

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1890.

NUMBER 39.

## LEARN TO WAIT.

**L**EARN to wait—life's hardest lesson,  
Conned perchance through blinding  
tears,  
While the heart-throbs sadly echo  
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait Hope's slow fruition;  
Faint not, though the way seem long;  
There is joy in each condition,  
Hearts through suffering may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,  
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;  
Giant oaks owe half their greatness  
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow  
Aims not at a higher state;  
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow,  
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness  
Spring not from life's sunny side;  
Heroes must be more than driftwood  
Floating on a waveless tide.

—From the *Humbler Poet*.

## OUR DINING-ROOM.

A few weeks ago we looked in at the dining-room after dinner to see the girls wash up the dishes. Fifty one girls and fifty tables! What an array of queen's ware! Enough to stock a small china shop.

The way those girls washed the dishes made us tremble. We expected to see a general avalanche.

They piled the plates several feet high, and bowls without number were packed into pyramids.

But not a dish was broken while we were there.

There were more than five hundred at dinner, and one would think there must be a good deal of waste. But the art of setting the tables has grown to be a science.

There is very little wasted, at the same time all have enough to eat.

After gathering up the bones which were left of the roast beef to aid in the next day's stew, and such pieces of bread as would do

for toast or soup on the morrow, the table-cloths were shaken into a large oil cloth spread on the floor, and all the crumbs would not have exceeded a peck measure full.

I suppose those fragments are taken to the farm where they help to fatten the big hogs we saw there the other day. We counted twenty-eight, besides little bits of ones.

The Man-on-the-band-stand does not have any use for pigs except when he is pie hungry, or gets a longing for doughnuts.

Maybe we are mistaken about the crumbs going to the pigs, perhaps the handsome Plymouth Rocks get a few of them. They are so pretty to look at and so are the turkeys. All growing as fast as they can, as if they are delighted at the thought of next Christmas dinner.

They strutted about and gobbled "Carlisle, Carlisle," as plain as you ever heard a turkey say anything.

We are off from our subject, although all must admit that there is at times a subtle connection between turkeys and chickens and a well regulated dining room.

In half an hour after dinner the tables were put in order, the floor swept and mopped where needed, and the dining room ready for supper.

The girls were very neat, considering that many of them are new comers, never washed dishes before, and never had any idea of eating off of anything but the ground or their laps.

When the girls had done their work we noticed that only a few of the aprons had wet marks across the front.

That is a small matter which does not seem to worry even so called tidy housekeepers—that is, some of them.

The children do not eat from oil cloth or painted wood. They have good table-cloths, white ones, such as they see used at our homes. This seems to us to be about the right thing.

A table cloth talks, it tells right out who has the best table manners. If a person is in the habit of laying his picked bones on the table

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)



# The Indian Helper.

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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.

Most of those who renew subscription do say "RENEWAL," and we are grateful.

We are grateful for a club of twenty-five subscribers from Miss Nellie Haverstick, Ohio.

A letter from a boy in the country says he did not know that he would have to do field work, on a farm. Wonder what he expected to do, dust the piano?

Boys and girls now in the country number four hundred and eleven. The Man-on-the-band-stand wishes it were four THOUSAND and eleven, away from the reservation influences.

Yes, that same little boy who now has a cough and cold is the very one the Man-on-the-band-stand saw lying in the wet grass. Don't be so foolish! Carelessness often carries one to an early grave.

Levi Levering spent Sunday in Washington, D. C., with his Indian friend Mr. Francis LaFlesche, who occupies a prominent position in the Indian office. He speaks of having a grand time sight-seeing and visiting.

We have received a large number of answers to the prize puzzle of last week. As we do not give the prize until Saturday, we cannot publish the name of the fortunate winner till next week. There is time yet, the best gets it.

A kind lady in Massachusetts returned thanks for her invitation to the graduating exercises with a \$20 bill, which was used to buy books for the class. The books presented were from standard authors and were highly appreciated.

Richenda is aunty again. On Saturday morning, at Johnstown, little Sarah Pratt came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt. Richenda and the Man-on-the-band-stand and everybody wants to see the baby so much. Maybe the baby will bring her mamma down on a visit before long, and won't we all be glad?

## Mark Everts, a Pawnee Indian Umpired the Game.

A game of ball on our grounds, between the "Lasters" and "Cutters" of the Carlisle Shoe Factory was played last Saturday afternoon. We clip the following from the Carlisle Sentinel:

The "Cutters" and "Lasters" wish thus to publicly return thanks to Mr. Mark Everts, who umpired their game on Saturday, for the fair and impartial manner in which he performed his duties. Also, to the Indian School club for the use of their grounds and for favors extended.

