

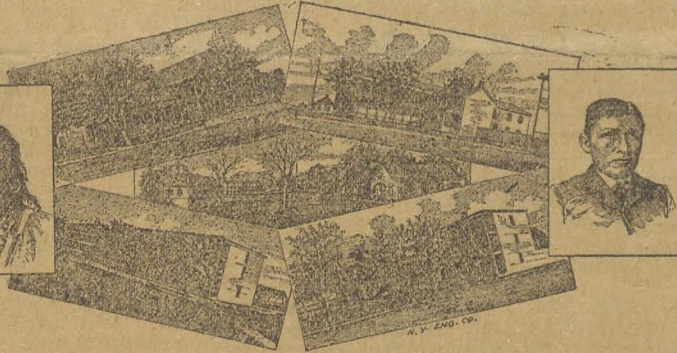
VOL VII.

NO. 3.

# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

INDIAN  
INDUSTRIAL  
SCHOOL,  
CARLISLE, PA.



\* \* \*  
FRIDAY,  
SEPT. 25,  
1891.  
\* \* \*

## BE IN TIME.

**B**E in time for every call;  
If you can, be first of all—  
Be in time.  
If your teachers only find  
You are never once behind,  
But like the dial, true,  
They will always trust to you—  
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;  
Set out with a willing heart—  
Be in time.

In the morning up and on,  
First to work and soonest done;  
This is how the goal's attained,  
This is how the prize is gained—  
Be in time.

—Rays of Light.

## WAS THERE EVER AN INDIAN BOY WITH SUCH PLUCK?

Yes.

The Indian boys are full of pluck.

All they need is the necessity for using it, and the freedom to go seek for chances like the brave boy of the following story.

But what chance has an Indian boy shut in on a reservation and fed Government beef and other rations, to use his pluck and show what he is capable of doing toward making his own way in life?

We all know that it is the *having to make our own way* that creates in us the desire to be something and somebody among intelligent, industrious people.

We are getting in our Carlisle experience the kind of pluck which gives us the courage to go into business houses or on farms any-

where to hunt for employment, and the kind of pluck which says to us, "WORK!"

It says, "Work for NOTHING, rather than be idle."

And it says, "Never give up the ship!"

Let us see how this young man did, and let us take heart and imitate his THOROUGH way of working which was the only thing that won for him the success he attained.

A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well-nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when, one afternoon he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question:

"Can you give me anything to do?"

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered: "No; full now."

Then happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said:

"If you want to work half an hour or so, go down stairs and pile up that kindling-wood. Do it well and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"All right, and thank you, sir," answered the young man, and went below.

As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came up stairs and went to Mr Stone.

"Ah yes!" said the gentleman, somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish it in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement and, recollecting the wood-pile, glanced into the coal and wood room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was neatly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal-bin.

"Hello," said Mr. Stone, "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile that wood."

Continued on Fourth Page.

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# THE INDIAN HELPER.

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PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY,  
—AT THE—  
*Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,*  
**BY INDIAN BOYS.**

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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Price:—10 cents a year.

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
*Miss M. Burgess, Manager.*

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*Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class  
mail matter.*

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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.

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General Morgan has returned from Europe,  
and is again at his post of duty as Honorable  
Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washing-  
ton, D. C.

Otto Zotom is very sick at his home in the  
Territory, and we hear that Julia Given is  
suffering from chills and fever. John Tyler  
at the Cheyenne Agency is also sick. The In-  
dian Territory is a very sickly place generally  
at this season of the year.

Word from Jemima Wheelock again shows  
earnest energetic work as a teacher among  
her people, the Oneidas. She feels that she  
still lacks much in the line of an education  
and says she is not too old to go to school  
more, which she intends doing. She seems  
exceedingly grateful for what her eastern  
friends have done to help her. She is already  
looking forward to next Christmas when she  
hopes to have a tree for her thirty bright pu-  
pils.

The Superintendent of Haskell Institute,  
Lawrence, Kansas, Mr. Chas. F. Meserve,  
writes: "Some time ago I was sitting in the  
Post Office on an Indian reservation when  
a recently returned and neatly dressed Carlisle  
young lady entered and inquired of the post-  
master if her INDIAN HELPER had come. As  
he handed it out to her he said, 'Does it help  
you any?'"

