

THE INDIAN HELPER

~ ~ FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS ~ ~

VOLUME III CARLISLE, PA.  
FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1888 NO. 33

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A PROVERB.

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Listen to the water-mill  
Through the live-long day,  
How the clanking of the wheels  
Wears the hours away.  
Languidly the autumn wind  
Stirs the greenwood leaves,  
From the fields the reapers sing  
Binding up the sheaves,  
And a proverb haunts my mind  
As a spell is cast,-  
"The mill will never, never grind  
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,  
Loving heart and true,  
Golden years are fleeing by,  
Youth is passing, too.  
Learn to make the most of life,  
Lose no happy day,  
Time will never bring thee back,  
Chances swept away.  
Leave no tender word unsaid,  
Love while life shall last!  
For- "The mill will never grind  
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines  
Work with strength and will!  
Never does the streamlet glide  
Useless by the mill.  
Wait not till to-morrow's sun  
Beams upon the way,  
All that thou canst call thine own  
Lies in thy today.  
Power, intellect and health,  
May not, cannot last,  
"The mill will never, never grind  
With the water that has passed."  
-[Selected.

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OUR WILMINGTON TRIP.  
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MR. MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND - DEAR SIR:

I have some news to tell, if you care to know, about the trip that Capt. Pratt, Miss Leverett and six of us pupils had to Wilmington. At Harrisburg where a new station was erected, we stopped for half an hour. While we were waiting, four of us took a walk in the streets. We got to Wilmington between the hours of

four and five P.M. Capt. Pratt was invited to one house, Miss Leverett to another, the boys were scattered, too, Annie and Lily stayed together, and I was taken to Miss Worrell's home. I didn't know what happened to the others, but I had a very pleasant talk with the friends where I was. There were only three in the family, the mother, father and the oldest daughter, who is looking after the dear ones, the rest were all married. The mother is seventy-nine years old and her husband is just a few months older. They asked me many questions about our school and about our western homes. The old gentleman had many things to ask, and after finding out what he wanted to know, he came up to me and said, "Have you any objections for me to feel your hair?" I told him, no, I had not, so he smoothed it down for a few moments and then said, "Well, well, I found different from what I thought. I expected to find it coarse and stiff, why, it is like other people, not any difference at all." He didn't intend to go to the meeting, but finally he concluded to go with us. The meeting was held at the Central Presbyterian Church. The exercises commenced at 8 o'clock. First there was singing by the church choir and after that we gave an entertainment which lasted about two hours. At half past six in the morning we took the train for Philadelphia. Capt. Pratt and the boys stayed for a later train, to take the boys to the shipyard.

Miss Leverett took us girls to John Wannamaker's store, where we saw the most beautiful and valuable things. After seeing nearly all, we looked for Captain Pratt, but did not find him, we went down to the dining room and while eating our ice cream, Captain found us, which did not seem as if we were seeking for him by the way we were found. About half an hour later, we all got together and went to the station, and after we had our dinner we went to the Zoological Garden and passed through the different buildings, we saw parrots and other birds which I will not stop to name, other animals as bears, wolves, foxes, several kinds of deer, and two little

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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.  
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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.

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The Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. met in the chapel on Thursday evening, the 8th.

President Levering announced that the meeting was for the purpose of electing new officers as the time of the present officers had expired. The election proceeded and resulted as follows:

For President-Frank Lock, Vice President -Chester Cornelius, Recording Secretary-Kish Hawkins, Treasurer-Stacy Matlack.

Committee on Membership-William Tivis, Chairman, Odellah Ahtley, Wilkie Sharpe, Phillip B. White, Harvey Townsend.

Committee on Devotion-Percy Kable, Chairman, Charles R. Moore, Staley Norcross, Levi St. Cyr, Henry S. Bear.

The meeting also fixed that the Sunday afternoon prayer meetings will be changed to the evenings. The meeting adjourned.

SECRETARY.

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The Republic.

The Republic Debating Society met in school room No. 10. The new business brought in was to postpone the public entertainment which was to be held the 30th inst., until sometime in April. After a lively discussion, the House decided to do so.

It was then moved and seconded, to elect new officers, as the terms of the present officers have expired, and the following members were elected :

President-Frank Lock, Vice President-Dennison M. Wheelock, Secretary-Howard Logan, Treasurer-Frank Jannies, Marshal-Henry Standing Bear, Reporter-John Londrosh. The members of the Committee on Arrangements-Kish Hawkins (chairman) John D. Miles and Charles D. Wheelock.

