

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1891.

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WHAT THE LITTLE MINUTES SAY.



We are but minutes, little things—
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track;
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares;
Take patiently the minutes of pain;
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes. When we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while you may;
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes. Use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

—[*Sailor's Magazine.*]

LET US GO SLOW IN OUR JUDGMENT OF INDIAN CHARACTER!

"I am just from the west," said a visitor,
"and I saw the Indians out there."

"Ah," replied the Man-on-the-band-stand.
"What reservation did you visit?"

"Oh, I didn't go to a reservation. I saw
enough of the lazy beggars at the ranch I visited,
which was about twenty miles from the
reservation."

At this the Man-on-the-band-stand raised
his brow somewhat and smiled.

"I think they are awful," continued the
visitor.

"What do you think of them here?"

"Oh, here I see they are very different. I
heard of this school when in Harrisburg and
I thought I would run over just to see what
you *could* make of Indians. I am perfectly
astonished. I had no idea that Indians could
learn to print, learn to make shoes and cloth-
ing and harness and play the band, and sew the
sewing machine and darn stockings and wash
and iron and cook and wait on table as I have
seen here to-day."

"I see," said the Man-on-the-band-stand,
"you are like some others, who have come
here. You judge the character of the Indian
from those who prowl around the settlements
of the west, who beg and steal and are filthy

and low, and to their own vices have added
the vices of the lowest elements of civiliza-
tion with which they came in contact, and
thus have grown hopelessly degraded."

"I certainly supposed they were the true
Indian."

"By no means," continued the Man-on-the-
band-stand, "They are no more real
typical Indians than are the degenerate
specimens of humanity of the American
tramp species typical white men."

"Then there are good Indians and bad In-
dians!" asked the visitor.

"Most certainly! In my many years of ex-
perience among the Indians I have found in-
dividuals possessing qualities of honesty the
most honest, generosity the *most* generous,
courtesy the *most* courteous, hospitality the
most hospitable, and other high traits worthy
of our admiration and example."

"Thank you for these few minutes talk.
The train comes and I must go. I had never
for a moment thought that the Indians were
anything more than wild animals to be en-
dured until we could kill them off. I now
see another side. Judging from what I've
seen to-day, I believe you, sir, and I shall
henceforth lend my influence on the side of
the Indian."

Here the visitor bowed gracefully down the
steps of the band stand and was seen no more.

A BAD FIRE.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burn-
ed up the man's house and lot?"

"No: What a pity! How did the fire begin?"

"The man played with fire, and thought-
lessly set it burning himself."

"How silly! It must have been a terribly
hot fire: but I don't see how it could have
burned the lot."

"No; it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it
so small that it attracted but little attention,
and did not alarm anybody."

"But how could such a little fire burn up a
house and lot?"

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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33- 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.

"*Stiya.*" Fifty cents. 57 cents by mail. Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—*Ruskin.*

Pete Ocotea writes that he is having a good time at Fort Washakie, Wyoming. He is making coats and vests for the soldiers and says he likes it.

The sad news has been received that the father of Miss Shears is dead. Miss Shears' friends at Carlisle sympathize deeply with her in the great grief she is thus called upon to bear.

"How many steam you got?" was the bright remark of one of our printers to the engineer the other day, and it wasn't one of the small boys, either, but possibly it was said in derision of the incorrect English that the thoughtless pupils use.

An interesting account of the Commencement exercises at the school, with the speeches and essays in full, will be found in the next issue of the *Red Man*, which will be out in a week. Five cents with your address will secure a copy.

The people with whom one of our bright little girls lives, away up in Connecticut, reports that an old lady in the neighborhood called, and upon seeing the Indian girl so gentle and efficient exclaimed, "And so they really can learn to behave like other folks," while at the same time she, who had been invited to eat with the family, was shoveling a lot of potatoes into her mouth with a knife.

Citizens of Norfolk, Nebr., protest against the employment of Indians in the beet fields at that place, on the ground that the Indian is a foreigner. The reports that some of the Indian boys from the school at Genoa were to be employed, was the cause of a meeting in which a set of resolutions were drawn up declaring it detrimental to the interests of the country to give the Indian work. Carlisle can find employment for a THOUSAND Indian boys immediately in this Eastern country at good wages. The Indians are WANTED here, on account of their true worth.

A very pretty set of phaeton harness, heavy enough for a four-seated phaeton, is on exhibition in the harness-shop, the handiwork of Thomas Metoxel. Any one desiring a first class piece of work all hand-made, mounted with nickle, such as the famous Gallagher establishment of Philadelphia would not put up for less than \$50, can secure it for \$35 cash by ordering soon. Thirty-five dollars is considered by experienced harness-makers who have examined this set as extraordinarily cheap for the class of work. Call and see the harness; or satisfactory terms can be made by mail, by addressing INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa. The M. O. T. B. S. hopes that Thomas will sell his harness without difficulty as he has worked faithfully over it while his comrades have been at play, and he well deserves the ready cash thus earned.