She promptly and politely replied, 'Yes, it  
helps me lots. I couldn't get along without  
it.'"

Henry Standing Bear writes to Capt.: "If  
you had seen our agency when you came you  
would have said: 'How could my boys and  
girls return and stay home? I found all my  
horses in a starving state and all my cattle  
totally gone. They were taken to the bad  
lands during the trouble and were killed by  
the hostiles. Those were the cattle for which  
I would have money to put myself through  
school or college. I am at present assistant  
teacher, but will leave soon. I can't live here  
any longer. I am very anxious to get more  
education and will fight for it.'"

The system of numbering and registering  
the Jersey and Guernsey cattle in Richard  
Davis' charge is very complete. Each animal  
wears an ear-ring, not diamond nor of the  
latest cut, but made of soft metal on which a  
number is stamped by which the cow or bull  
is known. A book is kept giving a history of  
each animal. The keeping of this book in con-  
nection with a daily report covering the  
number of gallons of milk, pounds of butter,  
number of boys detailed to milk, the time  
each day they report, number of cows dry,  
number of calves, number of births, deaths,  
accidents and other things essential for our  
superintendent to keep track of, will give  
Richard considerable clerical work, and it will  
be an excellent school for him.

The Man-on-the-band-stand looked down on  
a great deal of fun last week, and enjoyed the  
roller-skating of the pupils so much that  
several times he was on the point of laughing  
out loud. Only think! If he had they might  
have found him out. But he saw one thing  
that made him proud as well as happy. Some  
boys were sitting on the new office steps when  
two ladies came up to go into the building.  
There was room enough for them to pass, but  
the two young gentlemen gracefully rose as  
they greeted the ladies who went up the steps.  
The Man-on-the-band-stand held his head  
high as he thought, "That is good manners  
for you. They know that ladies don't like to  
crowd past gentlemen on steps or in door-  
ways."

The INDIAN HELPER commenced its seventh  
volume last week and in honor of the event  
appeared with a new engraved and very ap-  
propriate "heading," which gives five nice  
views of the Carlisle school, ornamented at  
the ends with a "before" and "after" picture  
of a fine-looking young Indian. In the Indian  
educational work the HELPER is all its name  
would imply, being without doubt a "help"  
that is felt and appreciated extensively. And,  
that the faithful and famous Man-on-the-  
band-stand may live to direct the HELPER'S  
course till it reaches its seven times seventh  
volume, is the prayer of the PIPE OF PEACE.  
—[*Pipe of Peace*, Genoa, Neb.]

Our Miss Wood, who is now a missionary  
among the Omahas is certainly very much in  
earnest when she says in a recent letter,  
"As I go into the homes here, I feel like tak-  
ing every girl by the shoulder and fairly  
pushing them into the Pennsylvania farm  
houses and keep them there until they are  
twenty-five, at least, and it would be better if  
they never returned, for their condition here  
is truly pitiable and it makes one's heart ache  
to see it." Miss Wood says that Howard  
Frost is a loyal and grateful subject to the  
"Outing System". Robt. Penn is anxious to  
come east again, but she thinks is not well  
enough. Levi StCyr has started, we are glad  
to hear.

Tom Schanandore is making for himself a  
splendid record at Mrs. Hilton's, two miles  
south of town.

A little New England boy writes: "I think  
the new heading to the HELPER is grand."

Exhibition to-night.

We are beginning to sigh for rain.

Miss Seabrook has a new type-writer.

No more skating allowed on the walks.

How much will you take for your roller-skates?

The plasterers are at work on the hospital addition.

The harvest moon has gone, and wasn't it a delightful one?

The new office building is ready for the last coat of plaster.

A party of hospital girls picniced at the lower farm on Saturday last.

Mr. John Bishop, of Columbus, N. J. visited the school on Monday.

Miss Shaffner met a number of her Japanese friends in Harrisburg, on Monday.

Miss Irene and Miss Richenda have commenced music lessons with Miss Moore.

Miss Nana Pratt has gone to a young ladies' preparatory school, at Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Standing gave nearly everybody a grape treat from the fruit of their own vine.

