

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1888.

NUMBER 37.

## GRANTED WISHES.

Two little girls let loose from school  
Queried what each would be,  
One said: "I'd be a queen and rule;"  
And one, "The world I'd see."

The years went on. Again they met  
And queried what had been;  
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"  
Said one, "I am a queen."

"My realm a happy household is,  
My king a husband true;  
I rule by loving services;  
How has it been with you?"

She answered: "Still the great world lies  
Beyond me as it laid;  
O'er love's and duty's boundaries  
My feet have never strayed."

"Faint murmurs of the wide world come  
Unheeded to my ear;  
My widowed mother's sick bedroom  
Sufficeth for my sphere."

They clasped each other's hands; with tears  
Of solemn joy they cried;  
"God gave the wish of our young years,  
And we are satisfied."

—Selected.

John G. Whittier.

## DOES IT PAY TO BE UNKIND?

"I can easily answer that question, my children, by telling you a little story of how an unkind Indian boy was served," said Aunt Martha. "Then you can judge for yourselves whether it pays or not."

"Good! Good! Another story!" cried the children and as is their custom when Aunt Martha starts a story they knelt on the floor by her side and looked up eagerly into her dear old face expecting to hear something worth listening to.

"Yes," continued Aunt Martha. "The boy, I am sorry to say, was from Carlisle, and the incident happened after he went home."

"Oh! That's too bad," said little Pete. "If a Carlisle boy does anything wrong at home the whole world laughs and says, 'I told you

so. There is no use in trying to educate the Indians."

"And they don't say that about the white boys when they do anything wrong, do they?" piped up little Mary.

"No, of course they don't," said sober John. "White boys do lots of mean things and we never hear it talked about."

"Well! Well! Children. That matters not. Wrong is wrong, and to show you that it does not pay to keep a kind word back when it would save much time and trouble to speak it out, let me continue my story," said Aunt Martha who never liked to be interrupted.

"All right," the children cried, only too glad to give Auntie the floor.

"This Indian boy after he went to his home at Rosebud, Dakota, thought he would try freighting goods from Valentine, Neb.

There were many other Indians old and young at the same business and the Receiving Clerk at Valentine had almost more than he could do to see after them all.

They loaded their wagons as fast as the clerk could attend to them.

The clerk had no interpreter and was obliged to talk with the Indians by signs and a few Indian words which he happened to know.

One day a dispute arose between the clerk and an Indian.

The clerk was in the right, but he could not make the Indian understand.

The Indian got so angry that he wanted to strike the clerk a blow with his war-club, and all the lookers on thought surely there was going to be a fight.

A Carlisle school boy stood there and saw it all.

With a very few words of explanation he could have made plain to the Indian what the white man was trying to make him understand.

"Did he do it?" asked Pete, the inquisitive one of the party.

"Do it? No. The boy stood with his mouth shut and never offered to say a word."

(Continued on Fourth Page.)



# The Indian Helper.

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Price:—10 cents a year.

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

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

~~For~~ 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.

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.—  
*Robert Collyer.*

A half-educated man is as dangerous as a half-broken horse.—*Uncle Esok.*

The Chilocco school, Indian Territory has a base-ball club called the Papposes.

*The Red Man* printed by the Indian boys at our school and edited by the Faculty gives all the Indian news, for 50 cents a year. Send for it.

Josie Vetter sends for *The Red Man* and HELPER, this week. We should think that all of our girls and boys at home would want both papers.

A letter from Alice Freemont says she is now living at Saginaw, Mich., instead of at the Omaha Agency, Neb., her old home, and she is now Mrs. Alice Levering.

Elkanah has written from Pine Ridge, Dak., and wants the *Red Man* and the HELPER. Elkanah says the day he wrote hundreds of Indians were at the Agency drawing rations. We hope he was not with the others. What? A Carlisle boy dependent upon Government rations? Sorry, if true!

"I think that sometimes some of the pupils have no appetite for chances, because there is too much of it before their eye to satisfy it. The door of education is wide open, and we Indians are cordially invited to enter and gather all the education we can."

