

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1888.

NUMBER 35.

BOY AND MAN.

The kind of a boy often shows us the man,
For boys are the stuff men are made of,
The boy who will do all the evil he can
Makes the man we may well be afraid of.

The boy who delights to learn all that is good,
And does it as far as he learns it,
Will make such a man as gains honor of God,
And blessing of man as he earns it.

Then what kind of a man are you going to be—
A blessing or curse to your fellows?
The day is approaching when many will see;
But can you not even now tell us?

TWO CARLISLE INDIAN BOYS STOP UNDER THE WALNUT TREE, AND TALK.

The one is a large, fine looking young man. He has a mind full of good intentions, a body full of energy and a heart full of GRATITUDE.

The other young man is also large and fine looking, but he has a slothful disposition. He is always dressed neatly, though. Indeed he likes fine clothes and he wants all the nice things he sees, but he wants them to *come* to him. If they don't come to him without his having to work for them, he growls. He would like a good education, too, but because his teacher can't pour knowledge into his head as molasses is poured into a pitcher, with very little effort on his part, he complains.

This boy knew nothing, at least, very little when he first came to Carlisle. He has never studied hard, neither has he ever done his best at anything, except at grumbling.

But he has learned a great deal, anyhow, in spite of his indifference and carelessness. Yes, he is in the high school. He has learned to speak fair English and understands well. He has been here several years and has had the comforts of a good home all the time, but he is a person who does not know what GRATITUDE means. Let us hear how he talks!

The Man-on-the-band-stand may have heard the following conversation between the two boys:

"Do you like this place?" asked the ungrateful youth of his friend as they sat down

together on the flower-bed under the large walnut tree.

"Yes, indeed. Don't you?" was the quick reply.

"No, I guess I don't! I think I might have learned more had I gone to some other school."

"Why didn't you go to some other school, in the first place?"

"Well, you see, I didn't have any money, and I knew nothing, and I couldn't get in any other school away from home without money and without knowing more than I did. I didn't even know enough to earn money on a farm, and, besides, I was afraid to work among white people.

"Have you any money now?"

"Not much. I have earned over one hundred dollars in all, I think, since I came here, but I bought this suit, and this watch, and lots of neckties, and several pairs of shoes."

"You didn't *have* to buy them, did you?"

"No, I suppose not."

"The clothes I have on, which the Government gives us, are good enough for *me*," said the honest boy.

"I don't like that clothing," said the grumbler. "It is not good enough for me. I want *finer* goods."

"Yes, I know; you wear good clothes right along. I can't afford it; and besides I would rather keep my money for something more useful. Maybe I shall need my money, very much, when I get through school, to help start me in business."

"Pshaw! I don't look so far ahead as that. I'm going to have a good time as long as I have to stay in this mean, old place."

"I don't like to hear you talk that way about this place which has done so much for us."

"What has this place done for me?" said the grumbler with a saucy air.

"You said you didn't know anything when you first came, you were afraid to work for white people, you didn't have any money. And you know that you are not afraid to work for white people *now*, because you have

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The Indian Helper.

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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.

Frank Conroy wishes to come back from Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., to what he calls his good Carlisle home. He finds he must have more education to get on well.

Harry Raven writes from his home at Cheyenne Agency, Indian Territory, that he wishes he was at Carlisle. He is still not very well. He speaks encouragingly of a number of Carlisle pupils who are at home and doing well.

Joe Schweigman, of Rosebud Agency, Dak., who attended this school with Peter Douville, and until his sudden and unexpected death worked with him in Mr. Jordan's store at Rosebud, writes thus tenderly of his loved friend:

"I am very sorry to tell you that I have lost my mate. It goes hard with me for Peter was my true friend, and I know I shall never have another friend as good and true as Peter was; but I know he is gone where he shall live a happy and everlasting life."

Greetings From Peter Powlas.

Dennison Wheelock, Frank Lock, Levi Levering, Fred B. Horse, H. G. Logan, Carl Leider, Frank Jannies and Yamie Leeds,—

Comrades: I acknowledge the duly arrival of your kind letters through courtesy of S. Powlas. I have you all in kindest recollection and wishing you as a school ever to continue to prosper as a great instrumentality through which the United States Government are educating the hands and minds of the children of the American forest. May the three Debating Societies at Carlisle Indian School be crowned with success.
Oneida, Wis., April 5. '88.

School Room Sentences.