SECRETARY.

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Almost an April fool.

The band boys marched out of quarters Wednesday noon, each with instrument in hand.

With heads erect and soldierly grace they took a position under the large walnut tree.

"What now?" thought the lookers on.

"Oh! They are going to serenade Misses Ely and Burgess," thought some.

"They are at Capt. Pratt's house," said a passing teacher who was anxious not to have the boys play at the wrong place.

The boys were bewildered.

"The ladies are at the Captain's house just now. Play up there!" advised another kindly teacher on her way to the school room.

Boys still bewildered!

Finally it dawned upon the leading cornet player why so much free advice was given, and the next passer by was graciously informed that the boys had gathered to have their picture taken.

The Man-on-the-band-stand just ha-ha'd?

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Prof. Rittenhouse said in his talk Sunday, that committing other sins was like taking a baited hook into one's mouth, but swearing was like taking the hook without bait. Another illustration was that the rent paid for a very large estate in Scotland was just three kernals of corn-of no value-only to show who owned the place. So swearing only showed that the Devil is the master served.

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The-Man-on-the-band-stand is very much obliged to Miss Cook, Miss Sparhawk, and Miss Seabrook for kindly writing in the shape of copy what he has had to say during the last two months in the INDIAN HELPER. The chief clerk has now returned with a gain of six pounds more of good health.

So, look out, boys and girls! Six pounds more behind a lead pencil will move it so fast that it will surely catch every think, do and say. But then! If you think and do and say only what is right there can be no harm in putting it down in black and white.

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The printers had a treat of California oranges yesterday.

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The sun has seemed to be sulking this week or he may have had a bashful fit. We call it "weather."  
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Miss Edith Johnston, who has been spending a fortnight with her sister, Mrs. Cambell, went to her home in Lancaster today.

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There is a story of little boy whose minister asked him to spell "kitten." "I'm too old to spell that," he said "try me on cat."  
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Miss Nana Pratt left us Wednesday for St. Louis. Everybody will miss her gentle face and her unselfish ways; but best wishes for a delightful visit go with her.

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A letter from Louisa Wilson, one of our returned Rosebud Sioux girls, says she is living at Valentine, Neb., and likes it. Daniel Milk has married Victoria Standing Bear.

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The club table, Wednesday evening, wore an orangely beautiful tropic appearance and had a delightfully California fragrance, that we all tastefully enjoyed. Thanks to the donors.

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Misses Ely and Burgess after a delay of some days in Los Angeles, caused by the engineers' strike on the Santa Fe Railroad arrived at the school Tuesday evening and were greeted with a warm welcome by everybody.

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John Davis is clerking in Mr. Bibo's store at Grant, New Mexico. He says he likes the business and is treated well. John was among our best Pueblo boys, and his many friends here wish him well.

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The class had been drawing maps and there was a whole row of them upon the black-boards. The comment upon them by one of the boys was, "Five blackboards, five companies, and that one" pointing to a large wall map - is the Sergeant Major marching ahead."

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Jason Betzinez, ten months in school writes about  
Bees.

I see the bees in the summer. The bees make the flowers is honey is very good and sweet. And the bees work in the summer time the flowers and make honey. And the bees are not lazy in summer and the bees live in the bee-hive. But the bees is very sting too."

"Did you see any Indians out there?" was asked of one who arrived this week from California.

"Indeed we did, and they were the worst looking creatures you need ever wish to see. Why! Those Indians along the Colorado River plaster their heads with mud."

"Ah," said the inquirer. "I see! They are following the Dawes Bill to the letter. They are taking their lands in severalty." -A Standing, joker.

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"Population" said the teacher, "means the people who live in a place or a country."

"What's the Indian population; how many?" asked the smallest boys in class.

"About 260,000," was the answer,

"In Alaska too?" queried the little fellow, who wanted to be posted.

"No, there are 260,000 in the United States, not counting Alaska."

"Then there's two more now, that they didn't count, since Fred and Henry came," was the boy's triumphant answer, referring to the two Alaska boys who recently entered the school.

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Work in the Snow.

A man employed by the Pacific R. R. Co. is stationed at the top of a mountain called Summit Spur, in Washington Territory.

