

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME III.

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THE BOYS WE NEED.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this,
"Right always wins the day."
—[Golden Days.

THE LONGEST WAY ROUND.

Johnny White Bear and Lincoln Red Feather were room-mates. They were both good boys, but they always did things in opposite ways; and one always came out at the place he aimed for, while the other never did. "How does it happen?" asked Johnny. Only, he did not say it in as good English, for he had not been at Carlisle very long.

"It don't happen," said Lincoln. But he could not explain what he meant.

One day they sat down to learn their lessons. After they had studied five minutes Johnny said,

"I know a quick way to get this; it takes too much time to keep saying over these English words; I shall study my lesson in Indian, and then when I come to the teacher, I'll say it to her in English, and I shall have all that time to play."

"But you don't know English words," answered Lincoln.

"Oh, yes, I do." And Johnny went over

his lesson with difficulty. "There!" he said proudly when he had finished.

"I couldn't learn it like that," said Lincoln. "We each have to do it in our own way." And he began to study again.

Johnny felt that he was a very bright boy to be able to do what Lincoln couldn't. "I don't go round that long road," he said, "I go through the ground like that, cut across," and he pointed over the fields. Then he sat for half an hour watching the boys digging the cistern.

The bell rang and they went to school. Then the recitation came. Lincoln and Johnny both knew their lessons; but Lincoln knew his in English and recited it; Johnny knew his in Indian, but he could not recite it in Indian, and he could not think of the English words at all; he had supposed he should when the time came.

It was the old story; Lincoln was there, Johnny wasn't there, he had stuck by the way.

"Why couldn't I come out all right as well as Lincoln?" he said to himself. And after school he went to look at the fields that had seemed so good to him. They were farther off than he had thought.

A river ran through them, and there wasn't any bridge.

"I'll remember," thought Johnny. He had never heard of the proverb: "The longest way round is the shortest way home."

Chas. Bird writes to Miss Fisher that he is living with his father at White River, eighteen miles from Pine Ridge Agency. Snow is quite deep, "so our cows and horses were scarcely to eat grass." They built a log stable, but their ponies were too wild to go into it. He writes "I am getting along first rate and happier."

Miss Patterson was telling the little boys about the late blizzard at the west and how well the Indians had weathered it. One of the little fellows who had been listening to her attentively drew himself up and grunted back, "Can't kill Indian, white man die easy."

The Indian Helper.

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57—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.

What the Man-on-the-band-stand Heard Some Little Girls Saying.

"There," said Rosie, as she pointed to the hill where the boys were sliding. "Do you see how selfish Tom is? He keeps that sled all to himself, though there are ever so many other boys who have none."

"Yes," answered Mary, "And that is just the way he does every where. He don't care if any body else has anything or not, if only he can get what he wants."

"I think it is so mean to be selfish," said little Lucy, "and some girls are just as bad as that boy. They think of themselves only, and not of any one else."

"How much pleasure they miss if they think only of self," said a lady who came up while they were talking. "The greatest happiness we can enjoy comes from making other people happy, and the people who are best liked, and have the most friends are those who are always willing to help others. Think of the persons you like best and tell me if they are selfish."

"No, indeed!" answered the girls in chorus. "They're just as kind as they can be and try to make every one happy."

"How can I help anybody?" asked the tiniest tot of all, who had been listening to what was said.

"Who can tell her ways?" asked the lady.

"She can carry notes and go errands for Miss Irvine instead of playing all the time," said Lucy.

"And she can bring her books and play-things herself instead of always asking somebody else to do it," chimed Rosie.

"She can look happy all the time," said Mary.

"Yes," said the lady, "kind words, kind thoughts, kind deeds; you can all give these, and you will make others happy, and be happy yourselves."

Etahdleuh Doanmoe writes that his wife, Laura, and the little Richard, who left Carlisle soon after Christmas reached their home in Anadarko, Ind. Ter., safely. He says that Richard is well, but that Laura has been ill since her return. Now, however, she is growing better. Etahdleuh says that he will do all that he can for the good of his people.

