

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME VI.

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NUMBER 10.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

DON'T look for the flaws as you go
through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in the shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life
long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite.
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHAT HAPPENS WITH OUR PASSIONS.

There was once an old teacher who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side.

The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand.

The first was just beginning to peep above the ground.

The second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth.

The third was a small shrub.

Whilst the fourth and last was a full-sized tree.

Then the old man said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength

and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree (grasped in the arms of the youth) scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old man explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This my son, is just what happens with our passions.

When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up.

But if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them.

The Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out."

WORDS OF GOLD.

A celebrated Bishop in speaking of the African race says:

"When, at the last commencement of Harvard University, I saw a young colored man appear as the class orator, and heard his brilliant and eloquent address, I said to myself, 'Here is what an historic race can do if it has a clear field, a high purpose, and a resolute will.'

'A high purpose and a resolute will.'

I wish I could tell you how these can best be attained.

But, though that is a task too large for these limits, I should at least like to say to every youth of the African race to whom these words may come.

'Hate ease and indolence!

Cultivate the acquaintance, in books and out of them, of minds inspired by a lofty purpose and an unselfish spirit, and then resolve to be like them.

Above all, remember that that alone is true religion which illustrates itself in conduct.

Not profession but practice, not noise but service, not experiences, but achievements, are what the world waits to see as evidence that any man or woman is truly religious.

We cannot wholly expel prejudice, but

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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Price:—10 cents a year.

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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.

The election returns on Wednesday morning made all the Democrats in our school rejoice.

The coming *Red Man* will contain the Eleventh Annual Report of the Carlisle Indian School. An interesting feature of the report is that it gives the history of the beginning of our work.

A letter from Percy Kable who is working at the Cheyenne School, teaching the tailor trade which he learned at Carlisle, expresses much gratitude to Mr. Reighter for teaching him so well. He speaks of Paul Boynton, Robert Burns, Henry North and Leonard Tyler as doing well at their work.

Last Saturday night being the Eleventh Anniversary of the opening of the Educational Department of our school, scenes of those early days were reproduced upon the stage carrying the old workers back in memory to the times when to progress, meant great effort through difficulties which seem now insurmountable. The school scenes, the first of which told the story of the trials of the first day when all the pupils were in blankets and knew no English, kept the five hundred lookers-on in a roar of laughter, the real enactment of which, however, by the very same teacher eleven years ago was anything but funny. Mark Evarts made a capital make-believe interpreter, and the best impersonator of the old Indian was David Abraham, but every one of the sixteen boys and girls in the school did his or her part beautifully.

The second scene represented the school six months after, when order had been attained and visitors with their funny questions flocked through, escorted by dear Miss Semple whose part Miss Cook impersonated to perfection. Quite the feature of the evening, however, was the closing piece of music played upon the Humanum Organum a most wonderful instrument gotten up for the occasion. The reeds and keys were the heads and mouths of eleven of our teachers arranged in a row behind a curtain which concealed the rest of their bodies. Miss Moore was the beautiful Spanish performer and the way in which she managed the instrument brought down the house. The evening will long be remembered.

Fire.

At about eleven o'clock on Monday night the school was startled by the ringing of bells and the cry of "Fire!" Looking out from the teachers' quarters over the boys' quarters the flames seemed to dart up from the printing-office, and the chief clerk might have been seen wending her way in some haste at that mid-night hour to save the subscription books and what else she could, but it was soon discovered that the fire was from the barn on the farm a quarter of a mile beyond, on the pike. The Indian boys, always on the alert and ready for such emergencies were out in a surprisingly quick time, and had two streams of water playing upon the flames with their reliable hand-engine, 'Uncle Sam' but, the flames had acquired too much headway, however, to be stopped, and the barn was utterly consumed, although some adjoining sheds were saved. The town papers say:

When the Empire Hook and Ladder Company and the crowd arrived on the scene the Indian boys, with their fire department were already there and throwing two streams of water and doing noble work in extinguishing the flames.—[*Republican*].

The fire company at the Indian School turned out and did good work, throwing several streams on the fire. The Indian boys worked very hard to save the building, and Mrs. Miller desires us to express her thanks for their noble efforts. All the horses were taken out, and the cattle fortunately, were in the fields.—[*Sentinel*].

