

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 42.

THE OLD STEAM MILL.

Puff, puff—puff, puff!
 Goes the old steam mill;
 Grinding away, night and day,
 Down under the hill.
 Grinding away, night and day,
 Making the bread for the poor,
 Sending a blessing, every hour,
 To the proud or the humble door.

Puff, puff—puff, puff!
 I step to its cheerful sound.
 And hum my song, and jog along,
 To its ceaseless beat and bound.
 The banks may fail, but it will not quail
 One breath of its iron will,—
 And the cry "hard times" seems idle rhymes
 It works but the cheaper still.

Puff, puff—puff, puff!
 So beats the true heart on;
 Stopping to play, neither night nor day,
 Till its life work is all done.
 Like the old mill, grinding still,
 Something for rich and poor;
 Doing its best, making earth blest,
 With its good deeds, evermore!

Work, work—work, work!
 Is the brave heart's song;
 Work while you may, night and day,
 With a will all brave and strong.
 Looking about, and finding out
 What most needs to be done,—
 At it then cheerily, lagging not wearily,
 Work, till the work be done!

[Contributed.]

TWO WAYS.

"Are you going home this summer?" asked Ben stopping and leaning on his lawn-mower as he came up to his friend.

"Not home to stay," answered Tom.

"Not when you haven't seen your folks for five years?"

"That's true, but—" He stopped, then grasped his mower again, cut the swath across the lawn and came back to his companion on another. "We sha'n't find any

lawn-mowers out in Indian Territory," he said, "not in our part of it, anyway."

Ben laughed out.

"Do you like to run them?" he asked. And he made the Indian gesture of contempt.

"Not when the sun is hot," returned Tom. "But I like the way it makes the grass look." He waited a moment, then said slowly, "I can't explain it to you, but I see it all."

"What do you see?" cried Tom. "You're always seeing something."

Tom cut another swath while Ben watched him.

"Somehow, we're like this grass," he said coming back, "or perhaps it's like us, it's getting civilized, it don't get tangled up any more."

"So, you want to keep looking nice and you don't care for your home any more and your father and mother, and brothers and sisters?" Tom looked at him reproachfully. "I'm going to take up my allotment," added Ben, "and I shall make a good farmer, I've been on a farm six months, I know when to put in the crops, only, I shall not work all the time, and I shall not care about a lawn-mower; it's good enough for me just as my father used to have it."

"Then you love your father better than yourself," answered Tom, "for last week I heard you say you had come to liking ways you didn't like a year ago."

Ben's lawn-mower started up suddenly and did quite an amount of work.

"What are you going to do?" he asked finally.

"I am going back someday. But not now, not for a long time. I am going to study and be a surveyor."

"What's that?"

"Why, to measure land and stake it off."

"What for? You haven't any land this way."

"But surveyors get money for measuring other people's land."

"What does that belong to? What do you have to study to learn it?"

(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.

Through a letter from one of our old boys now at Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, we learn that most of our Carlisle boys there are still on the good road.

The other day when Rev. Mr. Robinson and Rev. Mr. Cook were absent from the Agency, one of our former pupils Robert American Horse carried on the Divine services at their church, and in the Dakota language.

We have received many letters containing such complimentary remarks as this about our paper. "Renew my subscription for another year. I am well pleased with your paper; it is the best paper I ever bought, and the cheapest paper." It makes the Man-on-the-band-stand feel several days younger every time he reads these letters from his little friends.

The Standings.

A very interesting letter from Mr. Standing, was received this week which we regret is too long for our little paper.

They had a longer voyage by two days than they counted on.

The sea was so rough at one time that Jack rolled out of his berth.

"I went with the chief steward" says Mr. Standing, "to look over his kitchen. They are fixed to cook for 2000 people, partly by steam and partly with a range very similar to the one in use at the school only supplied with lots of guards to keep the pots and pans from upsetting."

After the first few days of sea-sickness they kept very well, but were glad enough when they arrived in Liverpool.

We hope to get an interesting account of their doings in Europe, part of which we will give to our readers.

What gets into a pupil when he is not willing to read a piece over as many times as his teacher thinks he should? Obstinacy.

But the *right spirit* was in the young man in No. 9 who when after trying several times the other day to say a word correctly his teacher thought it best to pass on and let him try again some other time.

