

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

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

VOL. XIII.

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NUMBER 10

OUR HEROES.

PHOEBE CARY.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers!
A cheer for the boy who says "no!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right.
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'er come in the fight.
"The right," be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

LEARNING A TRADE

The following clipping from Printer's Circular, while it refers only to the printing business is applicable to any trade where a young man desires to rise above the ranks of the "plodders" in his calling.

'Horace Greely never attained to eminence by merely being satisfied with the mechanical handling of types.

Such men do not spend all their earnings in flirting with the girls, spending their spare time at theatres or beer saloons, and the less drama, as well as the dram, the printer should do better.

Cultivate the mind; don't let it lie dormant, or worse than dormant, by the cultivation of the prevailing nonsense in conversation and in so-called "society"—squandering precious evenings in idleness or dissipation.

Reasonable recreation, at proper times, and within the confines of right and morality, being, of course, allowable and highly necessary.

The theory that an uncultivated, uneducated lad, by serving a given number of years in a printing-office, will become an intelligent and

educated man, is the simplest tomfoolery, and none but an unsophisticated young man would attempt to promulgate such moon-shine.

Steady, close application, with a firm will and determination to improve the mind and surmount every difficulty, and that only, will in some cases accomplish the desired result.

One can point out to-day hundreds of men at the case who have worked some considerable number of years, and yet they are far from being competent to 'read proof,' or fill the position as foreman.

The printer that is wanted around an office is a man who has correct and careful habits of thought; who is possessed with a mental determination to do everything well.

The boy who will always be found sweeping the dust and dirt from the corners will be the more likely to make a careful and artistic printer when he arrives at manhood, than the one who shirks his work of sweeping when he is not being carefully watched.

Nature produces so much that is second-rate, and below that grade, that it is no wonder a great deal of her bad work is found in the ranks of the printing fraternity.

But to the young man who learning a trade and who earnestly desires to "get up" in the business, we repeat:

'Cultivate the mind; don't let it lie dormant,' and if this advice is followed, the chances are more than even that you will attain your desire."

HE DID NOT LISTEN TO HIS DIRECTIONS.

One of our Indian boys in the country who understands English perfectly well, and thinks that he knows almost too much to be put on a farm to work, made a terrible mistake last Spring, through not listening when his employer told him what to do and how to do it.

(Continued on last 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-band-stand who is NOT an Indian.

Price—10 cents a year.

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

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss Marianna Burgess, Manager.

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office for if you have not paid for it some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

The Souvenir of 60 views is another nice Christmas present. 25 cents postage paid, or free for 10 subscriptions and 2 cents extra.

An item in answer to one signed Senior was handed in for publication, but it was thought best not to publish. The Man-on-the-band-stand does not wish to lend his columns to controversial bickerings.

The new Exquimau picture, 30 cents post paid, or FREE for 10 subscriptions, and 3 cents extra for postage, would make a fine Christmas present. The little things dressed in fur, look like small Santa Clauses from the North Pole.

Mr. Choate has just taken a photograph of the little Esquimaux as they looked on ship-board in native fur dress. It is 8x10, and interesting to look at. We have it on sale for 30 cents, or we will send it FREE for 10 new HELPER subscriptions and 3 cents extra to pay postage.

Miss Leah Myers, of West Pomfret Street, with a friend from a distance, visited the school last Thursday. Some of the old workers remember Miss Myers as little Leah, coming out frequently to see her uncle, Mr. Samuel Gould, the first financial clerk of the school. That was years ago, and the child has grown into a beautiful and dignified young woman. She still lives with her aunt at the old home of Mr. Gould. Mrs. Gould, she says, is not in good health.

If orators addressed only orators where would they find their audiences? And must a person be an orator to be a judge of good speaking? If musicians played or sang before musicians only, where would they find their audiences? And must a person necessarily be a musician to be a judge of tune and time? Must a person be a printer to be a judge of clean, straight printing? Must a person be a laundryman to be a judge of good washing and ironing? Must one be a dressmaker to be a judge of the fit of a dress? And so on, ad infinitum. Let common-sense answer these questions!

The friends of Miss Fannie Noble, who left the school about five years ago for other fields of labor, were greatly surprised, last Friday evening, on going in to supper at the teachers' club, to see her in her old position pouring tea and coffee. She received a warm welcome from her old friends. Since Miss Noble left the school her experiences have been many and varied. She has been south and far west in the Government service, and passed through a serious siege of illness, but at present looks better in health than ever, and will serve as matron of the Club for a time.

The Susans had a good meeting last Friday night. A lively discussion as to whether it were better to have a system of house-keeping taught here in the school than to have the same taught in the country, was entered into with earnestness. There was a good dialogue which brought out much laughter; several readings and recitations were listened to, and Miss Ericson spoke upon Christmas and Christmas legends in the old country, very interestingly. There were musical selections, and some speaking by Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, and Mr. Burgess.

