

Clarence Snively.

# The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1887. NUMBER 15.

## WORK AND PLAY.

The boys were waiting in the road  
For Joe to come and play;  
"We'd like to know what keeps you so,"  
Impatiently cried they;  
"We've waited nearly half an hour,"  
Do hurry, Joe," they cried.  
"I'll be there—when my work is done;  
Not till then," he replied.  
"Come on, come on! the work can wait,"  
They urged, "till by and by."  
"It *might*, of course, but I don't think  
It *will*," was his reply.  
"When I've a task to do, I like  
To do it right away;  
Work first, my father says, then fun;  
And what *he* says, I say."

Hurrah for Joe! such talk as that  
Is what I like to hear;  
But many boys will not agree  
With Joe and me, I fear.  
Play first, and last, and all the time,  
Would suit most boys, I know;  
But that I'm very glad to say,  
Is not the way with Joe.

When you've a task to do, my boys,  
Don't put it off, and say  
You'll do it when you've had your fun;  
But do it *right away*.  
This "putting off" soon forms, my lads,  
A habit to deplore;  
Who promptly does his work, enjoys  
His pleasure all the more.

—[*Golden Days*.]

## IS IT RIGHT FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO STOP THE TEACHING OF INDIAN LANGUAGES IN RESERVATION SCHOOLS?

The Prize Paper, by Dennison Wheelock, Oneida  
tribe.

I think I will try and form my opinions  
about the question in the 8th number of the  
HELPER, "Is it right for the government  
to stop the teaching of the Indian languages  
in Reservation Schools?"

I think the Indian language is one that

few persons who wish to live as human beings  
can use.

It is a language that is of no use in the  
world, and should not be kept any longer.  
You can't express a wise idea, with the In-  
dian language in a way that would be wise  
and you can't make a law with it, and you  
can never make a speech as well and as good,  
as you would with the English language.  
Why? because the Indians never made laws,  
never saw so many things to talk about as the  
white men see, and do not do much think-  
ing for the future, and talk mostly by signs,  
and thus they have, only a few words in their  
language.

It has only the words of every day use, and  
does not have any, I call "hard words."

The Indian language is not only a disgrace  
to the Government for being in it, but it is  
also the cord that pulls down the race, who  
have been bound by the same cord to igno-  
rance and barbarism for centuries.

The Government has been slow to see this.  
It has now seen, and will it leave them as  
they are and not lend a hand to their doleful  
cries?

The people of the country choose the men  
who are in Congress, to rule, and make laws  
for the country and they have made a law  
which has long been a matter of necessity.

A missionary in Dakota, seems to be con-  
fined to the belief, that the Government  
ought not to stop the teaching of Indian lan-  
guages, but it ought to be continued as before.

Now, which will the Government under-  
take to do, and which would be the quickest  
way to civilize the Indians, "to teach the 60,-  
000,000 of white people, the Indian language  
or teach the little hand-full of Indians, the  
English language.

A true missionary and a true friend of the  
Indians, would have seen long ago that it is  
wasting time, in teaching the Indians in their  
own language, the civilized ways of living,  
etc., of the white men.

In trying to teach the Indians in their own  
language, I would only repeat the words used  
by P. O. Matthews, an Indian, in describing  
his lecturing tour through the country that  
it was like a goose trying to stand on its wing.

[In the December *Morning Star* we will  
print what has been said on the opposite side  
of the question by some of our pupils in pub-  
lic debate.]



# 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.

First of all learn to work CORRECTLY, then learn to work fast.

Carlisle is a healthy place. Mrs. Herbert Johnston, who has been spending a few weeks among friends at our school and in the town, returned to her home in Philadelphia this week much improved in health, and looking her old self.

A postal card from Geo. Thomas says he arrived at Bismarck, Dak., having had a pleasant journey through from here. George has gone to the Ft. Stevenson Indian Industrial School as a harness-maker and we wish for him success in his new undertaking.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Second Presbyterian Church in town are helping to support Etahdleuh Doanmoe in mission work among his people—the Kiowas of Indian Territory—and to help him maintain a Christian home for himself and family.