The words in *italic* are those given by the teacher for her Indian class to put into sentences:

A *quadruped* animal cannot do as much as a man who has two legs.

Origin—beginning: I am *origin* to learn my lessons.

The *origin* of the year is past.

Abandon—to leave: Some boys and girls are to *abandon* for their homes.

You see, boys and girls, sometimes we think we know the meaning of words, but when we come to use them we show what we don't know what they mean, at all. When such sentences as the above come from the class, they show the pupil has tried his or her best, but how thankful we should be to have a teacher to correct such funny mistakes. Let us be careful in our use of big words *out of the class* lest we make some very queer mixtures. *In the class*, we may try our best, feeling sure that our teachers will kindly show us if we make the wrong use of words.

Don't think because you are going home in June that it makes no difference whether lessons are well learned or not. That is the very reason you should study harder than ever. Jim Given's time in the town high school is as short as ours, but the Man-on-the-band-stand never saw Jim study so hard as he does now every day. He is not getting *weak* because the school year is on the last half.

At a party given by Miss Leverett, in her rooms Saturday evening, quotations and guessing the authors formed part of the entertainment. Mrs. Campbell won the prize for guessing the greatest number. There were several who came near getting the booby prize. The Man-on-the-band-stand is first-rate at quotations, and he likes cake and ice-cream, too.

All hands are generally tired by the time the INDIAN HELPER mail finds its way to the bags each week, but refreshed by such glorious drafts of "ice-cold lemonade made in the shade," as we were treated to last week by Miss Rote, we felt rested immediately, and could have addressed 10,000 more papers as well as not. But *where* are the 10,000?

The ladies and gentlemen who went from here to attend Miss Willard's temperance lecture in town last Thursday night, had enough water before they got back. It was mixed with *fire*, too—electric fire; for they were caught in quite a thunder shower on their way out.

Mr. Albert Miller, a Stockbridge Indian, of Keshena, Wisconsin, brought to our school, his two daughters, Florence and Orpha Miller, and Mary Johnson and Martha Doxtator of the same tribe.

Keep your part of a bargain!

Read the story on our first page.

Wouldn't it be well if we entered chapel a little more quietly?

The chest weights in the gymnasium are all up and in working order.

April *Red Man* will be out next week, and will be full of interest this month.

Mr. Jordan and boys are making a new road from the Guard House to the railroad.

The Printers have organized a base-ball nine. Now, look out! We are going to beat somebody.

The field back of the hospital is now the base-ball ground. The carpenters are fencing it in with the uniform fence.

Mr. Choate was out, Monday, and took pictures of the new buildings, the choir, and an interior view of the printing-office.

Miss Patterson spent a day at Atlantic City, this week. A few minutes at the sea-shore is very beneficial to health, especially at this time of year.

The two boys who thought they would take a spring trip west, a foot and of their own accord, returned to us in good condition, having had enough of tramp life.

The Indian Athletic Base-Ball Club beat the town high-school nine, last Saturday, by a score of 48 to 2. They expect to play a Dickinson College class nine to-morrow.

Miss Crane has moved into the guest room in the teachers' quarters, Miss Seabrook has taken Miss Crane's old room and Miss Irvine has the room vacated by Miss Seabrook. "A fair exchange is no robbery."

At the sociable last Friday night, Levi St. Cyr, Timber Yellow Robe and John D. Miles had a walking match. They walked three times around the gallery amid the enthusiastic cheers of the 400, looking up. Who beat? Why, Levi.

Joe Stewart takes Ben. Thomas' place as Sergeant of Company E. Ben left the printing office to try his hand at farming for a few months. We are glad he had the chance to go, and hope he will work as faithfully at farming as he always did at printing.

The little Apache girls in No. 1, who have been here about a year, are coming up nicely in number work. They can add, subtract, multiply and divide correctly and rapidly, any number as high as 11, and they use rightly all the signs when working at the board.

The big cistern is full—60,000 gallons of water.

Wm. Steele says he wouldn't run away from *this* place for \$100.

Number 6 can now turn out just as nice looking slates as any other school room.

What Miss Frances E. Willard said to us at a school will be printed in the April *R. d. Man*.

Some little boys had their hats trimmed with dandelions, on Sunday, the first we have seen this year.

Miss Sparhawk took Miss Crane's place in school this week, the latter not having entirely recovered from a brief illness.

The end of our school year is fast coming. The time is short, but we can learn a great deal yet before vacation comes if we get right down to study.