"Exploits of Spotted Horse" is the title of an entertaining serial story being published in the INDIAN HELPER. It was written by "The Boy Chief," a brother of the Man-on-the-band-stand, who lived for years when a child among the Pawnee in this country. He was an intimate friend of Spotted Horse, the once famous leader of the Pawnee Indians, and a great favorite of the tribe. The story, based as it is on facts and an intimate knowledge of Indian life, is extremely realistic, and bears the charm of originality and peculiar genius.—[*Pipe of Peace.*]

"The Boy Chief" is a brother of the Man-on-band-stand's chief clerk, not of the old gentleman himself.

In a recent letter from Hunter Chief Eagle, Pine Ridge Agency, S. Dak., he gives an account of a game of base-ball played by the Scout nine with a neighboring club. The nine, some of whose members are Carlisle boys, is made up as follows: Jacob White Eyes, pitcher; Ben Gerry, catcher; Ota Chief Eagle, 1b; Samuel Ladeaux, 2b; Samuel Holy, 3b; Edgar Fire Thunder, rf; Joseph Lone Wolf, cf; Geo. W. Means, lf; John Nelson, ss.

Captain and Miss Nana Pratt left for Pine Ridge Agency S. Dak., last Friday evening. They were detained several hours by a freight wreck near Logansport, Ind., a few miles from the Captain's old home. Their detention gave them a pleasant rest of a day in Chicago. Captain will probably bring a party of children with him from Pine Ridge.

That is a tremendous ash pile that the boys who have the disagreeable work of sifting, are heaping up these days. The waste will be used in the repair of roads round about the premises. The road between the school buildings and the near farm is being put in splendid condition.

WEST CHESTER, Pa.

"ED. OF HELPER: Thanks for the picture. It would appear impossible that such a change could possibly take place in their appearance in so short a time. We meet the happy faces of some of your girls frequently on our streets. We hope they may learn to be good house-keepers in the excellent families in which some are placed.

P. G.''

Keep cool!

If you can!

No school, yesterday.

The potato-bug is now the "racket."

An awning has been placed over the door of the back office.

Both teachers and pupils in the school rooms are busy trying to keep cool.

The Souvenir table under the old walnut tree is a new feature and an attractive one.

Henry Phillips is back from Philadelphia and is now at work in the printing office.

The Union Reserves hold first place on the ball field and deservedly for they play an excellent game.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Morton, formerly a teacher here, is about to start on a European trip.

The mercury in the thermometer has been unusually energetic this week, rising several times to the 100 mark.

The Union Reserves and the Red Men have been playing a series of games, in which the former have been uniformly victorious.

A letter from Otto Zotom at Kiowa Agency I. T., says he feels quite strong again and hopes to be back in the Fall.

A couple of barrels of second hand-books and periodicals have been received at the hospital, the gift of kind friends.

Mr. S. C. Berger, Pennsylvania Colleege, Gettysburg, was shown the sights at the school last Saturday by Chas. Dagenett.

A number of the large boys went to the near farm Saturday to assist in the barn raising. They report having a big time.

We are very glad to be able to report that there are no sick at the hospital at the present time. It is certainly very gratifying and speaks well for the healthfulness of Carlisle.

Three times we have had enough strawberries for all and that means a good many. They came from the near farm. Possibly they may have a few more before the season closes.

Pupils on farms should address their home letters directly home and not send them here to be addressed. Patrons will confer a great favor by seeing that the pupils carry out this order.

Everything is in tiptop shape at the lower farm. The buildings and fences are in good order and the different crops are flourishing, especially the potato crop. Mr. Harland is a hard working man.

A new club called the "Junior Base Ball Nine" has been organized, composed of the best players of the R. Y. A.'s and the Y. R.'s. The players are as follows: Robert Big Bear, Capt. and 1b; Sieni Nori, pitcher; Richard Metoxen, catcher; Samuel Sixkiller, 2b; Malcolm Clarke, 3b; Frank Shivelv, rf; Geo. Suis, cf; Joseph Martinez, lf; Isaac Crane, ss; substitutes, Pressly Houk and Samuel Gruett; Yarnie Leeds, Manager. This is the club that has beaten the Secrets and Greenies by large scores, recently. They suffered their first defeat on Tuesday evening by a score of 12 to 18 in favor of the Secrets.

Sentence made out of "Presbyterian"—
"Best in prayer."

Misses Merritt and Moore were in Harrisburg Saturday.

Levi Levering is back from Atlantic City, where he spent several days.

The hinges of the transom over the back office door are not ornamental the way they are put on.

The periodicals, which had accumulated at the Small Boys' Library have been nicely bound.

Our boiler is in at last, but we are still using the portable engine outside on account of the heat.

Some one sending two names from Philadelphia, asks for premium, but signs no name to the letter. Inform.

The cool and healthful cistern water is very refreshing these hot days, quite a contrast to the warm hydrant water.

