

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VII.

—FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1892—

NO. 33.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

NEVER you mind the crowd, lad,
Nor fancy your life won't tell;
The work is done for all that,
To him who doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad,
But there's always room at the top.

Courage, and faith, and patience!
There is space in the old yet;
You stand a better chance, lad,
The further along you get.

Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop;
Be sure your path leads upwards—
There's always room at the top.

PITY THE FOOL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.,
April 16, 1892.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

On the above date, which is Saturday and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I am sitting in the bay-window of my room watching the passers by.

Wagons and carts and carriages and gigs and street-cars of every description and variety pass in the street below, making such an interminable clatter over the stones that it is almost impossible to think. Still this noise and confusion do not disturb me or scarcely engross my attention. I am watching the men.

I know you will question the propriety of your chief clerk's spending her time in such doubtful occupation, but let me explain!

The men who are attracting my attention, behave in such a peculiar manner that I am wonder-struck.

There comes one down the street, for instance.

He seems to think he must step high, and when his foot is in the position to advance, the earth apparently comes up to meet it before he is ready and he lands where he least expects.

There is another!

His head hangs low on his breast, and he seems to be marking out an imaginary worm

fence on the pavement as he walks, and through the open window I hear him muttering.

See the well-dressed young man coming in a zig-zag swing apparently happy, for he is singing "Whoop-la" in a falsetto pitch, making the street boy shout with laughter and cry out, "Go it, old man."

A man in front of the livery stable has a crowd around him, and is shaking hands with everyone, laughing vociferously while trying to dance.

He does not make out well in his dancing, for the granolithic pavement, although of the most approved smoothness, seems uneven to his feet.

There comes a gentleman, kingly in stature, with massive head and thoughtful, kindly brow, refined though immense.

He has on good clothes, and as he passes forward with uncertain step, leans upon the arm of a good-faced lady, with such weight as to drag her from the centre of the walk to curbstone and back again while with the disengaged arm he is gesticulating as if making a public oration.

The lady is trying to hurry her burden along as though she were ashamed of his actions.

The two present an attractive appearance for people stop and gaze at them, but I notice it is with most pitying expression and sorrowful shake of the head as they pass, muttering, "Too bad! Too bad!"

Now an old, gray-haired man comes to view. Totteringly he staggers till a little fair-haired girl runs up to him and says, "O, Grandpa! I've been hunting for you. Let us go home!"

The old man reaches out affectionately for the little one, but he misses his mark and nearly falls upon the child. He fails to recognize her, but says:

"Ye-ye-y's, dear, co-co-come on (hie). I'll g-g-go (hie) with su-su-such an angel as y-you (hie)," and she leads him gently out of sight.

But what noise is this?

A boisterous fellow with loud boast that he can "lick the universe."

"Come on!" he cries with an oath. His language is something terrible, while he threatens to kill the first person who advances toward him.

He swears and swings a revolver as he staggers down street, keeping at safe distance a

(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,
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.

Is now 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

The secret of a useful life is not to do what
you like but to do what you can.

The boy who wants an easy place to work
means to be taken care of by the Government
all his life.

The steamship Persian Monarch sailed from
Brooklyn for London with a party of sixty-
seven Sioux Indians as passengers.—[*Phila.
Record*.]

It is astonishing how much work some peo-
ple can do who have the use of only one arm
or leg and how much some people can get out
of doing because they think they have a
little hurt.

Do not talk of your ailments, your worries,
your disappointments, your blues. Tell of the
unexpected good that has befallen you, of the
sunshine that has bespread your path.—[*Sun-
day School Times*.]

A farm pupil writes, "I write to my people
out I never get answer from them. And I
don't know where all the letters go to, and I
think these the letters cross over the Pacific
Ocean that's why I never get answer."

In a recent letter from Lawrence Smith,
class 90, now attending Bellevue College,
Nebr., he says that there is little to relate be-
side the usual doings of school life, but that
his compositions were the best in his class so
far.

One of our subscribers writes that Fort Ti-
conderoga is not at the foot of Lake George,
as one of our teachers wrote in an account of a
trip to that place published some months ago,
but is eight or nine miles east of that on the
western bank of Lake Champlain.

