

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1891.

NUMBER 46.

THE HELPER APPRECIATED.



WHEN first my INDIAN HELPER came
In simple beauty drest,
I pleased myself with welcoming
A bright and bonny guest.

I thought I favor had bestowed,
A favor small 'tis true,
And yet I meant within my heart
A kindly deed to do.

But now I've learned such winning ways
In the small sprite to see,
I find it is not I that help,—
The HELPER blesses me.

SUBSCRIBER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

OUR BOYS EMPLOYED AT THE NEW BUILDINGS, AT THE WALKS AND AT THE OTHER HEAVY WORK NOW DOING, MIGHT THUS TALK TO THEMSELVES:

How GOOD it is to have a chance this vacation to work all day as we see other men and boys having to work!

WE have metal and we like to have a chance to show it.

I pick, I dig, I shovel, I wheel, I carry lumber. I do everything I am told to do.

I do my work as well as I possibly can.

I do not shirk.

Hard?

Perhaps a little.

But are we not told, and did we not hear only a few Sundays ago from the lips of our pastor, Rev. Mr. Wile, that it is only through HARD WORK that we can ever amount to anything?

If that be true, we wish that we had to work ten or twelve hours a day instead of eight.

We wish we had to work as the old men say they had to work when they were boys.

We wish the work were more disagreeable.

We wish the sun were hotter.

We wish the wheel-borrows were heavier.

We wish that our hands would blister more.

We wish our backs would get more tired.

We wish that we could learn what real hard work is.

This work surely is not hard enough to make men of us.

Why, we quit work at five o'clock, while hard-working people work till six.

On Saturdays we quit at four.

See?

There are four and five hours we have daily to ourselves.

Is that hard?

Will we ever amount to anything when we have such easy times?

Will we not get spoiled and grow tender?

That is what we are told by hard-working people.

Pay?

We do get some pay.

But we are not after pay.

We are after health.

We are after experience.

We are after muscle.

We are after hard, brown, manly hands and good, strong, brave hearts that never get discouraged.

We want to EARN our education.

The EXPERIENCE we are getting is big pay for our work.

This having to work when we want to play base-ball is the kind of experience that is better pay for us than money.

We wish we had to work like some country boys who labor long hours by the side of their fathers who are too poor to pay them a cent.

Such boys wear clean overalls for best pants.

They wear heavy brogans for best shoes.

They wear strips of cloth for suspenders.

They wear chip hats instead of straw.

They have to read by the light of pine-knots.

We are told that such boys make presidents.

Then why should we be deprived of the hard experiences that make men wise and strong and courageous.

Is it a school of hard knocks we need?

Then, all right!

Pile it on!

We are ready!

This is the way for us to talk.

Five 2-cent stamps secures the HELPER for a year.

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.

"Please send me the INDIAN HELPER for enclosed 10cts. I feel lost without it.—[SUBSCRIBER.]"

The Red Man subscription price is fifty cents a year. Address Red Man, Carlisle, Pa. Single copies, five cents.

A handsome little book of poems, "Morning Songs of American Freedom" has been presented to the school, by the author, C. F. Orne.

Stiya, A Carlisle Indian Girl at Home—just the book to read at the sea-side. Price 50 cents; by mail 57 cents. Address, INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Levi Levering writes that he has been enjoying himself sightseeing since he went home to Omaha Agency, Nebr., but says he feels lonesome for Carlisle.

News comes from Fort Custer, Montana, that Frank Shane, a returned pupil of Carlisle, has enlisted as a soldier for five years and is having a good time riding horseback.

Johnnie Given is having such a grand time visiting in Kansas, riding horse-back and doing all sorts of enjoyable things that he cannot find time to write to Bruce and his other little friends at the school. Let us wait patiently until he comes back, then we shall hear all about it.

The July and August Red Man will contain a full explanation of the existing trouble between the Catholic Indian Bureau and the Indian Office at Washington. The correspondence gives facts, while the comments going the rounds of the papers sometimes fall a little short of the true status.

That one of the girls while in the country does not forget the HELPER is shown by the following extracts from a recent letter:

"I like my place very much the people are very kind to us and they have five children and they are very nice too. Every after-supper we always play games and we have lots a fun. I had sore fingers but now its getting better. I can use it again. I am going to send two new subscribers for the HELPER and I will renewed my HELPER for I can't go without it the dear little paper."

