

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1891.

NUMBER 37.

SHUT EYE TOWN.



H! how can I get to Shut Eye Town?
There's never a tear and not a frown
In the beautiful Land of Dreams, you
know,
So kind and good is the way to go.

Oh! what can I wear to Shut Eye Town?
The children dress in a white bed-gown;
And farmer and pauper and gracious queen
Look all alike in that land, I ween.

Oh! what can I eat in Shut Eye Town?
Sweet candied moonshine you'll swal-
low down,
And star-beams, done *a la Russe*, you know,
With fair ice-crystals just for a show.

Oh! whom shall I see in Shut Eye Town?
The poets and wise men of great renown,
And dwarfs and fairies and every one nice,
Too many, by far, to tell in a trice.

Oh! take me off to Shut Eye Town?
Just dress me up in my white bed-gown,
And set me afloat on the Dreamland Sea,
That soon in the haven dear I be.

[—Mrs Clara B. Troubridge,
in *Sunday School Times*.]

A Practical Lesson.

One summer afternoon a party of boys went down to the river K—to enjoy a swim together. A row-boat was tied at the wharf near which they were swimming, and the boys thoughtlessly kept jumping in and out of the boat, thus wetting and soiling its seats. When they had dressed themselves again and were about leaving the wharf the owner of the boat came hurrying down in a towering passion, carrying a heavy cane in his hand.

"Now," said he, "if I find the boy who has been in that boat I will throw him overboard." Then, turning fiercely to one of the boys, he asked, "Were you in it?"

The boy was not in the habit of telling lies. If he had been allowed a moment to recover himself after the first fright he would not have answered as he did. But under the impulse of

sudden fear he answered, "No!" The man put the same question to each of the other boys, and each denied having been in the boat till the question came to the last boy. He paused a moment. Then, looking the man straight in the eye, he answered,

"I won't tell a lie anyhow! I was in the boat."

The man clutched his cane and seemed about to carry out his threat, but there was something in the manly bearing of the boy which made him pause. And after some more angry words he went away without inflicting any punishment.

The boys were very quiet as they left the wharf, and there were some cheeks flushed with shame and some sorrowful hearts among them as they hurried home. And one of the boys, who is a man now, has been heard to say but recently, "I never think of that time without blushing. It was one of the best sermons I have ever heard."

The Power of Kindness.

The old story of the wind and the sun both trying, for a wager, to force the traveller to divest himself of his cloak—the sun winning by warmth and kindness, where the wind only compelled a stronger resistance and closer enveloping—points an ever new moral, and one which mothers and teachers cannot ponder too well. Many a child has been warped and soured for life by the want of the sunshine of praise and approval. "Teach what ought to be done," said an eloquent preacher, "and not what ought not to be done; let the good crowd out the evil." Kindness will melt, and reproof harden—this is an immutable law, and yet it is one of the hardest lessons that a conscientious parent or teacher can learn.

A little boy who was the owner of a rather smart little trap, with pony and cart, was much annoyed by a "Mordecai at his gate," in the shape of a small, ragged urchin, whose shanty he had to pass daily on his way to the village, and who jeered at him with the versatile and cutting tongue of a born gamin. The owner of the little turnout was simply made

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

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.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling but in rising every time we fall.—[Confucius.]

The April—May number of the RED MAN was issued the early part of this week.

It was the 6th Cavalry, and not the 9th, as last week's HELPER had it, that a number of our returned boys enlisted in.

Frank Conroy, Pine Ridge Agency, writes us subscribing for the HELPER. He promises us a long letter in the near future.

Remark of a Y. M. C. A. boy: "If I thought we would have a building for our Y. M. C. A. this summer, I wouldn't go home."

Mr. A. S. Fasick of the class of '92 of Dickinson College will address our Y. M. C. A. this evening upon association work in general.

The report comes from a little girl in the country who gets stubborn fits once in a while, that at such times she will not move unless her companion speaks to her with a "voice of a fog-horn." The simile is not so bad.

"Please change my address, etc., etc. Of more than twenty-five periodicals that I receive regularly, none is more certain of being read by me than the HELPER, nor with greater interest; the doings and sayings of my young brethren in red as they are crowding up the hill we all had to climb, awakes my heartiest sympathies and admiration." SUBSCRIBER.

Sometime in June the contract will be let for the construction of the fine brick building that is to be erected on these premises at an expense of some \$30,000. With the commencement of the work a fresh impetus will be given to business at Grant Institute, and it is anticipated that the spirit of enterprise will permeate all departments of the school, imparting to each an earnestness and determination for advancement, such as has never before been felt by our pupils. Beginning with July 1st, 1891, it is safe to predict there will be a year of general improvement at this institution not excelled by any in the history of Indian schools.—[Pipe of Peace, Genoa, Nehr.]

The following letter from Mr. R. V. Belt, Assistant-Commissioner of Indian Affairs, speaks for itself:

CAPT. R. H. PRATT,
SUPT. CARLISLE INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL,
CARLISLE, PA.