Chihuahua, one of the Apache chiefs from
those who are confined at Mt. Vernon Bar-
rack, Ala., is here on a visit to his daughter
Ramona. He is a good looking and well-
dressed man and is one of the noted Apache
chiefs with Geronimo, who gave so much
trouble to the United States Government in
1883. Chihuahua, however, used his influence
to bring about the surrender of that band to
Gen. Crook.

The Mice and the Moon.

A curious Indian legend was told to some
people way out in Omaha by a full blooded
Sioux, who lives at Pine Ridge Agency.

He said the belief was that every time a new
moon appeared it was a signal for all the mice
in the country to gather themselves together
in one spot. When they assembled they then
separated into four great armies. One army
went to the north, another to the south, a
third to the east and a fourth to the west.
These armies of mice traveled until they
reached the point where, from the place of
starting, the heavens seem to touch the earth.
Then they climbed up the sky until they came
to the moon, which by this time was what we
call full. All of the four armies then commenced
nibbling at Luna, and when they had eaten
her all up the mice would scamper back down
the heavens to the earth and wait for her to
show herself again, and when the journey and
the nibbling would be repeated by the mice;
and this is what the Indians of early days be-
lieved was the cause of the moon growing old
and finally disappearing.—*Goldwaite's Geo-
graphical Journal*.

Supervising Principal William C. Jacobs,
Thirty-fourth section, reports that Julius
Brown, an Indian pupil of the Twelfth grade
in the Norris J. Hoffman School, a nephew of
Little Cloud, chief of the Chippewas, has gone
to the home of his tribe in Minnesota. He
could not speak English when he came to
Philadelphia, seven years ago; but by diligent
application he had fitted himself for admission
to the High School. Ill health, however, has
compelled him to relinquish his studies for the
present.—[*Philadelphia Record*.]

The people who didn't go to Hunter's Run
arbutus gathering last Saturday afternoon
missed a treat, and the ones who did go, Misses
Fisher, Botsford, Sage and Ely, came home
with their baskets full of the dainty blossoms,
and eyes and ears recalling blue mountain
sides against a blue sky, budding trees, pretty
clumps of moss and trailing partridge vine,
songs of birds and rippling brooks—and they
didn't mind that they were a bit lame that
night.

Chauncey Y. Robe, Wm. Leighton, C. W.
Thunder, Fred Peake and Rueben Wolfe rep-
resented the school Association at the District
Y. M. C. A. convention at Gettysburg. They
went on Friday and returned on Monday
morning and report having a good time. 78
delegates, representing 13 associations,
were present. On Saturday evening they ad-
dressed the convention and on Sunday spoke
at different Sunday Schools.

A Genoa boy who has enlisted in the Army,
says in subscribing for the HELPER: "I am
going to write to you and ask you to help me.
For I am Indian too. That is to help me learn
about Carlisle school and like to know what
the Indian children are doing. So I want you
to send me a paper."

Stephen Smith, Troop L, 4th Cavalry, has
been transferred from Fort Sherman, Idaho,
to Fort Walla Walla, Wash. He says he found
in his company one of our former printer boys,
whose name used to be Charles Wolfe, but
who is now called Charles W. Williams.

Sociable last Wednesday night.

Mrs. True spent several days last week with us.

Miss Kate Sage has gone on a visit to New York City.

A lawn tennis court is being laid out near the base ball field.

The band gave a concert on the band stand Tuesday evening.

Eight additional instruments for the band are expected to-day.

The band is practicing marching preparatory to their Newville trip.

Mrs. Campbell gave a party on Tuesday evening to Carlisle friends.

The Athletic Association meets to-night and it is hoped there will be a full attendance.

George Baker and Henry Koke left for their homes in the west yesterday evening.

Stacy Matlack has returned from the country and is again at work in the harness shop.

Bemos Pie came in from the country to have his eyes examined and returned yesterday.

Our old friends, the Uodines, have not been heard from so far this season. Are they afraid?

Fred Big Horse went to Lancaster yesterday where he will speak at a Y. M. C. A. meeting.

Capt. Pratt and the band will go to Newville to-morrow to take part in the flag raising over the school house in that place.

