

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

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TO A TEACHER AT CARLISLE.

OUR task is hard, my Friend, day after day
To thread the same severe, unvaried way,
Through minds, whose wild soil never knew the plow
Of learning, or of cultured sense, till now.
With patient heart you toil through mist and shine
To find if possible some spark divine
In minds whose capabilities seem dead,
Or left in blanks, to be filled out, and read.
With steady hand you write, and yet it seems
To you, so like uncertainties of dreams.
You scarce can read the characters, that grow
Beneath your touch, they seem so dull and slow.
And yet, at times, I think I heard you say
A gleam of promise lights your weary way
From some dull mind, so blank, and dark, and rude,
Its possibilities you little understood.
The surface yields, and there, beneath the soil
You find the nugget, that rewards your toil.
Perchance some window opens in a darkened soul
From which pours light, which animates the whole,
So then take heart, though fear, or doubt assails,
When mind grasps mind in conflict, neither falls.
Be not discouraged, though your way may lie
Through hills of difficulty, steep and high!
Perseverance blasts a quarry wide,
And patience, tunnels through the mountain side.
A fern may leave its impress where it lies!
Nature asserts, that effort never dies.

E. G.

DO CIGARETTES HURT?

A Possible Talk Between Two Indian Boys

"My stars, Phil, I wish I had a cigarette," said one of the new boys to his comrade as they sat in their room after dinner one Sunday.

"I have been thinking about that, too," replied Si, whose real name was Simon, but called Si for short, "but do you know," Si continued, "I'm kind o' glad I have come to a place like this where they don't allow smoking?"

"I'm not glad," said Phil rather petulantly, as he lazily leaned back in his chair and rested his head on his two hands clasped together at the back of the neck. "It is what I miss more than anything else here, and I don't see the sense of depriving us big fellows of smoking when we pay for our own cigarettes!"

"Oh, it isn't *prying* for them that they ob-

ject to. They say cigarette smoking injures the health of boys, and makes us stupid and dull."

"That's all bosh," said Phil half angrily. "Some of the strongest fellows I ever knew and some of the smartest fellows, too, smoke cigarettes all the time."

"Well" said Si, moving out to the front of his chair and looking earnestly into his friend's face. "I am of the opinion that those fellows you speak of are not so very strong or smart either. I believe the folks here know what they are talking about, and I have read enough to argue the point with you, my friend, and prove to you that cigarette smoking is bad for the health."

"Argue away, if you are so anxious to hear yourself talk. I don't want to argue. I want a cigarette. I believe, actually, I would give five dollars this minute just for one."

"Humph!" said Si rising quickly, and turning his back in partial disgust upon his friend walked to the window. "If you at this age are such a slave to smoking as that it is high time you are made to stop it."

"I tell you it doesn't hurt any one."

"It does," said Si facing his friend again and bringing his fist down upon the table.

"Prove it," said Phil now excited to a pitch that he was ready for the argument he objected to in the start, and assuming an erect position on all four legs of the chair, sat ready for what Si had to say.

"If I should give you a *hundred* instances where cigarette smoking has injured the health of boys, you would not believe them."

Phil sat still for a brief period and then arose and shook down his trowsers, after which he walked to the glass to take a look at himself.

"I am not quite so unreasonable as that," he said quietly. But the more he looked at himself the more aroused he became, and stepping in front of Si said while gesticulating forcibly with fore finger of right hand up and down in the palm of left hand, "Tell me of one boy: *one single boy*, I say, who has been injured by cigarette smoking and then see whether I will believe it or not."

Si merely smiled at his friend and said that the papers every day had accounts of boys dying from smoking.

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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By 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.

“RENEWAL” is the magic word,
That should be seen as well as heard.

Men are like drums—the one with the big head makes the most noise.

A young lady of five summers, who lives in Connecticut, wonders why we say “a bay” horse. “Mamma, is it because a horse always obeys?” she asked.

Luther Kuhns writes again from his home in Indian Territory. Although in miserable health he writes cheerfully. We hope he may still get well and strong.

The one who worries about his trade injuring his health is the very one to get sick. It is not your trade that is hurting you. Four hours a day of any kind of work no matter what, will kill no one.

We are grieved to hear of the death of Calvin Red Wolf, at his home in Indian Territory. Calvin spent some time at the Lawrence school after he left us. He was in ill health when he left Carlisle.

Here is an item of interest for our farmer boys:

Seeing some cows and pigs by the road way the other day induced one of our visitors to tell a true story of farm life in Pennsylvania. The young pigs rooted about the ground in the barnyard among the cows. One night at milking time the dairyman squeezed some nice warm milk into the pigs' faces “just for fun” he said. When he took his pails the next morning and sat down to his accustomed milking, he found no milk was there. He had told his secret to the pigs and during the night they had gotten up a surprise for the milkman “just for fun” we suppose. The pigs were banished from the cow yard.

