

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

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BEAUTY.

Beautiful faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there;
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true;
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

Beautiful children of rich or poor,
Who walk the pathway, sweet and pure,
That leads to the mansion strong and sure.

—[Selected.]

WHAT WILL CAN DO.

There was a school exhibition given in a town in New England one day in May several years ago. There were recitations, declamations and music, as in exhibitions at the Carlisle school; but there were no gymnastics. There would have been no room for them in the hall that day if they had been in the school course; and they were not. This was a day school, the High School of the city, so that the visitors who came to the exhibition expected the pupils to do well.

The pupils, both boys and girls, did well; they had worked hard and they showed the results of it. The selections were good, and most of them were well spoken.

But it was a warm day which made the audience restless. And the room was not well built for speaking, it had two large wings that the pupils found difficult to fill with their voices. At last the people who could not hear grew noisy; they listened to the music, but they had made up their minds that they could not hear the recitations, and so they did not try, but began to talk. After they had begun, they went on still more.

The pupils who were reciting, and all the teachers were disturbed; the exercises were nearly over, however, and they made up their minds to bear the noise.

All but one teacher. A pupil whom she had

been studying with, the best speaker in the school, was yet to come, and had a recitation to give that was full of spirit and interest. The teacher knew how well Mollie could say it, for she had seen her eyes glow and her cheeks flush and her whole face full of the thoughts that she was to utter. She had not taught her to move her hands in this way or that, she had said to her; "Mollie, think how you would feel if you were this person in the story, and if such things were coming to you."

And now nobody was to be moved by it, for nobody would hear it.

Yes, they should, she resolved; but how? The room was so crowded that she could not get to Mollie.

She wrote a few words on a scrap of paper, twisted it, and passed it on to her.

The girl opened the paper, read, turned back and gave her teacher an eager look and smile.

The words on the paper were; "Make them still by your voice."

She said afterward that before that she had been troubled. But then she felt stronger than all the noisy people; she had a purpose.

And the people did stop talking and listen to her. First, directly about her, then wider and wider the silence grew, until over the whole room there was a hush, and only the clear, strong voice of the girl and the wonderful words she was reciting filled the ears of all.

After the exhibition people crowded about her with praise; but in the midst of it she turned and gave her teacher a look, and said; "I should never have done it but for you; you showed me how to will."

Extracts from the Compositions of the Smaller Scholars.

"First time I did not know how to skate on ice-skates. I never saw ice-skates before at my home."

"We like trees because of their nice green leaves and shade in the summer time."

"Last winter we had a sliding place. One for the boys and one for the girls. The boys' sliding place was in front of the school house and the girls in front of the office, and the sleds went down toward the dining-room. This winter we did not have sliding place. We just play where the hill go up little bit."

The Indian Helper.

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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.

HIS LESSON.

A boy came home red, rumpled, bruised, and excited. "Come, my son," said his father; "what is the matter? You seem to have been fighting. Was the boy larger than you are?"

The boy looked uneasy, and mumbled, "No; I don't know that he was."

"Really! And now what did you fight for?"

A long delay, then he blurted out the truth, "Cause he wouldn't give me half of his apple!"

"Indeed! Did not give you half of his apple! So you have set up as a highway robber, taking your neighbor's goods? And a bully and a coward, whipping a smaller boy! Go now, and get washed and dressed."

"He deserved a whipping," said his sister.

"Not at all. He has not lied; he told frankly the truth."

The boy, glad at getting off so well, soon returned to the tea-table, wearing a smiling face.

"There is no place here for you," said his father, calmly. "Such principles as you act upon are not popular at this table. You will find food proper for a boy who conducts himself as you have done on a stand in the corner of the kitchen."

But breakfast and supper thus arranged proved unendurable to the boy.

"Can I ever come back?" asked the poor child.

"Certainly, when you have made your affairs right."

"But how can I do it?"

"Take your own money, buy the little boy an apple, and give it to him, with an apology.—Then you will be once more an honorable fellow, and we shall be glad of your company."

And so they settled it.—[Bright Jewels.

Little Things.

