

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

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STRIKES.

§ STRIKES are quite proper, only strike right :
Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight ;
Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame ;
Strike right and left till you win a good name :
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile ;
Strike off companions who often beguile ;
Strike with the hammer, the sledge, and the axe ;
Strike off bad habits with troublesome tax ;
Strike out unaided, depend on no other ;
Strike without gloves, and your foolishness smother ;
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride
Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide ;
Strike a good blow while the iron is hot ;
Strike and keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

AN INDIAN BOY LOVED BUT COULD NOT GET HER.

One of our workers who has been many years in the Indian service tells the following bit of interesting, and true experience:

My first acquaintance with the Indians was when I was a child and lived for a brief period on the shores of the Penobscot, away up in Maine.

The Indians then, as they do now, owned all the islands in that large river, and they are many, the islands, I mean; the Indians are few.

Our home was in sight of and just opposite one of the largest of these islands which was owned by an Indian whose English name was Joe Dany.

His family consisted of himself and wife, and their two sons Francis and Robert.

They were very neighborly people and often brought us a roast of bear's paunch, rasher of deer or elk, or a few trout for breakfast. Sometimes it was fresh maple sugar.

Not was my Mother lacking in generosity toward them.

Robert Dany was but a boy.

Francis was past twenty-one—quite old enough his father thought to settle down in life.

My elder sister was then past sixteen, very pretty, but sort of "rough and tumble." That is, she roamed the woods with my brother, rowed on the river by herself, and in fact was at home with all our surroundings.

One morning Joe Dany, the father of the Indian family, came to visit my father.

He had gotten into his herd that my sister would make a valuable acquisition to the birch bark hut over on the island.

Accordingly he asked my father if his son Francis might marry her.

"No, my friend," said my father politely. "My daughter has yet many years of school life before her. The alliance is out of the question."

Joe was heavy hearted and turned and left without a word.

For a long time he left our bank free of his presence.

But in the Fall he came back more generous in his offers and more earnest in his pleading than before.

"My island make your farm worth big money. See my much timber. You have little. Your daughter marry my son. We have big farm together, you and me. See!" said Joe with a business wink which he thought would bring my father to terms.

"Ah, Joe, as I told you before. My daughter must go more to school. Your son cannot have her."

"My son will make your daughter very happy," Joe continued not willing to give up. "We have big house. We give her everything."

"What kind of house is it?" asked my father, knowing all the time, but wishing Joe to commit himself in some way.

"Good birch bark, and mixed with best hemlock bark. Roof very good. Very good, indeed, well thatched. No rain come in," he replied with somewhat of pride.

"And," continued Joe construing a moment's silence of my father into half acquiescence, "besides my farm, and my house I give it to you a good birch canoe, and I give you my kettles and my things to cook with and my gun. (A very rusty old thing.)

And me and my wife Mary, we go away off to Old Town and live with the tribe. We no hang round the island any more. No. I speak the truth," he said smiting himself upon the breast.

But my father finding that Joe was getting more in earnest the more he talked wisely concluded to dismiss him at once.

He succeeded in doing so without a scene, and settled the question forever by sending my sister to boarding school a long distance away, and we did not long remain in so wild, but beautiful a spot.

The Indian Helper.

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ARE WE LEARNING ANYTHING?

An Indian boy running a lawn-mower, back and forth, back and forth across the parade, hour after hour; a young man driving shoe-pegs, rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat, right along, having no chance to rest: or, one stitch, stitch, stitching harness, or making tin-cup after tin-cup until dozens are piled up; a girl at the stocking-basket, darn, darn, darn, endlessly darning, or one hold of the flat-iron with a stack of aprons at her side so high she cannot see over, may each ask himself or herself, when discouraged and tired, "What is there in this sort of work? What am I learning? I thought I came to the Indian Training School to learn something. I have learned this now, why do they keep me doing over and over again the same thing?"

"My son," answers the M. O. T. B. S. "My daughter, those very thoughts, and the effort you make to stick by the ship when you are tired and disgusted; the arguments you give to yourself which make you succeed in bracing up and taking a new start! THAT is the best training under the sun. When we make up our minds that we would be ASHAMED to give up the ship, and force ourselves to work all the stronger when we want to give up, then we are getting the training that will best fit us for a useful life. A training in stick-to-it-ive-ness.