BORN—To Frank and Mrs. Locke, at their home in Rosebud, Dakota, a daughter.

The Man-on-the-band-stand sends hearty congratulations to these his dear children from whom we so often hear good reports.

Jack has been having Arbor Day for several days. He planted two small trees for Miss Ely this week, one of which was nearly three inches high.

What does it mean when a white-washer gets as much of the white-wash on his clothes and grass as on the fence? We are to understand by that, that such a white-washer does not understand his business very well.

How the character of a soldier does show in ranks! A careful thoughtful man marches with head-up, keeping good step; and he carefully obeys every command. Every one knows how a lazy good-for-nothing soldier would march.

We have ten as nice little letters as you often see, from as many Indian boys and girls who go to school away up in Canada, at the McDougal Training Institution, thanking the Man-on-the-band-stand for a little picture he sent them for a present.

Young officer, are you afraid to speak to the boy in your company who marches badly, or who is out of order? Are you afraid he will “get mad at you”? What difference if he does not like it? It is your business to keep your company in good shape. If you cannot do it you are not fit to be an officer. Speak kindly but firmly to those under you and let them see in your eye that you mean to be obeyed. If you are a coward it shows very quickly in your eye.

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 3/4 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.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand. (boudoir) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(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.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8x10 showing all our buildings.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents 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.

April Red Man is mailing.

Wish the girls had a tennis set.

The chapel organ has gone to the girls' quarters.

Malcolm Clarke has entered the printing-office.

The board walks are out of the way again, until next winter.

Sunday was such a delightful day that many went for walks.

The weather has been truly fine for many days, and is highly appreciated.

Miss Blanche Nevin, the sculptor, was here on Wednesday.

The small boys are grateful for the two books sent for their library by Willie Miller.

Our vocal music teacher spent Wednesday in Lancaster looking up pieces for Examination.

Joshua Asher and Sarah Bedell have gone to their homes in Michigan, on account of ill health.

We shall certainly hear from the absent ones in Japan in a few days. We are daily looking for letters.

Have you been vaccinated? Dr. Grinnell is after all who have not been, and we have many sore arms, these days.

The tinner have turned painters, but they are still working on tin, for the roofs they are painting are made of tin.

Mr. Bent who came with the Ft. Belknap, Mont. pupils left for his far away home on Friday. On Thursday he and Mr. Potter visited the battle-field of Gettysburg.

The graduating exercises of our school come this year on the 14th of May. The graduating class numbers eighteen, representing the following tribes: Cheyenne, Oneida, Sioux, Chippewa, Pueblo, Crow, Winnebago, Quapaw, Pawnee, Omaha, Keechi, and Comanche. In the notice given in the *Red Man* the name of the Pawnee tribe was omitted by mistake.

A party of 26 girls in company with Misses Stanton, Hunt, Campbell and Noble went to Hunters' Run for Arbutus, on Saturday, and had a grand time roaming over the mountain. They did more than roam. We heard of a game of ball indulged in and the picnic at lunch time was greatly enjoyed. Not a thing occurred to mar the pleasure of the day—all was happiness and sunshine.

Holiday to-day, as it is Arbor Day. There is to be tree planting by each school and other interesting exercises, an account of which may be given next week.

Irene Campbell has returned from Philadelphia, where she has been under treatment. We are glad to see her sweet little face again among the children on the play-ground.

A very handsome collection of books has been received from W. H. N., Indianapolis, and the small boys into whose library they were placed are again thankful.

More than one pair of lips have smacked over the delicious maple sirup sent by Mr. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y. May those maple groves of his never cease to produce such nectar!

What is it that makes the fences glow with something white as any snow? 'Tis white-wash brushed on up and down. What is it that makes the shops so bright? They lose their grim and sorry plight. 'Tis white-wash with a dash of brown.

Two new circles of King's Daughters have been organized, one in charge of Miss Seabrook, and one under Miss Carter's directions. Miss Fisher still has the Sunshine Scatterers. We will be pleased to give the names of the officers of each circle, if handed to us in time for next week's HELPER.

The Regulars played the Dickinson College Nine, Saturday, on their own ground. At the fifth inning they were tied, and it was time to stop playing but by common consent another inning was played and Dickinson beat by 2 runs. Our boys do not feel discouraged, however, and were highly complimented for their fine playing.

Last Saturday, while the girls were out for a walk some in the line wanted to stop and crack a few nuts they had gathered. "No, dear girls," said the teacher in charge. "We can't stop now. If one stops the whole line will have to wait and that will not be pleasant." One of the new girls thought she would obey orders and crack nuts, too, so she picked up two stones and with them managed to have a little picnic all to herself cracking and eating nuts as she was walking along in line.

