

The Indian Helper.

Claud Suively

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1887.

NUMBER 8.

ALWAYS GROWING.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,
Under the rain and snow,
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?
"Why, do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the nest, little bird,
When the boughs swing to and fro?
How do you pass the time away
From dawn to dusk of a summer day?
"What! Do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the pond, little fish,
With scales that glisten so?
In and out of the water grass,
Never at rest I see you pass.
"Why do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,
With chubby cheeks all aglow?
What do you do when your toys are put
Away, and your wiselittle eyes are shut?
"Ho! Do you not know?
I grow."

Always growing! By night or day
No idle moments we see;
Whether at work or cheerful play,
Let us all be able to say:
"In the goodness of God,
We grow."

—[Selected.]

"Dare to do right, dare to be true,
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so kindly, so bravely, so well,
Angels shall hasten the story to tell."

HOME DIFFICULTIES OF A YOUNG INDIAN GIRL.

Continued From Number 6 Helper.

The brave girl soon stopped crying, and as she sat on the banks of the pretty little stream where we left her last in our story, she thought long and deeply and firmly made up her mind what she would do in the future.

When she arose to go back to the house, she

said to herself, "I must not let my mother and sisters see that I have been crying. No, that would never do! I shall appear happy all the time, and shall go quietly around and try to straighten things out."

This she did. On entering the house, she found that her mother had gone for wood, and what did Fanny (That was her name) do, but snatch up an old broom she saw standing in the corner, and sweep down every cobweb? Then she looked out of the door to see if her mother was coming. No, she wasn't in sight and did not appear with a load upon her back, until Fanny had the dirty little window washed. Fannie's sisters thought she was crazy flying around so, but they were pleased when they found that they could actually see through the window; and the mother smiled a little when she came in and made the same discovery.

The next day was issue day and Fannie's mother had to go all the way to the agency—ten miles—on horseback to draw the family flour and bacon.

She wanted Fanny to go along, as she would see so many of her freinds at the issue.

It was a big temptation to Fanny, but thinking of the good chance she would have to clean house while her mother was gone, she said, "I had rather stay at home, this time, mother dear, and some other time I will go with you."

Not well pleased with her oldest daughter's wish she took Fannie's sisters and started off.

So, finding herself alone, Fanny stood a moment in the middle of the room and took a look all around, as if planning her work, and then what?

The first thing she did was to build a fire and put some water on; then while the water was heating, she swept the ground floor.

It looked very well when all the meat-bones, old rags and crumbs of bread and other litter were cleared away.

Then she gathered up all the dirty clothing she could find about the beds, and washed them.

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 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.

ONE DOLLAR FOR THE BEST.

We have received no answer to the INDIAN HELPER question "Is it Right?" for the Government to stop the teaching of Indian Languages in Reservation schools?

We have been very busy getting started straight for the year's school work, and many other things have interfered, somewhat, but now we are settled and can begin to think in earnest.

Boys! Girls! Read that article again in Number 4, HELPER, printed Friday Sept. 2, entitled "Is it Right?"

Read it again and answer it, some way or other.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has letters from people in New York and other states. They want to know how YOU feel about the order to stop teaching the Indian language.

How *do* you feel?

Let every girl and boy in Miss Cutter's and Miss Bender's rooms write an answer, and for the best paper the Man-on-the-band-stand will pay ONE DOLLAR.

Address, INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle Pa.

We should be glad to hear from our pupils absent from the school whether at home or in the country, or from any Indian not connected with the school, upon this subject.

The right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.—EMERSON.

William Paisano, a former pupil, whom we all remember, writes from his New Mexico home that he is still farming and stock-raising. He says all the returned Carlisle students there are doing well. William is Lieut.-Governor of the Laguna Pueblo.

A letter from Henry Kendall, who went to Rutger's College last week, says he is going to like the place very much, and the young men there are very friendly with him. He hopes to be able to keep up with the classes and thinks he will have no trouble to do so, when he once learns their ways.