Mr. Hendren, who has taught in No. 10 for the past two years, has been obliged to resign on account of poor health. Mr. and Mrs. Hendren leave for their former home in North Carolina, to-day, and Mr. Hendren's many friends unite in hoping that the salubrious air of the sunny south will restore him to health. Mrs. Hendren is a daughter of Representative Linney whose speech in the United States House of Representatives a few days ago was resounded throughout the land.

The school band will give a concert in the Opera House to-night in town, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Miss Phoebe Smith, of Harrisburg, will be the soloist of the occasion and will be accompanied by the band in some of her selections. She has a Mezzo-Soprano voice said to be of great sweetness and wonderful dramatic power. The band has some new pieces and no doubt will give its usual pleasure and satisfaction.

Prof. Rogers, Superintendent of the Jamestown, N. Y. schools, has again sent us a long list of subscriptions, numbering 142. The school youth of the city of Jamestown are gaining correct ideas of their red brethren through their wide-awake interest in the rising Indian of Carlisle. Buffalo Bill traditions will eventually pass out of their minds and the Red Man will be looked upon as any other being.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burgess, of San Francisco, left on Tuesday for Columbia County, this state, where they will spend a part of the winter. While visiting the school, Mr. Burgess, being an old newspaper man, spent most of his spare time in the printing office, where he was deeply interested in the way the Indian boys took hold of the work, and the results they achieve.

Both were profoundly impressed with the good work of the school, and having had years of experience among Indians on reservations are able judges as to best methods and means of carrying on Indian education.

James Johnson is a new printer, this week. Please do not send us Canada ten cent pieces.

Weather cooler.

Lafayette John is the name of a new boy.

The skating fever is on, but where is the ice?

Capt. Pratt has gone to Washington on business.

Dick Pratt of Steelton is here spending a few days.

A number of the teachers are planning to spend the holidays among friends.

Preparations are making for the monthly exhibition, to come off next Monday night.

No 10 passed their examination in music on Wednesday. Nos. 9 and 8 will follow in order.

The Juniors have begun book-keeping in earnest. Neatness and accuracy counts much in such work.

Miss Forster made a flying trip to Philadelphia, on Wednesday. Wonder if she saw Santa Claus down that way!

A roof to the upper balcony on Disciplinarian's quarters, is going on, making that building uniform with others in line.

Miss Forster's cousins, Miss Mazie Forster, of Aaronsburg, and Miss Sarah Van Valzah, of Spring Mills, were her guests one day this week.

The wagon-shop has a busy hum these days. A wagon was recently made and shipped to Ft. Apache; one to Ft. Mojave; and one will go forward to Yakima Agency, Washington.

Solomon Webster is making his home at Mr. George Hilton's two miles from town. He comes to school here each half day. That is an excellent home for any boy, and many have taken advantage of it.

Several have been confined to their rooms with fever and colds for a few days; among others Miss Cochran, and Miss Burgess, while Miss Cutter, Mr. St Cyr, and others have been under the weather but did not give up.

Mrs. Given and Miss Luckenbach came in from Harrisburg laden with packages, the other evening. The little boys are already beginning to pick up their ears for they have an idea that Santa Claus lives over that way somewhere.

Who is that loyal Standard who was opposed to the reception to be given by the Standard and Invincible Literary Societies but was too loyal to let it go without giving TWO CENTS when he had plenty of money in his pocket and in the bank?

Miss Shaffner and Miss Campbell went off on an escapade with old Santa Claus one day this week. They went in the direction of Harrisburg. Just wait! Maybe we shall learn about Christmas time, what they really did. Just now, everything is very secret.

On last Friday morning, Mr. Burgess gave an earnest talk to the children at the opening exercises of the school, upon the necessity of using their opportunities. On Monday, Mrs. Burgess spoke upon the guidance of the Spirit of God within us. Mr. Sowerby, gave a description of the George Vanderbilt estate, in North Carolina, on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Prof. Bakeless told of Nansen's expedition north.

Baby Wheelock is enjoying the spring-like weather, out in his little coach.

The HELPER will make a good Christmas present—one that will last the fifty-two weeks in the year.

Don't forget! Standingdeer prints your name very nicely upon 25 cards for 10 cents. By mail 12 cents.

Minnehaha and Walter Paul, Bertha Pierce and Jesse Jamison, all of New York State, entered the school this week.

The Standards and Invincibles give a joint reception to-morrow evening in the gymnasium at 7:30 to a large number of invited guests. A jolly good time is expected.

Robert E. Crow's father, who is a Cherokee, living in North Carolina, sent some fine apples to Capt. Pratt, and Robert gave some to the Man on-the-band-stand. The old gentleman is toothless, but he does enjoy scraped apple very much, and thanks the giver for the taste.

