

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

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## LEGEND OF THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

When to the flowers so beautiful,  
The Father gave a name,  
Back came one little blue-eyed one  
All tremblingly it came;  
And standing at the Father's feet,  
And gazing in His face,  
It said with a meek and timid mien,  
Yet with a quiet grace,  
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,  
Alas! I have forgot."  
The Father looked kindly on her  
And said, "Forget-me-not."  
—From the scrap-book of a subscriber.

## HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

The following is the reply made by Abram S. Hewitt in answer to the statement that his success as an honored business man and member of Congress was owing to "a series of happy accidents." It is but another proof of how pluck and perseverance win the day:

Perhaps some good may be done to some struggling young man if some of these "happy accidents" are recorded.

I was born of a mother who was a farmer's daughter, and a father who was a mechanic.

My parents were not rich, but poor, honest people, who earned their daily bread, and brought up their children to reverence God and give an equivalent for what they received.

My education was in the public schools of the city of New York.

There I learned to meet my equals and to measure my capacities with those who began life with equal advantages—an honest mind in a sound body.

The next "accident" was that Columbia College gave two scholarships free to the competition of the boys in the public schools.

There were 20,000 of us who went up for those two scholarships.

One of them was given to me.

I was admitted to the college, and I was obliged to support myself from the day I entered to the day I graduated, by teaching

those whom I could find who would take me.

Not one dollar of burden did my education impose upon my parents, who were too poor to give me an education.

I passed through college at the head of my class.

It was certainly through another "accident" that about this time I became nearly blind.

I was compelled to pass a year in Europe, where I lived upon the little money I had saved by my teaching.

Another "accident" was that the ship in which I was, went to the bottom, and I was saved in one of the small boats in company with a man who has been my friend and brother, and will be to the end of my life.

I landed at New York in midwinter in a borrowed suit of sailor's clothing, and I had three silver dollars in my pocket—my entire worldly wealth.

Self-help is the remedy for all the evils of which men complain.

I have had to help myself from the earliest year I can remember, and every struggling young man who chooses to follow the same rule, who will help himself and not become dependent on public or private charity, can achieve a measure of success that will satisfy every independent citizen.—*Ex.*

## How Boys Can Make Money.

Russell Sage one of the rich men of New York City says that a boy can make money;

1. By getting a position;
2. By keeping his mouth shut;
3. By observing;
4. By being faithful;
5. By making his employer think that he would be lost in the fog without him;
6. By being polite.

If a young man lives up to these rules he will not need friends to help him.

Jay Gould, another rich man says that for boys to make money they must

"Keep out of bad company and go to work with a will. The boy who does that, is bound to get on in the world."

Cyrus W. Field, another, says:

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

# The Indian Helper.

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

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

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.

Sadness came to the hearts of all our students and employes who gathered in the chapel Saturday evening, and an impressive silence spread over the whole company when the news was given by Capt. Pratt that Etahdleuh Doanmoe was dead.

A braver, more simple, more true, more faithful Indian did not live.

A history of Etahdleuh's life and work, and the sad circumstances of his death; how the heathen Indians, in the practice of their old superstitious rites burned his house and all of his goods, leaving his wife and little Richard destitute; how our pupils raised a fund for Laura's benefit, and passed resolutions of sympathy, will be printed with all the particulars in the May *Red Man*.

Henry Kendall writes from Rutgers College, N. J., where he is taking a preparatory course of study that it only takes work to keep up in his class. "The rivalry that exists is enough to inspire any one who has life at all," he says. "The hardest work I have now is Algebra. The other day two examples were given to each member of the class to solve and bring in the next day. I worked at mine all the afternoon, all during the study hour in the evening and in the morning before breakfast. I went to school and worked at the other. At the last minute I got it. I tell you I felt as good and "as big as a king." Henry says he belongs to their second team of baseball players.

Cyrus Dixon writes from Albuquerque, New Mex., that as the INDIAN HELPER has not reached him for two months he misses it very much and must have it again.

## THE SCHOOLS.

The Man-on-the-band-stand sent his chief clerk through the upper school rooms, Wednesday morning. She found pupils and teachers working away as though they meant to crowd in all they could during the time allowed for school work.

In No. 10 the boys were busy drawing maps. What's the little oil-stove for?" asked the clerk.

"Making glue," the teacher replied.

