

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1888.

NUMBER 41.

TRY.

There is a very little word
Of letters only three,
'Tis certainly the greatest help
To all,—both you and me.
It helps you with your lessons,
It helps you in your work,
And if you listen to it,
You will never be a shirk.

It does the greatest wonders,
Although it is so small,
Its power is felt in every place,
In cottage and in hall.
Not much would be accomplished
Without this little word,
And as to great discoveries,
Very little would be heard.

It helped Columbus onward
To find the unknown land.
With industry and workmanship
We find it hand in hand.
The leaders in this busy world
Have felt its magic sway,
And by it, names illustrious,
Have lived through many a day.

The telegraph and telephone,
The printing press and rail,
The lightning speed of steamers
That o'er the ocean sail.
All this has been accomplished,
We know it, you and I,
By men of will and energy,
Who thought it well to Try.

Now, boys and girls, remember,
There is plenty of work to do;
If others have succeeded,
Then certainly why not you?
So let no time be wasted
As days go swiftly by,
You'll never know what you can do
Until you really Try.

—[Selected.]

"I see going into that tobacco-pipe brains, books, time, health, money, prospects—the things that are priceless, earnestly puffed away in smoke."

A VISIT THROUGH THE LOWER SCHOOL ROOMS.

No. 1 school is where the wee ones go, and they were as busy as little bees, on Tuesday morning when the chief clerk passed through the school-rooms. Just think of Herbert Campbell standing up at the board and writing his own name. Yes, and "bee," and "clock," and "apple."

Johnnie's and Don's slates were full of nice writing and the little Indian boys' and girls' slates had just as good work on them. The class at the board, all little tots, were figuring away at a great rate with the number 49, adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing as they went, and it was fun to watch the chalk fly.

In No. 3 the pupils were trying to make sentences containing the word "storm." Some succeeded very well, while others became a little mixed. The teacher kindly showed them their mistakes and her pupils were only too glad to write the sentences over again. They went at it as though they were eager to learn to write good English.

In No. 4 there was a class at the board doing number work. In this room the large beginning boys and girls go to school. Some who came to Carlisle last Fall were doing good work in subtraction.

In No. 5 the clerk heard a class of large Sioux boys reading from the First Reader.

They are young men who have been in school less than a year, and they read loud and well, and showed that they understood what they read.

The lesson was about a boat and oars and a boy who had lost his oars while out boating.

The teacher asked William to bring her a boat. The clerk looked around in much astonishment, thinking that the teacher had asked her pupil to do an impossibility, and was surprised when William walked across the room where the toys are kept and selected a boat six inches long and brought it to his teacher. This small boat had oars, too, and the class was taught to say the name over and over again till they got it right. Then they

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

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.

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.

Intelligent Indians should by all means take *The Red Man*. The price is only fifty cents a year.

Mary Bailey writes from her home in West Philadelphia, "I am showing the white girls and boys how we girls and boys do at Carlisle, to study hard." She says she is getting along very nicely at school, having been promoted recently to the sixth grade, A, Secondary.

Buffalo Bill is again in this country. Having captured millions of dollars from the fools of England who went crazy over his over-drawn pictures of our western life, he will now try to gull New Yorkers, Brooklynites, and other Eastern people into thinking that the Indians are savage beasts, fit only to be shot down like dogs or to wear paint and feathers to please the eye of an excited crowd.

That disgraceful show can do more in six months, to drag the Indian down and give a wrong impression of his real character, than forty Carlisle's could do in six years to build the Indian up and help him to stand on his own feet, on good solid ground. Buffalo Bill is rapidly tearing down, what all good schools for the Indian are building up.

A dozen needle books, beautifully made out of handsome material, were received this week from Mrs. Mary Kilbourne, of Mayville, N. Y. Mrs. Kilbourne is a dear lady of 80 years of age. She made the books all herself, to be given to our best and most promising sewers. When the girls' mother returns from Dakota the books will be given out and the hearts of our best sewers made happy.