We thought that Miss Shears was a beautiful performer upon the piano before she left us two years ago. After almost incessant practice of five and six hours daily, ever since she left, she thinks if she only had enough time and money she might possibly learn how to play. This is a great lesson for those of us who are getting on toward the top of the Carlisle course of study, and think we know something. The brightest of us are yet as babes knowing nothing, and the sooner we get the "puffed-up-ness" out of us, the better. Miss Shears desires to be remembered to all her friends at Carlisle, and we are sure her old pupils who dearly loved their teacher, and her many friends, are glad to hear that she is well and happy.

The many friends of our former Principal, Miss Semple, will be glad to learn that she is in much better health than when she left Carlisle, several years ago.

The college boys play foot ball to-day, and the Indian boys husk corn. Perhaps the Indian boys are not quite civilized yet.

—[Saturday's *Sentinel*].

Fifty copies of "Black Beauty" have been received and will be used in the school-rooms for supplementary reading.

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 Standard Ours for the **HELPER**.

Address THE RED MAN Carlisle, Pa.

Snow?

Guess so.

It's in the air.

Or else it's rain.

Miss Clay has left.

Chrysanthemums are worn.

The fly is buzzing his fare-well.

The Montana boys don't want snow.

Next holiday will be Thanksgiving.

The sparrow is hunting its winter home.

The only real kings are those who rule themselves.

Isn't it funny that a person of loose habits is called fast?

As we go to press Mr. and Mrs. Standing and Jack arrive from Northern Michigan, bringing with them ten boys and six girls.

Miss Ely returned on Monday evening, looking rested and well after a month's vacation, the most of which was spent among friends in Kansas.

Considerably over a hundred of the pupils and teachers attended the concert given in town Wednesday night by the Lotus Glee Club in the Opera house.

Chester Cornelius has been the rounds among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe boys in the country to secure their signatures to an important treaty paper sent by their home people.

Rev. L. W. B. Long, of many years' experience among Indians in Indian Territory, arrived on Saturday with thirteen boys and one girl from the Osage Agency, Indian Territory. Alice Longpole, Benjamin Harrison and Amos Hamilton were the old pupils of the party.

That was a very unwise thing for the guard, the night of the fire, to leave their post. At some institutions such a proceeding would bring upon their heads severe punishment. Of course it was thoughtlessness on the part of the sergeant of the guard, but that is the trouble. We MUST think.

Mr. Potter arrived on Tuesday morning looking hale and hearty. He has been visiting the home of his childhood in Canada, and goes in a few days to his present abode, the future city of greatness, El Reno, Oklahoma. Mr. Potter can be no more welcome anywhere than at the Carlisle Indian School.

Mr. Stewart, M.P., from Southwick, Dumfries, Scotland, accompanied by Mrs. Stewart and their three daughters visited the school on Tuesday, and seemed to take great interest in the fact that the United States Government was making such a liberal and humane effort to advance the civilization of the Indians. Mr. Stewart made a pleasant and encouraging address to the students as they were assembled in the dining-hall for supper and was loudly applauded. General McFeely, late Commissary General of the United States Army was present and added a few words of encouragement and contrast from his many years service among the Indians.

Nellie Robertson now goes to Metzger.

Alice Longpole says Peliza is married.

Wonder if Mr. Morrett would like to have Hallow E'en come often!

The Hallow E'en performances in the small boys' quarters were great.

The new chimney on the Captain's house looks like an old fashion wind-mill, minus the wheel.

The teachers were glad to receive a copy each of Prof. Little's excellent Handbook of Illustrative Drawing.

Florence Walton has reached her new home in Maryland and is well spoken of by the lady with whom she is living.

Mrs. Bailey, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. H. S. Keyser, of Milton, Florida, accompanied by Miss Irvine of town, visited the school on Monday.

Samuel Six Killer and Malcolm Clarke two of our little printers, have been down with colds, but are out again, thanks to good doctoring and nursing.

Casper Edson and Chas. Istee have come in from country homes. We do not wish to blacken the columns of our paper by printing the names of three who came in, in disgrace.

On Saturday, a hundred of our boys left the school grounds at seven o'clock, in the morning, marched to the Middlesex farm, a distance of three miles, husked 27 acres of corn and were back at the school shortly after 12 o'clock.

As we go to press the Lotus Glee Club of Boston, who gave an entertainment Wednesday night in town, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., are singing for our pupils. We are greatly favored to be able to hear such renowned singers.

The young men of the Y. M. C. A. of our school held sway at the Sunday evening service, especially those who had visited the State Convention at Danville. A number of the boys gave very interesting descriptions of their visit and the part they took in the Convention.

