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THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. VII.

—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1891—

NO. 8.

STEPS DOWNWARD.



Glass number one, only in fun.
Glass number two, as other boys do.
Glass number three, it won't hurt me.
Glass number four, only one more.
Glass number five, before a drive.
Glass number six, brain in a mix.
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven.
Glass number eight, stars in his pate.
Glass number nine, whisky, not wine.
Glass number ten, drinking again?
Glass number twenty, not yet a plenty.
Drinking with men just now and then.
Wasting his life, killing his wife,
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked.
Losing his friends, and thus it all ends.

ALL WERE DISAPPOINTED.

On last Friday evening, when the Man-on-the-band-stand heard the sighs and "Oh, my's" of the teachers before the exhibition began, sighs which portrayed that they thought there would be serious failures, and that the entertainment was not going to be worth a great deal, he thought, "Too bad!" But the old gentleman and all who heard the premonitory moans were agreeably disappointed at the results of the evening.

The first thing on the boards was an enlivening piece by the band, well executed. Although it was a new selection never having been tried but the day before, the time and tune stirred the souls as well as bodies of the audience.

Then the 580 arose and sang "Ring Merry School Bells" while the M. O. T. B. S. thought he would like to get some of the spirit of the band into the pupils, when they sing as a whole school.

Linnie Thompson was very womanly in her rendition of a bit of good advice, and little Irene Campbell was very cute and pretty in the way she mounted the high platform and spoke so clearly.

Ophelia King recited, after which the choir, as it always does, pleased the hearts of all.

Mary Jane Wren read well, a most excellent selection, showing the philosophy of looking on the bright side of things.

Susan Gibson spoke "When two ways meet" and the applause which followed had to be checked. The little folks of Nos. 13 and 14 all filed upon the stage and sang, and then marched off in good order to the playing of the piano.

Olive Yellow Face was a little frightened but she spoke well.

What seems to be a trait of the Indian boys and girls, worthy of commendation, is their ability to throw off all appearance of stage fright. Most of them maintain a dignity and coolness of bearing to be admired, even coveted.

Stephen Reuben was very earnest in his speech, although, to those who were not familiar with the selection, his words could not all be understood.

The piano duet by Misses Moore (instructor) and Nellie Robertson, class '90, was as pretty as could be. Nothing tiresome about it, and the notes were musical and sweet and lively and within the understanding and enjoyment of all who heard them.

Celicia Metoxen spoke almost too low for her hearers to get all she was saying on "Ability," but Minnie Findley's "October gave a party" was clear and clever.

And the choir's song, "Meet you by and by," which followed was up to the choir's mark.

Minnie Yandall's recitation, full of the right kind of advice, lacked force. The M. O. T. B. S. wished she had put some of the good advice in practice right then and there. The words were all right.

William Denomie's declamation entitled "Failures" was spoken with a purpose behind each word, while Philip Lavatta spoke too low and rapidly.

Arthur Johnson's declamation and the way

(Continued on the fourth page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY,

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

SET 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.

Napoleon the Great smoked tobacco but once.

Sarnia (Ont.) Reserve Indians held an agricultural show.

"I love the INDIAN HELPER. I am always anxious for my paper to come."—[Subscriber in Vermont.

An exchange says that a boy's quickest, surest means of becoming an angel is afforded by the cigarette.

If you do not wish for His kingdom don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do something more than pray for it; you must work for it—[J. Ruskin.

It takes but a moment to close the doors tight against temptation. And this is better than to live hours, days or years under the shadows of regret.

The Baltimore Methodist says: a dull razor is more apt to cut one's face than a sharp one, so is the criticisms of the ignorant more to be dreaded than those of the wise.

The weed and the Indian have the same cry: "Me hungry."

"Feed it hoe-cake," prescribes Dr. Mason.—[N. Y. Tribune.

"The HELPER, always interesting in its contents, has, in my judgment improved in its typographical appearance of late."—[Pastor of a Methodist Church, in N. J.

Mrs Jennings writes from Everett, near Boston, that she will probably spend the winter in that vicinity, and will avail herself of as many as possible of Boston's intellectual and amusement privileges.

Miss Cook says, "Can't do without my weekly peep into Carlisle doings," and so she renews her subscription to be sent to her temporary post of duty as telegrapher in the Interior Department at Washington.

Stacy Matlack, class '90, who was recently appointed disciplinarian of the Ft. Totten Indian school, writes: "Mr. Man-on-the-band-stand: I suppose you know what other people are doing as well as the Carlisle Indian school, especially old students who have once been members of your great school and who are now trying to use their little education which they received at Carlisle.

Eustace and I are trying to do the best we can at our daily work here. I think this would be a very good place for you to have a band stand, especially in the cold winter months when the thermometer stands 40 degrees below zero. The people interested in your papers are increasing, and I suppose you have to work hard adding new subscribers all the time. Here are two names, etc."

