves of that day, buying a few pounds of corn-meal each Monday, which he mixed with water and baked into cakes, and made these last him through the week.

He subsequently became one of the most prominent ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had it not been for his untimely death, would undoubtedly now be occupying the highest position his church has to bestow.

A colored youth, who was one of the early student of the Centenary Biblical Institute, finding he could not afford the seventy cents a week it required for boarding in the club at that time, made an arrangement with a baker to take several loaves of stale bread at a great-

ly reduced rate, and with a little milk added to this hard fare he worked his way through successfully.

He is now Principal of the Delaware Conference Academy, one of the branch schools of the Institute.

It requires hard study and a never-give-up spirit to get up the hill of learning.

Everytime we get on a DON'T-CARE spirit we are slipping backwards.

Can't we Indian boys and girls take the same road that Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and other great men followed?

If we see no way to get books, or to get all the time we think we ought to have, let us **MAKE A WAY.**

Be Independent!

This is the road to success.

The boy that depends upon **BEGGING** from friends will never reach **SUCCESS.**

A Puzzle.

How to cut an old Postal card so it may go over your head and be taken off over your feet.

We find the following in the *Sunshine*.

With a sharp knife, slit the postal-card lengthwise across the center, but do not quite sever it at the ends.

Through the ends of this slit and parallel to the sides of the card, a sixteenth or an eighth of an inch away, make another slit not quite severing at top and bottom.

Now just inside of this last slit, make another, parallel to it, which starts from the extreme top of the card and runs almost to the long middle slit.

Just inside of that slit cut another starting at the middle slit and running nearly to the top; alternate slits like these, top and bottom, give one continuous piece which may be slipped over the head and taken off over the feet.

Practice with paper just the size of a postal card if you have no card!

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.

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**.