The odor of the chapel paint so intoxicated Miss Cutter as to unfit her for school on Friday morning.

Samuel Gruett and William Petoskey have been promoted to the mailing department of the *HELPER* and *Red Man*.

Are you going to the Fair? Maybe so if we haven't used any tobacco or otherwise broken the rules of the school.

Some of the boys are practicing running to compete for the prize in the running match next week on the Fair ground.

Misses Moore and McAdam go every Saturday to Harrisburg to take instrumental and vocal instructions in classical music.

Samuel Sixkiller has returned from his home-visit in the Indian Territory looking brown and well, and he is again at his case as type.

Mr. Myers, of Ashbourne, with whom Julia Long and Susie Farwell live, visited the school last week and spoke very encouragingly to the pupils of No. 11.

The sound of the hammer on the new boilers makes a joyful noise, for we do expect a cold spell after this warm wave.

Mr. Wetzel gave his workmen a good time at Sterritt's gap, on Sunday. They camped in a cool place by a refreshing stream of water which obviated the necessity of carrying along anything stronger to drink.

This does not sound well. The Man-on-the-band-stand heard the ladies speaking to each other and one was saying, "Have you noticed? Many of the boys who came in from the country forget to tip their hats, and they even forget when in the offices sometimes."

Samuel Townsend came walking in from the station on Monday night, fresh from his home in Indian Territory. He is a Marietta, O. freshman, but will enter Dickinson, to take advantage of the law school.

Celicia Wheelock has her old place as one of the normal teachers, since she came in from the country.

The school battalion is now officered with Captains and Lieutenants in addition to Sergeants and Corporals.

The Y. M. C. A. boys have started their Sunday afternoon meetings. Mr. Elvins of Dickinson will assist them.

The potatoes that come from the lower farm are prodigies for bigness, but where are the tomatoes? We ALL love tomatoes.

Everybody says peaches are so plentiful, but the boys and girls say they have not had much evidence of it in the dining room.

Yesterday, Master Don was eleven years old, and received a handsome violin for a birthday present, from his papa and mamma.

The Man-on-the-band-stand occasionally notices some boys and girls who have not yet learned better, throw ink from the pen after dipping it in the well. One of the distinguished home visitors, at study hour Tuesday evening, had a very handsome white apron ruined by a boy carelessly throwing ink in, said manner. The teachers have spoken enough about this matter and now we think it is time for the careless pupils to be brought up standing, if they do not correct the untidy habit. Who likes to see ink blots on the floor?

A large Herdic load of teachers and officers went in to Metzger, Friday night, to hear Miss Rankin read. The next day she visited the school, as a guest of Miss Botsford. The following Monday evening she visited some of the schoolrooms during study-hour and on reaching No. 12 last, gave the students there a treat by reciting to them a very pathetic story of the war and then livening them up again with a funny incident graphically told.

Ah! The Endeavors heard from! The Man-on-the-band-stand knew of the first meeting of the Girls' Endeavor Society but left it to the Society to make some little manifestation as to whether or not they wished anything said of their meetings, in the columns of our weekly letter. Now comes the request to say that the meeting in the girls' assembly room last Friday evening was a lively one. On the debate of the question, "Resolved that the reservation system should be broken up," Nellie Robertson and Annie Boswell took the affirmative side, while Luzena Choteau and Adelia Lowe spoke on the negative. So many of the members took part that the debate was of more than usual interest.

One of the most interesting and exciting games that has ever been our pleasure to witness, occurred Saturday between the Standards and Invincibles. At the end of the ninth inning, a Standard was put out at first after the man running home touched the home base. A dispute arose as to whether the man home should be counted for the Standards. Our Umpire decided that the point should be counted making the score tie and the Invincibles left the field leaving the score:

Invincibles—1 0 3 0 3 0 0 0 1—8

Standards—0 1 0 3 0 1 2 0 1—8

There was splendid playing on both sides, and we hope to see another inning to decide the championship.

(Continued From the First Page.)

"Yes sir, I know it," answered the lad, "but I saw this needed to be done and I would rather work than not; but I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without any comment.

Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter.

"Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No sir."