DEAR CAPTAIN:—

I received a few days ago, under cover addressed in your handwriting, a copy of "Stiya, A Carlisle Indian Girl At Home" by Embe, and have had great pleasure in its perusal. All praise to Carlisle and to Stiya! The graduating pupils of all the Indian training schools would do well to read of Stiya's trials and triumph, and gather therefrom courage and strength to resist the terrible down-pull of the uncivilizing influences and discouraging surroundings prevailing within the reservations to which they return.

With kindest regards, I remain,
Truly yours, R. V. BELT.

A kindly patron sends ten cents for the HELPER to give to a nine-year-old boy as a present for abandoning the smoking of cigarettes. It has been proven very often that cigarette smoking is injurious to growing boys. It makes them weak-minded and small bodied and weak hearted and weak lunged. The truth of this has become so apparent that laws are made to prevent boys from smoking cigarettes. We hope our young friend will be a man and say "I will not smoke another cigarette until I am twenty-one." If he lives so long without smoking, it will be easy for him never to use it again, and he will have the better health for doing without the poison.

The winner of the cow puzzle of last week is Amelia Haswell, who lives at Wellsville. In her own cute way she says, "I think I got it. The cow that looked back and had eleven pairs of horns behind her, no cow that can say those few words even the smartest cow can do it so the cow didn't say it. I was asked this question by Mrs. B. I couldn't answer no way. Oh but I think hard till I got it. She kept on laughing at me because she had found out before I did. I don't know if this is the answer that you are looking for. Mrs. H. has the best Jersey cows and yet they can't say they were 11 pairs of horns behind them, because cows can't talk."

A new Agent has been appointed for the Seminoles of Florida. In a private letter from a responsible person of that vicinity, we read the following startling words: "If there is anything that the Seminole Indian hates and is taught to hate by the old men of the tribe it is the United States Government or any one connected with it." The writer says, "We expect a great deal from Mr. J. L. Cutter, our new agent. He is a true man."

For us Indians whose mothers are not yet educated let us substitute the word "teacher" for "mother," in taking home to ourselves the following:

A distinguished author says, "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman.

The schools, this week, passed an examination in music.

Some of the teachers will go to Harrisburg to-morrow to take in the Gilmore concert.

The Commencement will take place June 3rd., somewhat later than usual on account of the measles epidemic.

The School nine expects to go to Harrisburg to-morrow to play the Harrisburg club of the Inter-state League.

Miss Mary B. Worthington has returned from Sunbury, where she has been pursuing her art work for some time.

The Union Reserves and Red Men are being measured for base-ball suits, which they won as prizes in recent games.

Mrs. Pratt returned from Logansport, Indiana, on Wednesday, having had an enjoyable visit among friends and relatives.

The open air concert given by the band on Monday afternoon was in honor of the girls who were to leave for summer homes on Tuesday morning.

Miss Schaeffner gave a reception at the Club parlor on Friday evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Forney, of Harrisburg, who spent the afternoon visiting the school.

Prof. J. C. Price, D. D., President of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., who lectured in town on Monday, was among the visitors to the school on the afternoon of that day.

The three circles of our King's Daughters sent two dollars each to the missionary school at Tokio, Japan. Two dollars were also sent by Ella Rickert to the same school, making \$8.00 in all.

The Man-on-the-band-stand was minus the services of his chief clerk on Monday and Tuesday, Miss Burgess having taken a trip to Philadelphia to see a relative who had just come from California.

Thomas Barnett and John Frost were as heartily applauded for the masterly way in which they took down the screen from around the platform, on Friday evening as any performer of the exhibition.

The Red Men expected to play a game of base ball with the Undines last Saturday. Whether the Undines feared that the experience of a previous Saturday would be repeated and they suffer a second defeat, or whether the threatening weather prevented, we are unable to say, but they failed to turn up.

Martin Archiquette has the honored place at the head of the graduating class, this year. Charlie Dagenett is second and Etta Robertson third. Etta's delay in arriving from her home after vacation last fall has told on her standing throughout the year, which is high considering the time lost.

Those who failed to attend the lecture at Bosler Hall on Monday evening by Dr. J. C. Price on the "Future of the Negro," missed a rare treat, and those who went were greatly pleased. We are glad so many of the advanced boys had this opportunity of hearing so eloquent a speaker and upon a subject they could not fail to understand, as many of the points presented by the speaker would apply to Indians as well as to the Negroes.

Miss Forsman, teacher at Wilson College, Chambersburg, was the guest of Miss Wood, over Sunday.

One hundred and twenty-four sets of double harness and five spring wagons were shipped this week to supply agencies in the west.

The very pretty scrap-books made by the "Sunshine Scatterers" (King's Daughters) were sent to Phebe Howell to be used by her in connection with her work at the Pennsylvania hospital.