We know a young lady who, when a child, lived with her aged grandmother, who always, because she had no teeth, soaked her bread and butter in her tea. The child adopted the same customs, and, to this day always soaks her bread and butter in her tea *because her grandmother had no teeth.*

It is not quite as foolish and more harmful and dangerous to cover up our horses' beautiful eyes with blinders because an English nobleman tried in this way to hide a defect in his horses' eye a hundred years ago?

GEO. T. ANGELL, in *Our Dumb Animals.*

See how nicely the people of York spoke of our boys, who went Saturday to take part in their Centennial parade. The *Age* says:

"The boys were courteous and polite in their manners, and in their general conduct are the perfection of good behavior, the fruits of strict, judicious discipline. When quartered in the high school, and left alone without officers or teachers, they remained in perfect order, not a single instance of misconduct came to the knowledge or observation of the committee. Their behavior in every respect is a credit to the school, an honor to the teachers, no less than a mark of commendation to the United States Government.

A nice letter from Ernie Black, in which there are many questions about our school and his friends here, shows his interest in the institution which gave him an education. We hear through other sources that Ernie fights for Carlisle, when others speak against the school. The Man-on-the-band-stand is proud of such a young man.

The character builder in our civilization is *home*. Where you get a wise father and a wise mother, you will get noble children and noble citizens in spite of all other hinderances.—*E. P. Powell.*

Exhibition to-night? or when?

The cooking-class bread can't be beaten.

It was fair week, but the week was not fair.

Mrs. Ege called and renewed subscription for *Star* and HELPER.

Those rolls that Esther Miller made in the cooking class were delicious.

Charley Wolf has entered the printing-office, and makes a good beginning.

Boys, give the girls some of those barrel hoops you find. They like to roll hoop, too.

Last Saturday was a very busy day at the Girls' quarters.

Mr. J. Zeamer, editor of the *Volunteer*, paid a friendly call, on Thursday.

Miss Irene Bender and her nephew Master Bennet Lynch, are visiting our Miss Bender.

Miss Bessie Dixon is back again as cook at the Teachers' club, and the teachers are happy.

Col. Michael Sheridan, brother of the great General, was one of the distinguished callers at our school last Thursday.

Herbert Goodboy sent ten cents for the HELPER from his Bucks County home, and says he is well and happy.

Miss Semple has gone from Clifton Springs, N. Y., to Youngstown, Ohio, to visit friends, on her way to Ft. Worth, Texas.

If it were not for the *little* girls, we could hardly get our folding done. They do nice work and we thank them very much.

The *York Age* now comes regularly to our school in exchange with *Star* and HELPER, and thus another standard daily is given our boys to read.

Tooting of a few horns as the band entered the grounds last Saturday night from York, did not sound quite in place.

"Oh, let's sing," said Richenda, when she and Annie Irvine were playing school and the word "girl" was given her to spell.

Josie Pedro, who is living in a family in Maryland likes her place and doesn't get lonesome. She sent ten cents for the HELPER another year.

Rev. Dr. Brown is with us again.

The choir are to have new books.

Who is that little boy who cries so much?

No. 3 hall in Teachers' Quarters looks fine, in its new dress of second-hand carpet and matting.

The teachers who went to York, Saturday, found the steam in their rooms mixed with a little water when they returned.

Did you see that officer, just in from the country, marching with hands in pockets as he led a company of boys to Sunday School?

The boys who went to Lancaster to attend the Y. M. C. A. convention, report that they had a very pleasant time and were well treated by everyone.

John Londrosh, Frank Lock, Stailey, and Matthew Broom helped put our new job press in position. Charley Wolf fixed the strap wheel.

A full account of the Carlisle School exhibit in the Philadelphia and York Industrial Parades and what leading papers and persons said about it, will be printed in the October number of the *Morning Star*.

When a boy goes with hat on into Miss Ely's office, she smiles and says, "Nice hat!" The boy generally knows what she means, and quickly uncovers his head.

Istea, Cecelia, Florence Walton and Mattie Kuhno, and Frank Dorian, paid for the HELPER another year.

The non-commissioned officers as now settled upon for the present school year are:

Sergeant-Major, Richard Davis; Sergeants for Company A: Chester Cornelius, Dick Wallace, Joel Tyndall, Stacy Matlack, and Wm. Morgan.

