

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1887.

NUMBER 51.

THROUGH AND THROUGH.

A little thought and a little care,
A little tenderness now and then,
A gracious speech and a courtly air
May give one rank among gentlemen;
But he who merits the highest place,
Though clad in homespun he be, 'tis true
Is one who carries a heart of grace,
And is really a nobleman through and
through.

The tree is stunted, the vine is spoiled,
There's neither blossom, nor leaf, nor
fruit,

When the sap in its upward reach is foiled,
And fettered close in the tangled root.
And there's nothing sound, and there's
nothing strong,

There's nothing good, and there's
nothing true;

That is not honestly—right along—
Sweet and savory through and through.

[Scattered Seeds.]

MISS WILSON'S ACCOUNT OF HER TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

MR. MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND. DEAR SIR:

While my sister and I were in Scotland we received your papers all the same. It was a great pleasure to our friends and us, to hear about the Carlisle Indian School while we were absent. When we started for Scotland it was not our intention to travel over much of the country, but to get rested and see our old home and friends.

I have often heard it said that Scotland was a very rainy country. I know this to be a fact at times, but on this occasion, we had the pleasure of having a dry season. The weather could not have been more perfect.

After spending a short time with our friends in Paisley, we visited Edinburgh, Glasgow and a few places along the coast. These places are well worth a visit from tourists. Edinburgh particularly, is a fine city. From the Castle or Calton Hill you have a splendid view of the whole city without walking any great distance. Glasgow has not that advan-

tage. One has to travel through it to see points of interest.

The scenery along the western coast surpasses that of the Hudson River, with small islands, mountain peaks, lakes and bays, and health resorts, dotted here and there, which give that portion of the country a very picturesque appearance. At one of these islands we stayed till it was time for me to pack up and get ready for another ocean trip.

July 1st, I again found myself on the Steamship, State of Indiana, bound for New York. Leaving my sister behind for two months longer, I started on my journey alone, yet not alone. There were two ladies and two gentlemen on board who crossed with us on the last trip.

9:30 P. M. The steamer was now ready and we left the pier in Glasgow and moved slowly down the Clyde. Had a late supper, and went on deck till 11: P. M.

July 2d. Early in the morning we stopped at Larne in Ireland, to take on more passengers and freight. As we had to stay there all day, a party of six was made up and we started to have a drive, in a jaunty carriage, to the castle. With a sleek horse, and a good looking Irishman for a driver, we expected to have a good time, and so we had. Passing through the town, we drove along a well made road till we came to the stately old mansion, where we went through the private grounds and garden, and rested a little in a summer rustic house. Returning we stopped at a farm house, and had a drink of butter milk for which the farmer's wife would not take any money, but we paid her by leaving a few coppers in one of the mugs. From the ceiling, in the kitchen, a few hams were hanging, a brood of young chicks was there, but the pig was absent. We were pleased with our peep into the farmer's home. Returning, we got back to our steamer in time for dinner, after which we took a drive along the shore, and passed a neat looking village, and some stone quarries. Seated in a jaunty carriage back to back, without anything to lean against is more novel than comfortable, but in

Continued on Fourth Page.

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

The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents a piece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP of the WHOLE school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

A Child's Wise Speech.

Children see things as they are. They are often closer observers and wiser in what they say, than great men, even law makers.

A little son of one of Carlisle's pastors, who was serving us as chaplain, asked his father if he could go with him on Sunday afternoon to see the Indians. "Yes, you may go," said the minister. The little fellow not five years old, came with his father, and, as he sat in the chapel watching the students coming in for the afternoon service, whispered to his father, "Papa, where are the Indians?" "There they are. Don't you see them?"

"Why these are not Indians. They are men."

The little boy spoke a great truth. The larger part of those he saw had come to Carlisle real Indians, with long hair and feathers, with paint on their faces and wearing blankets. Many of them had not been in the school over eight months. Yet such a change had been made in their appearance that the little boy could see no difference between them and other boys and girls. Although their skins are dusky, their hair and eyes black, yet, they are men. They have souls to save. They have rights to respect. They have hands to be taught to work. They have

intellects to be educated and trained. They have all the faculties, feelings, ambitions and desires that go to make men.

