

The Indian Helper.


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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1890.

NUMBER 41

A LITTLE KEY WORTH HAVING.

 HERE is a strange metallic key, which any man may hold
A little key, though always new, it yet is very old,
It opens almost every chest of good the world contains,
And makes a very stupid man seem almost blest with brains
It opens doors of splendor in cities rich and fine,
And blasts the rocky quarries that hide the silver mine.
'Twill make a person happy around a homely hearth,
Or take him "post haste" any time to any spot on earth.
It gives a sort of freedom to almost any man—
For instance, he can board a ship and sail for old Japan.
And he can cross the continent in splendid Palace cars,
Or he can ride in stately pride in royal Jinrikshas.
This little key, they say, unlocks the heavy doors of state,
And though a man is very small, he may seem very great.
He may be very ugly, or crippled, bald or grey,
If he but owns this little key he's handsome any way.
The sentimentalist may cry that "this will never do,
Such calculations are a fraud, and are in fact untrue;"
But we can prove it, by the facts that we have multiplied.
And any one of sense will see that truth is on our side.
MINUS the thing I speak of, a man will surely find
In many undertakings, that he is left behind.
And more than this we are prepared to say this magic key
May be in anybody's purse by honest industry.
But lazy people may not hope to win such worthy prize,
For you must work and delve to find the place wherein it lies.
And when you get it, you must keep the thing with best of care,
Or else you'll find with sorrow, your treasure isn't there.
There's nothing like a bank account to make a man deposit
A name and station in the world, and everybody knows it.
Be not too free or stingy, too sordid or too rash,
Guard well your pocket, and you'll find my little key is CASH.
E. G.

FROM THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND'S DIARY.

Around my band-stand cluster memories
to last a lifetime.

This band stand is built something like a
Chinese Pagoda, and from it even an ordin-
ary person can see in all directions.

The little raised platform in the centre is
the place where I am supposed to stand when
I make my observations.

It has been hinted that there is a bit of
superstition about this matter, but it is in re-
ality only a sort of harmless illusion, and not
altogether an illusion, either.

At least, the impression one receives is not
more false than the statements so many of
you received from your elders in your youth-
ful days.

How often you were induced to suspect the
innocent robin or wren of being a "tell-tales"
when the misdeeds of your childhood were
found out and you were coolly informed that
"A little bird told it."

And this from decorous older people who did
not betray by a single change of countenance
that they were in the act of deception, leaving
you to find out for yourselves that birds don't
tell tales.

But the Man-on-the-band-stand *does* tell,
now listen.

Somebody said in his hearing that there is
cheating on the croquet ground.

That a ball is sometimes "shoved" instead
of being "shot;" that it is stopped on its
course; that it is moved a little towards its
wicket when nobody is looking, and other
things I will not mention.

Now I have watched those games and I
never saw any cheating yet, but I *will* say
that if I know of a place in all my travels
where character *tells* that place is the croquet
ground.

The worst thing I know about croquet is
what I *hear*.

I have heard hard words sometimes, loud
misunderstandings, and unkind insinuations.
Not of ten, but just enough to make me want
to speak my mind right out.

What is the use of games any way, if you fail
to get the benefit of recreation and good
humor?

There are some pretty good players among
the boys and girls. The girl I noticed won
the game every time, and fairly, too. There
was a whispered conference about it among
the others, and it was decreed that N. should
play with her *left hand*, as a punishment for
her excellence. And she actually won in the
next game.

I say "won" the game, because the word is
so much more elegant than "beat."

Over yonder I saw some girls jumping rope
and they did it well, and very gracefully, too.
Too well, I should say—a hundred jumps, with-
out stopping is too much.

There is danger of some very serviceable

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

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.

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.

It is WISE to stick to a bargain even if you have gotten the worst of it.

Please give FORMER ADDRESS when change of address is desired.

If you say "RENEWAL" when you renew, we will be sure not to get your name on our books twice.

Paul Lovejoy is happy at his farm home. He thinks he has an excellent place and means to do his best to give satisfaction.