Weather like that which has this winter been experienced in the west, has hardly had a parallel since the winter of 1873, at which time the thermometer registered in the southern part of the Indian Territory 39 degrees below zero. Our school house was built of cotton wood boards and sweeping the snow out of the house was a regular morning duty.

A very pleasant letter from the matron of the Wichita School, Anadarko, Ind. Ter., says that Celia Pickard, one of our old pupils, is at the school there as assistant seamstress, and does her work most thoroughly. The matron is pleased with the INDIAN HELPER, and sends us some subscribers. The Man-on-the-band-stand is perfectly willing that everybody else in the world should feel just like her upon this subject.

The blizzard has not all been in the west; the Cumberland Valley has had its share and for some days trains ran very irregularly. On Saturday morning Jan. 28th the railroad officials appealed to Captain Pratt to dig out a train that was buried in the snow. The Captain with Mr. Campbell as aid promptly responded and a hundred Indian boys in addition to the force already at work cleared the three miles of track, and the train passed on to town, probably the only one that ever had a hundred injuns, to start it.

Last Friday evening the Indian Republic Debating Club had a very spirited discussion on the subject, "Resolved that the Chinese shall be excluded." The judges decided by majority that the negative arguments had it. Every body enjoyed the good things that were said upon both sides and the parliamentary style in which the debate was conducted. It would have done credit to any society. Now that the Carlisle School has two Debating Societies, each wanting to make the best of its opportunities, we shall have some excellent discussions upon the topics of the day. Carlisle must always at least keep abreast with the times. How do the boys, and the girls, feel about making it do more? Rumors of exhibitions to follow reach the old Man's ears, and his heart is fired with expectation of future triumphs that are to be chronicled by him.

Sumner Black Coal writes from Shoshone Agency to Capt. Pratt, that he is well, and is earning fifteen dollars a month.

Miss Burgess went away to her home in California and we printers were very sorry to see her go. We hope she will return again.

The big cistern is finally in good order and ready to receive the snow as it melts from the roofs to provide us good cool drinks next summer.

The pupils of *one* school do not think map-drawing foolish, at least they have been making some very good maps—historical and geographical.

Company B marches well. We are glad to see how perfectly erect most of the young men of that company carry themselves when marching.

The little folks invalided at the hospital are delighted with a new invoice of nice picture and story books a gift from their constant friend Miss Longstreth.

A letter from Dakota states that for days together it was impossible to tell whether it was day or night until a path had been shovelled into the outer world.

The Philosophy Class, say "Thank you" to the kind friends in Amherst, Mass., and Westport, Conn., who have given money toward buying apparatus for its experiments.

Our surroundings have much to do with our manners. The smallest of the Apaches asked the other day for brush and bucket to scrub his room, just because he saw other rooms nice and clean.

The schools have sent loving greeting to our former principal, Miss Semple, in the form of notes from all the pupils. Those of each school are bound in a pretty lettered cover tied with ribbon.

The boys who worked on the rail-road shovelling snow have been made happy by a liberal cash payment for their service. The six who went with the train to Gettysburg and back to help them through have also been well rewarded for their hard work.

Miss Marion Pratt left this morning for the Misses Ashbridge's Boarding School at Haverford, Pa. Her pleasant face and kindly ways will be much missed by all. She has our best wishes for happiness and improvement in the new home.

Somebody asks, "Is The man-on-the-band-stand that you speak of, a real person?"

Perhaps he is, perhaps he is not, we will leave you to guess that conundrum.

Miss Bessie had been explaining to her class the meaning of subtraction. Then she asked each one to write a sentence bringing in the word "subtraction." One little fellow wrote, "We subtract our hairs when they get long."

The girls think the boys give such nice debates that they are afraid to debate in public although they know they do well in their private meetings. But they mean to try it sometime just to show that girls *can* debate as well as boys.

One of the girls says: "The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks people can have time for everything if they only use their time in the right way, but I have not learned to do that yet." The Man-on-the-band-stand nods his head and whispers, "Try, try, again."

