

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

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## THINK.

When you are tempted much to say  
An angry word, *do not* I pray.  
Just bite your tongue a little while  
And screw your face into a smile,  
And think.

When you are tempted much to take  
A little thing, if bad thoughts make  
You covet what is not your own,  
Just go into a room alone,  
And think.

When you are longing much to be  
Like some wise person that you see,  
Just take your little book and read  
The lessons that to-day you need,  
And think.

## ARE INDIANS KIND TO ANIMALS?

The following story of a Carlisle girl now in the country, was overheard by the Man-on-the-band-stand the other day and answers the above question very nicely:

The family doctor who had been sent for to see a sick person in the house where the girl lives, drove up to the door one cold day this winter and hastily tying his horse hurried into the house to see what he could do for the sick.

While he was in the house the Indian girl noticed that the horse stood shivering in the cold, and she went to the barn, got a blanket and put it on the horse.

When the doctor came out he said: "Why some one has been very kind to blanket my horse so nicely. I wonder who it was."

"It was I," said the Indian girl modestly.

"You," said the Doctor. "I thank you very much and here is ten cents for the trouble."

"It was no trouble," replied the girl, but she kept the money and the next day sent it to Carlisle to pay for the INDIAN HELPER.

So the Man-on-the-band-stand is glad to tell the story that the readers of his paper may see that Indians *have* kind hearts and that his children on farms like the INDIAN HELPER so well that they are willing to spend their last ten cents for it.

## SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Who are they? They are those men who, when boys, were compelled to work, to help either themselves or their parents, and who, when a little older, were under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor; who as young men, developed their minds and wits by persistent study in moments that are ordinarily wasted.

Hence, in reading the lives of eminent men who have distinguished themselves, we find the youth passed in self-denials.

They sat up late, rose early to the performance of imperative duties, doing by daylight the work of one man and by night that of another.

A banker of high integrity, and who started in life without a shilling, said the other day: "For years I was in my place of business at sunrise, and often did not leave for fifteen or eighteen hours."

"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter.

He replied: "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Says Dr. Arnold: "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, can now be attained by the labor of life-time, but it is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

"There is but one way to succeed," says Sidney Smith, "and that is by hard labor, and the man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

"Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to a man who can and will. This is the only law of success."

Hypocrites seldom deceive anybody. It is never difficult to detect the counterfeit.




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# The Indian Helper.

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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.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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.

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## SQUEEZED INTO SHAPE.

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At English Speaking Meeting, on Saturday night, we were again entertained by a talk from Mr. Mason Pratt.

This time he took for his subject "Iron."

He carried us most interestingly through all the different processes of converting iron-ore into rails for rail-road purposes and into various other shapes of usefulness.

The squeezing of the huge pieces of iron into shapes, by pressing them through immense rollers, etc., gave Captain a text upon which he spoke very earnestly after Mr. Mason was through.

"Squeezed into shape."

No doubt, if the iron knew when it came out of the hill the amount of heat and driving and pushing and squeezing it would have to go through before it could become the iron for the rail-road or the razor or the watch-spring it would shrink from being so worked over.

But it must undergo all this before it can become of much use to the civilized world.

An application was made from this to the life of a growing person starting on the road to usefulness.

To become useful we must submit to hard squeezing into shape.

The Captain then referred to the story which Mr. Mason gave of his college friend; how after years of hard study in college, when he left college to begin business for himself he began in a machine-shop or foundry.

Where did he begin?

In a high place in the foundry?

No.

He first wheeled sand along with common laborers.

That was the only way he could get in the shop, and he saw there was a chance to work higher, so he took the wheel-barrow first.

In a few weeks he was given a little higher work, that of carrying boards for the carpenter.

A few weeks more he was promoted to the office where he had to work all night over large sheets of figures.

He did not complain about this hard work, but kept faithfully at it.

Now he is in the drafting room, where he draws parts of great locomotives and other machinery and gets good pay for his work.

No doubt in a few years he will come out at the top of the heap of mechanical engineering.

He is *working his own way* up by good and faithful service.

He is being "squeezed into shape" like the iron and it is making a MAN of him.

Let us take this lesson home to ourselves.

When we leave Carlisle let us not think we know too much to begin low down in any useful work we can find.

Remember the Captains' closing quotation: "He that is faithful over a few things shall be made ruler over many."

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It is not work that wears men out prematurely. It is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is the rust on the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.—[Beecher.]

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Cornelia, who lives at Mrs. Millers' in town sent a club for the HELPER this week and promises more, soon. Several of our boys and girls out from the school have made themselves agents for the Man-on-the-band-stand's paper and it pleases the gentleman very much to see his children get thus into business habits.

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Jemima Two Elks writes that she enjoys going to school with white children and loves her teacher.

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Edwin Yastgumu stood at the head of his spelling class when he wrote last week from his farm home in Bucks County. He takes his books home nights and studies after his work is done, and he means to get on as fast as he can.

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Four little hearts were made glad this week by a present of the INDIAN HELPER from a kind friend at Mittineague, Mass. They were pupils who have not money to pay for it themselves.



Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are in Jamestown, N. Y.

Frank Jannies is becoming a particularly neat workman at his trade—carpentering.

The painting of a new show-case has been very nicely done by Raymond Stewart.

W. F. Campbell says he much prefers carpentering to painting and goes at it like an old hand.

We would like to print all the Enigmas received from our little white friends, but it is impossible. We thank them, however, for showing such interest in our work.

The carpenters are very busy in the shop filling the requisition for wardrobes for the boys' rooms. Those for the Large Boys' Quarters are nearly completed, then the little boys will have their turn.