Herman Young, William Black Eagle, Thomas Brown and James Blackbear went home, this week, to Pine Ridge Agency, Dak. They were not in good health.

William Crow is decorating the lamp-shades round-a-bout with real hand painting. He is not very well and is obliged to stay at the hospital. How nice that he can employ his time so usefully!

Rev. Mr. Gravatt, of Hampton Institute, spent a few days with us. Mr. Gravatt's earnest remarks before our pupils Saturday and Sunday evenings were well appreciated, and made a lasting impression.

Sociable? Yes, indeed! And everybody had a *good* time last Friday evening in the gymnasium. We are learning how to behave gentlemanly and lady-like at our monthly sociables, and we enjoy them all the more.

A new sewing-machine in the room over Mr. Standing's office! It can ruffle, and tuck, and gather, and frill and gore and cut-on-the-bias—and we forget all the rest, but it has a feller; *that* we remember, and it is a wonderful machine.

Mr. Gould has gone to Mt. Vernon Barracks, Ala., and to Ft. Pickens, Fla. The little Apache boys here sent the following message to their parents and friends held at Mt. Vernon as prisoners of war: "Tell them we like here, good eat, good clothes, good house."

As the Man-on-the-band-stand passed through the school rooms two or three times this week he found the scholars plodding away. Some were at hard examples in Arithmetic, others were studying Geography and History, while nearly all were busy pushing knowledge into their heads.

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learned enough English to understand them. The training you here received gave you the courage to go to work on a Columbia county farm, and to go to school with white children, as you did last year."

"Well, that is nothing."

"No; that is nothing to an ungrateful boy. I tell you the training we here receive, and the teaching we get in school beats any other school of this grade that I ever heard of."

"I don't think so," answered the grumbler.

"What do you know about it?" earnestly asked the brave young man, who was standing up so nobly for Carlisle.

"Know! I know there are better schools than this."

"What did Frances E. Willard say about our school, when she spoke to us in the gymnasium?"

"I forget."

"Well, I don't forget. Don't you remember she said that she had been in every state and territory in the United States, and that she had visited many Indian schools and other schools, and that she thought we had one of the best schools she ever saw?"

"Oh, yes, I remember something about it."

"Well, she ought to know what good schools are, don't you think?"

"I don't care what she said. I believe, anyhow, if I had gone some place else to school I would know more now," he stubbornly held.

"I once thought myself, of leaving this school and trying to find a better one, but when I came to inquire around, there was no other place I could go, where I could WORK my way to an education as I can here."

"That's just what I don't like."

"I know you don't like work, but as long as I am able I would rather *work* and *earn my way*, than to depend upon another person's money for my education."

"Pshaw! I don't believe in that! There are lots of rich people in the world. I wish some of 'em would send me off to school."

"I am ashamed of you, really. Do you think any one would ever help you if they knew that you carried with you such a spirit."

"I wouldn't let 'em know it: If I only had some of their money I'd show 'em."

"What would you do?"

"Why, I'd go to a higher school where I could learn faster, don't I tell you?"

"Yes, and squander other peoples' money, and wear fine clothes and make a fool of yourself. My friend, are you in the highest class in *this* school?"

"No, not the highest."

"Do you stand at the head of the class you are in?"

"No, not at the head."

"Do you always have perfect lessons?"

"No, I miss pretty often."

"Then how could you keep up with a class in a higher school, if you can't do it in this school?"

The poor fellow could say no more and hung his head in shame, but the Carlisle hero fired away at him:

"Knowledge comes by hard work, and a lazy fellow who has to be continually pushed by his teacher will never learn fast, I don't care what school he goes to. There is no use talking, the road to success is not easy, and no matter where we are, hard, faithful, earnest, honest work will lead us up to what we want to be. I find it is the lazy fellows who do the growling."

We have hundreds of boys and girls here who never complain, and they study and work hard. They are getting ahead and proving to themselves and others of better mind than you, my friend, that this is ranked among the best of schools."

After this remark the boy so full of courage and gratitude walked off in disgust leaving his ungrateful companion angry because he didn't know more, and muttering because he could not blame anyone but himself.

Square Word.

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

My 1 is something we have at Carlisle, that waves in the breeze and proclaims to the world that we are a Government Institution.

My 2 is the way horses will get if they are not kept in good shoes.

My 3 is a word which ends most prayers.

My 4 is a name that men are sometimes called.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Logomachy.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN NO. 32 HELPER: The Star Spangled Banner.

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 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 sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

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 to the HELPER.