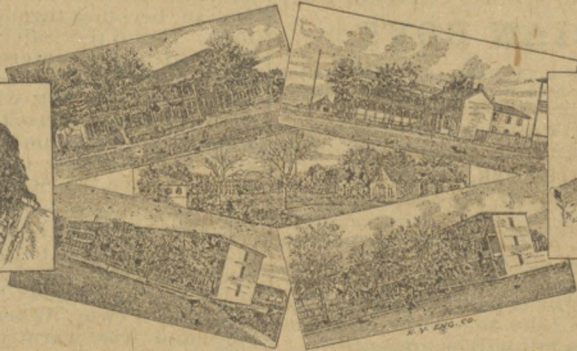


# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

INDIAN  
INDUSTRIAL  
SCHOOL,  
CARLISLE, PA.



\*\*\*  
FRIDAY,  
SEPT. 18,  
1891.  
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## DRINKING ALCOHOL!

COULD we with ink the ocean fill,  
Were every blade of grass a quill,  
Were the whole world of parchment  
made  
And every man a scribe by trade,  
To write the horrors of those woes  
Would drain the ocean dry,  
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.

## A BOY WHO HAD NOTHING TO DO.

### BUT HE WAS NOT A CARLISLE INDIAN BOY.

As the ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE strong, sturdy, sunbrowned, independent, manly Indian farmers marched in at our entrance gate last Thursday afternoon, farmers returning from their summer's work, to go to school for the winter, that some *book* knowledge might be added to the practical experience gained while out working for themselves, the Man-on-the-band-stand could not but turn back a few years, (and only a few,) when not one Indian in a thousand knew the first thing about farming or doing any thing for himself in a civilized community; and the scene that now gladdened his old eyes was contrasted with scenes he remembered in those dreadful and troublous times for the Indian.

"ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE Indian farmers! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" he shouted.

(But of course nobody heard him shout.)  
One hundred and twenty-nine business In-

dians added to other hundreds of past summers that Carlisle has turned out, and the hundreds who are still on Bucks county farms earning their bread and butter and getting an experience, worth millions of dollars to them, made a regiment of workers such as the M. O. T. B. S. was proud to think about.

And then he was reminded of a little story of a boy who had NOTHING to do, and wondered as he thought, if any ONE of the noble young men passing the band stand at the time would change places with the boy of the following story, if he could:

Willie was the son of a rich man who had a great number of servants about the house.

His fire was always made for him in winter and his shoes were polished by a servant every morning while he was asleep.

Willie had a pony, but he was never allowed to saddle him.

He had a little dog cart, but he was not allowed to hitch the pony to it.

That work had to be done for Willie by one of the many servants that swarmed about the great house where Willie lived.

Willie went to school, but a servant went along to carry his books for him and to take the pony home.

Willie always rode to school.

The servant went for him in a close carriage whenever it rained.

When it was very cold he was wrapped in furs and heavy blankets.

He was not a sickly boy by any means.

He was not really a lazy boy, but his foolish

*Continued on Fourth Page.*

# THE INDIAN HELPER.

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-hand-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.

Only stupid boys work with wheelbarrows that need oiling.

He who will steal time cannot be trusted very far with money.

Georgia Parrish, who recently went home, writes from Vinita, I. T. for the HELPER.

Levi Levering has entered Bellevue College, Nebr., and directs his papers to be sent there.

Jemima Two Elks and ten of the country girls near where she lives have had a delightful picnic, she writes.

"I am much interested in what you are doing at Carlisle. Do not want to miss having the little paper."—[SUB.]

"Stiya, a returned Indian girl at home," is a story full of home incidents, and worth the price, 50 cents; 57 cents by mail. Address HELPER.

The INDIAN HELPER, that bright little newspaper at the Indian School, celebrated its beginning of the seventh volume this week by putting up an attractive new head.—[Carlisle Sentinel.]

Miss Kate Longley, teacher of art last year at Metzger and at our school, has found another field of labor at Harvey, Ill., from whence she writes "I cannot feel at home in this new town, without the HELPER."

A specimen of the homes in which our pupils go for the summer or longer: "We have all become very much attached to him and are very sorry to see him leave. He thinks he would like to come back next summer and we would like very much to have him. I cannot say too much in his praise. He is polite and thoughtful and I think very conscientious. His evenings have been spent in reading and studying. He has read both volumes of "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," besides other books and papers"—[From a report.