Miss Patterson is going home to-day for a visit. What will happen to the little boys? Will they be left disconsolate? The old Man feels sure that they are to be provided for, and that Miss Bessie and Miss Crane who will be in charge will take good care of them.

Miss Burgess and Miss Ely were at St. Louis Thursday, Jan. 26, not having been detained on the way by the storm. When Miss Burgess wrote to Carlisle they were upon the point of leaving for Wichita. They intended to spend a day with Miss Hyde and expected to reach National City, Feb. 1st.

A little boy writes us of a stone he found at Chatauqua, which he was told the Indians used to pound their corn with. It is square at the base and tapers to a point. He has it in his museum. For a little boy of nine to take such an interest in gathering curiosities for a museum looks as if he knew how to use his eyes.

The proceedings of the Society. After the reading and accepting of the minutes, new names for membership were called for. Dolly J. Gould was of the one names given. She was admitted as a member. As it was our election day, the general program was postponed. The officers elected were as follows: President, Dessie Prescott; Vice President, Clara Faber; Secretary, Eva Johnson; Treasurer, Edith Abner; Marshall, Delia Hicks.

The report was read by chairman and the meeting adjourned.

CARL LIEDER'S ACCOUNT OF THE SNOW DRIFTS ON THE RAILROAD.

"I don't know whether you will get this letter or not, on account of the weather being too cold for the mail carriers to do their duty and the difficulty of the trains running through drifts of snow on the railroads. It is cold everywhere this winter and even last week the trains on the railroads of this vicinity had a great time to get through the drifts.

About ninety of us took shovels and went and helped them out. And after we got through we determined to help the railroad company a little more, so six of us went on another railroad and went to a place called Gettysburg, about 28 miles from here. Two engines were attached to one mail coach, there was a crew of about 50 men. We left Carlisle at 12 o'clock and reached Gettysburg at six. We had a terrible time in getting through.

At one place as the train was running fast, it stopped suddenly, and we found ourselves in a tremendous drift about ten feet deep, and after we cleared the way, the two engines were frozen already and could not move for some time, and before we reached Gettysburg the two engines were nearly out of water, so we stopped at a stream and all of us carried water in buckets for the engines. It took us half a day to reach that place and we were glad when we got through."

THE DOLLARS GO, BUT THE LIE STAYS.

"Would you tell a lie for five cents?" asked a Sunday school teacher.

"No, ma'am."

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a hundred dollars?"

"No ma'am; not even for a hundred dollars."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Henry hesitated. He could buy many things with a thousand dollars. While he was thinking Charlie answered, "No, ma'am," very positively.

"Why not?"

"Because, when the thousand dollars are gone, the lie is the same."

Which of these boys was the stouter, morally? Ten cents would have measured the moral strength of some boys.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.

Enigma.

I am composed of 41 letters.

My 11, 7, 24, 40 is a source of water supply.

My 4, 15, 9, 39, 6, 5, 27 are those who take what does not rightfully belong to them.

My 1, 35, 19, 37 is a part of a bird.

My 2, 29, 41, 5, is an opening.

My 32, 23, 18, 33 is what the snow-balls the boys were throwing at each other were, to those who could not dodge them.

My 16, 34, 17, 8 is an entrance much used.

My 33, 21, 37, 12, 19 is a means of conveyance.

My 28, 18, 13, 7 is something Mr. Walker and his boys use.

My 30, 3, 31, 14, 25, 39 is a toy.

My 10, 26, 36, 20 is what the boys and girls like to do.

My 22, 13, 17, 31 is what Comanche likes to do when hitched to the sleigh.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, is a good motto for every one.

Riddle.

Formed long ago, though made to-day,

I'm mostly used while others sleep;

What few would wish to give away,

And none would ever wish to keep.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: California.

Answers to Conundrums.

To cover his head.

Don-key.

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 4x6½ 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 Red Man**, 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, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Red Man** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.