We are honored with the prospect of a visit from Commissioner and Mrs. Morgan at the time of the Graduating exercises, on June 3rd. The Commissioner will present the diplomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Standing are attending the Hampton Commencement exercises. They stopped on their way, to visit Miss Lida who is attending school at West Chester, this State.

The Carlisle alumni, remnants of classes '89 and '90 who are still with us in one calling or another, held an enjoyable party in Miss Dittes's rooms, last Friday evening. But few of the teachers and officers received invitations.

Miss Dittes accompanied the party of girls who left for country homes on Tuesday morning as far as Lancaster, and from there went to Millersville to see Cecelia Londrosch and Clara Faber. She found them progressing nicely and doing well in their studies at the Normal School.

Miss Pond, daughter of a Presbyterian missionary to Syria, was a guest of Miss Schaeffner on Monday. Miss Pond is now a student at Wilson College, while her father and mother are still in Syria. Where is the person who says it is too bad to separate the dear Indian children from their parents to be educated? Here is an instance of an educated father, sending his loved daughter thousands of miles from home across the deep, dark sea, and other people wiser and better than we, think that such a course when it can be pursued, is right and best.

No one expected very much of an exhibition last Friday night after hearing numerous discouraging remarks from various teachers such as, "Ah, well, we have done the best we could, but we haven't much," etc. Hence, the surprise of all not interested in the "get up" of the occasion, was quite marked when the speakers did very well indeed, and the intervening parts of sprightly little dialogues and songs were so well rendered. Didn't the violets, (live ones with bright faces and beaming eyes) look pretty? Quite the speech of the evening was that given by William Petoskey.

A number of old but very good puzzles have just been received from our aged but much interested friend of the Indian, Mr. Osborn, of Salt Lake City. Those that seem appropriate for our little paper and come within the limits of our understanding, will be printed from time to time, and we are sure that our readers as well as the Man-on-the-band-stand himself will feel grateful for the amusement they will afford. The first of the series will be printed on the fourth page, next week.

(Continued From the First Page.)

miserable by the persecution, especially as it afforded great delight to a number of the smaller roughs of the neighborhood.

"I would thrash him," said the child to his mother, "but I am afraid Jack (the pony) would run away."

"I will tell you a much better way," suggested the mother; and after some persuasion she induced the boy to try her plan.

The next morning, as usual, the enemy was waiting for his victim.

"Hi!" began the urchin, "I s'pose you think that thing's a hoss!"

"No," said the little boy, with a nod and a bright smile, "but he is a very good pony; won't you get in and try him?"

The small rough came up and patted the animal. "He is a nice little feller," he admitted, in a shamefaced way; and in a second the boys were bowling together merrily down the road, and the feud was over forever.

A Fair Comparison of an Indian.

An educated Indian has said:

"You white people are not fair in your judgment, you judge us all by the worst men in the tribe — the vagabonds, the beggars, and scamps who go into town to gamble, who beg at your doors; you do not see our better class; we keep away.

Would you like me to go to your city and judge you all from a walk through an alley, a look at your poor-house, a glance at the people in a back street?

We are just as much ashamed of the scamps as you would be; no matter among what people you go, there is always a worse and a better class; we are tired of always being judged by the worse."

What Says "The Book News," Published by John Wanamaker.

"Stiya's story of her return from Carlisle to an adobe hut in Pueblo, the home of her parents, tells briefly and simply of the degrading conditions to be contended against if the years of training at the Indian School in the east are to benefit the future life of the student or her people. Her refusal to resume the Indian dress and attend the dance, brought upon her family the persecution of the governor, by whose order they were publicly whipped. Through her courageous endurance of this humiliating and unjust punishment Stiya gained her father's sympathy, and his determination to win by labor the means to provide

his family with comforts, to which his daughter had by degrees accustomed them. This ends the story. The little book should encourage Stiya's brothers and sisters to a like struggle for freedom; thus will the civilizing efforts of each returned Indian boy and girl have as good effect."

Price 50 cents; by mail 57 cents. Address INDIAN HELPER, CARLISLE, PA.

The Cow Question.

The answer to this question is that none of the cows could look back and say, "There are eleven pairs of horns behind me;" because cows cannot talk. We have received several answers to the above from our country pupils. The name of the winner of the prize will be found on the inside.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters.

My 9, 7, 8, 6, 7, 10 is a machine that requires brains to run and steam to move.

My 12, 11, 2, 3, 10 is something very useful in school.

My 1, 5, 2, 6, 7 is something yellow that some Indian boys dearly love to wear.

My 6, 4, 9 is frozen water.

My whole is an amusement that some of our boys enjoy better than anything else these spring days.

The Name of a Popular Book and its Author.

Very few were able to guess the above enigma, which appeared in the last week's HELPER. The answer is: *In-no-cence A-broad*, Mark Twain.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Blankets out to air.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 17 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ 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.

(Persons wishing the above premiums 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.

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 matter 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 same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.

Address: THE RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa.