

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

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WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?



WHAT is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won;
Walking in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Reckling not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Shady enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide;
Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
He is the gentleman Nature has made.

A GREAT DEAL OF TOBACCO, AND A VERY LARGE PIPE.

Whatever may be said concerning tobacco,
it has one peculiarity which clings to it—
rather to the man who uses it, with astonishing
tenacity.

It is its smell.

You can tell a person who uses it, as soon
as he enters the room.

Sometimes you can detect its use in those
who are passing your window, if the wind
happens to be just right.

If you have occasion to sew on a missing
button for the person who smokes or chews,
the fragrance which hovers about the gar-
ment informs you of its owner's weakness.

If you borrow a knife of your neighbor to
whittle a tooth-pick, or to cut a strap to mend
a broken harness with, that knife is sure to
whisper its secret, if it has laid next door to a
plug of tobacco, or a little pouch of fine cut.

If you buy a long stemmed pipe of your
grocer just to blow soap bubbles with, and he
declares that it is a new one, yet, if you detect
an odor about it which does not belong to
clay, you are sure it is a second hand pipe,
and you do not want it.

Even a boy at Carlisle, be he Freshman or
Senior, who takes a sly whiff at the same
time that he takes a walk over to the cave or
down by the basin, and returning imagines

that nobody will mistrust his adventure, is
sure to be mistaken.

But tobacco is said to have its uses.

We thought we had found a use for it once,
when we were advised to strew some of it
among our firs to protect them from the
moths in summer.

When we opened them the next winter,
they were indeed preserved from moths,
and also preserved from our own use for a
long time.

The smell of the preservative inclined us to
believe that even its supposed virtue had been
transformed into a greater calamity than an
invasion of moths.

In earlier days than these, the use of the
weed was more deplorable than now, for we
are led to believe that it must have been in-
dulged in even during Church services, since
it is recorded that Pope Urban, the Eighth,
in the 17th century "caused to be excommuni-
cated such persons as should use tobacco in
Church."

Some southern farmer discovered, by acci-
dent we suppose, while walking about with his
favorite quid in his mouth, that tobacco juice
would kill the potato bug.

We are not told whether the farmer and his
boys spent the rest of the season expectorating
among the potato tops or not, but we do
know that a dozen little Indian boys turned
loose in a field of potatoes, are certain
death to the potato bugs.

Farmers also believe that tobacco juice ap-
plied in generous quantities will kill the ticks
on sheep.

We have no doubt that this is the case,
and also are inclined to the opinion that it
has also killed men and boys before now, and
that they did not know what did it, more
than the ticks and potato bugs knew.

But we did not start out to say a great deal
about tobacco, but to say something about a
great deal of tobacco, so will proceed:

Not long ago on a part of our eastern coast
the dwellers along the shore began to sniff
faint whiffs of tobacco smoke, very slight at
first but growing more and more distinct, till,

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

Fourth of July, to-day.

And what are we going to do to celebrate?

One thing we are going to learn what the day means.

If you must have a boil, where should you prefer it? In the kettle.

Mr. Norman and his painters are certainly making all paintable objects shine with new paint.

Five Moqui Indians of New Mexico, with their Agent Major Vandever, visited the school on their way west from Washington.

The printing office fever is growing. Don now wants to help out. We are inclined to think he had better grow a couple of inches first.

Rev. Dr. West, who is to occupy the pulpit of Dr. Norcross while the latter is off for an extended tour through Europe, preached for us Sunday afternoon.

Our little Nina Carlisle took dinner at the club on Sunday. She eats with her fork as *nicely*, and was as happy as a dear little school-girl could be.

A number of the boys and girls whose times are out this year, with eyes wide open to their best good are wisely going to remain for more education, while the opportunity is theirs.

A photograph of the printers containing many new faces was taken Monday, to be sold for twenty cents cash, or will be given for five subscriptions for the HELPER, whether renewals or new.

The western spirit taking root, early: When Johnnie Given was packing his things to go west with his mamma on a visit he said there were two things he didn't want her to forget - his Bible and his little pistol.

For July Misses Wood and Luckenbach take the hospital; Misses Cutter, McAdam and Moore, the small boys; Miss Paul will do extra teaching for a few of the older pupils who wish to jump a grade and go into a higher class in the Fall.