Miss Coats now teaching at Warren, goes to Chataqua for the summer. Several of our teachers go to Glens Falls, instead. Both are excellent summer schools.

John Elm has been elected leader of his home band, the National Brass Band of Onida, Wisconsin. This band is composed entirely of Indians and has a great reputation in the west.

A letter from the Crow Agency, Montana, criticising some of our expressions and items of news, is very interesting and takes up points that the Man-on-the-band-stand will have to answer, next week.

Short letters have been received from Capt. written just before they started on the voyage home. Before this reaches all our readers the party will have arrived in San Francisco providing they have experienced no accident or other cause of delay. They will probably take in the Yellow Stone Park on their way east across the Continent.

A very pleasant letter from Mr. Potter tells of his life in his "sometimes lonely home on the ranch." His heart is in the Indian work and he longs for the time when he can leave his claim and labor in the work of his choice in some capacity. He promises to write a long and newsy letter some of these days about our returned pupils out there and what they are doing. He says Ernie Black has joined the scouts, resigning his position as tailor at the Cheyenne school, on account of his health. Bird Seward is also a scout and looks hardy and strong although he, was once quite sick.

Best Game of the Season.

A game of ball was played Saturday afternoon on the college athletic grounds between a team from the Indian School and the College. Those who saw the game say it was the best of the season.

The fielding of both sides was good, but for expensive errors in the fifth and sixth innings the score would have been 2 to 0 in favor of the Indians.

Both pitchers did excellent and effective work. A fine double play was made by T. Miller in the seventh inning.

The Indians dropped on to the pitcher in the sixth, and from that to the ninth they got in four single, two, two baggers and a three base hit.

Basé hits—Metoxen, Anallo, P. Cornelius, Chief Eagle, 2; Schanandore, Palmer, T. Miller, Eby, 2; two base hits. Jas. Cornelius, P. Cornelius; three base hits, Schanandore; struck out by F. I. E. Feather, 10; by E. Miller, 10; bases on balls, Noble, F. Miller; left on bases, Indians, 7; College, 5. Umpire, Brant; time of game 1:35.—[Carlisle Sentinel.

The Score:

Dickinson.					Indian School.						
	R.	H.	O.	A. E.		R.	H.	O.	A. E.		
Hitchens, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Metoxen, c.	0	1	9	7	0
Palmer, 2b.	0	1	1	1	2	Anallo, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Noble, 3b.	0	0	1	0	0	Chief Eagle, 2 b.	1	2	2	4	1
F. Miller, p.	1	0	1	12	1	Felix, p.	0	0	1	13	0
Davis, l. f.	0	0	1	0	1	Big Horse, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Eby, c.	1	2	11	1	0	Schanandore, l. f.	1	2	1	0	0
T. Miller, s. s.	1	1	3	2	4	J. Cornelius, 3 b	1	1	0	0	1
Smith, lb.	0	0	7	0	0	Koh-pay, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1
Pettinos, 3b. 2b.	1	0	1	3	1	P. Cornelius, 1 b.	1	2	14	0	2
Bertolette, r. f.	0	0	1	0	1	Totals	6	9	27	26	5
Totals	4	4	27	19	10						

INNINGS.

College,.....	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	0—4
Indian School,.....	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	1—6	

All of our girls who can be spared this summer have found country homes. The school authorities are sorry not to have enough good girls to supply all the good people who wish them. A thousand girls now living in tepees, and nearly starving on the rations given them by the Government could find in the east if they would come to Pennsylvania, homes where they would be welcome, where they would have comfortable beds to sleep in, where they would have good food to eat and plenty of it, where there would be a regular time to eat it, where they would have a loving farm-mother to look after them and take an interest in them and advise them in the right way, where there would be no temptations to do the terrible things they are tempted to do at home, and where they would be happy in the thought that they were earning all of these comforts and blessings by their own industry. Self-support gives a girl or boy a pride that is very valuable—a pride of independence.

A 1 the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-pag. 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 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.

Don't be **DOUBLE-MINDED!**

Miss Cooke spent a day at Chambersburg, among friends.