—*Indian boy in a home letter.*

## The Entertainment.

Did you know the Man-on-the-band-stand had a band? Nobody knew it until Tuesday night of this week when he and his whole band came to the Union and Republic society entertainment.

Poor old man! How he has aged since we last saw him! He was only a little gray last year, but on Tuesday night his dear old whiskers were as white as cotton itself.

He looked bent and tired, too.

No wonder he was tired if he drilled that band. Wonder if he made his band-uniform!

The uniform was not very uniform but it answered the purpose and we had a good laugh. The old man didn't seem to care how much we laughed, either; and when one of his boys played a good tune through his tin horn, the delighted old gentleman patted him on the shoulder and said "Very good!" "Very good," which made the others toot louder than before. We were almost afraid that Conrad would burst a blood vessel he blew so hard.

The meeting all through was an enjoyable one. After the Man-on-the-band-stand and his band left the room the soldiers under the leadership of Sergeant Carl Leider gave a beautiful drill with wooden muskets and tin bayonets. The dumb-bell and club exercises which followed were a fine exhibition of muscular drill and graceful movements. The debate of Resolved, That Indian education be compulsory, was entered into with spirit and showed that the boys had thought deeply upon the subject. Henry Standing Bear's declamation and Chas. Wheelock's essay were both good and the dialogue very funny.

Thomas Mitchell, writes from his home at Omaha Agency, Neb. that he often thinks of us and would like to come back if his parents were willing. He says the Carlisle boys and girls there are all well. Thomas sends his watch all this distance for Mr. Welty the watch-maker in town, to fix. He says they have no watch-maker near them.

It is plain to be seen what Herman Young means in the following newsy squib taken from a letter written since he arrived at Pine Ridge, Dakota, and when we remember how little time he has had in school we can readily excuse the English:

"All the Indian have been doing nice plow, each band help each other seven plows run so very work fast tomorrow after day will be plow our corn field."

It is the thing with the girls to read the first page serial of the *Youth's Companion*.



If all who intend taking the **HELPER** another year would **Please Renew Promptly** after receiving notice that their time is out it would save us much time and labor, and prevent delays.

Yes, a little too cool to be pleasant!

A few lonesome flakes of snow fell, Friday.

Travelling musicians have been quite plentiful of late.

Jack-stones have the right of way at the Girls' Quarters.

Eunice and Katie—the Apache babies will soon be in short clothes.

The girls' yard has been levelled and thickly sown with grass seed.

Some of the girls of the P. I. society are talking of an Arbutus hunt in the south mountains.

The girls' library is indebted to Miss Frances E. Willard for several valuable books of which she is the author.

Ha! Ha! The milk boys came near losing all our good butter-milk when they drove over the crossing Tuesday morning.

Bessie Dixon, the teachers' club cook is making soap again. Girls, that is the way to economize. Turn all the old grease into soap.

The Umbrella man was around Wednesday morning and fixed up a number of old ones. Boys! How would you like that trade?

There is a good deal of flutter among the girls over the prospective out-going of twenty-four of their number upon farms in Maryland and eastern Pennsylvania for the summer.

Miss Patterson went to Harrisburg, Wednesday, to meet her Washington brother who is an invalid. After a brief stay with his sisters here he intends going to Mifflin county to visit friends.

Nancy Cornelius, assistant nurse, has a month's leave from her duties, which she is spending at the Girls' Quarters. Nancy believes that rest comes from a change of occupation so is going to school all day.

Mr. Gould returned Sunday morning from Ft. Pickens, Florida, and brought with him Katie Diuta a daughter of one of the Apache prisoners confined there. Mr. Gould has a new title now, for down south they called him Dr. Title or, not he looks better than when he left and he says he had a good time.

Mr. Choate was on the grounds, Monday, taking pictures.

Mrs. Campbell favored us with a beautiful solo, Sunday evening.

Miss Seabrook spent Sunday at her home near Gettysburg.

The printers beat the farmers at base-ball Wednesday evening, by a score of 15 to 5.

The open-air concerts by the band the last two Wednesday evenings have been enjoyed.

Capt. Pratt attended the funeral services of the late Dr. Agnew, of New York, held in that city on Saturday last.