The picture which has appeared on our first page since the beginning of the present volume has seen its best days there having been seventy thousand impressions taken from its face. We now fall back on the plain letter heading, which with the cheap paper we run is more satisfactory. The picture received many compliments, but one can't live on compliments alone. We must have some stamina, and the soft metal face of an engraving is like some people's character. Too much "impression" wears it out.

Through Mr. L. L. Mason, Prof. R. R. Rogers and other kind friends at Jamestown, N. Y., a club of one hundred and twenty subscribers for the HELPER was received this week. The little paper goes into hundreds of Jamestown homes, and the children of that beautiful city are growing up in friendly relations with their Indian brothers. So mote it be, all over this great and good land.

A history of a Carlisle girl at home, making a story full of interesting incidents, and showing how she worked her way up out of the dirt, undergoing hardships and trials that would break down many a young girl of greater intelligence and experience, is on sale. Price 50 cents. By mail 57 cents. Address, INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

The Superintendent of the Pyramid Lake Indian School, in Nevada, says of the *Red Man*, "The paper deserves a large circulation, for it is well printed, and will keep its readers well informed on all matters connected with the Indian problem;" and in the letter he sends the subscription price, fifty cents a year.

The M. O. T. B. S. was greatly pleased to receive a letter from a prominent Major in the Army, who is in the War Department at Washington, saying, "I inclose ten cents to continue the INDIAN HELPER one year, with many thanks for the pleasure and interest it affords."

Miss Nana Pratt writes that she misses the little letter when it fails to reach her at the school she is attending in Germantown. The M. O. T. B. S. is always pleased when students find time to read and enjoy the HELPER, so he will give the matter his personal attention.

Miss Ely is expected this evening.

The small boys now take regular drill.

The turkey gobblers are taking on their Thanksgiving strut.

Mr. Reighter has made a good fit of the new uniforms for the band.

The October and November *Red Man* will appear as one number.

Richard Davis and family moved into their new house a few days ago.

Miss Cummins has been quite ill with quinsy, but is fast on the mend.

The Grand Officers of the Royal Arcanum of Pennsylvania visited the school on Thursday.

Yaame is getting to be an expert sodder, and the beauty of his work is, he plans for himself.

An old subscriber says "You will find enclosed ten cents for renewal of your charming little paper."

Have you stopped to think that Autumn, the prettiest season of the year is more than half gone and winter is close upon us?

They say that wild ducks are plentiful out on the creek. Sharpen up your arrows, make ready your bows, and let us have some!

Rev. Mr. Sheip, of the Reformed Church in Doylestown, visited the school on Wednesday. Mr. Sneid is Miss Meredith's pastor.

William Beaulieu plays the piano and Thomas Suckley the violin during the gymnastic drill, these mornings, which helps out wonderfully.

Miss Stanton, of Haskell, upon receiving notice that her HELPER subscription had expired replied, "Of course, I want to renew my subscription."

Rev. John O. Proctor, of Wooster, O., called at the printing-office, on Friday. He says there are several Indians attending the University there.

One of the boys at the hospital the other day upon being given some medicine in a capsule wanted to know if he must swallow the little glass box, too.

Dr. Edward T. Gibson, former Agency Physician of the Nez Perces, and wife, with Mrs. Curtis and son, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Standing, last Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. Dixon went to Philadelphia on Tuesday, taking with them Ambrose, to have his eyes examined, and bringing back Kate Hammond from the Wills' Eye Hospital.

One of the "preps" met his sister on the walk the other day and did not tip his hat. The M. O. T. B. S. wondered if it had been somebody else's sister, whether he would have done the same thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Coppock, of the Chilocco Indian School, in the Indian Territory, near Arkansas City, Kansas, were among the visitors in the early part of the week.

The printing office clock is alive again and on duty, showing how little we can set in 15 minutes or how long it takes to set a stick of type. Various other clocks have also been renovated by Mr. Conlyn of town, and made to go.

That was a fine ride to the mountains, in the four-horse coach Saturday which the little girls and a few small boys enjoyed. The boys went along to whip the chestnut trees, but not many of them were found. Pockets full of hickory nuts, however, were brought back.

The cold wave must have wakened old Santa Claus, for he is rubbing his eyes and beginning to whisper already what he is going to bring to his Carlisle Indian boys and girls if they are good. A wee bit of a cart load arrived this week, but of course we cannot tell what. This first load, though, was for the little girls.

One hundred and thirty-seven of our boys went to the lower farm on Saturday and hiked twenty-eight acres of corn. The boys had the privilege of taking away all the apples they could find, and the spectacle they presented on the home stretch was very amusing. Bags of every description from the pocket to the coat sleeve were improvised.

