

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

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IT IS TIME.

It is time to be brave. It is time to be true.

It is time to be finding the thing you can do.

It is time to put by the dream and the sigh,
And work for the cause that is holy and high.

It is time to be kind. It is time to be sweet,
To be scattering roses for somebody's feet.

It is time to be sowing. It is time to be growing.

It is time for the flowers of life to be blowing.

It is time to be lowly and humble of heart.

It is time for the lilies of meekness to start;
For the heart to be white, and the step to be
right,

And the hands to be weaving a garment of
light.

It is time. It is time. Oh! how soon 'twill be
past,

The precious life-hours are flitting so fast,
And the angel of doom shall announce
through the gloom,

"Eternity strikes, and time's web leaves the
loom."

Oh! rouse then, my soul. Be no sluggard. Away
To the labor that waits for thy toiling to-day;
That when the clocks chime with their ringing
sublime,

God may say, "Time is past, but eternity's
thine."

—FANNIE BOLTON.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A BULL.

A Child's Version of the Recent Flood at Lewis-
town.

In a letter to her cousin she said;

We had a big flood.

The water went over to the station. You
know the bridge is gone so we have a ferry.

The creek was away up past our church.

Just before the railroad bridge went a barn
came floating down stream, with a bull stand-
ing on the roof.

It came up just as the railroad bridge went.

You know the bridge had a train of cars on
it to keep it down.

Well, the bull came down, and one of the
cars staid on top of the water.

For a moment the barn began to sink and
the bull jumped on the car, rested a moment,
and as the car began to sink the bull jumped
into the water and swam as far as he could.

Then he struck the under-dump by the fur-
nace.

The water came up above his neck.

I went home then.

The next morning the water had fallen so
that the bull could walk around a little, but
it was hungry.

At dinner time a man took it something to
eat.

He went in a boat.

The next morning the water was no higher,
so a man went over to bring it over but it would
not come till its master came and went for it
then it came.

We all send love, your loving little cousin,
J. W. C.

P. S.

Don't you think the bull deserved to live?

A Busy Indian boy in the Country.

Wallace Scott thinks the Man-on-the-band-
stand cannot see away over in Bucks County
without his glasses, so he writes:

"Today I have been putting Paris green on
potatoes, for potato bugs are bad.

I had a great time putting it on.

When I was about half finished it began to
rain and washed all the Paris green off the
potatoes and of course I had to do it over a-
gain, and I finished about two o'clock in the
afternoon, and then I went to trimming
hedge.

I didn't quite finish it.

Mr. E. is working in corn to-day with the
corn plow.

The cherries are beginning to get ripe and
the birds are getting them like everything, so
we picked some of them."

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider
her ways and be wise." One of the most
awful caldrons of death to-day is an indolent
life. Thank God that you have to work.

—[Tadmage.

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.

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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.

A MOST INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH.

For FIFTEEN subscriptions we offer a new photograph showing excellent views of all our prominent buildings and grounds, including the Superintendent's Quarters, Assistant Superintendent's Quarters, Small Boys' Quarters, Chapel, old Guard House, Hospital, Band-Stand (the old Man's home), New School-Building, Large Boys' Quarters, Office and Teachers' Quarters, Girls' Quarters, Dining Hall, Gymnasium, Shops, Interior view of a school-room, Christmas Dinner, and play ground after school, making by far the most telling picture ever sent out. Send with the subscription money, four cents to pay postage. Price for cash 40 cents.

WHY POINT TO A BLACK BEAR?

The following to the Man-on-the-band-stand was written by Mr. E. M. Keith, an Episcopal Missionary at Pine Ridge Agency, Dak. He says:

"Does it do any good to educate an Indian? A friend of mine on his way home stopped in St. Louis where the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company are stopping. He went to one of their performances. On the stage was Paul Black Bear, dressed in the highest style of Indian barbarity, painted face, feathers etc. He is also indulging in drinking whiskey shamefully, and indulging in other sins of which it is a shame to even speak."

The average newspaper man to create a sensation writes column after column upon the failures of life—murders, scandals, etc., bringing into prominence the names of villainous people, while thousands of excellent citizens go quietly about their daily business and are not considered worthy of newspaper mention.

Mr. Keith evidently in the same spirit points to a Carlisle boy who has gotten into the ways of his bad white neighbor, and asks "Does it do any good to educate etc."

There are scores of returned school boys

and girls at that one agency alone to whom Mr. Keith might have pointed and asked the same question, but then there would be no smile of ridicule connected with it, it would not be so interesting, you know.

