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The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME IV.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1888.

NUMBER 16

JUDGE WRIGHT'S FAREWELL.

READ BY HIM BEFORE OUR STUDENTS LAST
SATURDAY NIGHT,

Farewell to the boys who have come from the West,
Where the broad prairie bears on its beautiful breast
Wild flowers, which blossom unseen but to fade,
When the blasts of the North-wind their country invade.

Adieu, to the maidens who hail from the land
Of Dakotas, Ojibways, Arapahoes, and
Cheyennes, Comanches, Apaches and Creek,
Who came to the East, light and learning to seek.

Good bye, Menominees, Crows and Quapaws,
Oneidas, Pawnees, Osages, and Kaws,
Winnebagoes, Wyandottes, Kiowas, Lipan,
I offer you all a warm shake of the hand.

Miamis, Nez Percés, Pueblos, Gros Ventres,
I bid you fare-well, I must soon journey on,
Iowas, and Keechies, Onondagas, Poncas,
Seminoles, Senecas and Wichitas.

Modocs, Navajos, Shoshones, Caddoes,
Your friend must depart, but wherever he goes,
He long will remember the days he has spent
In your midst, and the sunshine to him you have lent.

Ah, woman! In other lands loved and caressed,
In yours but the victims of toil and unrest;
Sunshine and joy from her countenance fled,
And hope in her bosom lies withered and dead.

Long ages of darkness, of gloom and of tears,
Have shadowed your pathway; long wearisome years
Of battle and strife, twixt your kinsman and foes
Have brought to your humble camps sorrows and woes.

The cloud which so long has hung over your race
Is beginning to part, and the light in its place
Is coming to shine with a radiance divine,
And raise you and bring you to Truth's holy shrine.

May the lessons of wisdom here offered you free,
So fit you through life your pathway to see,
That the world's battles with faith you may fight,
And victory win neath the banner of Right.

Bold sons of the Eagle, the Hawk and the Crane,
Of Thunder and Lightning, of Sky and of Rain,
Fair daughters of Bright Eyes, Laughing Water, and you,
Daughters of Morning Star, White Swan, adieu.

Farewell to you, boys; go ahead with the fight,
For false hood and error must fall before right;
Stand firm to your colors, nor tremble or quail,
Let there be no such word in your language as fail.

Wheresoever in future my foot-steps may stray,
Though high be my hopes, or though dark be my way,
I shall never forget your bright faces nor rue
The fortune that brought me to Carlisle and you.

A BOY WHO COULD BE TRUSTED.

A farmer's boy overheard Lee talking to his generals on the street before the march to Gettysburg.

As soon as he learned where they were going he sent a dispatch to the governor.

The governor sent for the boy, who came by special train.

When he had told his story, the governor said: "I would give my right hand to know that this lad tells the truth."

A corporal standing near said: "I know that boy. I live in the same neighborhood. There is not a drop of false blood in his veins."

The governor believed him, and in fifteen minutes the Union troops were on the march toward Gettysburg.

A good name is the best thing a boy can have.

UP HILL WORK FOR INDIANS.

A friend of the Indian who has charge of a branch of the work in Indian Territory, writes:

I am doing my utmost to hold on to the boys that return from Carlisle, Haskell and other schools to prevent their returning to camp life, but the task is difficult as all cannot receive positions.

Since January, 1887, I have bought for my boys thirty-two head of mules, and they pay for the same on time, with freighting, breaking and the salaries which they may receive as employes and policemen etc., and they pay for the same generally in one year's time.

It is a hard matter to find men who are willing to sell mules to Indians on time, but I have been fortunate in my endeavors in that line. In future not a pound of freight will be hauled by white men to C——. The Indian boys can do it all, with the assistance of other Indians when roads are favorable to their pony teams.

The United States made a failure in trying to educate C. B. D. He is about the only failure I have. I broke him a farm of ten acres, but he will not work it and refuses to wear citizen's clothing.

To Be Exchanged.—A good thorough education in return for steady application to studies.

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER 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.

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.

Constant Bread writes from his home at San Carlos, Arizona, that he is well and still employed as interpreter.

We occasionally hear from William and Lizzie Brown, now at Pine Ridge Agency, that they are happy in their new home and find plenty to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schweigman are busy getting ready for the entertainment of Mr. Campbell when he arrives at Rosebud, Dak. from Crow Agency Montana.