No higher praise of the results of the work of Carlisle School could be spoken than that found in the words of this little boy's speech.

It has taken a long time to bring our law-makers and many of our people, to see what was plain to this little boy at first sight.

Our Government has never treated the Indians as men; always as tribes; never as individuals; the whole tendency has been to keep them Indians, in tribes.

If Carlisle is making MEN of the Indians she is fulfilling her high mission.

This has been her great aim from the first and we are glad and proud that it has been found out even by a little boy.

The 275 boys and girls who are in country homes, are getting the very experience that makes men and women, strong and true.

There are hundreds of boys and girls growing up, Indians, in their reservation homes, who could be made useful men and women, very soon, if the same means were used as are used at Carlisle.

"It's an ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good."

This is what the motherly matron of the little boys thinks.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks so too. He had a hard time keeping his place on the band-stand during the storm. The limbs of trees were flying through the air, the hail and rain were pelting him in the face, and made him feel like running away but he held on and was not hurt nor was his stand touched.

As soon as he could see, he peeped out and saw nearly one-half of the roof blown off of the little boys' quarters.

"Good, good," said he, "now the little boys will get new quarters. I know they will. Capt. Pratt will get the money some way."

And so he did, for the Commissioner granted the money for the new quarters when he heard that they were so badly damaged.

The girls got their quarters repaired and made as good as new, last summer, and the large boys by giving of their own money, and the help of their friends, are having nice large quarters put up for them, and there is the new gymnasium—Well, the Lord knew what the little boys needed and so He made necessary what the House, in both sessions of the last Congress, could not be made to feel was necessary, that the little boys' quarters also needed rebuilding badly.

The old man is very glad, because he likes to see the little boys made as comfortable as the girls and large boys.

Lawn Tennis again.

Only eight tables in the dining-room.

Brick-work has begun on the new gymnasium.

The roof on the school building is being repaired.

The bids for the school contracts were let, this week.

There will soon be nothing left of the little boys' quarters.

The blasts in the big cistern sometimes shake the whole garrison.

"After a storm comes a calm," and if it wasn't so hot the weather would be delightful.

The printers are very busy this week getting out both the *Morning Star* and INDIAN HELPER.

The girls will have to change mothers again next Monday, for Miss Phillips goes away on her vacation.

Rev. Group, who is acting as chaplain, this month, gave us a very interesting talk, last Sabbath afternoon.

Nearly all the Sioux boys on the grounds, attended the Episcopal Sunday School picnic, at Pine Grove, last Tuesday.

The girls were compelled to do another disagreeable duty this week, that of running the large press in printing the *Morning Star*.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thought the girls were more careful than the boys but he saw some of them on the wet grass, too, the other evening.

Mrs. Woodward, and her son Jesse, arrived last Wednesday evening from Washington, D. C.

Mr. Standing returned from his Indian Territory trip, last Friday evening. He has many interesting things to tell about our returned pupils and the condition of the tribes he visited.

Dennison Wheelock has charge of the INDIAN HELPER mail list now and he manages it very creditably. Taking care of 7000 subscriptions is no small job. He can mail as fast as the clerk now.

The boys and girls in the country will see a great many changes at the school, when they come back next September. The large boys' quarters have been built this summer and will be completed before September. The new gymnasium will also be completed about the same time, and the little boys' quarters will be building.

The Man-on-the-band-stand had to laugh when the Apache girls thought they were sitting down on a seat in the band-stand, but sat down on the floor.

Mr. Standing's talk last Sabbath evening, interested every one, especially the part about the Carlisle boy who was so strong. Many of the pupils who, at the school, were considered among the best of our pupils, have turned out badly, while others who were not so much thought of, have been the most active in working for the good of their people.