"Glue! What for?" But before the question was answered she saw for herself. On the map of South America, beautifully drawn on large card boards the pupils were gluing the products of the country.

Little pieces of tobacco were in the corners near the Isthmus of Panama.

"Wouldn't you like to put it in your mouth instead of gluing it fast to the card?" asked the clerk of one of the boys.

He did not say "no," but he *smiled* it, and the clerk wished that all the tobacco in the world could be glued so tightly to large boards that it could never be pulled off to make filthy the mouths of boys and men.

In No. 9 there was slate work—sentences all broken to pieces and written upside down and cross wise. The Man-on-the-band-stand did not cut his sentences up that way when he went to school, but of course that was in "ye olden days." They didn't know how to analyze in that way, then. Keep on boys! That is right. Break the sentences in pieces! See what they are made of, and learn to understand all the different parts, and may be sometime you will come out far ahead of the Man-on-the-band-stand in the use of English.

In No. 8 they were doing the same kind of work, orally, and the skill with which a certain young lady analyzed a simple declarative sentence, and the manner in which the whole class answered the teacher's questions showed that they knew what they were talking about.

In No. 7 there was a class at the board doing good work in Arithmetic. The clerk noticed one boy's writing upon the board was crooked and his figures were not well made, but she guesses he will do better after awhile. Every one was busy as could be; they surely are making headway up the hill of knowledge.

In No. 6 there was slate work, sentence building, etc., and the writing on the slates was neat. The clerk asked one of the boys if he was tired. "I never tired at anything," was his brave reply, and the teacher said in regard to his school work that it was the truth. On looking over some written exercises on paper, the clerk saw a question by the teacher—How many bones have you? And the answer in bold hand was "24 and each side 12."

The Man-on-the-band-stand is sorry for such a large boy if he only has "24 bones and each side 12."

We hear that in several departments of school they are making fine maps and all are doing good work at regular studies. The clerk will be sent through the lower rooms on some future occasion.

If all who intend taking the HELPERS 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.

"Eat your dinner!"

Joshua Given is with us for a day or two.

Our written examinations for this year are over.

Dr. and Mrs. Given and Jim went to Harrisburg, Wednesday.

The Printers beat the Regulars at base-ball a few evenings ago.

The leaves have come out like fun, this week, and the grass is lovely to behold.

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not like to see the singing-books used for fans.

The girls in the dress-making corner of the sewing-room turned out 34 dresses nicely made in one week.

There is some talk of putting the new school-house to be built this summer where Mr. Jordan's house and the printing-office now stand.

The Girls' P. I. society put in an enjoyable day on the mountains near Holly, hunting arbutus. Several of the teachers accompanied the party.

The party of pupils who attended the First Presbyterian Church sociable last Thursday evening in town, report having had a very pleasant time.

John D. Miles, Percy Kable and Isaac Williams caught a mess of fish in the spring on the north side of our grounds. Seven of them were caught in a very few minutes.

Henry Philips, our little Alaskan printer who has been in the office four months, drew his first pay on Tuesday, and did his first steam-press work on the following afternoon. He ran off 1500 envelopes and did it well.

Bennie Thomas, one of our printer boys on a farm, writes that he is learning how to plow. "The first day I plowed I was very tired," he says; "the second time I wasn't very tired, but my hands were sore I could hardly hold anything, but they are getting hard now."

Mr. and Mrs. Standing and Jack left Carlisle on Tuesday morning for New York to sail on Wednesday for England. Miss Wilson who had a journey to Scotland last summer, thinks that about now the Standing's are perhaps quite unsettled as to whether the "land or the sea is the better place to be." It is the wish of the dear old man left behind, that the party will have a safe journey and come back to us soon.

We can pay no attention to requests to change address of paper if the *former* address is not given.

Chas. Dagnett spent a day or two in Washington, this week, to see the chiefs there from the Quapaw Agency, Ind. Ter.

Lida Standing is making her home at the Phillips' in town, during the absence of her papa and mamma in England.

The painters are oiling the roof and wood-work inside the gymnasium, and painting the new fences and sheds round about.

Chief Big Bone, who is living on a farm sent a subscription this week. We are glad to hear most excellent reports of Chief's progress.

Mrs. Patterson, of Washington, D. C., paid a visit of a day with her two daughters, at this place.

Hugh Chee caught the biggest fish of the season—a large sucker, 18 inches long. Miss Noble cooked it for his dinner, and it was more than he could manage but the girls finished it up.