Albert Bishop and Bemos Pierce, Senecas from New York have entered Carlisle as pupils. Albert enters class '92 while Bemos begins in Third grade, No. 6, but will work ahead of his class very soon and enter a higher grade. Both are gentlemanly and bright and will be acceptable additions to our school.

Stacy Matlack has returned from the Indian Territory where he has been visiting his home for a few weeks. He brought back with him Charles Wright, a bright Pawnee boy, who enters the Second Grade. Stacy reports the Pawnees as having improved since he was home last. They have better homes and better farms. He speaks well of nearly all the returned Pawnee boys and girls. There are one or two exceptions.

It is very easy indeed to get five two-cent stamps from the P. O. and send them to the INDIAN-HELPER for a year's subscription. Or, a ten-cent piece carries very well if sunk into a little piece of card board.

when people see other people who are honest, and tell the truth, and hate impurity, and do a fair day's work for a fair day's wages, then they are compelled to respect those whose conduct makes them not merely worthy of respect but of honor."

HE GOT THE JOB.

Farmer Crane has some very unique methods of examining the men who apply to him from time to time for work. Recently a tall big-boned fellow, in his shirt sleeves, asked Mr. Crane if he had any work to do.

"I don't know," said the farmer, "can you 'tend horses?"

"Yes indeed; I've worked about horses all my life."

"Come around here to the pump," said Mr. Crane, and he led the way to a common sucker-rod pump near the barn. Going inside, he got a long, narrow pitcher, and placed it under the spout. "There" said he "pump that pitcher full of water." The big-boned fellow complied, carefully pumping the pitcher full without spilling a single drop.

"That'll do" said Mr. Crane. "Go inside and get ready for supper; I'll give you a job in the morning."

About a week later the big-boned fellow asked Mr. Crane what pumping the pitcher full of water had to do with his getting a job.

"Well, I'll just tell you. This is mighty dry weather, and water is getting scarce. You must have thought that far, for you did not spill any water. If you hadn't pumped hard the water would have spilled; and if you had pumped too hard the water would have gone over the pitcher. Now, the way I argue is this: If a fellow don't pump hard enough, he won't work hard enough. If he pumps too hard, he'll work too hard for a little while, and I don't want either kind to work for me. You pumped exactly right, and you got a job."

INDIANIZED THROUGH ENVIRONMENT.

A reliable story is told by a Jesuit Missionary of an Irishman, who by living with the Indians became a thorough Indian himself. Says the Missionary:

"I was once giving religious instruction to a number of Indians.

Not knowing their language, a Canadian half-breed acted as interpreter.

When I got through, a very fine-looking chief spoke up and with an accent quite familiar to me.

'Father,' said he, 'that man has not interpreted you right!'

I was much astonished.

'Why,' said I, 'you speak English?'

'O, indeed I do.'

'And where did you learn it?'

'I learned it in Ireland.'

'In Ireland!' I exclaimed.

And such was really the case.

He was born in Ireland, and had been living for some time in St. Louis before starting with a number of others for the Indian country.

He had become a thorough Indian.

RATS AT HAMPTON.

We have sometimes thought that all the rats on this side of the globe dwelt at Carlisle, but it appears that they have rats at the Hampton Normal Institute, Va. Their rats, however, are discriminating rats, and rats of extraordinary good judgment, as will be seen from the following clipping from *Talks and Thoughts*;

A knowing old rat recently found his way to the files of papers kept in the *Southern Workman* office, and though he took a nibble here and there, he seemed to find nothing that suited him like the **INDIAN HELPER**. He ate nearly half of that, and we hope, "inwardly digested" much that may tend to his improvement in manners and morals.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.—*Horace Mann*.

Virtue dwells at the head of a river, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the stream.

Enigma.

I am made of 17 letters.

My 9, 7, 8 the name of a little white boy at Carlisle Indian School.

My 1, 17, 11, 1 is what a minister usually preaches from.

My 6, 2, 12, 5, 4, 3 is something good to bait a mouse-trap with.

My 13, 15, 4, 10 is what the sun may do tomorrow morning.

My 14, 3, 8, 1, 16 is what if we had enough of would make us rich.

Boys in dress-parade, what is the matter with my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, which is all of me?

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Indian Helper.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the **INDIAN HELPER**, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 17 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 1/2 x 6 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 apiece.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand (boudoir) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(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.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8x10 showing all our buildings.

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

For TWO Subscribers and a One-cent stamp, we send the printed copy of the Apache contrast. For ONE Subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo contrast.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.