The Man-on-the-band-stand was sorry to see some of the wee girls making red ink out of their pretty red ribbons.

Arthur Johnson entered the printing-office this week and from the way he begins the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks he will do good work.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of immediate danger, and then half the time put on hind side before.—[*Ec.*]

When we think we know all about even the simplest thing we are on dangerous ground and more apt to go backward than forward in the line of progress.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Goodyear spent yesterday at the Big Spring fishing for trout. At last report they had not finished counting the fish so we cannot give the exact number caught.

Belinda Archiquette sent a club of fifteen subscribers for our little paper this week. If the rest of our boys and girls in the country would do as well, how our list would grow!

Misses Fisher and Phillips spent Sunday at Mr. Lions, out near the mountains. They brought back a quantity of lovely Arbutus which they distributed around among their friends. Miss Phillips was kind enough to give the Man-on-the-band-stand a bunch, which pleased him all over. "My! But that does smell 'mountainy' and good," he was heard to exclaim.

A very interesting letter from Eliza Bell, was received this week. She speaks of her work at Nuyarka Mission, Indian Territory, and tells other news of our returned Creek boys and girls. The letter is too long for the **HELPER**, but will be printed in full in the May *Red Man*.



(Continued from First Page.)

After a great deal of trouble and many angry words and loss of valuable time, the Indian drove away.

Then it came the Carlisle boy's turn to load his wagon.

He spoke to the Receiving Clerk in plain English and told him what kind of goods he wanted to haul.

"Were you standing over there when I was trying to make that Indian understand?" asked the clerk not yet over his excitement.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you hear all those angry words that the Indian said to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you understand what I was trying to tell him?"

"Yes, sir; I understood it all."

"And you did not come forward, and help us when it would have been so easy for you to have made the matter plain?"

"No, sir."

"Why didn't you?"

The boy made no reply. He could not say anything for he knew that he had done a very mean thing. He had a chance to do a kind act both for the Indian and the white man, but because the Indian did not happen to be his relation, he thought, "Let 'em fight it out. I don't care."

The Receiving Clerk wished to teach the boy a lesson and so sent him away without any goods to haul.

So you see, my children, the boy lost \$25 by not doing a kind act when he had the chance and when it was his duty to do it.

It never pays to be unkind. If we do not lose money by it we lose a good name.

#### Changed her mind.

We receive a great many business letters every week and nearly every one has some good encouraging word about our little paper. The Man-on-the-band-stand is very much obliged to his friends for these kind words. The following is from a little girl away down in Maine, and speaks for itself:

"I like the INDIAN HELPER very much and I should like to take it a nother year But I have not got money enough to pay for it but as i cant take it a nother year please Stop it From. —. —. —."

i have changed my my mind i will take it a nother year. —. —. —."

People who never have any time are the people who do the least.—*Lichtenberg.*

#### A Note Carrier.

"Take care, there! What's that you are doing?"

The speaker was the Man-on-the-band-stand and the one he spoke to was a boy going along the balcony of the school-rooms.

When he heard the voice he looked around to see who was speaking.

"What are you doing, I asked," the old man said in sharp tones.

"Nothing!" replied the frightened boy.

"What is that in your hand?"

"A note, sir!"

"Who gave it to you?"

"My teacher, sir."

"Did she write it for you?"

"No, sir! She told me to give it to Miss Fisher."

"Then what right have you to read it?"

"I just wanted to see what my teacher said in the note?"

"You are a dishonest boy, and a dangerous one to have around. No one but a *sneak* would read a note that belongs to some one else. No, matter, if nobody sees you, don't be guilty of doing such a mean thing again."

The boy promised that he would not, and passed along to the book-room.

#### Enigma.

I am made of eight letters.

My 6, 7, 2, is what water turns to in freezing weather.

My 3, 6, 4, 8, 3, is what a large stream of water is called.

My 7, 1, 5, 6, 3, is a part of our school that the Man-on-the-band-stand loves to hear sing.

My whole is something that Miss Sparhawk lost this week but found again.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: On Bucks County farms.

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 4½x6½ 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.

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

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.