

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1888.

NUMBER 49.

BE TRUE.

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you,
And this is the word: Be true, be true!
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right!

List, little maid, I've a word for you,
'Tis the very same: Be true, be true!
For truth is the sun and falsehood the night;
Be true little maid, and stand for the right.

—[Selected.]

A CARLISLE TEACHER ON THE BIG OCEAN.

STEAMER AURANIA, July 6th, 1888.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

A little bird whispered to me that the Man-on-the-hand-stand would like an ocean letter for his children to read. Surely, the dear old friend who watches over us so carefully should not be disappointed.

If you were all here, this morning, or floating above us in a lot of cosy balloons, what would you see?

No land, anywhere. Just the blue sparkling foaming waters of the Gulf Stream, the wide sweep of deep blue sky, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds, the glorious old sun "Shining in his majesty," and cutting through the water gaily at the rate of 16 knots an hour, (How many miles?) a great beautiful steamer, nearly five hundred feet long, her white deck crowded, to-day, with passengers.

They lie around in steamer-chairs. They sit on the rails and the steps. They flock up and down the stairs between upper and lower decks.

The venturesome hang on to the ropes up in the bow and let the wind toss them about.

They play ring-toss and quoits and even checkers; and some musical ones have just given us a delightful vocal concert.

One of them comes up as I write and asks a sea-sick young lady to take a waltz with him. It is needless to say that she does not accept the invitation.

Outside, the porpoises are leaping gaily out of the water as if glad to have so much good company.

Babies roll on the deck, children tear around at their own sweet will, and one young man is torturing a disconsolate accordeon.

Away off on the horizon a white ship seems to be floating into the clouds.

The pretty little stewardess, in white cap and apron flits about among the ladies, kind, thoughtful and busy.

It is very pleasant to be on the boundless ocean on such a day as this.

I have been on deck at five o'clock for the last three mornings.

I like to see the sailors wash the decks.

They bring out great coils of hose, fill them with water from reservoirs till they look like immense black snakes, and then the boat-swain sends the water rushing and dashing in every direction, while six or eight men dressed in rubber or oil-skin, bare-footed and rough-looking, with great coarse brooms, go "Swish, swash! Swish, swash!" up and down the long deck, keeping as even time as Conrad keeps with his Indian clubs.

And then others come with rubber mops and sweep off every drop of water till the deck is as dry as a floor.

Then every bit of brass and copper is polished till it shines again, and a man goes around putting a bit of white paint here and there, and everything is put in most scrupulous order.

There are all sorts of people on board. Last night, coming out of the saloon where the Duke of Marlborough had been making a speech, and where elegant women and fashionable men lounged at their ease, we almost fell over a dirty, disheveled woman and two or three ragged and dirty children lying prone on the deck,—poor foreigners who had crawled out of the steerage and crept as near to "civilization" as they dared.

A Montana cow-boy, and a New York schoolmaster lean over the rail, and a little old lady comes up and asks me, anxiously, if the Indians can't get hares and rabbits enough out of the woods to keep them from starving in the winter, while a young man gravely assures me that we are crossing the Gulf of Mexico.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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.

Price:—10 cents a year.

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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.

2,000,000 Africans are annually killed by the slave-drivers in getting slaves to the coast of Africa. 400,000 are annually sold.

At a game of ball played on the Fourth of July between a club from the Indian School at Genoa, Nebraska, and a town nine of Genoa, the Indian boys came off victorious.

Elizabeth Wind writes to the Man-on-the-band-stand from her farm home in New Jersey:

"I think some day you might be released from your stand and take a holiday and come over to New Jersey and pay us all a visit as you have been so faithful at your duty all the time. I am always anxious to see the INDIAN HELPER when it comes, to read the news from Carlisle."

Joel Archiquette, who left for his home at the Oneida Agency, Wisconsin, on the night of the 1st, writes that he arrived safely in time to take part in the Fourth of July celebration there. On that day he says, "The Indian boys who came back from the Martinsburg school played ball against the club here and the Martinsburg boys got beaten." Joel says he is studying "Rules of Etiquette and Home Culture." That certainly is encouraging news. He closes his letter with, "The people here are doing well. They raise more crops every year and work better."