"Well I want you to work for me. Here"—writing something on a piece of paper—"take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there; he will tell you what to do. I'll give you six dollars a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that down stairs, and—that's all," and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

It is needless to say that the boy made himself useful and almost necessary to his employer, and rose rapidly in place until he became the head manager for Mr. Stone.

#### BUT THE CARLISLE BOYS DID NOT FAIL THAT TIME.

Otto Wells, who went home this summer on a visit, writes a very live and interesting letter on which he undoubtedly had some help, but in which he says:

"I have not forgotten you and dear old Carlisle with all its beautiful surroundings.

Since coming to the reservation, I have been busily engaged in making hay for the Government. I do not regret at all that I came out here for a visit.

I think a little experience among my own people will do me some good.

The Comanche people are raising stock. Some of them have over 500 head.

They cultivate their ground, but not as much as the Kiowas.

The Comanches have some children in school but not as many as the Kiowas have.

Now the Comanches will have a school of their own at Ft. Sill and they ought to be made to send every child they got to school.

I have been living with Mr. Given since I came to the reservation. He is kind to the returned Carlisle pupils.

Mr. Given got the contract to put up 75 tons of hay for the Government, and the pupils of Carlisle helped him.

When we first got the contract to cut hay for the Government, every white man in Anadarko said that we would make a failure of it.

They said that all along, but they are badly fooled.

I am going to cut two hundred tons of hay for the hotel keeper at Anadarko. Will begin tomorrow. You see that your pupils are not lazy."

#### AN INDIAN GIRL'S INGENUITY.

Some time ago, Angel and I cooked our supper in one of the Cottages.

We have biscuit, butter, jelly, chocolate, tea and lemon-pie. I must tell you how I made the pie. I made the crust and when I came to roll it out I found out there was not any rolling pin.

It happened that there was a guard's club in the Cottage, that the boys sometimes use, so I used it for a rolling pin.

I had nearly everything ready that was to make a pie, when I went to get the lemon grater I found out we did not have any grater. I was almost to the point of giving up.

Then I saw a lid of a tin-can and a small nail. I took the nail and bore some holes through the lid, and I had to use the stove lifter for a hammer.

You never tasted any better lemon-pie than this, for all the things it had to go through.

—[LUCY H. TRUDELL, in *Hampton Talks and Thoughts*.

"Articles like the one published entitled 'Table Talk at the Teacher's Club,' will do a great deal of good. Keep constantly contrasting the former life of the Indian girls and boys with the possibilities of the new." —[Prominent pastor of an M. E. Church.

One secret act of self-denial, \* \* is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.—[J. H. Newman.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 6, 5, 7 is to make an effort.

My 2 is the most disagreeable letter in the alphabet, when used too often.

My 3, 4, 1, 1 a kitty might wear on its neck.

My whole is the CHIEF thing we are fighting for at Carlisle.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: To learn to fight.

#### STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscriptions for the INDIAN HELPER, as follows:

1. For one subscription and a 2-cent stamp extra, a printed copy of the Pueblo photo, advertised below in paragraph 5.

2. For two subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, the printed copy of Apache contrast, the original photo, of which, composing two groups on separate cards, (8x10), may be had by sending 30 subscriptions, and 5 cents extra.

(This is the most popular photograph we have ever had taken, as it shows such a decided contrast between a group of Apaches as they arrived and the same pupils four months later.)

3. For five subscriptions and a 1-cent stamp extra, a group of the 17 Indian printer boys. Name and tribe of each given. Or, pretty faced pappoose in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boudoir combination showing all our prominent buildings.

5. For ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in their Indian dress and another of the same pupils, three years after showing marked and interesting contrast. Or, a contrast of a Navajo boy as he arrived and a few years after.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5 cents extra, a group of the whole school (9x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes, choice of '89, '90, '91. Or, 8x10 photo, of build'gs.

7. For forty subscriptions and 7 cents extra, a copy of "Stiya, a returned Carlisle Indian girl at home."

Without accompanying extra for postage, premiums will not be sent.

For *The Red Man*, an 8-page periodical containing a summary of all Indian news and selections from the best writers upon the subject, address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa. Terms, fifty cents a year of twelve numbers. The premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.