The C. V. R. R. in placing electric signals in the borough of Carlisle, did not place one on the Indian school lane, where there is a very dangerous crossing. This seems to be a very bad oversight, and we are surprised at it. Unless there is some special reason for it, and we know of none, the road should remedy the matter.—[Carlisle Sentinel.

This is truly a dangerous crossing and is used as much if not more than any on the line of the freight track. There have been several narrow escapes at this point. Let us have the electric bell before the loss of life occurs!

Charlie Moneravie returned from Hampton, on Tuesday. The place is lovely at this season. He noticed many changes since he was there several years ago as a pupil. The graduating exercises were excellent and many prominent visitors were present. The Indians and Negroes are in distinct apartments and quite as separate as though there were two schools. In the higher grades the Indians mingle with the Negroes in class. Charlie claims to have had a splendid time and was cordially treated.

Miss Rote received the sad information by telegram of the death at millville, this State of a loved nephew, Walter Rote, whom some of our boys who have lived in that vicinity will remember. She went Saturday and returned Tuesday, laden with messages of love and other good things from friends of a few here.

It is refreshing to have Carrie Hamlin wait upon one at table. A single glance is sufficient for her to see all that is needed. It is a great accomplishment, girls, and a trade every girl in the land should understand, whether she is to live in a handsome home of her own or in the home of some one else.

Miss Phillips had a slight bilious attack on Friday and was not able to be in school in the afternoon, the first hour she has lost on account of sickness in her more than ten year's service with us. This speaks well for Carlisle as a health resort.

The graduating class with their teacher as escort have visited several of the town schools. They claim to have found the best order and neatest rooms where ladies taught. They were cordially received in every school visited.



Fourteen boys left for country homes on Tuesday.

The third floor of the large boys' quarters has been vacated for the summer months.

Mr. Campbell's talk to the boys and girls at English Speaking was sound to the backbone.

Luther Dahah has been appointed librarian at the large boys' quarters, vice Percy Zadoka, on a farm. Luther will make a good one.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt and the party with whom they are travelling in Japan start for their native land to-morrow, and expect to reach the golden gate of America about the 15th of June.

As we go to press, Wednesday noon, word comes from Miss Cutter's sister, Amherst, Mass., that the Indian meeting Sunday evening at which Howard and Jemima spoke was a grand success.

The reading-room at the girls' quarters, having been temporarily used as a sleeping department has been freshly kalsomined and painted. The girls are glad to have their cozy room restored to them.

Mrs. Dr. Miller on hearing of the illness of her nephew at Springfield, Mass., applied for a month's leave which is to include her vacation. Mrs. Hamilton takes her place as dining-room matron during the absence of the doctor.

Mark Evarts has sold his beautiful hand-made harness to Rev. Father Rafferty, of Carlisle. The Rev. Father has an excellent bargain, the man-on-the-band-stand thinks. Mark says he is going to make another set right away.

The quiet but exquisite little tea given by Mrs. Standing in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Stevieck, failed to receive notice last week. It being part of the school happenings it must be recorded even though a little late. All had a delightful time.

It doesn't take Joseph Hamilton all summer to correct a proof, nor set a galley full of type. He has been but a short time in the printing-office, but does more rapid and better work than several who have been in for months. The secret is, Joseph takes a marked interest in his work.

Dr. Grinnell went Tuesday to visit Fred Harris, who is quite sick at his farm home, in the country. Fred has a delightful home and is receiving every attention. His trouble is acute, but we trust he will recover.

Later: As we go to press a message is received that Fred is better and will probably be able to come home Friday.

The little boys are getting quite a collection of nice books and are only waiting for the carpenters to fix up their shelves, for them to be put up in proper and accessible shape. The delay is unavoidable owing to the press of other work, but the small boys are becoming impatient and have the sympathy of the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Miss Luckenback and her friends visited the battlefield of Gettysburg, Saturday.

Miss Anthony spent a few days in town with friends, a small but much deserved vacation.

Mr. Norman and force of boys are giving the trimmings of the teachers' building a dose of paint.

One of the prettiest nooks on the grounds is that between Mr. Standing's house and small boy's quarters.

Messrs. Given and Cornelius and Misses Moore and Paull took in the Gilmore Concert at Harrisburg.

A large party of Congressmen will pass Gettysburg Junction, Decoration Day, on their way to Gettysburg.

