

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1889.

NUMBER 31

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins—
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero, true and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume or drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread;
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown
Or fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

IS CIVILIZATION DANGEROUS?

"I heard so over in Bucks County," said Tom just in from a farm.

"What do you mean?" asked his friend Phil with whom he was having a bit of confidence.

"Well, I heard a man over there say that if we Indians get too much civilization we are sure to be ruined."

"Pshaw!" said Phil. "What do you think of that anyhow? They think we ought to be kept down, do they, without any chance to learn

the things that make the white man great?"

"That is what Mr. So-and-so thinks, evidently. He said I was too much civilized."

"Why didn't you make him tell you what he meant?"

"He wasn't talking to me. I was up in the hay-mow and Professor Woodruff and he were talking in the stable. They did not know I was anywhere about, but I heard all that they said."

"What else did they say?" asked Phil.

"Mr. So-and-so said I was more obedient and better behaved when I first came than I was after being with him for a whole year."

"I declare," said Phil, "the Professor said about that something last Saturday night when he was talking of Bucks County. Was it you he meant?"

"I took it anyhow," said Tom. "It is true that when I first went to live with Mr. So-and-so I used to ask permission every time I left the place. When I wanted to go to Newtown or to see the boys on Sunday, I always asked if I could go."

"That's the way I did too when I was out on a farm."

"Yes," said Tom, "but you see I didn't keep it up. I noticed that the hired man did not ask when he wanted to go anywhere. When the work was done he went off where he pleased. I was a hired man, too, I thought, and so I tried going off without permission, and felt very big about it."

"You know you ought not to have done so."

"Of course I know it. I knew it all the time, and that isn't the worst thing I did."

"Why, what else?" inquired Phil eager to hear all there was to know.

"The hired man was a tobacco-chewer and a smoker. Every once in a while he would give me a chew and sometimes he offered me a cigar. At first I refused them, but by-and-by I was fool enough to take them."

"Did they find you out?"

"Certainly they did. Mr. So-and-so smelt it on me and I had to own up."

"Then what?"

"Why after that I grew careless in my work."

"What did you do?" asked Phil.

"You better ask me what I didn't do. One thing I didn't do, I did not milk the cows clean. They say that spoils the cows and Mr. So-and-so watched me closely in that work. One night after I said I milked clean he went out and milked at least two quarts more and you may know I felt ashamed of myself."

"But it made you more careful afterwards, didn't it?" laughed Phil.

"Yes, for about three times, then I got as careless as ever. I think tobacco makes a

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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.

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.

Cigarettes.

Cigarette smoking is doing such injury to boys that laws are being passed by State Legislatures prohibiting the sale of them to boys under sixteen.

It is well known that cigarette smoking causes disease of the mouth and the eyes.

Cigarette smoking makes one nervous and shaky. It makes heart disease. It makes one have a thin and yellow and sickly complexion. If it does not seem to hurt one at the time it is sure to hurt the health in after years.

The Senate of Pennsylvania Legislature has passed the bill to stop boys from smoking the deadly stuff, and the large daily papers are talking strong against cigarettes.

A letter from a teacher in a Government Indian School in the far West says "I find a few copies of the HELPER in the hands of my children and I propose to use it for supplementary reading in our day school. I am pleased with the enterprise and zeal shown by the little HELPER and think it is rightly named."

Harvey White Shield is working in the Tailor Shop at Haskell Institute. He is there earning wages to help him through the Kansas State University which he has attended some time. Harvey says that Carlisle is not far ahead of Haskell as they have everything very nice there.

Edgar McCassey sends another subscription from Haskell Institute. He says he is still attending College in the city. We wonder if Edgar is married for we see that he has changed his name to E. M. Simpson.

Married

NUNN—LONDROSH—On the 13th inst. Mr. John Nunn to Miss Nellie Londrosh, of Winnebago Agency, Nebraska.

Nellie was for several years a pupil of Carlisle and since she went home February 9, 1887, has been teaching in the Government school at Winnebago Agency. As a school we send congratulations and wish for the couple a long, happy, and prosperous life.

Eugene Tahkapuer has done a wise thing. He has engaged to work for a man in New England until the 1st of November, notwithstanding it is his time to go home this summer. He will get \$15 a month and board and washing, and all the privileges of a nice home. Eugene says that in an Arithmetic test a few weeks ago the teacher put 16 questions on the board. "I had the best of the Yankee boys and girls. I was the highest one, too. Guess what per cent I had in the Arithmetic test. I had just 87 and 2 thirds per cent."