Magician Keene entertained the school on Monday evening. His tricks are certainly wonderful not to say uncanny. Some of the Indians in their native condition are quite magicians, and the older boys studied every movement of the performer with intensest interest.

The "character" party given by Miss Seneseny and her choir, wherein each member was to wear a costume representing some noted person, is in progress in the Teachers' parlor as we go to press Thursday evening. It is a unique affair, particulars concerning which will be given later.

Our fire-engine—Uncle Sam—got down to business the fore part of the week, pumping out cisterns. This is customary at this season. The cisterns are well washed out and then filled with winter rains. We are thus supplied with an abundance of excellent drinking water through the summer.

Fred Rickard has returned from his home in New York, looking hale and happy. The Rickard Bros.' father sent them a barrel of apples, and it is astonishing how many friends they had all of a sudden. Being generous hearted to a fault, we are afraid they robbed themselves. Their friends, however, are very grateful to be remembered.

The chalk-talk man, Prof. Little, of Washington, D. C., occupied Tuesday evening with lecture and chalk illustrations. Every now and then we note decided artistic talent in our Indian boys and girls, while all enjoy picture-making. Prof. Little's talks are always instructive as well as entertaining, and our school derives benefit from such an evening as he gave.

That was a very nice reception on Wednesday evening, in the S. L. Society Hall, given by Mr. Hendren's pupils, in his honor, on the eve of his departure. Games were played; Paul Hayne tendered a farewell address, which touched the hearts of all. Prof. Bakeless presented some books to Mr. and Mrs. Hendren, gifts of the class. Refreshments consisting of cake of the best kind, made by Sarah Kennedy and Dollie Wheelock, and ice-cream, were served. Mr. Hendren's address was full of feeling and wisdom.

(Continued from first page.)

"Take the rye all out of that wheat!" was the direction.

The boy stood looking at the farmer. He was looking at him with his eyes but not with his mind.

He, no doubt, was thinking how hard it was to always have to work. Or, he may have been away out home in his mind, attending some dance with his best girl. It is hard to tell what the boy was thinking about, but all he heard the man say was "rye," "out," "wheat."

He found a scythe and went to work, and after a reasonable time the farmer went to see how his boy was getting along.

What did he see?

To his utter amazement and grief he found that his Indian was cutting down all the fresh young wheat in the field.

There lay the work of hours of planting, weeks of growth, and dollars of money in a heap of waste.

It was a most depressing moment for the farmer. He was pale with disappointment, and heart-sick with grief.

"Why did you cut that wheat down?" he said sternly.

There was nothing to do or say. The boy expressed no regrets. If he had any thoughts at all it probably was that: "My boss is a very cross man."

Suppose the boy had destroyed 10 acres, with the yield as large as sometimes, say 40 bushels to the acre, then at one dollar a bushel the loss was \$400., all in a short time, and all from a little inattention.

The boy, were he a first class workman would have to work over 2 years for nothing, to pay the damage. He paid something, but the lesson of the story to us all must be:

Listen carefully to directions!

WILL POWER, AND OBSTINACY.

Gulielma Zollinger says:

The greatest safeguard God has given to man is his will.

A strong-willed person may be often disagreeable, but a weak-willed one is always in danger.

Now nobody likes to be thought weak-willed. And that is how, I suppose, that some have come to pride themselves on their strong will when, in reality they had no will—nothing, in fact but sheer obstinacy.

For a weak will and obstinacy often go together and are seen in the same person.

What is obstinacy?

Simply an unreasonable persistence in following one's own inclination, whatever that may be.

What is will power?

The ability to command one's self—to do what is best to be done, no matter how one is inclined.

Do you not see then how true will-power can have but one source, and that source is God, who gave it?

Whoever wishes to keep his will power through life must be a person of principle and one who relies implicitly on God.

SHE DID NOT GO CRAZY AFTER ALL.

An Indian girl from one of the schools in North West Territory recently attended an Indian dance at her home.

She says that it is the belief of the tribe that whoever spills a drop of gravy, during the progress of such a dance and the feast that follows will surely go crazy.

"I spilt some on purpose," she claims, "but I'm not crazy yet."

It is this education above the superstitions of the Indians that makes the returned Indian boy and girl unpopular in the tribe, and for that reason it is argued that schools at home are better for the children, than schools away.

A friend in the Indian Office, Washington, D. C., who has been there for many years, reads the HELPER regularly, and says he works out the Enigmas. He has found great enjoyment in working the following puzzle, and wonders if the Carlisle children would like to try it.

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Arrange 4 each of the numbers in the above square from 1 to 6, so that out of every possible addition up and down and corner ways all shall be even except 4. There are 26 additions possible, 22 should be even, 4 odd.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Dandelion.

ANSWER TO CHANGE: Vacation.