The fire plugs have had their spring coating of black paint, which adds to the neat appearance of the grounds.

Miss Paull and Miss Moore spent Saturday at the Craighheads a short distance in the country, and had a delightful day.

The hat advertised two or three weeks ago has been found and returned to its happy owner, now on a ranch in Indian Territory.

The quantity of work that has been turned out by the sewing room, in the past month strikes the man-on-the-band-stand as something wonderful.

The school's edition of the HELPER will be out a day earlier this week in order that the printers may enjoy a holiday with the others, Decoration Day.

Mr. Jordan and his force are still busy drab-washing the buildings. Henry Phillips and George Valier, printers, have been taking a turn at the brush for a change.

A visitor this week presented the small boys' reading-room with ten dollars, which was gratefully received, and will be made to reach as far as ten dollars can possibly go.

Mrs. Slaymaker, of Philadelphia, a guest of Mrs. Pettinos, in town, visited the school Tuesday, and was escorted around by Barbara who was delighted to see her friend.

Mr. W. F. Canfield, to be appointed Superintendent of the new Indian Training School about to be started at Ft. Totten, Dakota, is with us. He says Carlisle reminds him of "Looking Backward."

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Stout, of Audenied, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Krause and daughter Helen, of Bethlehem, Pa., visited the school this week, guests of Miss Luckenback, who is a sister of Mrs. Krause.

Had not Miss Hunt playfully touched her companion's head with her parasol as they were walking to town, one evening this week she would now be minus a valuable watch. The friend glanced down to avoid the hit and saw the watch at her feet. Thanks for play, that time, Miss Hunt thinks.



(Continued from the First Page.)

instead of on the side of his plate, the table cloth tells of it.

If your hands and arms happen to be just a little grimy, why, there is a dark streak along the edge of the table.

If you spill your coffee or milk even just a little, or scatter your crumbs, that tell-tale table cloth speaks it right out. Our children are learning a great deal about little things that make up a pleasant and useful life. We really believe that most of them eat pie with a fork, and hold chicken bones in the left hand when it is necessary to pick the meat off with their teeth. Soon will come the green corn season, and we mean to happen in to see if they hold the cob in the left hand.

#### HOW THE CHEYENNES FOOLED THE PAWNEES IN DAYS GONE BY.

A Pawnee boy who is at Hampton, Va., writes for their little paper called the *Talks and Thoughts*. The boy's name is Wilson Moore and the writer remembers him when he was a little boy away out in the Indian Territory. He says:

I remembered one story.

The Pawnees went to hunt buffaloes.

They went toward southwest.

They went O! so many days, and they found herd of buffaloes was coming towards to where the Pawnees were.

These buffaloes was coming just like they eat grass.

But they was not regular buffaloes.

These was the Cheyenne Indians.

They make themselves like buffaloes.

They all cover the horses with buffaloes hides, and the men ride and they laid on the top of the horses neck; so they look like buffaloes.

That time Pawnees pretty near got killed all, because they got fool.

They thought it was buffaloes, but it was not.

Oscar Warden a Sioux boy of the White's Institute, Wasbash, Indiana, writes that he is glad that he is an American citizen, made so by the act of February, 8th, 1887.

"We should all be glad," he says, "that the Indian is on the same footing as the white man. Many of the Indians have their allotments of 160 acres of land, and I hope very soon all the Indians will have the same.

Why not, my young Indian friends take the chance while you have it? When you go back west show your civilization to your older people and let them know you are no more to live in that savage state.

There is a day coming when the Indian will be a smart race of people. Then they shall have the same privileges as the white man, but to tell you the plain truth it will come from the white man in the first place. The white race is the ruling race of the world. I don't want you to think hard of me because I hold for the white people, for I am one of your number."

That which we are we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened. Character teaches over our heads.

EVERY boy makes his own record, largely as it is. He can make his life a life of sunshine, or he can make it as dull and as cloudy as a disagreeable March day.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 22 letters.

My 21, 2, 18, 19, what farmers do to their harvest when ripe.

My 17, 1, 20, 13, 22, what is used to print the HELPER.

My 9, 14, 15, 12, where some of our boys don't like to put their money.

My 5, 3, 4, to wander idly about as some of our boys do in town, Saturdays.

My 8, 10, 11, 1, what we go through on entering a house.

My 16, 6, 15, 7, 21, one who gives.

My whole is what the Man-on-the-band-stand wishes our boys and girls would do as much in the summer months as they do in the winter.

**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.

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 8x10 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.