Base Ball

The game on the Fair grounds, last Saturday between the Indian School Regulars and a class nine of the Dickinson College Preparatory Department resulted in a score of 19 to 8 in favor of the Indians. The Preps. had the first and last innings, while our boys played only eight.

Mr. Landis, the umpire was fair and impartial and did not allow himself to be influenced by the remarks of the players—a fault which always told against our boys heretofore.

Frank Dorian pitched a splendid game, and his method of watching the bases was greatly admired.

There was no notice of the game last Saturday in either of the Carlisle dailies. Where were the reporters?

Ota Chief Eagle, of the Young American Club received a hard blow in the mouth, while catching behind the bat. He lay almost senseless for a moment, but soon revived and is now all right.

The Blacksmiths would like to see the ball that the Regulars won from the Dickinson students last Saturday.

The Regulars have two challenges under consideration. One from the Freshmen of Dickinson College and one from the Carlisle Base Ball Club.

An enjoyable and decidedly restful feature of this year's school life among the teachers and employes has been a series of sociables held in the teachers' club parlor on Thursday evening of each week. The gatherings have been entirely informal. Social games and free discussion of matters outside of Indian affairs have been indulged in. One of the most pleasant meetings of the winter was held on last Thursday evening, Misses Leverett and Rote entertaining.

The funeral of Billy Somers, Cheyenne, who died of spinal-meningitis, was held Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Rittenhouse, of Dickinson College, officiating. None mourns the death of this young man more than Abe, who watched faithfully at the bedside of his dying brother until the last. The following lines speak for themselves:

I am very sorry for my dear mother and many best friends of Billy, at home, that their aim for Billy has not reached where they expected him to be some day in the future. But their ambition for Billy's life has been disappointed in the beginning of his road. The death of dear Billy will be sad news to his many friends. But I am greatly rejoiced that my dearly beloved brother's death happened in these glorious and grandest days of our school lives. I know that the good Lord of the universe has called him away very suddenly, to dwell with him where he shall ever live with the Lord and with the multitudes of God's people forever.

ABE SOMERS.

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.

Pass the butter-milk?

Capt. Pratt is in Philadelphia.

Mr. Mason Pratt spent Sunday at home.

Samuel Townsend led the service Sunday evening.

Never accept money for work that has not been done.

How easy it is to fault others when we alone are to blame!

The carpenters are busy making blinds for Miss Patterson's rooms.

The hospital girls paid a pleasant call at the printing-office, Thursday last.

News comes from the Apache Agency, Arizona, that Egbert Eskelta is dead.

The road to the new coal house adds greatly to the convenience in delivering coal.

The locust tree in front of the teachers' club came down, Thursday, by the hand of Dr. Brown.

Don earned his ten cents to pay for the INDIAN HELPER by catching rats and mice for his papa. Brave boy!

Ella Barnett returned, Thursday, from Downingtown, where she has lived for some time in the beautiful home of the Edge's.

The Misses Sparkawk, Miss Leverett, and Mrs. Lutkins went to Gettysburg, Saturday, and report having had a very enjoyable day.

Kish Hawkins and Jesse Paul of the Philosophy class, have made handsome drawings of a section of the telephone; others are coming on.

A pleasant note from Louisa Wilson says she is at Ft. Niobrara, Nebr., and expects to stay there all summer. To use her own words, she is 'getting along first rate in everything.'

During an exercise at conundrums in school the other day, a teacher asked one of a class of large boys, "Why are you like a tree?" "Because I am green," was the quick reply, and it brought down the room.

Paul Boynton, one of our printer boys, writes that he has a good home. Four of our Indian boys work for the same man on a three or four hundred acre farm, up in Luzerne County. Although Paul is kept pretty busy and works hard he finds time to write and will drop a line occasionally to keep us informed of his doings.

What is the matter with orderly Paul's hat?

Mrs. Lutkins spent a day in Philadelphia, this week.

We have now a pair of new ladders as a protection against fire.