It is his duty to see that the railrond track over the mountain is kept open in winter.

If work is needed to be done on the track he telephones to men stationed below.

He lives all alone on the mountain, and cooks for himself.

The snow is often up to the eaves of his little house, and he has to keep the snow shoveled from his windows and door.

The thermometer often stands at 18 and 20 degrees below zero.

Sometimes snow-slides occur in the mountains, and snow-falls are always heavy.

They could not keep the railroads open if it were not for the large snow shovels which are used to clear off the snow.

These shovels have many revolving knives which chop the snow very fine, it is then thrown about fifteen feet from the track.

The shovel is drawn by two engines up a grade of two hundred and twenty feet per mile.

The pass is three miles high on one side and four miles on the other.

This shoveling machine does the work of a thousand men. [Our Little People.

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(Continued from First Page.)

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dogs, but the dearest ones to me were the little bits of monkeys. The last place for some of us to see was Mr. Allison's iron factory. Just a few minutes after three o'clock, Miss Susan LaFlesche, and Dr. Thomas Miles, and I went to Lincoln Institute to see some of our friends there. The school mother took us around the rooms. They were kept very neatly, they had white spreads over their beds, some of the girls were practising on the organ and on the piano.

They had a nice dining room, the white table cloths were nicely spread over the tables, and the table napkins were placed in the tumblers.

I saw Mary Tyndall's sister and Ellen Hansel's sister, both of them are well and doing well. I was in great hopes that I would hear the scholars recite, but they were writing letters, so that there were no recitations. I wanted to find something to tell my scholars when I came home. Miss La Flesche is coming to visit us for a few days the first chance she can get.

She is going to graduate about a year from now.

JEMIMA WHEELLOCK.

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Letter from the Country.

TAYLORSVILLE, BUCKS CO.PA.,

MARCH 16, 1888.

MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND - DEAR SIR: I judge may be that you and the readers of the HELPER would like to know what we have here a few days ago. It was a white soft substance came from the clouds above our heads. This took place on the Monday and Tuesday, with hard wind, snowing both days without rest.

In some places the snow was about seven to nine feet deep on the drifts, the roads in some place has not opened yet for the wagons to go through.

On the Monday morning about half past eight I start to school. Of course the folks tell me they hardly know would be any school, but my determination was to go to school, so I start. Just over the gate, away goes my hat off my scalp, among the hard snow drifts, my chase was very unsuccessful to get my hat back again but I soon discovered at the roadside where the biggest drift was. I start to climb on the fence and thinking how in the world to get my hat, but their was no time for thinking on that occasion for the hard wind came soon after I stuck into the drift as far as my waist, there was a hard struggle every time I move the further I go in, at last I reach the fence rail, then I was all right.

When I reach the school house there was nobody there, so I stood on the school house wondering how I get home in a few minutes I start again, the wind blew in my face I could not see one foot before me, it was dark and make the tears run down my cheeks.

I hope you have dry roads to travel at Carlisle.

FRANK EVERETT.

MY HOME.

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I have a home where I used to live. I used to take care of cows every day. In the evening I would put the cows in the yard and in the morning my mother would take her pail and I would help her. Sometimes we would get two pails or four pails full of milk and she would give me my lunch and I would go out and take the cows out of the cow yard and I would take them where there are lots of grass and sometimes I would catch rabbits and I would play with them. I did not know who made me. Some people worship idols but I never went to church.

We play every day, we did not know about Sunday. The people used to paint their faces and they would not go to church. We used to swim every day when it was sunshine. We have houses like blocks and flat roofs and a chimney or two are on the top of the houses.

We don't sleep on beds as we do here but we sleep on floors with some little beds under and mice would run over us in the night time. The cats would get after them sometimes we would hear them scream when the cat catch them. When I got up I would go down to the water and I would wash myself and then I would eat my breakfast and I would play with bows and arrows.

SICENI NORI.

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Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 11, 5, 6, is used for smoking.

My 2, 10, 4, 6, is a flower.

My 13, 3, 9 is a toy.

My 1, 3, 6, 13 is a cornpower.

My 7, 3, 13, 8, 6, 12, is a material.

My 7, 2, 10, 8, 3 is a kind of oil.

My 12, 10, is a negative.

My whole is a place of interest in Niagra Falls.

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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 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 6 cents to pay postage.

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

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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.

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