But the young man looked up pleasantly and said, "Please, say it again." The teacher was glad to repeat the word and the pupil succeeded in pronouncing it just right before he gave up the ship.

In no other way can we ever learn to speak plainly but by saying over and over as many times as our teacher wants us to, the words in our reading lessons.

Base Ball.

The score of a game played between the Indian School Regulars and The Carlisle Base Ball Club on Wednesday, resulted as follows:

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	
0	2	1	0	0	2	2	2	1	0	—10 Regulars.
1	1	0	0	3	3	0	0	2	1	—11 Carlisle.

It will be seen that at the end of the ninth inning they were tie.

Frank Dorian pitched a splendid game.

Percy Zadoka's hands gave out at the end of the 5th. inning.

Felix made one or two excellent catches.

Joel Cotter, Frank Dorian, A. Metoxen and Edwin each made an error in the 5th inning that counted against them three runs.

The Regulars outbatted the Carlisle's, and but for the repeated errors on the part of the Regulars they would have come out victorious.

It was a good game and intensely exciting.

When Miss Burgess was in Bucks county she accidentally met Benjamin Lowry, Dick Wallace, Casper Edson and one or two of the other boys. They looked well and their reports of themselves were excellent.

Decoration Day at the Carlisle school was a holiday. A large company of boys went to town to witness the procession, while the girls at home had a good time at croquet, shinny, ball, rolling hoops, reading or otherwise passing the time as they felt most inclined. The only grave at the school "celebrated" as Don called it, was duckies. Ducky had never been a soldier, but Richenda, John, Don and Herbert, our small folks "celebrated" the grave, anyhow, with precious weeds and other "ornamental" plants.

Susie Prickett sent sixty cents for HELPER and *Red Man* this week. She is at Hayes, Wis., now.

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 and the loss of papers.

A hard rain Monday night.

Another Wednesday night.

Read "Two Ways" on the first page.

The June *Red Man* promises to be a very interesting number.

A new chain pump in the cistern in front of the girls' quarters.

The boys call Mr. Jordan "Texas" when he wears that big straw hat.

The new tennis suit worn by one of our young ladies is lovely to behold.

In one of the schools here the pupils call their Physiology the bone-book.

Planning and arranging for a start on the new school building is the order of the day.

A party of young ladies from Wilson College, Chambersburg, is expected to-night.

If each one of our little subscribers would send *one* new name our list would run up to 14000 in a twinkling of an eye.

The printers worked several extra hours Tuesday evening to get a holiday along with the others on Wednesday.

Miss Noble entertained, at the Teachers' Club sociable, last Thursday evening, and the time was very enjoyably passed.

The small girls have been supplied with rolling hoops, and how they do enjoy skipping along over our beautiful lawn and around the paths after their run-a-way "steeds."

A number of the girls with Miss Cutter visited the printing office Tuesday evening to see the engine and presses work. They seemed pleased with the business stir of our work-shop.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's Chief clerk and a very select few were greatly honored with a tooth-full of most delicious maple sugar which came all the way from Chester Cornelius's home in Wisconsin.

One of the most interesting pictures we have is the Apache babies. Price 20 cents. Any one sending five new subscriptions to the INDIAN HELPER and a 1-cent stamp will receive the picture as a premium.

Miss Burgess was notified on Friday last of the death at the same hour of two of her uncles, one who lived in New Jersey and the other in Bucks County. She took the early train Saturday morning to attend the funeral services which were held together at Langhorne.

Miss Marion Pratt is expected home to-day.

Now, if there were a chain pump in the big cistern we would be fixed.

The teachers went to Boiling Springs, yesterday, for a pleasure ride.

The babes are just over the mumps and in short clothes. Won't Grandma be glad?

Rev. Dr. Brown has returned from a few days sojourn in Philadelphia and New York.

HIGH KICKS:—Felix Iron Eagle Feather has reached 7 ft. 3½ inches, and John Kitson the same.

Capt. Pratt made several flying trips to Lancaster, this week, on business about the new school building.

Arthur, one of our printers, spent part of his holiday in putting elbow-grease on his room floor in spots where hair-grease had been carelessly dropped.

Mr. Norman's town band came out Decoration Day and furnished us with most excellent music. Mr. Choate was along and took their pictures on our grounds.