The Young American Base Ball Club have re-organized and elected Felix Iron Eagle Feather Captain. The members of this club are as follows: Pitcher, Felix I. E. Feather; catcher, Gary Meyers; 1st. base, Walter Annallo; 2nd base, Harry Kobpay; 3rd base, Benj. Lawry; short stop, Oto Chief Eagle; right field, Martinez Johns; centre field, Lyman Kennedy; left field, Thomas Metoxen; substitute, Eustace Esapoyet; manager, Chester P. Cornelius.

(Continued from the First Page.)

"Have you read one lately?" asked Phil, thinking he would push the question and wind his companion up in his own argument.

"Yes, I have. Didn't you read yesterday's paper, about that boy in Brooklyn who died? And why have some States passed laws prohibiting boys under certain ages smoking, if it does not injure the health of this rising generation?"

"That has nothing to do with the question. Come, I want you to tell me if you have read anything lately about this subject."

"Why, there was a whole column about the boy I just mentioned."

"No, I did not see it," said Phil in surprise. "Do you say he died?"

"That is what the paper stated."

"Nonsense!" said Phil, pacing back and forth, with hands in pockets. It is just a newspaper story and no truth in it."

"There you are!" remonstrated Si, "I told you, you wouldn't believe it, but this must be a true account. The boy's name and the name of the hospital where he died, and the name of the Sister who took care of him, all were given. They would not dare to publish all these names and print a full column about it, on the first page of a big city daily if the whole thing was a lie."

"Well, go on," said Phil, throwing himself on the bed. "Let's hear the story. What is it?"

"There is not much to tell," said Si, "but it seemed so sad that a boy beloved as he was and so remarkably bright had to suffer so terribly and to die so young, all because he was a slave to cigarettes. He was one of the singers in a great church in Brooklyn. His sweet voice and gentle manners and bright intellect and good heart are what won for him so many friends."

After a time his friends began to notice that his face was growing very yellow. His voice gave out. He became thin and sick and had to be taken to the city hospital.

The doctors said that there was poison in his blood. The poison that comes from cigarettes. It gets into the throat and lungs, they say.

The poison is called nicotine.

"I know all about that," said Phil, a little impatient and irritated that his friend should stop in the middle of his story to explain what nicotine was, "but how did they know that the poison was from smoking?"

"The boy owned up to it, poor fellow. He had smoked a great deal on the sly. He became so crazy for cigarettes that he would work after hours and spend that money for them. Before he died, his legs swelled to an enormous size. His heart distressed him dreadfully. Every breath he took cost him an effort and it seemed at times as if he would strangle to death," continued Si.

"About 200 of his friends who loved him dearly gathered around the door of the room in which the dying boy lay.

Almost his last words were, 'Let every boy who smokes cigarettes look at me now, and know how I have suffered and he will never put another into his mouth.'

"Pshaw!" said Phil trying to appear indifferent. "A few cigarettes a day will not hurt any one."

"Ah, that is just the point, they say. This boy, the paper states, began by smoking only a little but he grew to like it so much that he became a slave to the habit and he could not stop it when he knew it was hurting him.

He smoked almost continually as you and I did at home, my friend, and that is why it is so hard for us to stop now.

"I don't think it ever hurt US," persisted Phil.

"I believe it has," answered Si determinedly. "I believe I would have a better mind and could think harder now, and would not be so stupid in class sometimes, and could understand my teacher better when she tries so hard to explain things, if I had not made my thinking power dull by smoking. I believe now, (just think that I never knew it before!) but I believe now that it is the continuous smoking of cigarettes that is making our race a weak-lunged people. Isn't it awful, the more you think about it? You know how the Indian boys smoke all the time at home, and how thin and sickly many of them look. That is the reason! Don't you honestly believe it, Phil?" asked Si.

"I don't know but you are right," said Phil. "One thing I have noticed, and that is that the white fellows smoke differently from us. We take our smoke into the lungs, fill them full and then let it come out through the nose and mouth too, but all the white men I have ever seen smoke, only fill the mouth and puff the smoke out through their lips."

"I have noticed that difference, too, and our way is much the worse for the health, so they say. Let's stop and not make any more fuss about it! Let us prove by experiment that it is better for us to do without cigarettes."

"Oh, well! We have to quit it anyhow, I suppose, and we may as well give in gracefully. It is mighty hard but I shall not break the rules of the school," said Phil who was a boy of honor even if he did like tobacco. "Come on, Si! Let us go for a walk." Exercise will help a fellow forget about wanting to smoke."

"That's true," said Si, good naturedly, and they both put on their coats, adjusted their hats and started off toward the farm.

Enigma.

I am made of 18 letters.

My 3, 16, 18, 7, a good thing to take one's breath through.

My 6, 13, 4, 11, 12, a dead language.

My 5, 4, 2, 1, a very common name for a girl.

My 9, 8, a tool to cut with.

My 10, 15, 17, 14, a place where money is made.

My 10, 4, 18, 7, to think.

My whole is what is troubling our Carlisle boys and girls a little these days.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Pennsylvania.

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 to *The Red Man* we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.

ADDRESS: THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.