Dr. and Mrs. Grinnell and Joe and Bessie and Fordy with their robins and canaries have all flown. The Grinnell family after about a year's sojourn with us left for their beloved home in Pasadena, California, on Tuesday night, and by so doing have made a gap at the Carlisle school which will be difficult to bridge. Professionally, Dr. Grinnell was of the best. A number of very serious cases were skilfully brought through under his direction. We cannot forget with what diligence and skill he carried us over the grip without the loss of a single pupil when they

were down by the hundred. Hence, we shall miss him as a faithful and efficient physician; we shall miss him as an earnest, clear and pointed speaker at our Sunday evening services, and socially we shall miss them all. Mrs. Grinnell, ever ready with pen and tongue to say the fitting word at the right time, either in verse or in the plainer, more common style of speech, was vivacious, and even when in trouble looked upon the bright side of life. The tap-tap of the croquet mallet in the manipulation of which she excelled and delighted to exercise and the pleasant times at the game we shall miss. Joe and Bessie will have a share in our memories, too, while little Fordy, on whose account the move was made, and who through illness and sweetness of disposition won the love of all who knew him, carries with him the sincere hopes of all that he will soon be well and strong. May this excellent family one and all find peace and prosperity on the shores of the grand old Pacific, is the wish of the M. O. T. B. S. and of the entire school.

When the bell rang Tuesday evening, many voices were heard to exclaim, "Why, what's that for?" For it came of an evening when during the summer months there is no regular meeting. But, when all were gathered in the chapel and from under the bright electric light, Miss Helen P. Clarke, walked upon the platform, every one knew that we were to be treated with a reading, and every one was delighted. Miss Clarke, being of Indian birth and having attained through professional training and hard labor that skill which gives her a place among artists in the line of elocution, is especially interesting to us as a school. Tall, graceful, with ease and perfect speech she charms her hearers. Even those of us who cannot quite understand the meaning of all the movements of a trained elocutionist, and though some of the selections were classic beyond our reach, yet we could see that the acts were well performed, and the entire programme was thoroughly enjoyed.

The readings upon this occasion were as follows:

"High tide of Lincolnshire," by Jean Ingelow; "Chiquita," by Bret Harte; "Clarence's Dream" by Shakespeare; "Lasco," by Frank Duprey; "How we hunted a mouse," by Joshua Jenkins; and "Fra Giacamo," by Robt. Buchanan.

A very pleasant visit was paid to us by Miss Fisher, who is lady principal of Carlisle school. She knows a great deal about Indians because she has taught them many years.

We were very fortunate in having with us on Fourth of July three young ladies from Carlisle school. Their names were Adelia Lowe from Rosebud, Lydia Harrington from Arapahoe, and Julia Given from Kiowa. Miss Given is a sister of Joshua Given. We enjoyed their visit very much, and wish others from Carlisle might come down and visit us.—[Talks and Thoughts, Hampton, Va.

Say "Renewal," when you renew.

Stacy Matlack is in from the country.

Mr. Goodyear spent Sunday in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Worthington is spending her vacation among friends at Sunbury.

The printers enjoyed a watermelon treat last Friday after getting the HELPER mail off.

Edwin Schanandoah has gone to his home in Wisconsin, for a little visit. He expects to return with Dennison, and they may bring a party of pupils.

Mr. Guy Colony, of Tyrone, calls and renews his little brother's subscription. Mr. Colony, their father, was, years ago, an employe of our school.

M-m-m! Are not the new bureaus, washstands, chairs, beds, etc., so long needed for teachers' rooms and only now provided, nice? Cheap, but new and clean and nice.

Mary Bailev returned to her Philadelphia home, after a very pleasant vacation of a few weeks with us. She has been promoted this year to 10th grade B. in her school in West Philadelphia.

There are always a few **INDAIN HELPERS** left over each week, which we will gladly send to friends of subscribers as "sample copies" if we can get hold of the addresses of said friends.

Minnie Paisano has gone to her home in Laguna, New Mexico. She went with the Grinnells. Minnie is not well, but is getting better and we think will continue to improve. She was one of our good little girls.

Mr. Given and Miss Moore are not having the best time in the world during their vacation visit in Kansas. The former is laid up with a sprained ankle and the latter with an inflamed eye, which has caused great distress.

Mrs. Given and Johnnie have returned from their vacation trip in Kansas and Illinois. They visited the Cheyenne Agency school, while in Indian Territory, and saw Mr. Potter at El Reno. Mr. Potter is having a dispute over his claim in Oklahoma, and hardly knows how he is coming out, whether \$40,000 short or long.

Mr. Standing has gone to Idaho to bring to Carlisle a party of Nez Perce pupils who are waiting to come. He will see Miss Fletcher, while there, will possibly visit the Chemawa Indian School on the Pacific coast, before he returns and he is ordered by the Commissioner to inspect the St. Ignacious Indian school in Montana of which Senator Vest speaks so highly every year and *every year* on the floor of the Senate. If they know how better than we do perhaps Carlisle will get some points from them.