Now, if Eugene does not get the big-head over his successes he will come out all right, won't he?

Nicholas Ruleau thinks that the Man-on-the-band-stand cannot see his "Grandsons that are living in the county of Bucks. I know you are too old to see this far," he says. Don't be too sure, m' boy. I don't always tell everything I see, but that is no sign I do not see.

The Government has allowed a large party of Sioux to join Forepaugh's circus. We don't know whether they go in as wild beasts to be gazed at or as performers. What a shame that the Indians have not enough foresight to see that it must work to their injury, and what must our Government be thinking about?

Miss Susan LaFlesche who graduated at Hampton a few years ago is now known as Dr. LaFlesche. She graduated recently from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia.

The boys at the Government Agency School, Crow Agency, Montana, send greeting to their mates who came from there to Carlisle. Some are wishing they could come to Carlisle, while others are satisfied to stay there.

The Women's News published at Springfield, Ohio, is one of the newsiest, best edited and cleanest exchanges we receive.

A man who cannot command his temper should not think of being a man of business.

Capt. Pratt returned yesterday.

Where is the *Indian Citizen* these days?

Rats! Is there no way to get rid of them?

Miss Semple is at St. Augustine, Fla. teaching.

Where 've the robins and frogs gone now, poor things?

The idea of the boys not being able to tell the names of the tools with which they work. Who is it that was so stupid? Do tell.

A sneaking Sioux boy aided by some sneaking friends sneaked off home, but he soon sneaked back again, proving that it does not pay to sneak.

The prettiest day of the season was Sunday, and it was St. Patrick's Day too. The Man-on-the-band-stand saw Mr. Norman and family take a drive to the woods.

Mr. Willard Pyle of the West Chester Normal School called on Friday and went the rounds of school-rooms and shops. Mr. Pyle made friends with several of our boys, and seemed very much interested in all that we saw.

Last Friday evening there were several select parties in the Girls' Quarters. The choicest was the chocolate-cake-and-country-preserves-entertainment with Lily Corneius as hostess. Angling and other amusements were indulged in.

The boys of the Forty-Ninth Grammar School of N. Y. City show that their interest in our school has not grown cold, for sixty seven of them this week renewed their subscription to the INDIAN HELPER, and the Man-on-the-band-stand is exceedingly well pleased.

At the last election of the Y. M. C. A. the following officers were elected:

President, Howard Logan; Vice President, Levi Levering; Corresponding Secretary, Kish Hawkins; Recording Secretary, Dennison Wheelock; Treasurer, Casper Edson.

Snow! Slush! Now if you would like to go to the hospital get your feet right wet and sit down for an hour or two in school, or some quiet work. Another good way to get in the hospital is to let your coat fly open to show your beautiful shirt front. Oh, it is so nice.

We have had enough good sound advice since last Friday to build solid characters for a lifetime. First the talk Saturday night, alluded to by the writer of the story on the 1st page. This was followed by earnest remarks from Mr. Campbell to his boys in their Assembly Room. On Sunday afternoon Rev. Dr. Mapes of the first Church, Carlisle, made a beautifully simple and interesting talk on the text "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

There is not a healthier trade going than the printer's trade.

Dr. Woodburne, of Rosebud Agency visited the school this week.

Mrs. Pratt is at Clifton Springs, N. Y., and is improving in health.

The Dining-room bell sends forth a peal with a crack in it these days.

Thomas Pelcoya broke his arm on Sunday, while indulging in a little scuffle.

Miss Carrie Seabrook, of Mechanicsburg, visited the school, Sunday, a guest of our Miss Seabrook.

A dozen new composing rules—Now we can sit and set with composure and steel the type away.

Our Engine, (not injun) got a thump (not hump) in its back, and had to be doctored, by the Manufacturing Co.

Mr. Jordan and his boys are fixing the grounds around the school building preparatory to sowing grass-seed.

Full dress reception one evening this week. Very select. Only "three little maids at school." Really quite ap-Paull-ing.

The first game of base-ball, came off Saturday. It was base the way it turned out, and one or two were hurt badly enough to bawl. Keep your tempers, boys!

Equinox.

Who knows what the equinox is?

It is here now.

Don't let a day pass till you find out!