THE Pratt Institute for Industrial Education at Brooklyn, N. Y., is the largest institution of its kind in the world. For a moderate tuition it furnishes to students of both sexes instruction in most of the trades and arts in which working people engage. Mr. Charles Pratt, the founder, rose to wealth and eminence by hard work and severe economy. This institution was the dream of his youth.

The letter on the first page, over which we placed the heading, "Up hill work for Indians," brings to mind that the thought of "doing our utmost to hold the boys up and prevent them returning to camp life" does not enter the minds of the workers at Carlisle. In this industrial "environment" the boys themselves do not think of camp life. In these surroundings we don't refuse to wear citizen's clothes. We would be ashamed to wear anything else.

Let us remain where industry and thrift are beckoning us on, and we shall not trouble our friends to hold us up to prevent our going back to camp life.

The earnest, anxious, hardworking gentlemen who wrote the letter has our sincere thanks and sympathy in his great undertaking.

JOHN LONDROSH DEAD.

John Londrosh, but a week ago apparently strong and vigorous in health now lies dead. He went to the hospital last Thursday with symptoms of Typhoid fever. The disease went to his brain causing congestion and death. On Monday at one o'clock he passed away.

John was a beloved pupil of our school. His quiet manly bearing and loving heart endeared him to all who knew him.

The memorial services held in the Chapel, the Rev. Dr. Norcross officiating, were touching and beautiful.

Floral offerings from our Y. M. C. A., of which John was a member, others from the girls' quarters and some from the teachers and officers completely covered the casket containing the remains.

The students of the school contributed towards sending the body to his home at Winnebago Agency, Nebraska.

Cecelia, his sister, was on her way to the school before the telegram of the sad news reached the Agency. Her grief on finding that her brother is no more was peculiarly hard, and she has the sincere sympathy of her school mates and friends.

To the fond and grieved mother at home, and to the sorrowing sister and brothers, we as a school extend a warm hand of sympathy and love.

The Right Spirit.

Nellie Carey writes from her farm home that she has received a damaged copy of the *Red Man*. She knows that we send such to our pupils free, and immediately on the receipt of one, sent fifty cents with the words, "I don't want any damaged copy sent to me as long as these hands of mine can earn fifty cents. I read the *Red Man* through before I put it away, and if I don't understand it the first time I read it over again and get the meaning of it. I enjoy reading it every month."

Stephen Harding of Camden, N. J., has sent us, within the past two weeks, forty-three subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER and has received all of the premiums mentioned in our Standing Offer, so that we feel we may have many friends in Camden, both through the papers and the pictures.

Miss Booth's many friends at our school sympathize with her grief at the loss by death of her much beloved uncle, Mr. Vincent Til-you at Englewood, N. J.

Robt. Matthews is now one of the printers.

The girls' quarters have a type-writer now. How fine!

Miss Lizzie Bender spent Sunday with friends in the country.

The shinny craze didn't last long. Guess the snow put a stop to it.

We are buying some new type to keep the *Red Man* dress in repair.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt are away for a little rest. They are with friends and relatives in Jamestown, N. Y.

It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. Luther Standing Bear of Rosebud Agency, Dak., have another little baby.

Home letters on Monday: Let each scholar try to have as few mistakes as possible, and make the letters bright and newsy.

There will be a public sale of condemned property, on Saturday December 15th, at our school. A rare chance to buy a Christmas present.

New oil-cloth covers for the dining-room tables were tacked on, Wednesday, and they helped to make the Thanksgiving dinner look all the nicer.

The fire-plugs have all been dressed up in their winter overcoats. If a fire should break out, however, it would not take long to get their coats off.

Quoits, bones, and shinny have been the out-door sports in order, and then the snow came, and the boys had a chance to test their ability to dodge snowballs.

Mr. Campbell and Carl Lieder up in Montana are finding the work of gathering pupils for Carlisle a pretty cool kind of business at this time of year. Hope they will not freeze their noses and "toeses."

Judge Wright's poem last Saturday night was received with enthusiastic applause on the part of the audience. The Judge left for Washington on Monday. We hope he will come soon to see us again and do as he promised—bring his wife and daughters.

Thanksgiving Day was appropriately observed at the school. The students and faculty assembled in the Chapel in the morning to take part in the beautiful service planned and arranged especially for the school by Miss Fisher and Miss Booth. Later in the day, the students assembled in the dining-hall and took extremely active part in the good dinner prepared for them by Miss Noble.

Mrs. Campbell's father and sister Miss Edith arrived from Lancaster, Tuesday.

Miss Seabrook spent Thanksgiving vacation at home at Emmittsburg, Md.

Miss Shears spent the Thanksgiving holiday with Miss Leverett at Emmittsburg.

Bruce was made happy on Tuesday morning, by receiving a present of a pair of rubber boots.

No school, from Wednesday until Monday morning. Boys and girls enjoy your holiday and be fresh and ready for work on Monday.

Dr. Agnew, now of Philadelphia, formerly of Newtown, and neighbor of Prof. Woodruff there, visited the school on Saturday.

James B. Given, who was routed out of his cozy office to make room for the printers is now comfortably fixed in a corner of the carpenter-shop.

One of the pleasures of the week is to take a walk over the new school building. The building is not quite complete, but we can see just how nice everything is to be, and our hearts are teeming over with anxiety to get into it.

Persis Bighair returned to the school from her country home. She comes back with a splendid name as a housekeeper. Very little about house-work and plain cooking that she is not able to do.

Yamie Leeds still holds the position of mailer. If any of the boys wish to subscribe for the *Red Man* he will be glad to take their names with an order to get the money from the school bank, and will attend to the business promptly.

Chas. Wheelock one day this week, lost a part of one of the best friends he ever had. An ill-meaning iron that he was handling while at work about the steam-boilers jumped from its position and struck Charlie in the mouth, taking away part of his splendid strong front tooth.

The pupils of No. 1 school gave a pleasing and novel entertainment, last Friday morning. The performers were the wee ones of the school from four-years-old Irene to those who had not yet reached the age of a dozen years.

The program was gotten up without any assistance from older and wiser heads and consisted of speeches, recitations, gymnastics and a drill probably more pleasing to themselves than to the listeners.

No one was especially invited, but all were welcome who chose to go. A number of the faculty and visitors also were present. The audience was quiet and attentive and showed its appreciation in well-bred applause.

THANKSGIVING.

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that
is reaped,

For the labor well done, and the barns that
are heaped,

For the sun and the dew and the sweet hon-
ey comb,

For the rose and the song and the harvest
brought home—

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in
our land,

For the cunning and strength of the working-
man's hand.

For the good that our artists' and poets have
taught,

For the friendship that hope and affection
have brought—

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are
blest,

For the season of plenty and well deserved
rest,

For our country extended from sea unto sea,
The land that is known as the "Land of the
Free"—

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

WHY THE PILGRIMS GAVE THANKS.

The Pilgrim Fathers, after ten months of
sickness and suffering, gathered in their first
harvest, which consisted of twenty acres of
corn, and six of barley and peas, enough to
keep them supplied with food for the coming
year.

For this they devoutly thanked God and
made preparations for a feast.

Hunters were sent out to procure the thanks-
giving dinner, and returned with water-fowl,
wild turkey and venison.

Then the feast was prepared and Massasoit
and ninety of his warriors were present.

On the following year there was such a long
drought that the corn and barley were stunted
and famine seemed to stare them in the face.

A day of fasting and prayer was appointed
and for nine hours the people prayed unceas-
ingly.

At evening the sun set in clouds, a breeze
sprang up, and in the morning the rain was
pouring down.

The crops revived and there was a bount-
eous harvest.

For this a day of thanksgiving was ordered
by Governor Bradford.

Be very careful what you say,
Be careful what you think;
But every night and every day
Be careful what you drink.

THE FIRST NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

The immediate occasion of the first thanks-
giving was the surrender of General Burgoyne
to General Gates, in the fall of 1777.

Thursday, the 18th of December, was desig-
nated, and in compliance with the order of
Congress, the army at Valley Forge duly ob-
served the day—the army that had tracked
its way in blood.

It was ordered by the Continental Con-
gress.

"I am not going to school any more," said
a four year-old to his mother after his first
day at the kindergarten.

"Why not, my dear? Don't you like to see
the little boys and girls?"

"Yes, but I don't want to go," persisted the
boy, "because the teacher says that to-morrow
she is going to try to put an idea into my
head."

Enigma.

I am made of 13 letters.

My 2, 12, 3, 5, 7, is what a sociable is some-
times called and what we all enjoy.

My 10, 4, 9, 8, is an animal that can run
fast, and leap far, and is excellent eating.

My 11, 1, 6, is the kind of animal that
Richenda likes.

My 13, 4, 5, is what Irene is to her Mamma.

My whole is what Miss Campbell made for
baby Eunice.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.—New
Uniforms.

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 photo-
graphs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he
arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece

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.

Persons sending clubs must send all the
names at once.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page
quarto of standard size, called **The Red Man**, 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.

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

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.