We are sorry to hear a rumor from Pine Ridge, Dak., that Alice Wynn is dead.

The Red Man will be delivered by an Indian carrier to any address in town. Terms; fifty cents a year.

The queen in her flower-garden, in the bay-window part of the grounds, forms a very picturesque scene.


Miss A. B. Bullions, of Lansingburg, N. Y., spent Sunday with her friend Miss Shears, at this school. The two have been friends from childhood.

Miss Lucy Sparhawk, who for several weeks has been here visiting her sister, returned to her home in Newton Centre, Mass., on Monday.

Our library has had an addition of a large number of second hand books from the Episcopal Sunday School in town, for which we, as a school, are very grateful.

The harness makers were rewarded by a holiday, last Wednesday for faithful work in making up the 200 sets of double-harness recently shipped to the Crow Agency, Montana.

Miss Irvine left for Dakota, Tuesday afternoon, in charge of Dessie Prescott, Nellie Hunter and Nancy Ironchild, who were returning to their homes at Pine Ridge Agency, on account of sickness.

Now the leak in our  is stopped. Mr.

Mason of Jamestown, N. Y., sent us 148 subscribers, this week. Let others follow suit, and keep the Man-on-the-band-stand's spirits up.

The exhibition held Friday night was another enjoyable occasion. The choir singing, the dialogue, and the beginning efforts at speaking in public by the new Sioux and Apaches are deserving of special mention. The singing by Mrs. Campbell and Misses Crane and Leverett was simply charming.

It keeps Norris Stranger Horse on a jump to manage his company of fourteen little lawn-pickers. They stretch in a line giving to each boy a surface of three or four feet to pick clean in front of him as they move forward on hands and knees. Then a boy with a wheel-barrow travels back and forth in front of the line and each picker empties his hands. Thus they gather all the bits of paper, sticks and other trash from the lawn and keep it beautifully clean.

(Continued from First Page.)

upset the boat, as the lesson told about, but they had a hard time to learn "upset." They soon got the meaning and didn't give up on the pronunciation till they each could say it perfectly.

The clerk was very much pleased from the beginning to the end of her short visit in the lower rooms, and thinks that although the schools have been broken into somewhat by pupils going out on farms, and the time for vacation is near, yet the interest keeps up and all are going ahead fast.

CLIMB UP.

Most great men have made their mark by climbing,—by patient, hard, persevering, energy.

This conversation took place at a dinner-party in New York in 1883, where Senator Henry G. Davis sat at one end of the table, Simon Cameron sat at the other, and between them was General Sherman. The General began to tell a story of his life by saying:

"When I was a lieutenant—"

"Come, now, Sherman," interrupted Senator Davis, "were you ever a lieutenant?"

"Yes, Davis" he replied, "I was a lieutenant about the time you were a brakeman on a freight train."

"Well, boys," observed Mr. Cameron, "I don't suppose either of you ever cut cordwood for a living as I did."

Boys of energy and determination need never fear but what they will make a name and a place for themselves in the world.

In reading the history of the men who have become famous, one sees that many of our greatest men began poor.

Poverty is a mighty force that brings out all the energy there is in a young person if he or she determines to climb above ignorance, and to make a place among intelligent and well-to-do people.

"He who thinks he can find in himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others can not do without him is still more mistaken."

All is but lip wisdom which wants experience.—*Str P. Sidney.*

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Home Fever.



ANSWER TO QUESTIONS—NAMES OF PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY; 1. mole; 2. nail; 3. foot; 4. teeth; 5. tongue; 6. drum; 7. lash.



An Enigma for the Wee Ones.


I am made of 7 letters.



My 1 is in  but not in 



My 2 is in  not in 
coach.

My 3 is in  but not in 

My 4 is in  but not in 
beef.

My 5 is in  but not in 

My 6 is in  but not in 
coffee.

My 7 is in  but not in 

My whole is the kind of report we had on English Speaking Saturday night.

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 sixty cents.

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

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.

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.