Frank West has taken Laban Locojim's place as school-room janitor.

Susie Henni has gone to live with Mrs. Mason Pratt for a few weeks.

Exhibition to-morrow night, and old Madam Rumor says we are to have a treat in the way of music.

Johnson Webster, Oneida, a very faithful good worker in the printing-office went to a farm on Tuesday for the summer.

The pupils of No. 9 are very much interested in the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which their teacher is kindly reading aloud during the study-hour period, these warm evenings.

The little pupils in No. 13 can answer to an astonishing rate questions about the bones in the body. Why the Man-on-the-band-stand fairly opened his eyes with wonder the other day when the class was reciting for Miss Fisher's benefit.

Charles Moncravie, a brother of Fred, was here for a few days visiting us. We are very glad to have him here. In fact we are always glad to welcome any of our Carlisle friends. We should be very glad to see some of the Carlisle girls sometimes.—[*Talks and Thoughts*, Published at Hampton.

Cecilia Londrosh, who is attending the Millersville Normal School, has just received word of the serious illness at the Winnebago Agency, Nebraska, of her loved brother Ashley, who has been a father to the family since her own father's death. Her many friends extend heartfelt sympathy in this her great trial so soon after the death of her brother John, who was a pupil of Carlisle. Ashley is not a Carlisle student.

The hearts of two hundred Carlisle boys and girls now at their homes in the west will be made glad this year by the generous gift of the good people of Amherst, Mass., of a year's subscription to our little paper. The money was given at a meeting in the interest of Carlisle and Indians in general, held at Amherst a week or two since.

The double funeral, this week, of Fred Harris, one of our Alaskan pupils, and Wilbur DeChizen, an Apache, was especially sad. The latter had been very low with terrible hemorrhages of the lungs for weeks and Fred Harris died of consumption of the bowels. Their caskets were covered with flowers—love offerings from teachers and friends. Fred was of that sweet, amiable disposition which won for him many dear friends. Mr. Walker, his instructor in the tin-shop cannot praise his faithful and efficient service enough, and as a last act of love placed upon his coffin a handsome cross of flowers. Fred's last hours on earth were exceedingly happy, and he was ready and anxious to go. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Norcross.

The pupils enjoyed a strawberry feast, at supper Wednesday evening, a treat from their teachers.

Esther Miller, Julia Dorris, Levi St. Cyr, and Levi Levering, sang at the Second Church, Sunday, it being children's day.

Mrs. Booth has left town and gone to be a worker at Hampton. Miss Booth and Miss Lowe expect to spend the summer there.

Westbrook Shawbush, Charles Marksman and Julia Crane, left for their homes in the west, under escort of Samuel Gruette, one of our printers, who intends to return after a few week's vacation at home.

That was a handsome chair that Miss Ely placed at the private desk of the Man-on-the-band-stand's chief clerk last Friday morning, it was the 7th anniversary of her birth. Don't mention the figure that should go before the 7.

When old Charlie horse is well curried, and dressed up in his good harness, then hitched to Mrs. Bennett's splendidly kept carriage, he looks fine and feels as proud as he looks. We hope our stable boys will observe what a difference care makes to the looks of a horse and carriage.

Mr. Mason Pratt stopped off over Sunday while on a business trip through Harrisburg. He looks well and in good spirits. They had a baby-duet at their house in Johnstown, when Mr. and Mrs. Stevick stopped on their way west. He did not say which baby had the best voice.

Those flowers that Boise never forgets to arrange in vases for the chapel, Sunday afternoon, we are sure help to inspire the minister and are appreciated by the audience. We are thus favored through the kindness of the King's Daughters.

There was enough gold in Dr. Rittenhouse's talk on Sunday afternoon to carry all who heard him through to the end of life; if they but heed his words. We must give parts of this his last talk, probably, through the HELPER from time to time. The little foxes that spoil the vines are the ones for us to watch.