In a letter from Justin Had, San Carlos Agency, Ariz., he says that his health is improving and that he is working at his trade, carpentering.

Miss Jean M. Wallis, of Harrisburg, and Miss Anna C. Shuman, of Thompsonstown, spent Sunday at the school as guests of Miss Cochran.

The Lawn Tennis Club, of which Benajah C. Miles is president, has purchased racquets, balls and net and expects to lay out a couple of courts shortly.

Miss F. J. Tsukamoto, of Wilson College, was the guest of Capt. Pratt for several days last week, and took part in the Japanese entertainment in the Armory.

On Friday evening Capt. Pratt and family and a number of the teachers attended the reception at the home of Rev. Dr. Norcross, who celebrate his silver wedding on that day.

Last Friday evening the band attended the Japanese Carnival for the benefit of the Dickinson Law School and rendered a number of selections, which were greatly appreciated by those present.

The band is soon to be enlarged to thirty pieces. We believe it will create quite a sensation when it goes to the World's Fair. If it continues to improve, it will soon be equal to Gilmore's or the Marine Band.

On Tuesday evening the Dickinson Freshmen nine crossed bars with the school team at the school ground and was defeated by a score of 13 to 2.

A number of boys went for several days to the Parker and lower farms to plant potatoes.

Olive Printup has gone to her home in New York. Miss Seabrook accompanied her to Harrisburg.

The printers are getting up a base ball club and are ready to receive challenges from the other shops.

Rose Howell left on Wednesday evening for Denver, where she will make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Stevick.

We were favored with winter weather on Monday, a few flakes of snow falling, but spring is again with us.

Messrs Issa Tanimura, of Dickinson Law School, and Yosutara Onizuka, of Hackensack, N. J., visited the school this week.

A party of ten girls, accompanied by Miss Ditts, left yesterday morning for Philadelphia whence they were distributed to country homes.

Mrs. Laura Danmoe and Little Richard, Barbara Showalunmy and Siya Kowacura left for their homes last Thursday evening in company with Miss Woolston and Annie Thomas.

The HELPER has a rival, No. 10 Interview. No. 1 of Volume 1 was issued Thursday, Apr. 28. Among other attractions, it contains a continued story, each chapter to be written by a different author in No. 10. We wish it success.

Mr. and Mrs. Standing and Jack returned Wednesday from Philadelphia. While there Mr. Standing visited the Conemaugh which is now carrying supplies of grain, flour, etc., to the starving Russians. Mr. Standing says it was heavily laden.

Last Thursday, Arbor Day at the school, was quite rainy, so that the planting of trees, which had been set down for the morning, was postponed until the following day. In the afternoon a programme, consisting of music by the band and choir and recitations and compositions about trees and their uses, was gone through with.

The most interesting game of the season at the school was played on Wednesday evening between the Dickinson College and school mines. The college boys started off with a rush, owing to our catcher being unable to hold the ball, but a change of catchers put a different aspect on the matter. After the second inning our boys played a fine uphill game and made it interesting for the collegians. It is hoped that another game will be arranged and we believe it will have a different result. The score was as follows:

Dickinson, 4 8 0 2 0 1 0 0 0—15.
Indians, 1 0 1 0 1 2 1 2 2—10.

The illustrated talks by Prof. Schurr on Insects, Birds and Reptiles, given on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week and Monday evening of this week, were both entertaining and instructive. The Professor is an enthusiastic naturalist and has a very fine collection, which he takes great pleasure in showing and explaining. Among other things he told us of the birds that were useful to the farmer and gave a good character to the sparrow. His story of the value of education and good surroundings taken from bird life was very impressive. Prof. Schurr is always a welcome visitor and we will be glad to have him come again.

(Continued from first page.)

host of hoodlums, who apparently enjoy the excitement.

The police soon dispose of him, however, and the excitement dies down.

As night advances the number of these strange beings increases, until the midnight hour and after, when the street becomes hilarious with the few who were not sufficiently insane up to that hour to have been arrested.

Every day in the week such scenes are met with, but on Saturday afternoons and nights and Sunday, such free and disgraceful exhibitions of insanity are more numerous.

Now, my dear Man-on-the-band-stand, can you tell me what makes men behave so?

But I know before you answer.

It is DRINK!

The men I have described and thousands of others daily, are making themselves crazy by drinking beer, whiskey, brandy and other intoxicating stuff.

Indians as well as whites do this.

Where do they get intoxicating drink in this city?

Let me tell you that within my sight at the present writing, there are five saloons and there are over 4000 in the city.

And what is worse, the grocery stores of this city keep intoxicating drink for sale.

On the east side of Market Street and on Market Street proper, nearly every business house is a saloon or a grocery store where whiskey may be obtained.

I've been in many large cities, both east and west, but I never in all my life saw as many saloons in a given space, or such free, open drinking as in San Francisco.

On the saloon windows, the beer glasses seem to be painted in most tempting colors.

They stand out in bold relief, with delicate foam running over the edge of the glass, making every thirsty man who passes think he must have at least a taste of the delicious beverage.

"But beer hurts no one," says a man accustomed to the use of it.

Your clerk saw a young lady try a small draught of it the other day to determine for herself the effect of the drink upon a healthy system, and one entirely unused to alcoholic stimulant.

In five minutes the young lady's eyes became bloodshot. Her ears tingled with fire, and she felt ashamed that she had taken the vile stuff even for a test, although it was a good one, proving to the entire satisfaction of both that BEER MUST HAVE a bad effect upon the human system, sending the blood to the head and burning out the brain of the man or woman who indulges in it.

If one is able to drink a quart of beer without feeling it, only this conclusion can be reached: that his stomach, by continual imbibing, increased from small drinks to larger ones, has lost its sensitiveness and is beginning to take on those craving conditions which may lead to a drunkard's grave.

If in the centre of this city there were swamps and slaughter dens, pools of filth insensibly contaminating the air and poisoning the water, thus breeding disease among men

and turning their brains, there would be a great outcry:

"Down with the nuisances! Fill up the pools! Drain off the swamp! Banish the slaughter houses! We must have pure air and good water or we die!"

There would then be no sickly argument in favor of "personal liberty," should the people owning such disease-breeding places dare to interfere with the outspoken cry of the people for pure air and water.

But deadly poison in the form of whiskey and beer may flow through the streets in troughs as it were, there being so many saloons; troughs, I say, so that men who call for "personal liberty" may literally scoop the brain-consuming liquid into their gulping galleys by the quart-cupful, keeping themselves mentally on fire, making them reel and tumble about like so many decapitated fowls, while the sober portion of humanity is compelled to associate with such human wretches.

Why, my dear sir, is such a traffic allowed by an intelligent Government?

And being allowed, why are men, possessing this "personal liberty," willing to make such brutes of themselves, by the abuse of their liberty?

YOUR CHIEF CLERK.

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 3, 1, 5 is what the boys use in their favorite game.

My 2, 4, 7, 5 is what attacks iron and makes it worthless.

My 5, 6, 3 is what the girls use in the laundry.

My whole is a beautiful spring flower found in the mountains.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Make the world want you.

STANDING OFFER.

Premiums will be forwarded free to persons sending subscription 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 contest, 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 rhapsode in Indian cradle. Or, Richard Davis and family. Or, cabinet photo of Piegan Chiefs.

4. For seven subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra, a boundoir 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 a other of the same pupils, three years after, showing marks and interesting contrast. Or a contrast of a Navajo boy on arrival and a few years after.

6. For fifteen subscriptions and 5 cents extra, a group of the whole school (8x14), faces show distinctly. Or, 8x10 photo, of Indian baseball club. Or, 8x10 photo, of graduating classes, choice of '80, '90, '91, '92. Or, 8x10 photo, of bull dogs.

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

8. For five and seven subscriptions respectively, and 5 cts. extra for postage, we make a gift of the 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 and 8x10 photos of the Carlisle School exhibit in the line of march at the Bi-centennial in Philadelphia.

9. For fifteen subscriptions and eight cents extra for postage, a 13 1/2 x 10 group photo of 8 Piegan chiefs in elaborate Indian dress. This is the highest priced premium in Standing Offer and sold for 75 cts. net. The same picture lacking 2 faces B. order size for 7 subscription, and 2 cents extra.

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