A letter dated July 8th from Clarence Three Stars, one of the Carlisle boys who has been employed for the past few years at the Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, Government School, says that he is now visiting his mother at Rosebud. Pine Ridge and Rosebud Agencies

are about 100 miles apart. Of the returned Carlisle pupils at Rosebud, Clarence says Luther Standing Bear, at whose house he is stopping, is well. Luther holds the same position in the school he has had for some time, but the school is suspended for a vacation. Daniel Milk, Jas. McClosky and Willard Standing Bear are working at the Agency. Martha Bordeaux is with her brother, who keeps a hotel. Clarence has heard of the doings of some of the girls which he is ashamed to report, "but," says he, "I only wish them to conduct themselves well when they are tempted. We all know that it is very hard for us to do right all the time among our people who are not Christians—both Indians and whites on the reservation. Jos. Schweigman still holds the same position. He is clerking in the store. He looks well but his wife Winnie is not in good health."

Our Choir the Best.

One of the Indian choir girls in the country writes to her singing teacher at the school: "You said you would like me to be in the choir out here. I wouldn't want to be in this choir for anything.

Our Indian choir at Carlisle sing a hundred times better than this choir.

The Indians do not flat so nor drag so when they sing. I never heard such poor singing, so I don't think you will hear of me being in this choir."

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac D. Sailer, of Phila., (now staying at Mount Holly) with a party of friends visited our school on Monday. A number of the Indian girls of Lincoln Institution attended one of the schools with which Mr. Sailer is connected. Mrs. Sailer ordered a number of bead balls from our girls for decorating purposes.

On Monday, fifty of our boys and girls attended the Sunday School Assembly at Williams Grove, and on Tuesday, twenty-four went. Yesterday a few of the smaller pupils beside the band started for the Grove, but only got as far as the station when it began to rain, and they returned to the school.

"Boss" is not a nice name for a person in charge, and the Man-on-the-band-stand wishes his farm children would not call their employers by that name. Say "my employer" when you speak or write of the man who hires you. You might call him your farm father or some other nice name. Don't say "my boss."

Chester led the service Sunday night.

Miss Phillips will spend most of her vacation in Washington.

J. B. Given has joined the corps of workers at Carlisle for the summer.

Dr. John Carpenter, of Martinsburg, W. Va., visited the school, a guest of Miss Seabrook.

Nelson Smith fell from a load of hay and sprained his ankle, but is about well from it.

Potato-bugs have to succumb when an army of twenty small boys is turned loose upon them.

Henry Standing Bear writes from his delightful country home that he is still well and happy.

* The reflection from the electric lights in Carlisle is quite perceptible out at the Indian School.

Miss Lowe's letter written mid-ocean and printed on our first page will be read with interest.

Little five-year-old Mike of the last arrival of Apaches from Alabama, is already learning to tip his hat nicely.

Mr. Standing's office is no longer used as a hall way. It is just as near to the Post-office by way of the regular hall.

In the absence of our school physician, Dr. Given, Dr. Stewart of town comes out twice a day to see after our health.

Miss Irvine and her father have gone on a trip to Watkins Glen, Saratoga, Niagara, Montreal, and the Thousand Isles.

"Keep the Commandments," was the subject of the very earnest talk given to us by Dr. Rittenhouse on Sunday afternoon.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Given, Richenda, and Johnnie went to William's Grove by carriage. Mr. Foulke did the driving.

Katie, one of our dear little Apache babies has been quite sick this week, but we are happy to report that she is getting better, fast.

The printers have just finished a job of printing for the Department in which there were more than 75,000 type to arrange in lines of nearly a foot long, and printed in two colors.

Robt. Penn, Omaha, attends to the chapel and flag, now.

We have to thank the *Sentinel* and *Volunteer* offices in town for favors received this week.

On Monday noon the first stone in the foundation of the new school-house was laid.

The Presbyterian picnic held last Friday at Pine Grove, was attended by a number of our pupils.

Blasting of rocks in the digging of the foundation of the new school building makes fine fun for the boys.

William Crow writes from Pine Ridge Agency that his health is improving and that he is looking around for work.