For instance, Mr. Keith's wife is a most estimable, educated and accomplished young Indian woman—a lady in every particular.

Mr. Keith, did it pay to educate her?

Why doesn't he point over to the Agency boarding school where one of our boys, a full Indian with only a few years of experience East has for a long time served as disciplinarian carrying himself above reproach or criticism? Never have we heard a word other than the highest praise of Clarence Three Stars. But then, he is one of the Christian young men who is doing his duty quietly.

Why not point to the Agency blacksmith-shop where one of our boys has served admirably for years, and to the tin-shop and other places of trust and responsibility, even the pulpit of the agency where educated Indians hold daily service?

Paul went home. He found he was not wanted there. He started out for himself and has gone wrong.

Boys, you *are* wanted here. There is plenty of work here. It is WORK that keeps us up.

Paul was a good workman.

You may be a good workman but if you go to live where you are not wanted—where there is no work, you may fall, then people will point the finger of scorn at you and ask, "Does it pay to educate Indians?"

Let them look at our THREE HUNDRED ON FARMS, doing noble, manly service for their daily bread.

See how happy THEY are, and well THEY are doing and ask Does it pay?

One of the hopeful signs at present, is the disposition shown by many of our pupils whose school period is about over, to stay longer to learn more of the things that will help them through life. Among those who have decided this week to remain another year or longer are Victor Tozoski, Lucius Bird, Lot Eyelash Morgan Toprock, Jonas Place, Wood Nashozey, Apaches; Geo. Baker, Kaw; Henry Russel, Crow; and Benjamin Lawry, Winnebago.

Letters from friends at Denver, Colorado, say they have had more rain there this Spring and Summer than for many years. So in Kansas and Minnesota and in New England, too. Ye growlers at Pennsylvania dampness, take courage! We have as fine a climate here as can be found.

Henry Martin is about to leave Emory College, Oxford, Georgia, to accept a position in the store at Wichita Agency. We are sure Henry will be a faithful and honest clerk.

Mr. Norman is somewhat under the weather, and has not been at his post of duty for several days.

Prof. Karib says there are no printing houses in Persia. Let us go over there and start one.

Going back to the reservation, means down! DOWN! to death and destruction. Staying in educational ways, means up! UP! UP!

The boy who rises at the early hour of four A. M. and begins to toot his brass horn, might possibly disturb some one who needs to sleep. Wonder if he ever thought of that!

Are you going home this summer?
"No, sir! I don't know anything yet. I must learn more before I go home," is the way a sensible Apache boy answered.

Young Husband—"Flour, I see is going up again."

Young Wife—"Never mind, George, we need not buy it. We can buy baker's bread, instead."

Mr. Campbell has gone to Bucks County to look after one or two boys who are a little crooked. Hope they will straighten up quickly and be men. Farmers don't want babies to work for them.

Mr. William Widdicomb and son, of Grand Rapids, Mich., uncle and cousin of Miss Marsh, visited the school on Friday. Miss Marsh went with them to the battle field of Gettysburg, and also accompanied them to New York City. She had a delightful time notwithstanding the damp weather.

The young boys of the printing office Arthur, Henry, and George were turned loose in the strawberry-patch Monday. We doubt whether as many berries went in the boxes as in their mouths. However, the patch has supplied the whole school bountifully several meals.

Miss Frances C. Sparhawk, of Newton Centre, Mass., is here on a visit. Miss Sparhawk's ready pen cannot long remain silent when surrounded by so much that she regards as interesting. We shall be on the lookout for enthusiastic but sound effusions on the Indian, and may be able to catch something on the fly for the *Red Man* and an occasional line for the *HELPER*, while she is with us.

On Monday, Alice Cornelius returned from her lovely home at the Edges, Downingtown, rested over night and took the train the next day with her sister Lilly, for their home in Seymour, Wisconsin. Both girls will be missed by their many eastern friends who love them. Alice has not been strong for some years and now is quite ill, although able to travel. We trust she will pick up, as she breathes her native air of Wisconsin. Lilly now expects to enter Alma College, Michigan, in the Fall.

Be ever what you seem.

Richenda Pratt has been quite sick with sore-throat and fever, but we are happy to be able to report that she is getting better fast.

Mr. Standing wonders jokingly why we print the *Red Man* black. We would inform him that our *Red Man* is black and white and read all over, and is only fifty cents a year.

Mrs. Lucy Bunkins, Mrs. Pratt's faithful housekeeper, has gone to her home in Sheperdstown, W. Va. She did her duty and subscribed for the *HELPER* before leaving, because she said she must have the Carlisle school news.