Sixty-three Indian boys and girls went back to their homes at the close of the last term at Carlisle. Of this number only ten were graduates. As the most of the pupils have to be returned to their parents at the end of five years, and as many are quite young and very shy when they come within the lines of civilization, it will be seen at what a disadvantage the educators of these Indian children are placed. How insignificant is the preparation to withstand the demoralizing influences of a savage tribe. When one remembers the effect of these influences on well trained white men who have grown to manhood with all the advantages of a Christian civilization, he can but tremble for the fate of these young people. If they could only have the moral support of a devoted missionary and an earnest teacher, how much brighter their lot would be. Our whole land is dotted with opportunities for Christian work, and resounds with calls for Christian money.—[The Indian's Friend.]

The devoted missionaries might better lend their moral support in the lines of encouraging pupils to remain where there is plenty of employment.

Victor Tozoski, one of our tailor boys, who left Carlisle with but the smattering of an English education to enlist in the army, says in an interesting letter:

"I tell you, Carlisle Indian School has done me good, and learned a few words from book why I was there, and I will remember these words what I had learned from the book. You know I am not having a good education when I was at Carlisle. I like here at post. These boys all their kind to me I am repair for those soldiers, coats, pants. I like very much. I never use no whiskey or beer. I hope I will never be anyhow. I don't care for. I want be like a man, and good character all the time as long as I live. Please excuse my poor writing hand, I miss so many words. I sent these five stamps to subscriber to INDIAN HELPER again. I am getting along with my trade. I hope I will success."

"Say, do you have any mosquitoes at Carlisle," writes a happy country lad, who is earning his bread by the sweat of his Indian brow. "If you don't, just come along the Delaware river, near where I live and see the monsters. They look as big as horse flies. When they get full they strike for the canal. You can almost hear them buzz from the time they leave you till they get to their native home."

Miss Wood directs that a box of things belonging to her be sent to Omaha Agency, Nebraska, which looks as though she was entering the work again, and this time in the capacity of a missionary. If this be true the Omahas are getting a faithful, earnest and capable worker. May success attend her every effort in this new field of labor.

One of our good Indian friends, whose educational opportunities were limited in his youth, but who appreciates the advantages Carlisle offers, writes us as follows:

"I renew the INDIAN HELPER I cooden go without I value high the paper it informs me the Indians are enlightet Towards civilization That I am very thankful."

Read all the first page!

Reuben Wolfe is a square umpire.

Miss Cooke has gone to Washington.

Joe Harris is the best base-runner on the team.

It takes John Baptiste to "knock out" the Chainmakers.

Various obscure nooks on the premises are being quarried for building-stone.

Phillips White now plays on the regular team. He is a good one.

Did you ever see Thomas Barnett allow a ball to pass him? Rarely.

William Denomie rarely misses a fly ball when playing center-field.

Johnnie Lone Star has the reputation of being a faithful painter and a good one.

Ned Clarke has been a little under the weather for a day or two with a cold but is better.

Ota Chief Eagle may take two motions to get off his mask, but he always gets a ball THERE.

We predict a brilliant game at Reading tomorrow, where our boys go to play the team at that city.

Samuel Dion writes a cheerful letter from his country home and begs to remain until October at least.

"Coalie" would be a good name for the little black dog that has strayed this way and become such a pet.

Jonas Place is not slow at second-base. Did you observe him jump for one of Ota's overthrows and stop it. Three feet, surely, he jumped.

We were pleased at the little Juniors getting in four runs on the U. R.'s the other evening at their trial game with their new suits. Had they not lost heart when they saw the U. R. score running up into the thirties they would have played a better game.

The best game of ball this season was played on our grounds Tuesday evening between the Chainmakers of town and the Indian club. At the end of the fifth inning the score stood:

Indians, 1 0 0 1 0—2.

Chainmakers, 1 0 0 0 0—1.

There was most excellent playing on both sides and all were sorry when darkness shut out the game.

Henry Phillips has been putting into practice some of the instructions received while at Philadelphia for a few weeks recently in plate or cut printing. He has made a most excellent print of the Apache contrast—the best we have ever obtained on our presses. The picture shows a group of Apaches as they arrived at Carlisle in Indian dress, and the same boys and girls four months after. It is nearly as good as the photograph from which it is taken, the price of which is sixty cents for the two. We will send the two prints on receipt of five cents, or give them as before advertised, for two subscriptions to the HELPER and a 1-cent stamp extra to pay postage.

Our potatoes look fine.

Hay harvest is complete at both farms.

Oats is being cut, but the crop is light this year.

Messrs. Morrett and Walker are off on their annual vacation.

