

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 21, 1887.

NUMBER 11.

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming—

In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—

We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The fair for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story

The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains for blisses.

Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hat-
ing,

Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Cary.

A LETTER FROM A DEAR OLD LADY OF EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF JUDGE TOURGEE.

Her Early Experience with the Indians.

DEAR INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS:

Through Mr. D—— of James-
town, N. Y., I came acquainted with your
little paper, the INDIAN HELPER, and am
highly gratified to know that you are ambi-
tious to become educated.

I am an old lady, eighty years old next
April. My home is with my daughter, Mrs.
Judge Tourgee, of Mayvill, N. Y.

I was born in Canada, twenty miles west of
the great Niagara Falls, within distinct hear-
ing of its tremendous roaring sound.

From my earliest childhood's recollection
I have known your people.

On my father's farm in Canada, there was
a deep-sheltered, woody valley, where
several families of the Canadian Indians of
the Tuscarora tribe, with permission from my
father, put up their wigwams, and camped
through the winter months.

The snow often fell three or four feet deep,
and remained until March, and it was impos-
sible for the Indians to travel around much.

All the long cold months they busied them-
selves in making baskets and brooms of the
young hickory timber; but they never cut a
tree for their use without permission from my
father.

They were strictly honest and upright in
their transactions.

We children, and there were thirteen of us
—we little chaps used often go up to the wig-
wams evenings and stay for hours to watch
them at their work.

The little Indian boys tried to teach my
brothers their trade. They made little brooms
for the white people to use in sweeping up
their hearths of their great big fire-places.

In these fire-places the people would put
wood six and more feet long, and back logs so
big that my brothers were obliged to draw
them in the house on their hand sleds.

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The Indian Helper.

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

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.

People Who Learned To Work.

One wise regulation among the Jews insisted upon every boy learning a trade. It is not necessary that every boy who learns a trade should follow it all his life, but it is best to know THOROUGHLY some kind of work. It is only by this one can prove his fidelity and excellence.

Governor Palmer of Illinois was a country blacksmith once. A circuit judge in the central part of Illinois was once a tailor. Thomas Hoyne, a rich and eminent lawyer of the same state, was once a bookbinder. Erastus Corning of New York was too lame to do hard labor, and commenced as a shop-boy in Albany. When he applied for employment he was asked: "Why, my boy, what can you do?" "Can do what I am bid," was the answer that secured him a place.

Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, was a shoe-maker. Thurlow Weed was a Canal-boat driver and Stephen A. Douglas a cabinet maker. Large numbers of our prominent men now living have risen from humble life by dint of industry, without which talent is useless. Work alone makes men bright, and it does not alone depend upon the *kind* of work you have to do whether you rise or not. *It depends on how you do it.*

On Tuesday of this week, a large monument was unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, in memory to Gen. George G. Meade. How many of our boys and girls can tell us who Gen. Meade was, in what battle he took an active and prominent part, and for what he was especially noted.

Our Exhibition.

The exhibition last Friday night was the first this year, and was enjoyed by all. Staley gave us some good advice which we hope will be followed, and Bertha Nason's recitation pictured very plainly the death of the flowers. How we all laughed when Ambrose came up and how bravely he and Fred spoke their pieces. They have only known English for a few months, but they did not give up and say "I can't." Little Gertrude told us of the fate of "Mary Cary's Canaries," and Tawkieh's "Don't Crowd," and Parker's "Keeping At It," were lessons we might well heed. We were glad to hear Charlie Damon's voice speaking out so clearly and telling us how the old hermit overcame his faults.

Felix I. E. Feather's speech, and Charles Smith's recitation were nicely given and Florence Walton told very prettily "How the Leaves Came Down." But Oh! how pleased we all were with the singing by the four little people—Richenda, Annie, Johnnie and Don. If the little brown thrush had heard it we know he would have thought it as sweet as his own music. Lucinda Clinton gave us a very plainly recited poem, and Wm. C. Bull showed that he had put into practice the motto of his recitation and kept trying.

Albert Anderson's recitation came next, and was followed by Howard Logan with an excellent speech. Abe Somers and Dessie Prescott gave the last recitations, both very good. The choir showed that they were in practice again, and we shall look forward to the next entertainment.

Miss Wylie of Newtown spent Saturday and Sunday with us, stopping off on her return from Luray. Miss Wylie has charge of the Indian classes in the Newtown Sunday School and the hearty welcome given her by the boys whom she has taught, showed how much her work is appreciated.

The following named boys and girls came in from farms since the 6th inst.—John Pullim, Kowice, Laban Locojim, Mark White-shield, Charley Carr, Eugene Tahkapar, Annie Boswell, and Nellie Carey.

Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Supt. of Home Missions in the Eastern Division of the Reformed Church, gave us a very able talk last Sunday afternoon.

Indian language is good enough on reservation, but dead outside.

Frost!
Sunshine!
Falling leaves!
Time to go nutting.

The work in the Gymnasium is going on rapidly.

Teacher: "What is a skeleton?"
Small Boy: "A bone man."

Miss Burgess has gone to see Miss Carter. Hope she will tell us what she sees by the way.

Was that a bumble-bee that Jack found when he climbed up on the fence? It kissed him in a way he didn't like.

Miss Patton, of Lewistown, Pa., visited us this week, the guest of our girl's school-mother, Miss Irvine.

Miss Patterson is happy because she can go upstairs in the new Quarters. They are almost ready to plaster the walls.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt went to Phila., to attend the unveiling of the monument that has been erected there to Gen. Meade.

Rev. J. B. Brenneman, of Newton-Hamilton, Pa., who was connected with our Y. M. C. A. last year, called to see us the other day.