One of the band-boys who attended the Union band festival in town last Friday night when asked what kind of cream he would have, strawberry or vanilla, replied, "Oh, the white one, please." Our boys claim to have enjoyed the evening to the full.

Samuel Townsend has returned from Marietta, O., for his vacation. He is at present occupying his old position as foreman of our printing-office. One year more of preparatory will see him into Marietta College proper, and he expects to return there in the Fall.

We continue to receive most encouraging reports of Nancy Cornelius, at the Training School for nurses, in Hartford, Conn. The young Indian woman from Hampton, Virginia, Normal Institute, who entered the training school with Nancy has returned to Hampton.

Henry Kendall is in from Rutger's College, N. J. He graduated this year from the Grammar school there and expects to enter the college proper in the Fall. This summer he hopes to find acceptable employment in the country, preferring to engage with a civil engineering party if possible.

As the black horse, Bob, hitched to the carriage conveying Mrs. Pratt with Daniel Westerman as driver, passed the guard-house gate, Tuesday afternoon, some part of the harness gave way and the horse went flying down the lane. Daniel held bravely to the reins and succeeded in stopping the frightened beast very soon after crossing the railroad track. Happily, no serious damage was done, and no one was hurt.

Mrs. Collins and daughter, Mrs. Walton from New York spent two days at the school this week. They examined with interest all departments, and in the dining-room Mrs. Collins said a few earnest words to the boys and girls, speaking of their opportunities and of the blessings, success and growth that had fallen upon the work which was being done for them here. Both ladies have long had the cause of Indian education at heart.

THEY LIKE THE INDIAN HELPER.

A Mescalero Apache boy writes from Albuquerque, New Mexico:

"Enclose please find ten cents for the renewal of my subscription. I have been reading the very valuable little paper for the past two years and would almost as soon think of living without eating as without that. Long may it live!"

A Minnesota, Leech Lake Agency boy says:

"I like to have send the little paper, the INDIAN HELPER every week, and I send ten cents for it. It is an interesting little paper that tells about the Indian School at Carlisle."

From St. Louis comes:

"I have just received notification that the time for which I have subscribed for the INDIAN HELPER has expired. I subscribe for it for my grandson, but we all enjoy reading it."

A Pennsylvania Miss says:

"This evening I received the last number of the INDIAN HELPER and also the question 'Do you wish to renew?' Indeed I do. I think it is the best little paper that is printed for the small sum of ten cents and I will send my ten cents for renewal at once so that I will not miss a single copy. I like to read it as soon as it comes from the post office.

How I wish all the Indians could be educated. I hope the time is fast coming when the Indian will stand equal with the white man.

Cotton Wood Equal to an Emergency.

Cotton Wood's employer Mr. Brooks writes, as follows:

"Our Indian boy (Cotton Wood) heard us say our white-washers could not come according to promise, to white-wash the buildings.

With shining eyes he said, 'I think I can do it, if you let me.'

He went to work and did it beautifully, coloring the doors, window-frames, etc. I wish Capt. Pratt and all the Indian boys could see how nicely it is done."

Cigarettes Killed him.

The Philadelphia papers report the death of Johnnie Bankhead, from cigarette smoking.

He called to his mother, "Oh! My heart hurts me so much."

His mother saw that her boy looked very pale and sick, and was about to go out for the Doctor, when she turned to the bed-side of her little son and found him dead.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

From the "Pipe of Peace" of the Genoa Neb, Indian School.

Miss Rosa Dion, who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chase in Omaha, returned home Monday afternoon.

Rose not long since was one of Carlisle's good girls.

PUZZLES.

The following puzzles sent us by a little subscriber in Woodbury N. J. are very old ones but perhaps our Indian boys and girls never saw them before and for their benefit we print them.

Who can read them?

1. If the **B** mt put :, if the **B** . putting:

2. How can I put : with such a -der?

3. | | | | | | Add 5 marks to make it 9

4. stand took to taking
I you through my

5. An address:

wood
John
Mass.

Conundrums.

What country becomes a woman's name by the addition of a letter?

What river becomes the name of a certain poet by adding a letter?

What is the lightest city in the world?

If a boy and a-half eat a green apple and a-half in a minute and a-half, how will they feel in an hour and a-half?

ANSWER SO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Baseball Suits.

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 1/2 x 6 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, Bunice. Send a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.

For TWO Subscribers and a One-cent stamp, we send the printed copy of the Apache contrast. For ONE Subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo contrast.

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.