The Episcopalian boys attended their church picnic held at Pine Grove on Wednesday, and had a grand day of it.

Mr. Goodyear is doing clerical work in Capt. Pratt's office during the absence of Dr. Hepburn, who has gone on a trip west.

Hay and wheat harvest at both farms is over, and the crop was good. There will be an abundance of oats. Corn is backward.

The funeral of Ada Foxcatcher took place on Friday afternoon. Ada was of the first party of Apaches who came from Arizona. She died of Consumption.

"I hope those wild Crows will not scare the tame ones away," writes one of the country girls who heard of the party who arrived last week from the Crow tribe.

After the little boys were paid for the disagreeable task of picking potato bugs the duty became popular, and when the peas had to be gathered without extra pay they all chose the bug detail instead.

A letter from Henry Kendall says that he and his party arrived safely at their homes in New Mexico. He is pleased with the improvements found at home "in the house as well as the personal improvements of his parents." He expects to find some work to do during his vacation period at home.

When the Man-on-the-band-stand has a candy-pull he will see that he has molasses and butter and fire and soda and so forth and a kettle to make it in, all borrowed before the guests arrive. The one last Friday night was a success after all, except that their ever faithful friend on the band-stand, did not get a taste.

(Continued from First Page.)

I hand him the map of England to have the Gulf of Mexico pointed out, and he says "Where is America on that map?" And when I have to answer, meekly, that it isn't there, he goes away, disgusted.

Saturday, July 7th—We have another beautiful day, and will reach Queenstown about midnight, and Liverpool to-morrow morning.

The steamer rocks a good deal, now, because she is so much lighter.

The sailors say she uses 220 tons of coal, daily, and has 10,000 horse power.

Letters must be got ready to go off at Queenstown, so I will close. Perhaps a London letter may follow this.

A CARLISLER.

SUCCESSFUL AMERICANS.

John Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia merchant did his first work in a store at \$1.25 a week, and walked eight miles a day between the store and his home. He now employs six thousand men in his own store.

George W. Childs, at the age of ten, was an errand boy in a book store in Baltimore.

George Peabody, when a boy in Vermont, sawed wood to pay for his supper at a country tavern.

Millard Fillmore was apprenticed to a fuller.

A successful business man of Cincinnati who is well known says of himself that when he went to that city his pay was only \$25 a month. He had no friends there and had to pay his own expenses. He made a rule and carried it out that he would lay by \$1 a week. When young men asked him why he did not go out riding on Sunday as they did he told them that he had only one dollar a week to spare and could not take that for a ride.

Another gentleman of the same city who died rich went to Cincinnati with 25 cents in his pocket and worked his way up.

A young man of whom we know went to work for \$14 a month. He was well educated, but could not find better paying work at first. Half of the \$14 he sent to his mother. He soon found a position where he received \$45 a month. It was a responsible position in a bank. In the few years he has been there he has saved \$1,200, after sending half of his money to his mother every time he was paid.

For his board this young man now waits on the table at a fashionable boarding-house.

When General Sheridan began to work for himself he received only 50 cents a week. After a while he found a place in a country

store where he was paid \$6 a week for his services.

Many of the great men of America began life as poor boys, so, my dear Indian boys, you are the true Americans, after all. Don't feel discouraged because you are poor now. If you keep your character good, are faithful at your work in whatever you find to do, a chance will surely come to you by-and-by when you may step into a bigger place and get bigger pay. But please remember that if you are *not faithful* in the little you find now to do, when the chance comes for a bigger work you cannot do it. **IT PAYS TO DO OUR BEST ALL THE TIME.** There is always a place for the faithful, honest worker, and such a person is sure to win success.

Why are bakers, very self-denying people?—Because they sell what they knead themselves.

A little girl on seeing a spider's web, exclaimed "Oh, here is a hammock for bugs."

Puzzle.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 1 is in star but not in moon.

My 2 is in near but not in soon.

My 3 is in rat but not in mouse.

My 4 is in cat but not in house.

My 5 is in toy but not in play.

My 6 is in joy but not in May.

My 7 is in bag but not in net.

My 8 is in nag but not in pet.

My whole is a fashionable city in New York state where the girls' mother went this week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: "The very best."

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.

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.