Over six hundred hearts were disappointed when they awoke last Thursday morning and found it raining. The picnic to Mt. Alto had to be indefinitely postponed. Everything was in readiness. The Railroad company had the cars provided and immense boxes of lunch were prepared at great labor. No company of students in the world could have taken the disappointment better, however. Not a word of complaint was uttered that the M. O. T. B. S. heard.

When the steam was turned on the new offices last Wednesday, it would not go into the coils and radiators. Every known means was resorted to, to persuade it along the pipes, when the discovery was made that the small boy had been practicing in the open main to see how far up the pipe he could throw baseballs, pieces of leather, stones and other "bric-a-brac" all of which had to be removed at considerable expense and delay. The steam now steams.

A creditable collection of work from the shops, the sewing-room, the "Wayside Gleaners" circle of King's Daughters and the hospital girls was sent to Miss Sparhawk for a fair which she is getting up to raise means for the circulation of reading matter among Indians. The Gleaners are busy with dainty bits of needle work which all may have a chance to see and buy later in the season. So they would have us save our pennies and nickles and dimes till toward Christmas.

The little pupils in Nos. 13 and 14 had a sprightly lesson on vegetables, the other day, and strange to say most of them wanted to talk about cabbage. They did talk and talk and ask questions and did not want to stop either when the twenty minutes were up. They had the real vegetables before them and could think of lots to say. The basket was passed around this week all through the school rooms, in several of which most excellent lessons were brought out. There is nothing more beneficial to our boys and girls than conversation lessons about practical things, and this is just as true in the higher departments as in the lower.

(Continued from the first page.)

it was rendered, made us fairly see John Maynard and the burning ship, and one's blood tingled with sympathy and admiration of the hero.

The school then sang, giving all a chance to stand and rest a few moments, after which Fred Big Horse, so tall and big, stepped manfully upon the platform and gave some of the struggles to win success; when another piece by the choir closed the exercises.

The boys marched out to the playing of the band, but mostly failed to keep step, then Dennison dismissed the band and with cornet in hand took his old stand by the piano. The girls kept excellent step as they passed out to the new and pretty march that Miss Moore and Dennison play together, a march which it seems we shall never tire of hearing. It is inspiring and when the pupils keep good step it is a pleasure to see the long line file out.

CAN'T WE INDIAN BOYS WHIP IT OUT?

The Man-on-the-band-stand knows that the boys who are using tobacco do not like to read any thing against it, but if they will read this little story about how the boys of a certain school out west did, he thinks they will be proud of the little fellow who started the scheme to rid his school of the hurtful stuff.

This is the way the story runs as we clipped it from the *Youth's Temperance Banner*:

In that school there was a twelve-year-old boy named Jim, who was neither handsome, nor well-dressed, nor bright at his books.

He was a slouching boy who pinched little boys and laughed, who always had dirty hands, and stood lowest in all examinations; and who sneaked off by the fence at recess to tell little boys things that were bad.

He did not know it, but anybody could have told just what kind of a boy he was by looking at him.

He thought no one could know if he did not tell.

His FACE told.

He carried to school cigarettes and pieces of cigars.

He persuaded some other boys to smoke, and one day they all went into the school-room making a very bad tobacco smell.

The teacher and the other children sniffed, and all eyes were turned on these boys.

The principal of the school came up, and he talked to them a long time about dirty habits, and meanness, and sneakiness, and untruthfulness.

One of the boys who had smoked felt ashamed, and resolved not to smoke again, but the others meant to keep on.

Jim brought more cigar ends and cigarettes, and more boys joined in, and it did not seem easy to detect the source of the trouble, and things went from bad to worse.

There was a boy in the school named Arthur. He was a very bright, jolly boy, with red cheeks and white teeth.

To see the boys in his school so taken up with cigarettes troubled him, and one night after he had gone to bed he said, "Mamma, what can I do about it?"

"Invite all the best boys you know, and your teacher, over here to-morrow after school," suggested his mother, "and you can tell the boys there will be refreshments."

Quite a large number of boys came, and John Davis was made chairman.

They talked and discussed and suggested.

They decided that on their next speaking day they would all speak things against the use of tobacco; that they would "talk up" to the boys who used tobacco, and that they would make fun of them and would refuse to let them play in their games, until they quit using tobacco anywhere around the school.

They did as they planned, and with so much determination, and got so much fun out of it, that they called themselves an anti-tobacco club and had badges; and eventually all the boys except Jim joined it, and he used no more tobacco where any of the boys could see him and jeer him.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 1, 6, 7, 3 to part with for money.

My 5, 2, 8 is the way "left" is generally pronounced by officers guiding a line of men.

My 4, 3, 6, 2 is to run away from.

My whole is what we learn at Carlisle above everything else.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS: 1. Wealth; 2. Ignorant; 3. Amendment; 4. Admirable; 5. Perfections; 6. Telegraphs; 7. Threats.

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 cent ast, 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 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, premium 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 same premium is given for ONE subscription and accompanying extra for postage as is offered for five names for the HELPER.