Straws show which way the wind blows; ripples on the pond show where the stone has been cast in, and a hundred little acts, of which we do not think, show our true character. Let us watch our every day life, and look out for the little things.

We must not do a thing because some body else has done the same. If some other fellow sticks his finger in the fire and burns it, is that any reason why we should burn ours? If we have done something wrong, it is not true or right to say, "He made me do it". The fault is always our own.

No other person can answer for our faults, nor can we answer for the faults of others.

School.

I think school is the best place to go, everybody ought to go to school and learn something. Because we can be better women and men when we grow up. In school we learn how to read and write, not only read and write, but we will know how this world is and how we are and what kind of work every kind of people do. Of course every school has to have a teacher that knows all about these things. There are high schools and low schools. And there are deaf and dumb schools, blind children school and poor children school. There are great many schools. Here I am in this one kind of school where we Indians go. Here we learn how to do many kinds of work and I think this is the best kind of school I ever went to.

Pick up your spare minutes. Don't waste one. Dr. Prime wrote a book, a few spare minutes at a time, and the rest of his life letters kept coming to him telling about the good that book was doing. Minutes are God's gifts to be used, not idled away.

WILLOW GROVE, PA. Feb. 23, 1888.

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:—I should like to have the INDIAN HELPER again, I like it very much because it tell us what the people are doing, I enjoy myself here also I am very well and happy with my work, I am in the hoop Drill and we have bells on the hoops.

AMELIA ELSEEDAY, Apache.

Word-Definitions.

Ingredient, Mixed: "Sometimes we get ingredients in our arithmetic."

"Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble."

Home letters this week.

The monthly school sociable to-night. Look out for a happy time.

Carpenter boys turned out thirty tables last month and ten ward-robos.

Bishop Hare, of Dakota was at this week's inspection of Quarters and pupils.

Mr. Mason Pratt spent last Sunday at home. Everybody was very glad to see him.

Busy as bees in the Sewing room, filling the store room with ready-made articles for summer wear.

Wm. Springer, (Omaha) has been offered a place in Middletown, Pa., to perfect himself in harness-making.

Blacksmith boys are making irons for the gymnasium chest-weights and finishing up their work on the Herdic.

Fred Harris (Alaskan) made 38 dozen tin-cups last month. Tinner boys reported improving and good.

Indian clubs and dumb-bells have been arranged along the side walls in the gymnasium. Quite ornamental.

Magic at work in the paint shop. Boys have transformed an ugly old lamp into a new looking bronzed one.

Jennie Mitchell went to Liberty Grove Wednesday to take the place of Florence Red Eye. Florence comes back to the school.

One of the pupils says that the boys who complain are the boys that want to have their own way and run all about as they please.

Four morning boys in the shoe shop last week, made 11 pairs of shoes in four hours. The five afternoon boys made the same number in the same time.

The boys in the paint shop have begun on the wardrobes for the Large Boys' Quarters and finished the body of the Herdic, which looks "just as good as new."

Some of the examination papers were not so good as they ought to have been. The best papers were from the scholars who had good lessons during the last three months. We must work for anything that is worth having.

Abe Sumners and Wilkie Sharp are the cutters in the tailor shop now. The new Apache boys in the tailor shop are making pants and vests, and making them well.

Mr. Standing returned from visiting boys in Bucks county last Saturday, and left again on Monday to visit those in Columbia, Luzerne and the upper counties. In Bucks county he visited the public schools our boys attend. His general report of the homes and schools our boys are in is very satisfactory.

Bishop Hare's talk to the school Sunday afternoon was especially wise and helpful. It was about the tree that a man planted in his vineyard. He did not plant it in a cow-yard, but in his garden where it could grow and bear fruit. The boys and girls here were like that tree. They were not planted on the wild prairie but in this good vineyard. They have the Bible, prayer, Christian teaching and influence to help them grow into strong, good men and women. They ought to bear the best kind of fruits—honesty, truth, purity, kindness, courage, industry. When they go back home they should be like strong trees that all would look at and be glad for,—a real help to their people.