While in Dakota, Montana, and other portions of the Northwest, they are having freezing weather and snow storms, we are enjoying a beautiful, clear Fall season, and our parade is as fresh and green as in early spring. The little boys have swept up the last leaves under the trees and we are clean, and nice and comfortable.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Union Debating Club, at a meeting held on Monday morning:

Resolved, That a committee of three, to be called the "Library Committee" be appointed, to act in conjunction with the Librarian and Disciplinarian, and it will be their duty to think out ways to obtain books for our library.

The President appointed Samuel Townsend, Levi Levering and Joel Tyndall, as members of the committee.

Reuben Wolfe writes from his country home near Pt. Pleasant, Pa., that he sings in the Presbyterian Choir, and enjoys his place of work very much. He studies evenings, and is trying to make good use of his spare time.

After taking a bath, scrub the bath-tub out thoroughly with a brush or cloth, using plenty of soap and hot water. Then rinse and wipe dry the sides, ends and bottom of the tub. Who fails to be thus particular is an *unclean* person. The LAZIEST way is to jump out, dress quickly, let the water run out and pay little or no attention to the cleaning of the tub.

? How long shall the Man-on-the-band-stand have to wait before he can point his finger with pride to an Indian young man, and say, "There is a first-class business man. He is honest and upright and making money. He is kind and generous. He is capable of managing a thousand men under him." Such a man as John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, for instance.

The latest version of a familiar story was given recently to her teacher as follows, by a little five year old with us:

"Lot and his wife one time went out for a walk, and as they walked along reading their *Indian Helpers*, God told them not to look around. Mrs. Lot did not obey. She looked all around and then she turned a Summer-sault."

Friday night's treat, by Rev. Jesse Young, to a trip around the world, was by far the very best entertainment we have ever had. The pictures were grand and the explanations grander because so simple we could all understand. He made us feel that we had actually been to Cork, to Glasgow, to London, to Paris, to Pekin, and to a great many other places. Yes, and we do believe that some of us thought we were a trifle sea-sick, after looking at the sick passengers aboard the huge ocean steamer. We wish every Indian School in the country could have such excellent chances to see and get acquainted with all parts of the world, as we Carlisle boys and girls have.

The small boys wonder if the Man-on-the-band-stand is losing his eye sight or if he was asleep, when their splendid big picture arrived from Norwich, Conn. It was opened right before his eyes, and he has never said a word about it. Perhaps he is cross because the girls or large boys didn't get it. X.

No he isn't! My young friends! Only a little forgetful. The old man is pleased to have the small boys receive pictures, and he knows when they once get into their new quarters, the large boys and the girls, too, will have to work hard to keep ahead in keeping rooms neat and clean. They are already planning to fix up their assembly-room as nice or nicer than the large boys. That is right! We like wholesome competition.



Remember!

December!

Exhibition to-night!

Rain is much needed.

Isn't this a lovely day?

Thanksgiving day next week.

The Carpenters have started our shop improvements.

More visitors than usual at our afternoon service, last Sunday.

The girls enjoy the band playing these evenings, and so do we all.

Our youngest subscriber is William Boswell Ege, of Philadelphia, two years old.

Our Union Debating club will next discuss the question whether marriage is more desirable than single blessedness.

Wm. Steele made the racks and sticks for the girls paper files, and he and Joel Tyndall are now making a book case for the boys.

Let us put in practice the earnest words we heard last Saturday night and make our letters here after, pure and good and fit to be read.

We hope the boys and girls do not "skim" when they read. When you select an article worth reading, read it so thoroughly that you can tell some one all about it.

Silas A. Johnson, and sister, Eva Johnson of the Wyandottes, Charles Dagenette, of the Peorias, and Lydia Flint, Shawnee, arrived from their Indian Territory homes to enter our school as pupils, on Tuesday night.

There was an exchange of radiators in the house fronting the parade, on Monday. Carelessness in the management of the boiler caused the radiator taken out, to overflow several times, soiling the carpet and everything near. The Man-on-the-band-stand is ashamed of such work.

The girls complain that their Literary Society meetings are so often interfered with, that they can't make the progress desired, and the time for a public entertainment is uncertain. Stand your ground, girls! Fight a way through, somehow, and make us all feel that young WOMEN have rights that are bound to be respected.

Say "Renewal" when you renew subscription.

Christmas is not far off. Getting your presents ready to send home?

Juan Antonio Chamo cut 127 shocks of corn 6 by 6, in a day, recently. Oh, no! *Indians* can't work.

