

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1887. NUMBER 19.

LITTLE children, bright and fair,
 Blessed with every needful care,
 Always bear this thing in mind,
 God commands us to be kind.
 Kind, not only to our friends,
 They on whom our life depends;
 Kind not only to the poor,
 They who poverty endure;
 But, in spite of form and feature
 Kind to every living creature.
 Never pain or anguish bring,
 Even to the smallest thing;
 For, remember, that the fly,
 Just as much as you or I,
 Is the work of that great Hand,
 That has made the sea and land;
 Therefore, children, bear in mind,
 Ever, ever to be kind."

PART OF OUR HOSPITAL WORK.

Nancy Cornelius, of the Oneida tribe, who has been a faithful assistant at the hospital for many months, wrote, as a composition exercise in her school work, the following interesting description of their doings in that department:

"Most always when the night comes our work ceases. Then we all lie silent and rest, and the night seems very short to us.

The first thing we know it is time to be up, and whoever builds the coal fire must rise about half past three or four o'clock, so as to be sure the range will be hot enough for cooking.

We have one girl who helps to get the breakfast ready. She generally cuts the bread and places the things in the proper places on the table.

Then Miss Wilson comes in to take her little bell to ring—tinkle, tinkle.

Then the boys and Apache ladies march in to our little dining-room with bright faces.

After we are all seated, our Hospital mother leads in a short prayer.

Then one of the boys does all of the carving that has to be done at the table.

After breakfast, Miss Wilson rushes in to the dispensary and opens the door.

Maybe a crowd of boys will come in for some little treatment (such as sore fingers, cough-medicine, etc.)

And while the Apache women are dressing their little babies, the pets keep squalling as loud as their little lungs could blow.

They make every body smile to see them making faces before they begin to cry. They often do, too.

After Miss Wilson gets her work done in the dispensary she comes into the sitting-room, and gives each girl some knitting work.

They are all happy and busy.

Sometimes one of the girls pretends to be a teacher.

She would go on and teach the Apache women how to sing, and repeat the Twenty-third psalm, over and over.

We have very happy times when there is no one very sick."

BEAUTY THAT SHINES THROUGH.

This account of a conversation between five little girls, published in an Atlanta paper, may start other little girls thinking and planning about what they would like to be: "Five little girls were spending a pleasant evening together, and fell to discussing what they would most like to have.

"I wish I lived in a beautiful place with nothing to do but act as I pleased," said little Susie Blake.

"Oh, I wish I was very, very pretty, so that people would look at me and say, 'She's the prettiest girl I ever saw!'" exclaimed Ella Dudley.

"And I do wish more than anything else that I had lots and lots of money," said Dora Kyle.

"I would like to be very smart, and write beautiful story books," said Maggie Wilkins.

"Your turn now, Katie—What do you wish for?" asked Maggie, seeing that Katie hesitated.

"I wish to be good—so good," she said, slowly, "that all my friends will love me very dearly, and miss me when I am absent from them," timidly said little Katie Oatis.

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed four loving voices, "you have your wish already; for only this morning we all agreed that the day would not have been half so pleasant if you had not come," said Maggie, drawing Katie's hand to her own."

The Indian Helper.

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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.

Another treat, Wednesday evening, (and we seem to have many.) Rev. Kisler, of Carlisle, gave us a description of his life in Africa, as a missionary. With him he brought a number of curiosities from the dark continent.

The mode of travel in Africa was illustrated by carrying little Horace (Apache) in a hammock, tied to a pole which rested on the shoulders of Kish Hawkins and Timber Yellow Robe. The boys walked down one aisle and up the other while the other boys and girls nearly went wild laughing at the funny sight. The stuffed monkey amused all, and the queer looking ant-eaters were wonderful little animals.

Mr. Kisler showed us cloth woven by Africans, and their instruments of war. We saw the sands of the great Sahara desert, and the tusks of a hippopotamus and an elephant.

His lecture was intensely interesting from beginning to end and so simple we could all understand.

Come again Mr. Kisler, and we shall give you a grand welcome.

We were favored on Friday evening with one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever given by any of our school societies. It was the Girls' Literary Society, this time, and they call themselves the P.I. Society.