The latest news from Miss Irvine is that she is tied at Rushville, Nebr., on account of the big water-spout in that vicinity a few days ago which washed away several miles of railroad.

Kias Sioux Man should be called Kias No Man for he is back from his farm-home in disgrace again. Kias made his own bargain with Mr. Satterthwaite and than had not enough honor to do what he agreed.

"Yes, to-morrow will be a holiday," said one of the boys, on Tuesday, "and I am going to 'halloo'! all day." Another said when the dinner-bell rang on Decoration Day, "What difference if they don't get dinner; this is a hollow day?"

The little boys like to play ball in the wet grass, but when they have to march up and down in front of the quarters for an hour or two for punishment they don't like that. Boys, your mother knows what is best, so stay out of the wet grass!

Would it not be showing more respect to the God we thank for our food every time we sing the grace, if we sat still—say *ten seconds*, before beginning to eat? The Man-on-the-band-stand does not like to see boys and girls jump greedily for the first mouthful the very second "Amen," is said.

(Continued from First Page.)

"Arithmetic, and things like that."

"That's why you are always working away at figures?"

"Yes. And I am going to settle east and vote east and be an eastern man. And then," Tom was coming back from another swath, "I am going to get made Government surveyor for some of the Indian lands."

"For our lands? They won't have an Indian."

"The Government people won't? They'll be glad to have an Indian do anything, just to show they didn't make a mistake in educating him. If we will march in and ask, they'll give us anything anywhere. They want to see what we've got in us, Ben. I want to have them. Why don't you do something, too? You can learn fast when you study hard."

"I don't like to study hard, but—why, Tom," he cried suddenly, "if you did that, you'd measure off white men's land, too."

"Yes."

"And tell them what they owned and what they didn't?"

"Yes."

A long silence.

"Perhaps it would pay to study," said Ben at last.

By this time Tom who had done his talking chiefly in the turnings of his machine, had picked up his lawn-mower and was marching off.

"Going?" cried Ben.

"Yes, I've finished. I couldn't do anything else till I had got through with this work. Think it over, Ben."

Ben fell to mowing hard. But his thoughts went faster than the rollers of the machine. What were they? That is for those interested to find out. His real name was not Ben, nor was the other boy's Tom, nor is it certain that the talk took place this year.

The only way to find out is to wait and see what happens.

A little white girl, one of the HELPER subscribers, writes that her mamma and papa visited our school last spring and she says "Mamma kissed a little Indian baby and said it was just as sweet and nice as a white baby."

This was little Richard Doanmoe, whose dear papa died recently in Indian Territory, and now Richard has no home as the Indians burned and carried off everything the family owned.

It is a savage custom among many of the uncivilized tribes, to burn or otherwise destroy, after the death of a person, all the property owned by him before his death.

The Indians would get on faster if the Government would put a stop to all such savage ways.

On the Right Track.

An Apache boy who has been in education's ways only a short time writes from a farm home to his teacher at Carlisle. From the letter we take a few extracts which shows that the boy is making progress in the right road if he hasn't learned the most perfect way of saying so:

"Yesterday morning we make wild-fence (white washed the fence.)

Every time I cow milk but I don't know how to milk but anyhow I trying.

I hear the brider (birds) singing every morning time because is spring time thaterson. (that's the reason)

Now sometimes I sawing woods too."

This morning I worked grass I cut, and in afternoon same place again, too.

We have a little horse in the barn and turkeys all very small.

Enigma.

I am made up of 21 letters.

My 4, 11, 12, 1, 10 is a country in Asia.

My 17, 18, 21, 20 is what we want of good things.

My 7, 14, 6, 3 we see and hear at Carlisle.

My 2, 5, 9, means "no."

My 13, 18, 15 describes a valley.

My 19, 4, 16 is what we all hope to do.

My whole you may see at Carlisle any fair day at this season.

Riddle.

There was a man of Adam's race,

Who had a certain dwelling-place;

A house well built, well covered o'er,

Where no man dwelt since nor before.

'Twas not composed of human art,

Brick, wood or stone in any part.

'Twas not in heaven, 'twas not in hell,

Nor in this world where mortals dwell.

Now if you know this man of fame,

Tell where he lives and what's his name.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Perfect.

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 4x6 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 for the HELPER.

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.