The lightning does not play a pleasant tune upon the telephone wires, but it *does* make things hop, and some people.

The laundry, no doubt, is the hottest place on the grounds these days, but who ever hears Mrs. Jordan or her girls complain a word?

The latest from Mr. Campbell is that nine boys and eight girls have started for Carlisle from Ft. Peck, and probably will arrive today.

Some of the small boys, we are sorry to say, steal the eggs and destroy the nests of other birds than the sparrow. Boys, we hope that you will be too manly and honorable to try to cheat in this way.

This is Commencement week in town, both Dickinson and Metzgar holding their exercises, and as usual has brought us a number of visitors.

The little Juniors want ball suits, and they deserve them. They almost wish it was the time of year for Santa Claus to come, thinking that maybe he would remember them.

Jack Standing was wishing the other day that he was a girl and could wear thin dresses on account of the heat, but finally concluded that he didn't want to be after all, because if he were he couldn't play base ball.

Sam Noble got the flag upside down last Friday. This is a sign of distress, or inverted union, as it were, but as there is no distress around here, Sam hastened to take it down and put it up again in good shape.

Joel Tyndall is here on a visit, having finished a term at the Wooster University, Ohio. Joel contemplates taking the medical course when he returns and the Man-on-the-hand-stand thinks he will make a tip-top Doctor. What is the matter with "Dr. Tyndall?"

Notwithstanding continued defeats, the Red Men base-ball team is not discouraged. The pluck and energy of the boys will make them come out victors of the field, after while. They have a splendid Captain and catcher in Phillips White, one of the best of fielders in Benj. Caswell, and a swift runner in Benajah Miles. Robert Mathews is not slow at the base and the others do very well.

(Continued From the First Page.)

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years; and, though it burned very slowly, yet it consumed about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth every year, till it was all gone."

"I cannot understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled."

"Well, then, it was kindled on the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, \$12.50 per month, or \$150 a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now, the money was worth at least ten per cent., and at that rate, it would double once in about every seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than \$10,000. That would buy a fine house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

"Whew! I guess you mean me; for I have smoked more than twenty years. And I haven't any house of my own; have always rented; thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!" — *Selected.*

All the Way From the Pacific Coast.

Mr. H. N. Rust, Agent of the Mission Indians, writes a friendly letter in which the following from one of the little Mission boys, shows that his teachers are sowing the right kind of seed:

The boy, Julian Lugo, says:

Soboba, Feb. 13, '91.

Mr. alcohol

I am going to write you a short letter I am going to say something. You may all the time be alive and never die. You have nobody no eyes and you can't talk. You look like water but I don't like you because you make men drunk poor and unhappy. Tobacco is your pardner I will never use tobacco because it will tell me to love alcohol. Tobacco I say is your pardner and it makes one smell badly. Well Mr. alcohol you live in saloon and the bad men see you and you call all the boys there but you cannot catch me for I am a temperance boy.

The Indian's gift with the pencil, which has been marked by all who have known anything of his work, is shown up extremely well by the art exhibition and by the general paper and blackboard work at the Indian school this year.

The work of the art class was displayed in the principal's room. There were sixteen scholars in the art class under Miss Longley, of Metzgar, and they have received one lesson a week during the term just closing. This is all the instruction they have received and with this fact in mind their display of work is remarkable. There are a number of pieces

which would do credit to old students in this branch, and Miss Longley must certainly be gratified by the progress made, and the skill manifested.

Not here only, but all through the school rooms, from the lowest to the highest is this skill manifested. The blackboards last week were covered with the neatest of mechanical designs and some very skillfully drawn pictures of horses and objects. Some colored designs were very attractive. The examination papers show neatness and skill throughout, and make attractive display in the cases in which they have been arranged for preservation. — *Carlisle Evening Sentinel.*

The Bright side.

There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still;

The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

—Mrs. Browning.

"My paper this week enclosed the slip notifying me that my subscription had run out. Not only do I like to read the little paper, but to encourage the children I would take it."

SUBSCRIBER.

"Enclosed please find ten cents for the HELPER. I have been a subscriber for three years in my single days, now that I am married I cannot afford to do without your newsy little paper, either."

SUBSCRIBER.

MR. OSBORNE'S PUZZLES.

7. There is a word of plural number
A foe to Peace and Human Slumber.
Now any word you choose to take
By adding S you plural make,
But if you add an S to this,
How strange the metamorphosis!
Plural is plural now no more
And sweet what bitter was before.

The above was given me forty-nine years ago at Newburyport by Mr. Judge Bannister, formerly Miss Grant, founder of Ipswich Female Seminary and aunt of Mary Lyon, to whom she gave assistance in founding Mt. Holyoke Seminary. I was complimented on being able to solve it after ten minutes consideration. M.B.O.

8. Why would you not starve in Africa?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE: 6. It makes hot—shot.

ANSWER TO OLD ENIGMA: Mat-rye-money.

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