Capt. Pratt's gentlemanly little orderly, Siceni Nori, having to give up his room on account of the little boys' quarters being torn down, was given a bed in the room over the office with Joshua Given and Lewis Johnson.

He was missing the other night at taps, and Joshua and Miss Patterson were greatly troubled about him.

After a long hunt he was found at the hospital, and the following nice little note was afterwards found on the table explaining his absence.

"DEAR JOSHUA:

I will not be here to-night. I will go to hospital to sleep with one boy. Miss Wilson said so. Good night.

Siceni Nori."

A letter from J. H. Seger, telling of the death, by consumption, of Clay Ainsworth, a returned Arapahoe pupil, from this school, has been received.

Mr. Seger says: "Clay died while on his way from Darlington to Seger's Colony, which he was very anxious to reach, in order that he might see his father's farm and growing crops, before he died. This pleasure was denied him, as he died before he reached the Colony. He knew he was going to die and was reconciled. He called the Indians around him and told them not to mourn, as he was going to live with God, where he would always be happy. He wished word sent to Capt. Pratt, that he died a Christian and did not allow Indian medicine to be made over him. His father wished me to tell you that they gave him a white man's burial as near as possible, as they knew it was his wish. His father also said that although his son came home to die, he felt no regret at having sent him away to school, for, although his son failed to get the medicine that would make him live, yet he did get the medicine that made him willing to die."

Continued from First Page.

this way we had a good view of the high hills on one side, and the shore on the other with well cultivated tracts beyond. Stories that have been told about the Irish being dirty and lazy, could not be said of the people in that part of the country. We returned to our quarters with the feeling that we had been well repaid for our trip, by the pleasures we enjoyed.

9: P.M. We left Ireland to start on the ocean again. We had not gone far when we began to feel the discomforts of a sea voyage. I was fortunate in being only one day sea sick.

The first week of our journey we had head winds, nearly all the time. That kept us back and made the steamer rock and pitch a great deal. That is what may be expected in crossing the Atlantic.

During that time we could not be much on deck, but we enjoyed ourselves in various ways, in the ladies' room or saloon, sometimes visiting those who were not able to be out of their berths.

To those unaccustomed to ocean travel there is not always that amount of pleasure that might be expected. You retire to rest, but not always to sleep. Hour after hour passes, and you hear the watch bell on deck, striking every half hour as it passes, and the words, "all's well," called out in a clear tone, assures the passenger that there is no apparent danger, and he may rest contented till break of day, holding on perhaps lest he may find himself on the floor. Then he will see that all is indeed going on well.

9: P. M. We were four hours in passing the banks of Newfoundland, in a dense fog.

10th. Sailed under a cloudless sky. From this time on we enjoyed good weather. We saw porpoises leaping out of the water. Sea birds may be seen all the way. Icebergs and whales may be seen occasionally. We did not have the pleasure of seeing either. Passed sailing vessels and steamers along the way.

13th. 6: A. M. Pilot came on board.

14th. 1.30 P. M. Sighted land. 7: P. M. Arrived at the pier in New York. Here I bade my friends good bye, each one starting out for their own home. I spent one day in Newark, arriving at Carlisle on the 16th. My trip throughout was a very successful and pleasant one. I hope that some of our school friends may some time have the pleasures and experiences of an ocean trip. I can recommend the State Line as being first class in every respect.

Yours Respectfully,

M. WILSON.

BOYS, READ THIS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

[*Busy Bee.*]

PUZZLE CORNER

Enigma.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 18, 19, 4 is what we all like to be, this hot weather.

My 7, 5, 11, 13 is the name of a little girl on the grounds.

My 14, 8, 2, 3 is a word meaning not far.

My 16, 17, 12, 10 is the lower part of the face.

My 15, 20, 9, 11, 8, 6 is what the little folks like to take on the ice, in winter.

My whole is a familiar name to friends of the Indians.

Answers to last week's Puzzles.

WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS:

B A N D
U G L Y
R A R E
G O L D
E A S T
S E A T
S O F T

SQUARE WORD:

M I S S
I N T O
S T I R
S O R E

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.