That girl is going to learn who says to her friend: "I think of my lessons as soon I get up, and even when I eat. Oh! I wish I learn very fast, just like I eat."

Ben Damon, one of our Navajo boys, came in from a farm last week, and left next day for his home at Ft. Defiance, Arizona, where he will be employed as interpreter.

Robert Burdette, one of the best known newspaper writers of the day, will lecture in Bosler Hall, Carlisle, this evening. Our more advanced boys and girls should make a great effort to hear him.

On Saturday we had a visit from the members of the Select Council of Philadelphia, and their wives. They visited the Printing Office, Laundry, Sewing Room and Shops, and then left for Gettysburg.

One of the little boys who went to a farm last summer from the Small Boys' Quarters, returned the other night about ten o'clock but couldn't find his room in the building that is now going up. After wandering around awhile and getting but cold comfort from the stars and bare walls, he found his way to the Large Boys' Quarters, where one of his friends took him in for the night.

The roof of the Small Boy's Quarters is almost on.

Mrs. Campbell went to Lancaster Saturday, to visit her father.

The little boys have to sweep fast now-a-days to get ahead of the falling leaves.

Boys, all go to the debating to-night. Show yourselves on which side of the question you belong.

Loomis Smith, Madoc Wind, Frank Tourey and Etta Robertson have gone out to places in the country.

Yesterday we had a visit from a large party representing the Charitable Institutions of Pennsylvania, who had been in Convention at Gettysburg.

BORN:—Oct. 13th, to Neal and Annette Sose, a daughter. The father and mother are Chiricahua Apaches who came to us from Florida last May.

Take care of your clothes. When you have a pair of new shoes, or new hat, or anything else *take care* of it, and keep it *neat* and *nice* as long as possible.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that the boys ought to organize a society called the "Band of Mercy." A kind lady in N. Y. City promises to send some badges and a dozen hymn books for the society.

The Man-on-the-band-stand likes to look into the Hospital kitchen and see how cheerfully and efficiently Nancy Cornelius does her work. And when her work is done she studies just as faithfully. Nancy is bound to succeed.

Don wanted to look around, and put his head out of the car window. But how frightened he was when his pretty new hat blew off, and how he screamed: "Oh! Mamma, Mamma! Pull the bell quick! Pull the bell quick, and stop the cars, I've lost my hat!" But the train was running at full speed and Don had to leave his hat behind him.

If the girls had some such arrangements for filing papers and periodicals convenient for daily reading, as Mr. Campbell has fixed for the boys, it would be nice indeed. Girls! You need to read, too. Spend some of your money for papers instead of ribbons, and don't let the boys get ahead in anything. Maybe, if you should ask Wm. Steele to make another rack for paper files, he might try harder and make even a better one than the very complete article he made for the boys.

Continued from the First Page.

Evenings after my brothers came home from school the Indian boys would come down from their camps and offered to help cut the fire-wood, and they had good sport to see who could cut the log off the quickest.

They had jolly times helping brothers draw it in the house, after, which mother would say to these boys, "Now, come into the kitchen and have a dish of corn mush and milk with my boys as you have well earned your supper."

The Indian boys enjoyed this hugely.

Then when the supper was all cleared away and the children had the kitchen all to themselves, brothers would bring out of the cellar a basket of apples and nuts from the garret, and such a jolly evening we would have! We little girls were always allowed to join in the fun, after our parents and older sisters had gone into the sitting room. Mother spent the evening with her little spinning-wheel, spinning flax, father with his Bible and my older sisters with knitting their own brothers' stockings.

* * * * *

I feel great interest in the welfare of your people, and if I were ten years younger I would offer my service as teacher. It would be the delight of my heart to assist in teaching the descendants of my childhood's playmates.

Persevere my dear young friends, and the good Heavenly Father will surely reward your laudable efforts.

My earnest prayer to God will ever be that you may earnestly seek to know him in spirit and in truth, and become humble followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, our Pattern.

You must also join the great temperance army, and never touch whiskey or tobacco.

Be honest and true and God will surely bless you.

A letter from Thomas Kester, from the Pawnee Agency, Ind. Ter., says that he is now employed at the school, and Abram Platt is making an excellent record there as carpenter. Our little paper reached there regularly and he is glad to get it. It is like a letter. His many friends here are glad that Thomas has recovered his health.

There is a saying in South America that the reason why Englishmen and Americans thrive so well is because they have mastered English. After English nothing is impossible.—BISHOP FOWLER.

A letter from Clarence Three Stars, returned Sioux pupil, now assistant in the Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., boarding school, plainly shows on which side of the fence he is, upon the question "Is it right to stop the teaching of the Indian languages in Indian schools?" As we expect to print extracts from the best of these letters in the November *Morning Star*, and as Clarence's communication is among the best, we will not say on which side he asserts himself, before the readers of the *Star* have a chance to see for themselves.

Alice Wynn, one of our Sioux girls who went home last summer, now lives with Rev. Chas. Smith Cook, the native missionary at Pine Ridge Agency, Dak. She is glad to be able to do the house work in such a nice home, and says that her bread has been praised more than once. Her letter contains a very interesting item of news, "I would like to tell you," says Alice, "that Mrs. Cook has a little boy. The baby is just one week old."

It would be well if we would all learn the poem on our first page, this week. It has been printed a great many times in newspapers, but being so excellent it never grows old. Learn it!

Capt. Thornton and party of select councilmen from Philadelphia with their ladies, visited the school on Saturday.

It is queer that Queen Victoria did not confer the Order of the Bath on some of Buffalo Bill's Indians.—*Pittsburgh Chroni.*

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.

AT the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Morning Star**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters, and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

Sample copies sent free.

Address, MORNING STAR, CARLISLE, PA.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Star** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER