

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1889.

NUMBER 33

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.
"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."
The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."
Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."
"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."
While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."
From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip ne'er let the tongue."
The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

"I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

NEVER BEFORE.

Never before in this world was there seen
such a sight as passed before interested look-
ers-on, last Tuesday morning, when sixty-six
of our brave, manly, determined Indian boys
marched out of the gate and away from the
Carlisle School.

"Where were they going?" will be the na-
tural question. "West?"

We are happy to answer, "NO."

These boys are going EAST.

They are going where they are wanted for
their true worth and will be paid for it.

They are going on the hunt.

Where?

Among strangers.

What for?

For brain and courage;

For bone and muscle;

For nerve and tissue;

For INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE;

For the only kind of experience that will
make men of them and fit them to become
prosperous in this great busy world.

In a few weeks a large number will be
marching westward, their school period hav-
ing expired.

What are they going for?

Not one in ten will find anything at home
worth going for.

At most of their homes there is idleness,
which kills.

Dirt and filth and evil practices and rot, are
there.

The Man-on-the-band-stand would advise
all of his promising young friends to stay
away from these things that drag down to
death, until thoroughly strong in English, in
industry and in the things we need most to
make us useful and happy.

THE KINDNESS OF AN INDIAN GIRL ON A FARM.

The thunder storm of a few mornings ago
brought to the mind of the Man-on-the-band-
stand a story of one of our girls in the country.

We will call our little heroine Mamie, but
this is not her right name.

The head lady in the family where Mamie
lives is very much afraid of thunder showers.

Whenever she sees a storm approaching
she gets very pale and nervous, and hardly
knows where to go or what to do with herself.

Mamie is not at all afraid of storms and al-
ways feels very sorry to see her farm mother
so frightened, and she would like to help her
to be brave if she could.

One day when Mamie looked out of the
window she saw a terrific storm coming.

"Oh, my," she thought to herself. "What
will Mrs. B. do now? That is such a very
bad looking storm."

Along with this thought came a little plan
into Mamie's head, how she could help Mrs. B.
And so Carlisle's brave little girl hunted
up the lady of whom she is so fond and who

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The Indian Helper.

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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.

OPPORTUNITY is kind, but only to the industrious.

The wind on Wednesday was trying hard again to get somewhere.

The boys and girls of class '89 are beginning to think hard over their graduating essays.

We hear most excellent reports about Mary Bailey who is living in Philadelphia, and she still occasionally sends the name of a new subscriber or renewal to the HELPER.

Every intelligent subscriber of the INDIAN HELPER needs the *Red Man* as well, to keep thoroughly informed on this Indian question. The HELPER is only a letter, while the *Red Man* is a newspaper.

One name and a two-cent stamp with the price of subscription will secure a fine print of the Pueblo contrast group, a most interesting picture. One of the boys is now foreman in the Printing-office. It does not seem possible that he ever looked as the first picture represents, yet it is a true likeness.

It ought not to be necessary every day to print evidence of the bad effect of cigarette smoking on growing youths, but the evidence from two hundred doctors before the Michigan Legislature is worth heeding, and they each cited cases of boys being dwarfed, made insane, killed or rendered incapable of speech, and the professors of Michigan University also testified at length on the effect on the students who were made stupid by cigarettes.—*Waterbury American*.

Professor and Mrs. Woodruff have severed their connection with the Carlisle School, having gone to Philadelphia, yesterday, to remain for a time. We hope their interest in the Indian work will not grow less. Those of us who have from time to time heard the Professor's able and interesting remarks before our pupils shall always remember him as an earnest and impressive speaker and one who never failed to hold the attention of his audience. Both Prof. and Mrs. Woodruff have the well-wishes of many friends here among pupils and employees.

Carlisle's first principal, Miss Semple, who is now in St. Augustine, was asked to go there to assist in organizing an Industrial school, but found that her strength was not equal to the labor required. On going back to St. Augustine after many years of absence Miss Semple finds the old town much changed, but she is much gratified to note that a number of her former pupils are occupying prominent positions. Some are doctors, some lawyers, while others are filling various respectable trades and callings.

Hiram Doctor came in this week from his farm home. Hiram knew very little when he went out months ago but now he not only has enough English for ordinary purposes but an experience worth a mint, and he has over a hundred dollars in bank. That is the way our farm boys get on when they do well and are saving of their money.

There is no place in the world better adapted for a grand big sociable than our large gymnasium beautifully lighted with electric light. The room is ample for five or six hundred to move around and have a comfortable, happy time together, and that is just what we had again last Friday night.

Maj. John D. Miles, one of the best Indian Agents the service ever saw but who for the past few years has lived at Leavenworth, accompanied by Dr. Coffin, once Superintendent of the Forest Grove, Indian Industrial School, visited our school on Wednesday.

The Indian School piece composed by Mr. Norman for the band is full of life and lots of classic trill for the principal cornetist.

It goes well, but the boys will improve greatly with more time and practice.

Last Saturday the printers' base-ball club played against the blacksmith nine, with the result of a score 21 to 8 in favor of the printers.

The parade is getting a lovely coat of green.

Lots of sore arms these days, being the fashion just now to get vaccinated.

Henry Phillips has done a neat job of printing for Dr. Sheldon Jackson.

Can't the meadow west of the school grounds be drained so that when it rains the water will run off?

Jack Standing wanted to know if Mr. Campbell's tin wedding was just common tin or painted.