A boy in an advanced class made a very awkward mistake in telling some commonplace thing out of school. It was a mistake that a person of ordinary intelligence would be ashamed of. A lady hearing it said, "Isn't it strange that a boy who is quite a good scholar should talk such pigeon English?"

"Well," said another, "They don't seem to consider that it is the proper thing to use correct English except when they recite their lessons." Is this true?

An interesting meeting was held on Thursday evening, by the Missionary Society of our school. The reports of Secretary and Treasurer were read as usual. An article of interest about China and Chinese customs, was read by the Vice-President. A letter received from Mr. Cleveland accepting aid offered in the way of sending papers for a Sunday School in which he is interested was read. The society will be glad of the privilege of sending the papers. Dr. Brown being present, gave a good talk.

C. L.

(Continued from First Page).

fellow feel as though he didn't care for anything."

"That must be true, especially when we break a rule of the school everytime we use it. I never use it" said Phil, "but I've noticed the boys who do, when they are at it, they don't care for their work or behavior or anything else, they seem to lose all wish to be decent and straight."

"I know," said Tom, "and so I got worse and worse and did my work so carelessly that finally Mr. So-and-so could not stand it any longer and he sent me back. That is why I am here to-day," and Tom gave his head a jerk as though he was provoked at himself.

"I believe you will come out all right yet, if you ever get another chance."

"That's it! Maybe I will never get another chance, and I am mad at myself to think I did not do better when I had a chance to be independent. Oh! Why was I such an idiot that I could not see it when I was out?" Here Tom nearly broke out in a big sob, although he is a large boy.

"Well don't give up, old fellow!" said cheerful Phil who hardly ever got into a scrape any kind. "You will feel better to-morrow and will see a way out of this thing yet, I know."

"I don't feel so sure about that. Do you know, the Professor's words Saturday night, went square home to me, and I cannot forget them?"

"What," said Phil, "his advice about us being able to manage ourselves?" which was exactly what Tom meant.

"Yes," answered Tom. "That illustration about the baby is what started me to thinking. Of course when a baby is not able to creep there is no danger in leaving it alone lying or sitting on the floor, because it cannot get away, but when it learns to creep then there is danger ahead for the baby. It might fall down stairs. That is so very simple but it hits the point precisely, doesn't it?"

"Yes! and as the Professor said, when it learns to walk there is more danger. How very true it is that there is danger in every kind of advancement. There is danger in learning to skate. There is danger in learning to ride a bicycle, danger on every hand in acquiring knowledge, and how the Professor thrust the question at us, "WHAT OF THAT? MUST YOU ALWAYS STAY DOWN IN THE DEPTHS OF DARKNESS AND IGNORANCE BECAUSE THERE IS DANGER IN KNOWLEDGE?"

"I don't care what you say," continued Tom. "That talk has given me new life even if I do feel ashamed of myself. Yes sir," said he bringing his hand down with force on the back of his friend "new life, new hope, and if ever I get another chance I will show the people of Bucks County and my own people too that civilization will NOT ruin me. I want all I can get of it, and I will manage this head and these hands of mine so that the dangers they talk about shall not scare me. I will ride over them."

As the two boys passed out of sight the Man-on-the-band-stand heard Phil say something about "it is better to act than to talk

so much," but the old man felt proud of his noble boys. He believes that Tom has taken a new start, and will make a man of himself yet. If there is no chance he will MAKE a chance and that is what the Man-on-the-band-stand likes his boys and girls to do.

Ten Cent Enigma.

The printers have ten cents that they don't know what to do with. It was left in the office by a stranger. It burns our fingers and we want to get rid of it. To do so the first boy in the small boys' quarters who hands the right answer of this Enigma to Yamie Leeds immediately after breakfast, this (Friday) morning, may have the ten cents. The answer must be in writing. And Yamie will not receive any until he returns to quarters after breakfast.

I am made of fourteen letters.

My 4, 11, 12, 13, 14, is when the other printers will beat Joe setting type.

My 4, 2, is what Brule might say if any one should ask him if he liked to eat oysters.

My 6, 3, 1 is what the air was thick with on Monday morning.

My 10, 5, 8, is a long distance.

My 9, 7, 9, 7, is what Johnnie calls his mother.

My whole is a queer kind of fever that is beginning to strike our Indian boys about these days.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Pennsylvania.

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 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.

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.