When the boys get after the fish in the spring with clubs and poles and sticks and stones and whoops and yells the creatures have to succumb and the boys enjoy it more than the fish do.

The annual examinations of the Indian Department of the Lincoln Institution and Educational Home, Philadelphia, were held yesterday. Our teachers and officers were invited to be present.

Business traits show in small things. A boy for instance, who can fold or wrap two INDIAN HELPERS to another boy's one, will very likely earn two *dollars* to the other boy's one when they get out in the business world.

The Indian Regulars were beaten by the town High School nine at base-ball, Saturday last on the Fair ground by a score of 26 to 22.

Mrs. M. J. Frost, supervisor of the Female Ward, State Hospital, Danville, Pa., visited the school, a guest of Miss Wilson.

John Miller, made a flying trip to Washington, D. C. He there saw some of the Chiefs of his tribe, the Miamis, and some from neighboring tribes in Indian Territory. John reports having taken in all the sights possible in the limited time allowed.

At the regular monthly exhibition held last Friday night there were a number of good things worthy of note, but space forbids. The spirited paper, read on "Notes and comments from fifteen of our girls" will be published in full in the May *Red Man*.

There has been more than usual stir in all the pupils' quarters this week. The preparations incident to the departure of 27 girls, 20 small boys and 30 large boys, to start to country homes was no small amount of labor in addition to the regular routine of duties.

(Continued from First Page.)

"Punctuality, honesty and brevity are the watchwords of life."

The Man-on-the-band-stand, another rich man—rich in wisdom, says, "It is easy enough to make money, but to KEEP it is the rub. If we don't learn to save our little earnings while at school we will never learn to save the larger money earned after we go out to work for ourselves."

### A CARLISLE BOY IN ARIZONA.

The following taken from a letter written by Michael Burns, tells of some of his recent and past doings. Michael is an Apache and was a pupil of Carlisle for a few years:

TUSCON, ARIZ., April 21, 1888.

DEAR CAPT. PRATT: An interpreter, Rob't McIntosh, who went with the Apache Chiefs to Washington, D. C. has told me of meeting you at Carlisle. I have been a scout at the San Carlos Agency for nearly two years and have had no time to write to any of my friends in the East and have read no newspapers. You can see that it is very hard for a school boy to keep from falling back to ignorance.

As for myself, I can fight my own way which I always have done.

I left San Carlos Agency on the 15th with nineteen others, ten prisoners, seven witnesses and three of us guards, for Tuscon, where the prisoners are to be tried for murder.

I am here as interpreter for the Mojave prisoner and the two Mojave witnesses.

I am getting five dollars a day and mileage at five cents a mile for 220 miles each way.

The one Mojave prisoner has to be tried at Phoenix, for the murder was committed in the county of which Phoenix is the county seat.

When I was on the way here I met your first Lt. Davis, commanding L troops at Fort Grant. He was much interested in me for I told him I was a scholar under your superintendence at Carlisle.

Nettie Carey writes that she goes about her work in her country home at Milory, Pa., "happy all the time."

Sometimes she helps garden. "To-day," she says, "Mrs. K. and I were planting onions, while the men were sowing oats. I am learning how to ride horseback. That is how I go to see Barbara."

What is the easiest thing in the world to make and the hardest to keep from getting broken? A resolution.

### Square Word.

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

My 1 is what may be caught in the water if managed in the right way.

My 2 is what some people have ONE of.

My 3 is what an Indian cannot do with his land yet.

My 4 is something what our boys and girls pass through in going from their rooms to the Assembly-room.

At Sitka, Alaska there is a small paper called *The North Star*. It tells of the work there among the Indians. By the following taken from its columns we see that the Indian boys and girls up there as well as ours here at Carlisle some times call things by queer names:

On the last steamer day, while we were writing for dear life to get our most important business letters off by return mail, we heard a timid knock at the door of our study. On answering it, we found Daniel, who has not been in the "Home" quite a year.

"Well; what is it, Daniel?"

"Can you give me a lettoh bog?"

"A what?"

"Lettoh bog."

Daniel was made happy by giving him an envelope—letter bag.

Any kind of a job is better than no job at all.—*Robert Collyer*.

Thanks are cheap, and yet we can pay more than half of one's debts with them.

—*Uncle Esck*.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Her voice.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the B 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.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for *The Red Man* we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer to the HELPER. Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.