Since last HELPER was issued we have had three strong, earnest talks from our Superintendent. On Friday night, after seeing many curious and wonderful views of Japan life, by aid of the stereopticon and calcium lights, and hearing explanations of the little details which were interesting, the electric light was turned on and we listened to one of the strongest and most impressive talks upon the Indian question and our present duties in connection with the pending crisis of Indian matters, that it was ever our lot to hear.

The hay crop is gathered.

The oat crop is poor this year.

Wheat is harvested and most of it stacked. It is a good crop.

The shutters of the back office have been transformed into blinds.

The dining-room is quite thinned out—only thirty-three tables. In the winter it requires 46.

Mrs. Given, Misses Fisher, Hamilton, Carter, Merritt, Cook, Stanton, Irvine, and Rote have gone for their summer's vacation.

The printers will spend the usual school period of each day this summer working at out-door work. It is a welcome change to most of them.

Mr. Thompson is detailed at present to fill Miss Noble's place for a few days. She was threatened with lung fever but is much better and will be out soon no doubt.

In spite of what the teacher said who likes it better here in summer than any other time, the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks it is forlorn with so many of his friends away.

Jennie Dubray and Grace Red Eagle have gone to country homes for the summer. Although Jennie longs to see her friends at home she has reached the brave conclusion that it is best to stay at Carlisle until she graduates.

When a rainy day comes and the small boys cannot be turned out in the potato patch or perform other useful out-door labor they are glad to have such a splendid gymnasium in which to exercise and have fun.

A half-dozen of the little girls were each given five cents to spend just as they pleased, and the M. O. T. B. S. was curious to see what they would select from all the pretty things on the show counters. Was it candy they wanted? Oh, no. Little dolls, fans and brass rings.

Harry Kohpay is getting so that he can fly the drum-sticks to lively music, but he will have to wake up early in the morning to beat little Ed. Hopel, of town, who comes out to visit the Foulkes. Master Ed. is still in dresses and is the smallest five-year-old we ever saw, but he *can* drum.

One of the favorite amusements of the little girls is to blow soap bubbles from the second floor balcony. The bubbles float like small balloons. The pipes are old lamp chimneys and also paper twisted into cone-shape, but the girls get more real fun out of them than if they were clay pipes.

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.

The Red Man is favored with an invitation to attend the Closing Exercises of the Santee Normal Training School, Santee Agency, Nebr. It shall go.

By letter from Lucretia Arrow we learn that six of the Indian children attending school at Halstead, Kansas, were baptized on Sunday the 22nd. by the Rev. H. R. Voth.

When the monthly reports come in, how encouraging to read such words as these about our pupils in the country:

"She deserves more than passing mention. She is very quick yet quiet about her work and in ability deserves more wages than I felt able to give, (\$1.50 a week), but hope the time placed at her disposal and freedom from heavy work may in some degree compensate."

"He is good steady willing help and well worth his \$10 per month."

"He does so well that I feel warranted in raising his wages from \$9 to \$10 a month."

"He is a very good boy. I give him a cent a dozen for gathering eggs, which has brought him money enough to get a straw hat and other little knick-knacks without taking up his month's wages."

Ah, this is the kind we don't like to read: "He cannot be decent for a whole month at a time. The mental strain is too great."

But this is better: "He is doing well, and is very saving of his money."

"In my last report I could not pay him \$15 a month on account of his milking. Since then he has improved so and is such a first class boy that I will make it \$15 from the 23rd."

"She was ironing to-day and was told some one else would take her place and she might rest and cool off, so she picked up the last RED MAN and read it diligently. I see quite an improvement in her work since she came here."

The poor young man who says he has enough education to fit him for a life in the West will find when he gets there and into active business operation with those shrewd, sharp, energetic, western men that he is as a babe in their hands, and that they can twist and turn him to suit their own sweet will. Yes, a Carlisle graduate doesn't know much in comparison with the driving, grasping business men of the world. It requires all that a boy can get in the ten or fifteen years' course in a school like this or in a better one to at all fit him for independent thought, and a life of usefulness above that of a tool or a mere machine.