Madam Rumor has been busy this week. She says that Edgar McCassey has gone back to the blanket. Ellis Childers has a son. Foster Strike Axe wears Indian clothes sometimes. Samuel Checote is married and living in his own house. Arnold Woolworth is still scouting. Roman Nose is working at his trade at the Cheyenne Agency and getting \$20 a month. Jennie Lawrence is assistant teacher at Sisseton Agency. Kias Williams is at Haskell. Harlow Miller is still a splendid boy, and goes to school at the Osage Agency. Edward Hears Fire has a good wife and is living in his own home, Crow Agency. Eleazer is at Haskell, and works in the dining-room. Char. Chickenny is clerking in a store in Wisconsin at \$35 a month. Moses Culbertson is on the police force at Pine Ridge Agency, is married and has one child. Doty Seward is living in a little frame house of his own, at the Cheyenne Agency and works at farming and freighting.

(Continued from the First Page.)

blood vessel in the body becoming too much charged, with such violent exercise. Its delicate walls might give way and put a stop to jumping rope forever, as far as the victim was concerned. Such accidents frequently happen.

I was watching the big boys playing ball out by the north end of the gymnasium. It was rather warm and they stopped now and then to cool off, sitting down on the roof of the old coal shed, and fanning themselves with big Japanese fans. They went at it vigorously, without a suspicion that I was chuckling with the expectation of seeing them fall through the shaky old roof, fans and all. What fun it would be!

These hot evenings one would suppose that the little girls would quarrel when they all take a notion to make a stampede for the cistern pump, but I have not seen them differ a single time. The girl who gets to the pump first usually "waters the flock" all around, before she gets a drink herself.

There is much merriment and no hard words.

Just across from where I stand, I can see the "Orderlies." One is starting for the shops with a note from Mr. Standing, while another is reading in the cool shade. I have a good mind to peep over his shoulders and see what the book is. I declare, he isn't reading at all, he is studying his little geography.

I have seen that same little boy's arithmetic, or his third reader, left in his chair out on the veranda. How such things do strike an old man like me!

They tell a story of diligence and hard work between times when a boy might be playing marbles, instead.

Not that I object to playing marbles, except when I take a sly peep around the corner in the little lane by the gymnasium, and see a game of "keeps," then I do object to marbles.

How nice those little bits of boys look in knee pants! They always make me think of George Washington. He wore "knee Pants" when he was President.

And those little girls! How they do grow! You can tell just how many inches they have crept up by the *hems* that have been "let down" in their dress skirts.

Well! It is all right to grow, I suppose, provided one grows good as well as tall.

There is that little peach-tree over in the yard by the dining room, full of peaches not yet ripe, but aiming to be ripe. And I was caught wondering out loud if anybody would get a bite of them.

Some one startled me by saying "Of course we shall! Do you think 'our boys' would touch those peaches"? And the speaker looked at me with such an expression of contempt on her face that I hobbled off to my band stand as fast as I could go.

The idea that one little peach tree could remain unmolested with two or three hundred boys passing it three times a day, filled me with amazement, especially after what I had read about a certain historical hatchet.

If one boy chopped down one tree to get the cherries how many minutes would it take, for two hundred boys to — There! I never was good at Arithmetic.

DON'T BE HALF WHITE!

The well-meaning father who writes the following sensible letter to his son at this school, does not mean "Half" in blood, but "Half" in knowledge. The letter is to Paul Good Bear, and dictated, of course:

MY DEAR SON PAUL: * * * You must be careful of your money. Don't spend it for clothes and useless articles. I sold your horse as requested. I was anxious to have you return this summer as Capt. promised when out here three years ago, but it will be all the better for you to stay at Carlisle and get a thorough education and become a full white man, not half a white man, so when you come back you can make money, and transact business as well as any one. Improve your time every day. Learn all you can. Save the nickles, and be a good Christian boy is the wish of your father.

GOOD BEAR.

Enigma

I am made of 12 letters.

My 12, 7, 8, 3, what sugar is not.

My 1, 10, 9, 5, is a doubled-up hand.

My 4, 2, 12, is what some little brothers call their sisters.

My 6, 7, 11, is to think or study.

My whole is the relation EXCUSES are to LIES.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Look into a looking glass.

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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ 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.