Miss Anthony and her sister are camping at Williams Grove.

Town people can subscribe for the HELPER at Richard's book store.

A good line of Photographs always on hand for sale at the printing-office.

The new barn looms up big from the country roads east of the barracks.

George Buck is the newest printer, having entered the office this month.

Several parties from the school went over to hear Joseph Cook, at Williams Grove, Tuesday evening.

The large barn at the farm is under roof, and though considerable work remains to be done, it is already partly in use.

The workmen on the walks have now reached the Large Boys' Quarters, and a large portion of the walk is open for use.

The Reading boys had better look a little out for Edwin Schanandore if he takes first-base. He can't be beaten at that post.

At the Office building, the first tier of joists has been laid, but owing to the scarcity of brick, the bricklaying has not commenced.

The foundations of the additions to the Girls' Quarters are almost completed and will soon be ready for the carpenter and bricklayer.

Plans are about complete and work already begun on a new boiler-house. All our steam heat next winter is to be sent out from one place.

The paint-shop painted, trimmed and packed five wagons this month, in addition to a number of small jobs. This beats the record in the wagon line.

The school is contemplating purchasing forty or fifty milch cows, which in addition to the stock already on hand will supply the needs of the table nicely.

Arthur Johnson generally keeps the score at critical times. He says he enjoys it best when the game runs as it did Tuesday night at the time the Chainmakers were out.

Mr. William Lannan, Engineer for the House end of the Capitol at Washington, has been here looking over the new plan for heating, to be put in at our school.

One of the wonders among the outside workmen this year is Mr. Kramer, a German, over seventy years old, who carries the hod as comfortably as some who are much younger.

Miss Merritt left Saturday, for Glens Falls to attend the summer school. Miss Fisher will be her companion there, having left her Michigan home about the same time to join Miss Merritt.

Mrs. Jordan and the laundry girls are taking their vacation by closing down work Thursday evenings, (when the work permits) and having Friday and Saturday for a holiday. If any department needs a rest it is this one.

A WISE MAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Remember, my son, you have to work.

Whether you handle a pick or a pen a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction-bell or writing funny things, you must work.

If you look around you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with over-work.

It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty.

They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six P.M.

It's the interval that kills, my son.

The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them.

It does not know their names even.

It simply speaks of them as old So-and-so's boys.

Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there.

To find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world.

The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, and brighter and happier your holidays, and better satisfied will the world be with you.—[Burdette.]

NO USE FOR A PESSIMISTIC INDIAN.

"Pessimist! Pessimist! What is a pessimist?" asked a boy of himself as he was walking by the band-stand.

He was in a brown study and walked with bowed head.

"I have seen that word again to-day, and I begin to wonder what it means."

"I will tell you, my boy," said the Man-on-the-band-stand who read the young man's thoughts as he was walking.

"What is it, father?" asked the boy turning as suddenly toward the band-stand as though he really heard a voice speak to him.

And the Man-on-the-band-stand went on:

"A pessimist is a growler, a grumbler, a complainer. A pessimist is a person who always looks on the dark side and never sees any good in the things around him, nor in the work he is called upon to do. We have no use for such people in this world, my boy."

"I see," said the boy.

"But there are people in the world who are always hopeful. They see good in the things around them and profit by the good they see. No matter what such people are called upon to do, they hunt around for the good, and thus make themselves comfortable and happy and content, and make the world better.

"I know such people," said the boy with countenance lighting up, "and I like them the best."

"No doubt," said the old man, "but are you acquainted with any of the doleful dumps?"

"Pessimists are made of doleful dumps," he continued. "They lead a miserable, unhappy life. They have no friends and those with whom they are obliged to associate dislike them.

"There is a story about a boy on a ship who was ordered to climb to the highest point that could be reached on a mast.

"He went up, up, up, very high. Then he looked down. He grew very dizzy, and might have fallen, but the mate seeing his danger shouted:

'Look aloft, lubber! LOOK ALOFT!'

"And the boy looked up and was saved.

"There it is, my brave Indian friend.

"That is the whole of it!

"LOOK UP, and you will always come out right."

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters:

My 5, 7, 6 is something needed about machinery.

My 1, 2, 7, 8 is something that if a boy or girl has in his character he will not easily get discouraged.

My 11, 9, 3, 10, 4, what some boys love to wear dangling over their vest fronts.

My whole is the kind of plaster our boys are learning to make rapidly and well.

Answer to last week's Enigma: Steady work.

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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ 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 5x11 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.