Corporals, Brule I. E. Feather, Roland Fish, Samuel Keryte, Calls Horselooking, and Work Together.

Sergeants for Company B: Frank Lock, Kish Hawkins, Luther Kuhns, Geo. Thomas, Timber Yellowrobe.

Corporals, Harvey Warner, Arrow R. Horse, Jos. Lone Wolf, Constant Bread, Frank Dorian.

Sergeants for Company C: William Brown, Luke Phillips, Carl Leider, Otto Zotom, Phillips White.

Corporals, Jessie Cornelius, Staley, Jonas Place, Albert Anderson, Chas. Wolf.

Sergeants for Company D: John Londrosh, Wm. Tivis, Wm. S. T. Bear, Wm. Springer, John Hiyl.

Corporals, Henry S. Bear, Jos. Stewart, Felix I. E. Feather, Jesse Paul, Odellah.

Where did she get a wash-tub and board?

There were no such things in that house, and the best Fanny could do was to take a few things at a time and wash them in a good sized tin pale she found.

While they were drying on the poles and bushes where she had placed them, then the blankets and quilts which were too heavy to wash in that way, were thoroughly shaken and spread out on the grass to air.

Next the bedsteads were taken apart, carried outside and scalded with boiling water, which killed the bugs. While the bedsteads were drying, Fanny swept the ground for twenty or thirty feet about the door, then she scrubbed the greasy fingermarks off of the door. After that, she washed all the tin dishes her mother had pushed back in a corner, after breakfast; scoured the pots and pans with ashes; stood one of the boxes up for a table; fixed a clean newspaper which she happened to have in her valise, inside the box, then she put the clean dishes in there and it looked quite like a little cupboard.

By this time, the clothing she had washed was dry. She lifted the beds back in place, fixed the comforts and blankets on straight.

Some of the pieces of muslin which before she washed them were filthy rags were now made to serve the purposes of pillow-shams and sheets, and made the beds look quite respectable.

Now after wiping off the stove, dusting the boxes and trunks and broken chairs, and placing these rude articles of furniture in positions she liked best, and then washing her own hands and face, combing her hair and putting on a clean dress and apron, she sat down to rest, a very, very tired girl.

While resting, however, she was not idle, but took one of her Carlisle books and now until the sound of horses hoofs was heard approaching, when she ran out to meet her mother and sisters.

Now, one would think that any mother would have been proud of such a daughter, and would have been pleased to find things neat and clean, but this mother was not that kind. She was not pleased. She gave no words of praise to poor, tired Fanny. On the contrary she scolded her daughter.

"Is this what you wanted to stay at home for? I think you have not much sense to stay here and work like this. I don't like it. Who asked you to turn my house inside out and to scrub and clean?"

Poor Fanny felt crushed to earth. "Is this the thanks I get for a hard day's work?"

she thought, but made no reply to her ungrateful mother. "I will never do another stroke of work in this house," she went on thinking. "I hate this place. I wish I could go back to Carlisle. No, I can't go back to Carlisle. I must stay here. No, I can't stay here. Yes, I will stay here. My poor mother doesn't know any better. I must excuse her."

These and an hundred other unhappy thoughts passed through Fannie's mind in a very few moments after receiving the scolding, but what happened next must be told in some future paper.

Mr. Edward McFadden writes a very cheery letter from Amherst College, Mass., where he began a course of study this year. He thinks the "atmosphere of the college is delightfully pleasant." The boys at that college, "instead of calling on the young ladies, call on the Professors, and generally stay the whole evening." In describing the town, Mr. McFadden goes on to say, "It has the grandest scenery possible to look upon. I would fail even in giving you an outline of it. It is like a few things that must be seen to be appreciated. The Hampshire Hills to the west and north form a picture not unlike the tossing of the sea—each succeeding hill gracefully rising and seeming to fall just in time to let it rise again." There are 103 students in his class, and he says some of them are very bright young men.

He and his brother are boarding at the house of their Professor of German.

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