Just what P. I. means no one outside of their little circle knows, except the Man-on-the-band-stand. Of course he would not tell for the world, but he must not leave the printers thinking it is "pi." No indeed! Nor "Poor Indian" either.

As we entered the chapel, Friday evening, over the platform, beneath the folds of a United States flag, tastefully arranged upon

the wall, we observed these words, "Neglect not the Gift that is in thee."

The meeting was called to order by the President, Cecelia Londrosh, and Esther Miller, Secretary, read the minutes of the previous meeting. Then followed a very interesting programme of singing, recitations, instrumental-music, dialogues, and the reading of a crisp little paper.

We have not the space to speak as we would like to of each part so well performed, but place the whole exhibition at the head, so far, and suggest that the boys will have to work hard to beat the P. I. Society.

After the "Good night" song, five girls and two boys, whom Dr. Sheldon Jackson, brought from Alaska, entertained us by singing "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Where, Oh, where are the Hebrew Children?" in the Alaska language, after which Dr. Jackson expressed his pleasure at being able to meet with us again.

The whole evening was an enjoyable one and will long be remembered.

Rev. Dr. Childs, of Washington, D.C., spent Saturday, Sunday, and Monday with us, examining closely into the workings of our school. His earnest talks with our pupils collected, and with individual members of the school were well received, and will do us all good.

Dr. Childs was sent by the Hon. Secretary of the Interior, and will make to him a full report of all he saw, while here.

What is that? A strange light in the east! Oh! The little boys' quarters lighted up for the first time. Perhaps it was the beaming faces of the happy little fellows that added lustre to the burning lights, and made everything so bright over in that direction, Wednesday night. Beam on, little boys! And may your lights so "shine before men, that they may see your good works."

Dr. Norcross' talk, Sunday afternoon, on the parable of seed-sowing was excellent and within the range of the understanding of his audience.

The service Sunday evening was led by Chester Cornelius. Dr. Childs, of Washington gave excellent advice near the close of the meeting.

The best week's work from any apprentice in the shoe shop this year must be credited to Samuel Dion, who in his six half-days' work made ten pairs of girls' shoes, the uppers being ready prepared for him. Who beats this record?

Xmas is coming.

John Hiyi is back from a farm.

Say "Renewal," when you send ten cents for another year.

Number 7 school is reported very good and studious—consequently very happy.

A recent letter from Amos Lone Hill says he can't find paying work at Pine Ridge, Dak., so he thinks he will hunt elsewhere.

The small boys are getting comfortably fixed in their new quarters and are happy over it. They worked faithfully at the cleaning.

Mr. Goodyear, Felix, and Victoriana went to the mountains on Wednesday to talk with Santa Claus and get some evergreens for Christmas.

A very few of the small boys have money, but from their little they have raised \$17 to purchase pictures and other things for their assembly room.

One hundred and thirty of our pupils are now under the care, for a part of each school session, of the four pupil-teachers in the Normal Training Class.

Why is it that so many of the orderlies, chosen from the guard each day on account of being neat in dress, happen to come from Number 9? It is a good sign.

Those fellows who spend money for kid gloves to wear around the grounds must be worth millions of dollars. Oh, no! We forgot! Rich men are not usually so foolish.

One of the teachers was pleased to receive letters, (written all by themselves,) from Alfred, Elmer, Simon, Humphrey, Lawrence and Asa, Apache boys who came to us a year ago.

"The rain-dears brought rain," said one of the printers the next morning after witnessing the remarkable acting of that "reindeer" charade Friday night: and it was true, for it poured nearly all day, Saturday.

The girls visited the gymnasium once or twice this week to look at the boys go through their exercises. When shall the girls' turn come? That is the question that disturbs the mind of the Mau-on-the-band-stand.

Rosa Dion, now at Rosebud, Dak., says in a letter just received, "The snow is deep on the ground, and it is too cold to even open the door. What kind of a time did you have Thanksgiving-day? I know you must have had a pleasant time, but here it was just the same as any other day. The Indians are going to the Agency to-day to get their meat tomorrow, and a good many come into our house to get warm." They live about 18 miles from the agency and Rosa says that the Sunday she was writing, it was "lonely and cold."

Double time to school, yesterday morning, on account of rain.