TO THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND STAND:

There is one great truth in mankind that really makes a man; it is "common sense". A man may have it if he is not educated. It comes to me very strongly whenever I think of a brother of mine who did not have any opportunity of getting an English education. On leaving him for Carlisle his last and solemn words were "Never study the Indian books under any circumstances. A man who will cut out a new road to a certain place, when there is a straight, well-travelled road leading to it, is a fool and no excuse for him". I have never been able to appreciate the meaning of these few words until of late; and they are becoming clearer and clearer, and I hope it will continue so until every Indian possesses enough "common sense" to endorse it. I am about as well posted concerning the progress of the Sioux as any one, and my testimony is that among the few who are prospering are those who speak English, and they are half-breeds generally, I do not base my argument upon the half-breeds, but I do upon the English language, and English education. I think a man who would make a language for every "government-blue-box" full of Indians ought to be ashamed and the sooner he repents the better off he is.

FRANK JANNIES, SIOUX.

Letter from the Country.

One of the teachers received the following letter from a pupil in the country:

"I thought I would write a little letter to you this evening to let you know that I am very well and happy. I am very sorry I never wrote to you since I came away, hope you will excuse me this time. I have just finished Rev. E. A. Goodnough's letter. I guess you know who he is, he was my teacher at home. He always wrote very good letters to me, and I like to hear from him. I am in the school-room this after-noon and am writing this letter in here I began it last night. My studies are Raub's Fifth Reader, large Mitchell's Geography, Raub's Arithmetic, Smith's Grammar, and spell in Dictionary and writing, my copy book is number 6. I will now tell you how I like my home. I like it very much I am treated like one of the family. I must tell you about my Pet. I have a nice pet lamb in the house. It is four weeks old, its mamma would not own it so we had to raise it in the house. Oh! my, but it is greedy. It drinks almost a pint of milk at a time. I wish you could see it run up stairs just like a cat. It follows me wherever I go. It followed me half way to the school one day but I had to come back and put it in the kitchen. I just thought of Mary's Little lamb, when it did that. I did not put it in its box one night and then in the morning it came running up to my bed room door. It is out in the wagon-shed now running after the chickens. Don't you wish you had a pet lamb too? I guess not you would not know where to keep it, and besides the teachers ought not to have such things. Last year we had pet rabbits but the cats ate them all. I can not tell you any more about pets. I am making a quilt. I have forty-one squares now, I need fifty.

Mrs. Z—— wants me to have it all done till I go away from here. Please write to me and tell me all the news. I don't get my INDIAN HELPER till Tuesday. I would like to get it sooner than that. This is all. Good-bye.

Your scholar,

BELINDA ARCHIQUETTE.

A Pueblo Boy's Composition.

The cat is a small animal, my cat used to kill mice in the night and some time I help him to kill, when I kill one also give him and he eat it up and he has long sharp claws. I used to play with the cat. It had long tail and some times I catch his tail I used to have fun with the cat, when he climb a tree. I throw at him with the stones. Once I hit him

on his head I nearly killed him and my father asked me what matter with that cat and I tell him I hit with stone on his head and he tell me not to do that any more, after that I never stone the cat. Once I saw a cat with a bird in his mouth, and some times my brother and I caught the cats and we put them in box.

Once we lost our cat for one week or two, and we hunt him till we found him.

JOSE M. PEREZ.

Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 12, 5, 6 is what girls do.
My 9, 1, 3, 4, 13, 10, 7 is a part of the day.
My 12, 2, 15 is a term in arithmetic.
My 7, 14, 10 is a weapon.
My 8, 11, 3, 4 is used in knitting.
My 15, 1, 4, 8 is what we all like to have.
My whole is something that the Carlisle school is proud of.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Patient, well doing will bring its reward.

Conundrums.

Why is a printer like a postman?
If you were going up stairs into an attic, and the stairs were away, how would you go?
Why should our carpenter's shop never lack supplies?
Why is the printing office like a borough without its chief officer?

"You wish to succeed? Then, whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might. Genius is hard work, and success brother to genius."

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 1/2 x 6 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 apiece.

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 60 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 cent stamps for **The Red Man** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.