"Capt. Pratt once told me in reply to my question, How to help the Indian when you couldn't take one into your home to help and hadn't any money to give? 'Help to educate public sentiment in favor of the Indian'; and I have ever since tried to do it as far as my small circle went. The premium for the enclosed club I shall use to prove what the Indian becomes through your efforts at Carlisle. I send the club in the hope of awakening a little real interest in the boys of my little village, in the Indian question, and I believe the HELPER will do more to that end than anything short of the Indians themselves. I mean to lend one copy of "Stiya" to the girls and give the other to some friend in another place."—[SUBSCRIBER.]

Robert Mathews had a funny as well as trying time in getting to his new home near Bryn Mawr. In the first place the people were not at the station to meet him, so he had a walk of a mile or two. When finally he found the place and was warmly received, the family dog more affectionate than he ought to be nabbed him twice on the leg which was not exactly appreciated by Robert.

Sophia Metoxen sends a subscription and in the letter says she has a very nice country home, and the people are very nice, too. She and Leila Cornelius and Dorothy expect to visit the great Mt. Holly fair. She speaks of four picnics she has attended during the summer and other delightful times she has enjoyed.

"Please send me a copy of the *Red Man*. I never used to care for it, but since becoming so much in love with my work in the Sabbath School among the Indian boys, I feel as though I would like to see the paper." Subscriber.

The HELPER, an interesting little paper published weekly at the Indian Training School to-day entered its seventh volume. Success has crowned its efforts and we bespeak for it continued prosperity.—[Carlisle Herald.]

The INDIAN HELPER begins its seventh volume this week. It comes out with a brand new head and a slight change in its form. We wish it continued success and hope to see it on our table every week.—[Reformatory Record.]

Master Leonard Botsford, of Newtown, Conn., renewed his subscription this week. We all remember Master Leonard when here last year visiting his aunt, and what an interest he took in the printing department.

A splendid improvement is being worked out for the large boys' quarters, but we cannot tell what it is yet until there is more certainty about getting it.

One of the arms of our faithful old Universal press gave out this week, and had to be repaired, which caused some delay in the work of the office.

These mid-days are warm.  
These moon-light nights are perfect.  
Very FEW seem to like the new heading.  
Study hour began on Monday evening.  
Too busy now for base-ball, even on Saturdays.

The *Red Man* for September was mailed yesterday.

The return country students are taking hold of study with a will.

We must not stop till we can skate as well as Felix. Doesn't he move gracefully?

The tap of the FIRST bell is the time to start for the shops, if you are honest.

Misses Woolston and Paull have been down with colds but are on duty again.

Lida Standing has gone to West Chester to attend the Darlington boarding school.

Boy in from farm: "If I had some of those apples on the trees I left, wouldn't I be glad?"

"I was delighted with last week's HELPER and so pleased with this."—[*New Subscriber* r.]

The second coating of plaster has been given to most of the rooms in the new office building.

Our band already deserves creditable mention. They are playing some very excellent music.

The line of boys and girls has again assumed regimental proportions since the influx from farms.

Both wings of the addition to the girls' quarters are now under roof and the work is making rapid strides.

Did you ever see such a "tremendous" smoke stack? Up, it will be higher than our flag staff. It is for the new boilers.

Mr. Robert McFadden visited the school on Wednesday to the pleasure of his many friends who always give him a warm welcome.

Miss Cummins took a spin to Washington for much needed rest and change, returning yesterday, after a very pleasant time with friends and relatives.

The walls of the chapel are being frescoed. There does not seem to be much room for the pupils when so full of scaffolding, but we get in all the same, and have very good meetings.

Misses Forney and Zieg of Harrisburg, friends of Miss Shaffner, and Miss Crisman, of Holton, Kansas, friend of Miss Moore, were visitors at the school on Tuesday.

Luke Bear Shield has been appointed janitor of the schoolrooms in Charley Dagenett's place, the latter having started to school in town this week, with Martin Archiquette, Dennison Wheelock and Josiah Powlas.

We have a new bay horse. A fine fellow, and his name is Charlie. He can never equal our first Charlie, however, who although he has seen his best days still comes in for light service and is receiving the best of care at the near farm.

Miss Nana Pratt is putting in practice her knowledge of stenography and typewriting in the absence of Captain's stenographer, Mr. McCoukey, who is off on a two weeks' rest. Miss Nana expects to leave in a few days for Germantown, to attend school.

Let us watch! Colds are coming in style.

Miss Rankin reads to-night at Metzger. Shall we go?

Jas. Hill has entered the printing office as morning worker.

Daisy Dixon started in with the opening of the school-term at Metzger.

Richenda Pratt started to school at the opening of Metzger, on Wednesday.

Henry Phillips sports a sprained arm, and to fill in the time amuses himself with a pet snake.