Henry Outa, who has been working with Frank Miller on a farm in Ohio returned to the school this week.

Ten very creditable drawings of an air-pump were made by the philosophy class in No. 8. Richard Davis' was voted best by the class.

Two of the pupil-teachers had the privilege of attending a session of the county Teachers' Institute held in town, and were greatly interested.

A cyclone in No. 6, the other day, but it was only a little imitation one, to illustrate a point in philosophy, and not quite as dangerous as the real cyclone we had last summer.

The Morning Star for December which will be out just before Christmas will contain in full, what the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs says about Indian schools, in his Annual Report.

A Massachusetts lady thinks it is rather too bad of us to "hit" the boys through enigmas. "Just imagine," she writes, "how provoked you would be to spend your time studying out a scolding!" Boys, is it too bad?

If we should print all the kind words of cheer, received from our little white friends, our paper would contain no other reading matter. So we must say to all at once, "Thank you, dear friends," and there let it rest.

A class of wide-awake small Apache boys in Number 1 school "make" their own examples in arithmetic. Hands go up eagerly when the teacher asks who can tell her something about the numbers to which she points.

One of the little girls saw a teacher writing short-hand notes.

"Why what funny writing!" she said. "What is it you have?"

"That is my short hand," was the reply.

"Is it?" said the little tot, "then where is your long-hand? I didn't know you had one short hand and one other one."

Henry Phillips, our new little Alaskan type setter made the following beginning, this week, and we think did well:

We received sixty subscriptions from the Elisha Kent Kanepu: lic school of philadel-phia, this week.

Many cattle belonging to the Creek Indians have died; and as last year's crops were very small, many of that tribe are suffering for the necessaries of life. In a letter recently received from that quarter, the writer says, "You said you heard the Creeks were rich, but they lack a great deal of it. I am sure there are not more than half of them that have enough to eat."

In the same letter we get the news of the death of Eliza Chissoe, about two months ago. She had been married two years.

HOW TO SELECT A BOY

A gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him.

Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he has a great many."

He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was gentlemanly.

He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it upon the table; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly.

When I talked to him I noticed that his hair was brushed and clothes in order: when he wrote his name I noticed that his fingernails were clean.

Don't you call those things letters of recommendation?

I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than for all the letters he can bring me."

"Dear Old Friend On The Band-stand, did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"Why, what Katie said when she brought the mail, that she had only THE INDIAN HELPER for me," and when I said 'O! that is enough, for it is like a letter from home' and asked 'do you still take the paper?' she answered with sparkling eyes, 'O yes! we can't do without it.'

Then little Elsie by her side whispered, "It is about Indians, and they kill folks," but Katie defended the Indians who print the HELPER by saying, 'O Auntie's Indians are good, they don't kill folks.'

When the Mamma came in and heard what had been said, she smiled very sweetly on us all and exclaimed, 'Of course we can't do without the HELPER, we all jump for it when it comes.'"
MRS. PLATT, Tabor, Iowa.

A young man engaged in scoffing, in a bar-room, offered to sell his interest in Christ for five dollars.

A stranger quietly took out a five-dollar bill, with pen and paper, and asked the young man to write: "I, _____, do hereby renounce, both now and forever, all claim I may have in Jesus Christ, for the sum of"—

His hand trembled and stopped.

Ashy pale, he said, "No! I may need Him by-and-by."—[*Ex.*]

Square Word.

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

1. Something new needed at the teachers' club.
2. The name of a great lake that touches Pennsylvania.
3. Something that it never pays to tell.
4. How some fleshy people with us are anxious to grow.

What the Little Boys are Anxious to Have in Their Play-Room.

My first is in dog but not in cat.
My second in hair but not in net.
My third is in man but not in boy.
My fourth is in bell but not in toy.
My fifth is in what you like to do,
To sweet little babies fond of you.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA: Paste.

NINE HIDDEN TREES: Beech, apple, larch, elm, pear, fir, banyan, pine, ash.

A little girl in a primary school was asked to tell the difference between the words feet and foot. She said, "One feet is a foot, and a whole lot of foots is a feet."

Why is the letter "u" like a creamery as compared with a common dairy? Because it makes better butter, you know.

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 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