This is a terrible sound. The M. O. T. B. S. heard two ladies talking:

"Isn't so-and-so (meaning one of our bright little girls) sweet and pretty, and such a nice little thing?"

"Yes," said the other lady. "She is nice, but I saw her put her croquet ball in position the other day when she thought the one playing with her did not see her, and I cannot like her any more. She is not honest."

Not what I want to do, but what I ought to do should govern us about going home. Here is a chance to get what I need to make myself a happy and useful citizen. It is a chance that many boys and girls in the world would be glad to buy. It is given to me. Am I sure I will ever have as good a chance again? It is extremely dangerous to throw away an opportunity. We will surely suffer for it, sometime.

One of the old employees was asked the other day if it "is not very lonesome at Carlisle during the summer when so many are away."

"Why, no, indeed" she answered. "It is the pleasantest time in the year. We all get acquainted, and it is so social. I would never go away from the school in the summer if I could go at any other time."

We hear that Clarence Three Stars has resigned his position as disciplinarian of the Pine Ridge Agency boarding school, but did not learn the reason. No doubt he has found useful employment in some other field of work or has other good reasons. Clarence has been steady and earnest in his work for years, and we have never heard other than the best reports of his demeanor.

A 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.**

(Continued from the First Page.)

at last, they were obliged to breathe a strong, pungent, penetrating smell, that was rank enough to make the lovers of the weed lay by their own pipes and cigars, and to cause the haters of the herb to hold on to their noses.

The pipe from which this terrible odor came was a hundred miles from land when its first puff of smoke was sent flying into the faces of those people.

Nearer and nearer came the smoker, and nearer and nearer came that awful smell of tobacco.

The sufferers looked through their spy-glasses and could at last see the individual who was causing the unwonted excitement.

The smoke rolled in great black columns from one of the largest and longest pipes that was ever made.

And who smoked the pipe? you ask.

Why, a man, or men, of course, and this was the way they did it:

A large steamer from one of the southern ports had run out of coal, and in order to reach its destination the stokers were obliged to throw into the furnace, bale after bale of tobacco, which had been nicely preserved for the use of the American tobacco lover.

The nicotine of the plant is an oil which turns readily, and with its help the steamer safely made its harbor.

You can imagine the disgust of the other handsome, clean steamers, as our smoker sailed in among them, with its disagreeable odor, and its dirty black smoke—that is, if the steamers were all like people, and knew anything at all about it.

Now if this steamer could influence its associates, as easily as human beings do theirs, it would not be long before all the boats that plough the ocean, would be smoking tobacco, and then there would be a dearth of the product, and at last every body would have to quit using it.

E. G.

Busy People

are generally long lived. Active exercise of brain and muscle, provided it be not excessive, is the life of life.

"The Agent won't give us work."

"We could do so and so if the Government would only help us."

"I have no team, so I cannot work my farm."

"I have to put on Indian clothes because my others are all worn out."

"I have to stay in Indian camp and wear a blanket because Agent he give me no work."

"I have to live like the other Indians be-

cause they laugh at me and call me white man if I don't."

These are some of the sentiments the Man-on-the-band-stand sees in letters and in the minds of a few Indian boys.

What poor, weak, wishy-washy back bones they have who say or think such stuff.

If the Agent will not give you work, FIND work elsewhere. You can find it if you want to.

If you have no team to plow with get down and dig your land by hand.

Hard?

Of course it is, but if you are a young man of pluck you will not be discouraged by any of these things. If there is no way in sight for you to walk in, go to work and MAKE a way, and be a man.

"I can do something that you can't," said a boy to his companion: "I can chew tobacco." "And I can do something that you can't," was the quick reply. "I can let the tobacco alone."

Nothing keeps one from gaining knowledge and wisdom like thinking he has both.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 10, 3, 11, is what a man who drinks whiskey becomes.

My 4, 5, 9, 7, 6, is to say the words of another.

My 12, 8, 2, 5, 1, 6, is nice, neat, trim.

My whole was the cause of considerable discussion the other evening between one of our ladies and three Indian boys, and the Man-on-the-band-stand is inclined to think that the Indian boys came out ahead.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Malcolm Clark.

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 Navajo 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.