Roller skates are still on the spin. It is hard to beat Perry Kennerly, Robbie and Bruce. Some of the girls skate very gracefully indeed.

Mr. Wetzel looks as though he was monarch of all he surveys when he takes a position on the roof of the girls' quarters to hurry his men.

The first English Speaking meeting of the new school year was held last Saturday evening. Is there any Indian? Let us shut down on it at once. Is there any tobacco? Let us shut down on IT, at once.

The brick walks that the boys themselves are laying in the rear of the large boys' quarters, are going to improve the appearance of that part of the grounds very much, especially when the ground between is sodded.

Mr. Harris set up the large cutter and carrier at the new barn this week. An old saying is that "while the cat is away the mice will play." The Man-on-the-band-stand was sorry the other day as he peeped in the blacksmith shop to see the boys putting in practice that old saying. Every boy was seated and talking.

Nellie Robertson and Rosa Bourassa enter Metzger again this week. Rosa has been filling very acceptably, vacancies in Nos. 6 and 9 school rooms, caused by the illness of teachers. Nellie, until recently has been rendering valuable service as assistant matron. Nellie Carey having returned from the country has her old place in this department.

Last winter during the measles epidemic the old chapel building was full of patients, now the lumber in said building has walked down to the rear of the hospital, has been put up in good shape against the north side of the building, and the patients this winter (may they be few) can find accommodations without traveling so far south.

Mr. McFadden, who has charge of a very important branch of the Y. M. C. A. work in Brooklyn, says of Mrs. Shiverick, who was once with us and of us, that although he has not met her personally he hears a great deal about her and that she is doing a wonderful work as Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. the headquarters of which are a few doors from the Y. M. C. A. building.

George Vallier, Nicholas Ruleau, Jennie Keeweeyetsah, Ledante Spotted Horse and Lizzie Eagle Bear went to their several homes in the west this week. George Vallier is the only graduate in the party, and that means that he is fitted only to *begin* a simple course of study. What is he going home for? Time will tell. We wish for him a successful business career, and a happy, prosperous life.

parents took a notion that he ought never to work.

His dainty mother did not like to see him wear soiled clothes.

She wanted him to have tender, clean, white hands and a soft, delicate skin.

He was not even suffered to play with other boys, for fear he might get hurt,

In the summer, he had to keep in the shade.

In the winter, his place was by a warm fire.

When Willie grew to be a man, he had no strength.

His muscles were weak and flabby, his bones were soft, and his nerves feeble.

He had no energy, no fire in his spirit, no courage.

He went to school nearly all his life, but he never had any spur to drive him forward.

When he went into society, he was a kind of Miss Nancy.

The young men all laughed at him, and all the sensible girls made fun of him.

He tried to look after his business when his father died, but he knew nothing about business.

His mother lived to see her mistake.

When Willie got his share of his father's estate it soon went.

After spending his own money, he began to call on his mother, and as she always idolized her boy, she did not, could not, deny him anything.

It did not take many years for Willie's mother to become a poor woman.

She moved out of a big, fine house into a little one, and out of that into a cabin, and then began real poverty.

Willie hung around billiard saloons and dramshops, and lived on scraps until the saloon-keepers got tired of him, and then he took to stealing and forging names to checks.

At last he landed in the penitentiary.

His mother, poor woman, has for years been living on charity.

Willie is now nearly fifty years old, and his mother a tottering old woman without home or friends.

A boy who never learned to work with his hands, is worthless.

The body cannot be sound and strong without work.

Unless the body is sound and strong, the mind is almost sure to be feeble.

If mind and body are both weak, what may we expect of a boy or girl?

Life is a battle, and full of hard fighting.

What could a soldier do with a soft body and a weak brain?

How can a young man expect to win his

way in the world unless he is strong and vigorous?

The youth that enters the world of business without a good foundation in body and mind, is like a cripple in a race.

He can't keep up with the runners.

If a boy wants to get an even start with the world, he should have something to do.

Even a rich boy ought to do some definite task of hard work every day.

He ought to be forced to bear heat, and cold, and hunger, and to brave danger.

In no other way can he get ready for the battle of life.—*Reformatory Record.*

### **Enigma.**

I am made of 14 letters.

My 10, 9, 12, is what sailors are more afraid of at sea than anything else.

My 14, 13, 11, 7, is not fat.

My 3, 2, 8, is a small piece of land.

My 1, 4, 5, 6, is water in the eye.

My whole is WHY WE ARE HERE.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A Mistake.

### **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 prominent Sioux chiefs. Or, 8x10 photo. of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo. of graduating classes, choice of '89, '90, '91. Or, 8x10 photo. of buildings.

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.