Mrs. Pratt returned from Clifton Springs, on the early train Sunday morning, and is now confined to her bed, quite ill.

The tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell was appropriately remembered last Friday by their friends. We always did admire swinging tea-pots, especially when solid, (tin).

The long needed register is now in the school-room hall where all visitors are to write their names. Had this book been started in the beginning of the school what a list of notables we would now have on record! Earls, Dukes, Congressmen, Presidents, prominent missionaries and great men and women in private life, have visited our school from time to time, the collected autographs of whom would certainly be a treasure.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has heard several of the teachers complain about the tardiness of the large boys in coming to school. Does it take them longer to fall in ranks than the girls and little boys, or what? The line is much longer than at either of the other quarters but there are sergeants to call the roll and they should get done as soon as the others. We notice that they are not often late to dinner.

April fool was quite well observed at our school but in a very quiet and respectable way. For instance, "Excuse me, you have dropped your handkerchief." Or, "O, see! Rat he come out," things of that sort. The small girls had various packages and bundles tied up for the large girls who received them in good part really enjoying the joke. The best fool we heard of, however, was one of the boys in the small boys quarters who was expecting a letter from the west, and from a girl, too. He was badly fooled.

Tawkieh came in from the country this week.

John Rooks came back after a two years' absence working for himself in Bucks County, looking well and talking good English. His glasses give him quite the air of a student.

Mr. Campbell went as far as Philadelphia with the boys who went to farms on Tuesday. His baby Irene who is in the city for treatment will be very glad to see her papa.

On Saturday night we had interesting and instructive talks from Mr. Standing, and Prof. Woodruff about John Bright, England's great statesman, orator and "Friend of Man," who died recently.

The way that some boys abuse their uniforms shows that they really are not yet enough civilized to have good clothes. There are boys who make a uniform last a year and look clean all the time, while others make them shabby in three months.

May Paisano returned from William Harveys West Grove, where she went to take Mrs. Nannie Davis' place while the latter was here for a few weeks under treatment. Nannie soon became tired of Carlisle, having tasted of the sweets of country life.

The Carlisle school is to have a little corner in the coming great Paris Exposition. Photographs of our school, and our publications—*The Red Man* and *INDIAN HELPER*, will be with other school and college publications in the reading room.

Joe Harris was heard to wish, not long since, that he would get sick and have to go to the hospital so he could have a taste of butter once more. His wish came to pass for he was laid up with a headache a few days this week, which probably came from his vaccinated arm.

Mr. Jordan and his boys have done a nice piece of work in the grading of the grounds in front of the new school building preparatory to sowing grass seed. Now if the boys will only keep off and give the seed a chance to grow we shall have a beautiful grass plot in place of broken bricks as heretofore.

Only two names, either renewal or new will get the wonderfully popular Apache contrast group showing how eleven Apache boys and girls look when they first came and four months after. The picture is a print, but almost as good as the photograph from which it was taken. Send the names at once, and a one-cent stamp must accompany the subscription money if the picture is desired.

(Continued from First Page).

was already beginning to get pale, having heard the distant thunder.

"Oh, Mrs. B." she said in her most cheerful voice, "wouldn't you like to have me comb your hair?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. B. who liked very much to have her head fussed over, and she thinks that Mamie knows how to do it the best of any one.

"Well, sit down here in front of me," said Mamie. "Put your face down in my lap, and I will comb the back hair first."

The lady buried her face in the girl's lap, and while the lightning flashed and the thunders rolled Mamie combed away quietly, all the time talking and telling little stories to divert the lady's attention from the storm.

In a few moments the storm was over and Mrs. B. arose and thanked Mamie very much for her kindness, saying at the same time that never before was she so little afraid of a storm.

A CIVILIZED CAT.

A friend in Bucks County writes the following curious story of a family cat, and it is a true story:

"Our girls have a curiosity here which they think other little folks should know about. If it is proper to put it in the HELPER, all right, if not all right, too.

Our pet cat Whittie's little kittens all died. She mourned for them as only kitties know how, by wanting us to pet her and show her our sympathy.

After she had become nearly reconciled to her loss, sixteen little sightless mice were brought to the house.

Mother Puss instead of swallowing them at one mouthful carried them carefully to her box where she had her kittens, and since then has been fondling and caressing them.

Woe betide the cat who comes near her and her little charges.

Many of them have died and all will die as she cannot feed them, but she does not eat them even after death.

The cat's happiness is complete now, but the same sorrow will have to be gone over again when the mice all die.

A little subscriber in Wilmington, Del. writes: "I do not like tobacco. I would not use tobacco for anything. And the piece in the HELPER that told how cigarettes are made makes me dislike it more and more."

POINTED PENCILINGS ON PITCH.

More Things Professor Brown Would Like Us To Remember.

What is pitch?

Pitch is a property of highness or lowness of tone.

How are the pitches of tones represented?

By a character called the staff.

Of what does the staff consist?

It consists mainly of five parallel lines and the spaces which belong to them; and is enlarged by means of short added lines and spaces below and above.

The fish must be interested in base ball; else why do they so often go out on a fly?

Is there any English word that contains all the vowels? Unquestionably.

The black-smith is the worst kind of a bore; he can make a wheel tired.

Enigma.

I am made of 13 letters.

My 3, 11, 8, 1, is the name of an animal.

My 10, 8, 7, is a kind of meat.

My 5, 2, 9, is to decay.

My 12, 4, 6, 13, is what rain does.

My whole is the name of the printer who can put the office in good order.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Hipri-cots.

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.