The new horse, Charley, is so big that he has a special set of harness made for him, which is now being done in the harness shop. He takes a twenty-two inch collar. The traces for his harness, stitched by Knox Nostlin show very superior work.

Asked one of our teachers of her class, "What is the difference between present, past and future time?" No one could answer. In explaining she said, "Now, next summer maybe we will go to camp again in the mountains. What time is that?" "Summer time," was the confident reply of one of her hopefuls.

THE RED MAN out to-day contains an interesting article from Miss Sparhawk, one from Dr. Given, pointed editorial matter and school notes, besides rich comments from the leading papers of the day on the Indian Question and Oklahoma. It is well worth reading through and through. Subscription price, fifty cents a year, single copy five cents.

One of the most remarkable features of the blind entertainment, the account of which we printed last week, was inadvertently omitted. It was the memory exercise given by a young man who for several minutes answered questions fired at him by Rev. Dr. Brown and others in reference to the contents of any chapter of the Old Testament they chanced to select. In Chronicles and Kings he was perfectly at home and made not a single failure. The young man left the platform amid the enthusiastic applause of an amazed audience.

#### Married.

PRATT—CRANE—On the 14th inst., in Jamestown, N. Y., Mr. Mason D. Pratt, son of Capt. Pratt, to Miss Mabel Crane.

The happy couple go directly to Dubuque, Iowa, where Mr. Pratt has engaged in business. The good wishes of the Man-on-the-band-stand and their host of friends at Carlisle go with them.

On Saturday Prof. Woodruff arrived from his visit among boys on farms.

We can afford to talk about the weather when it is so lovely as it was for several days this week.

When a room girl after she dusts the books puts them back on the shelf up-side down and does it often what can be the matter with her?

Jack Standing called and renewed his subscription for the HELPER, and he did it in a real business-like way, too, just like any other man.

A telegram of congratulations signed by all the teachers and officers of our school was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt, yesterday morning.

The largest and best flag the Carlisle School can afford (and it is a beauty) waved gracefully in the breeze, yesterday, in honor of the wedding of Mr. Mason Pratt and Miss Crane.

The first edition of the HELPER from which our pupils and teachers at the school are supplied comes out Thursday evenings. Who is going to attend the Missionary meeting to-night? An interesting time is anticipated.

LOST.—From the printing-office, a pair of scissors. How can the Man-on-the-band-stand do his clipping from exchanges if he has no scissors? Will the boy who carried them off to cut hair please return them? Five cents reward will be given for the return of this valuable piece of property, and no questions asked.

#### Died.

EUNICE—On Saturday the 9th inst., Eunice Sois, aged one year and five months.

Our little Eunice had all that care and attention could give, and yet she was taken from us. The disease from which she suffered went to her brain and for two days she lay in a stupor from which she was not able to rally. On Sunday afternoon she was buried and many a heart sank in sorrow as the pretty little white coffin, covered with the choicest flowers and containing the remains of our beloved baby was lowered in the grave.



## DRINK AND WORK.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man, to which observation an old man replied thus:

"That is right! You drink and it will make you work!

Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that may do you good.

I was once a very prosperous farmer.

I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as ever the sun had shone on.

We had a comfortable home and used to live happily together.

But we used to drink ale to make us work.

Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves.

My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons.

I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might have been an independent man; but I used to drink to make me work—and it makes me work now!

At seventy-two years of age, I am obliged to work for my daily bread.

Drink! Drink! and it will make you work."—[*Ex.*]

## How Cigarettes are Made.

It is understood that at the present time quite a number of manufacturers are making cigarettes in the following manner:

Cigar stumps are collected from the streets, bar-rooms, railroad stations, and other places by children and foreigners who make a good living in this way, it is said.

When the stumps are brought in to the cigarette maker, they are first dried by being before a fire.

When dry they are rubbed between the hands until they are shredded to the size of a pin's head.

The stuff is then rolled in paper and sold for cigarettes, and these are what boys smoke!

"The importance of fidelity in small things is seen in the fact that small occasions are coming continually, while great ones seldom occur.

Thus our education in faithfulness will depend not so much on our doing right on great occasions, as in the small but frequent tests of daily life.

It is these which educate us to good or evil."

Don't think that your belonging to a church, or being active in a Sunday School or the Y. M. C. A., is going to save you. Christ says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—[*Y. M. C. A. Advocate.*]

A boy of grit, of tact, of talent, will under the most adverse circumstances in this America of ours, push himself to the front, and render a good account of himself, while the boy sluggish in disposition, low in aims, a lover of ease and self-indulgence, will as easily fall into the no-account, lazy, indifferent pauper and criminal classes.

The Sitka *North Star* says of one of their Indian girls:

A girl who had served in the kitchen a short time and was learning to bake bread, was told to turn the bread pan around. She took the bread out of the oven and turned it up-side down on top of the stove.

When respiration ceases our education is finished, and not a moment sooner.

## Enigma.

A little boy nine years old sends the following enigma:

I am made of 12 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is what I like to write with.

My 3, 9, 10, 4, 11, 2, is the name of a girl.

My 5, 7, 6, is what a fox is.

My 8, 12, 11, 10, is what some girls are when they have new clothes.

My whole is the name of a state in the Union.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S K PUZZLE: Shep-bell.

**STANDING OFFER.**—For FIVE new subscribers to the *INDIAN HELPER*, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 15 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 Navajoo 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  $9 \times 14$  inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

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

For THREE new subscribers we will give the picture of Apache baby, Eunice. Send a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once. If the stamp to pay postage on premium does not accompany the subscription list we take it for granted that the premium is not wanted.

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.