Miss Rote was called suddenly to her home in Millville, Pa., on Wednesday, an account of the dangerous illness of her father.

"Please give me white paper 3 and frame 2," was written on a note to the teacher by a little Indian pupil when paper and envelopes were wanted.

Luke Phillips, President of our Y. M. C. A., was one of the speakers who addressed a large audience assembled Sunday evening, at the Bosler Memorial Hall, Carlisle.

Miss Campbell's piano is now in good tune, having received a thorough going over; and the musicians of the teachers' club, when time permits, make it speak with charming sounds.

*Subscribers who receive a notice this week that their subscription has expired, will by renewing promptly greatly facilitate the work of our little Indian clerks and prevent any delay in the delivery of next week's paper.*

Where but a few weeks ago there was an open space in the Northeastern part of our grounds, after the old quarters for small boys were torn down, there now stands a fresh-looking, plain but substantial new building nearly complete and ready for use.

Now, the girls have their papers filed in nice order on sticks with rubber attachments, and placed in holders fastened against the wall. When a girl wishes to read, she takes the stick from the socket and carries it to any desirable seat in the room. Edith Abner is to have charge of the papers.

That was a mean trick to play upon Mr. Foulke, who is ever ready and faithful in his kind attentions to employes, always on hand to take them to and from the station at all hours of the day and night; but when he kept the Herdic waiting but a moment the other morning at market, while buying supplies not for himself but for a fellow worker, the order was *given* to drive on. We only hope George will have an opportunity some day to pay back in the same coin.



**A NICE LETTER FROM THOMAS KESTER, PAWNEE, WHO WENT TO HIS HOME IN INDIAN TERRITORY LAST SUMMER.**

PAWNEE AGENCY, IND. TER.,  
Nov. 6, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND:—It is very pleasant to hear from the place where I feel as if I was born, but it is only the place where I obtained the little knowledge I have.

I feel for that place as if it is a great big light. It seems to me that I am in a low place and Carlisle is on top of a hill, because the country and people are so different here from what they are in the East.

This country is about the same as it was over five years ago. Nothing has been done to make this country change. They have three new log and some frame houses, but that is about all, but in the states or any where in the East, as we all know, it is rapidly growing.

It seems to me that busy people never get tired of work. They work away day after day and even at nights. That is what makes the progress in the East.

Our people are so well acquainted with idleness, a few are half acquainted with progress and I do hope that all our Carlisle educated boys and girls do not want to have such a friend as idleness, or either to be a half friend of it, but free from it.

I am sorry to say that it is very hard to find work at the Agency, but in helping our own people there is plenty of work.

I suppose you have already heard I attended the Chillico Indian School about a month.

I was working at tailoring, but was not there very long, when Agent wrote to me, and wanted me to be employed at this school.

I was so anxious to start back to Carlisle this fall, but now I may not get there.

Please, I'd like to know if the Captain needs some of our Pawnee children again, this fall. I'd like to send one of my brothers, Newton Kester and some others, too.

We are sorry for our dear Bruce, but we only hope, that he is in a better world.

I remain, yours respectfully,  
THOMAS KESTER.

**THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.**

Zackary, the chief of the Mohegans, when a young man, was a hard drinker. But when the chieftainship fell to him, he said: "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be the chief of this honorable race? I will drink no more." And he kept his word.

Among the places where he visited sometimes was Gov. Trumbull's, and here they usually had home-brewed beer on the table. One day the Governor's son took it into

his head to offer some to chief Zackary, and this is how he tells the story:

"The old man dropped his knife and fork, leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression; his black eyes, sparkling with indignation, was fixed on me.

'John,' said he, 'you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and that if I should drink your beer, I could never stop till I got to rum, and become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father once remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any man to break a good resolution.

Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at each other, at me, and at the old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect.

They afterward frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it.

He lies buried in the royal burial-place of his tribe near the beautiful falls of Yantic, on lands owned by Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and there repeated to myself the inestimable lesson."

Beer sparkles and bubbles and boils in the glass,

It sparkles and flows till drank, and then

It feasts like a vampire on brains of men.

—[Selected.]

**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  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$  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.

For a longer list of subscribers we have many other interesting pictures of shops, representing boys at work, school-rooms and views of the grounds, worth from 20 to 60 cents a piece, which will be sent on request.

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.