Miss Cook is now rustivating with friends at the White Mountains, N. H.

Please do not forget to give former address when you request change of address.

No. 4. hall at the Teachers' Quarters is getting a fresh coat of kalsomine paper and paint.

Miss Helen Beatty, of town, was out on Tuesday with a company of friends, and paid the office a pleasant call.

A good stroke—the digging of the stumps out of the grounds between the Girls' and Teachers' Quarters.

That eyesore is at last being demolished. The old coal house is being leveled to the ground as fast as the workmen can accomplish the feat.

Don, Herbert, Charlie Moneravie and Humphrey are so-journing in the mountains for a few days at Mr. Howe's, near Hunter's Run. At last accounts they were having a grand time.

Esther Miller, who graduated from our school with class '89, and has since been going to the High School, in town, has gone to California with Dr. and Mrs. Grinnell. She will make her home with them. Esther has a bright future before her, and no doubt will make good use of the advantages offered in that wide-awake country.

Let the toads live, poor things! Don't you know it is bad luck to kill a toad? *That* is surpstitution, but why do you wish to stone the harmless little creatures who love to come out and play in the cool air under the electric light? We like to play croquet by the electric light. Suppose some great wicked monster as high as the flag-pole with great big feet and big hands and ugly eyes would pelt us with rocks every time we attempted to play? It would be a little hard wouldn't it?

Now comes the time of year when the farm work is not very pleasant, when the excitement of harvest is over and the fertilizers must be hauled and spread. It is hard and dirty work, but where are the boys who want to give up because there is a disagreeable duty to perform? Of such cowards we have but a few, but a few there are who are trumping up all sorts of excuses to get out of doing what comes. Why don't they buckle down to work and stick to it like men?

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 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.

DO INDIANS LOVE THEIR CHILDREN ENOUGH TO
SUFFER FOR THEM?

The following story is related of the great grandmother of one of our Omaha boys:

This brave woman was once on the hunt when the Sioux came upon the Omahas.

The women and children were placed in the rear for safety, and they began at once to dig pits and jump into them to escape the arrows.

This woman had her three grandchildren with her, and they pretty well filled up the pit.

The Sioux pressed forward and came toward the place where the children were.

The grandmother had no time to conceal the hole, so she threw herself over it as if dead.

The Sioux passed her, but she dare not stir, for the shouts of fighting were all about her.

Soon the Sioux returned, and two warriors discovered her. 'She's dead,' said one.

'We'll soon see,' said the other, drawing his knife and stabbing her in the shoulder.

The woman never winced.

'She's dead,' they said, and off they went, leaving her in her pain and joy, for her grandchildren were safe.

When the three little boys were taken out of the pit, they were nearly frightened to death, but they all grew to be men and lived to see their children's children, and tell many times the story of the loving grandmother.—

The Winnebagoes Once in Illinois.

A little girl in Illinois, sends a club and in the letter says:

"We are little girls and boys and feel very much interested in the little Indian girls and boys.

We live in the beautiful Rock River Valley where the Winnebagoes and other tribes used to have their home.

In the Court House at Marion, the county seat of this county is an oil portrait of one of the Winnebago Chiefs—"Phophet," he used to be called.

It was painted in Paris, by Healey, the great artist, for the late Hon. E. B. Washburn when he was our minister to that county, and he gave it to this county, that we little girls and boys who are not likely to see how a real live Indian looks, might see by that."

"Do you know what bull-dozing is?" asked a man of an old farmer.

"I thought I did," said the granger, "but the bull wasn't dozing; he was only making believe; and, being in the middle of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

Mr. B., did you say or did you not say what I said? Because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

An Indian Who Believes in Staying on Top.

William Burgess, a Ponca boy at Hampton, in telling how he learned to swim makes a pleasing and useful application of the experience.

I used to go out swimming with my uncle, and sometimes he would take me out in the middle, and step back and made me swim toward him, trying to catch before I sink, and when I get close to him he would step back about three yards.

In that way I learn how to swim.

At first I only knew how to sink, but afterward I learn how to swim.

I stay on top of the water instead of going to the bottom.

That's the way great many persons in the world, instead of staying at the top they go down, unless some one helps them.

Which you all rather do, stay on top or at the bottom?

I rather at the top.—[Talks and Thoughts.

Enigma

I am made up of 20 letters.

My 19, 14 is a preposition.

My 7, 2, 3, 11 is what people use in baking pies.

My 1, 2, 3 is what travellers ride in.

My 2, 5, 6, 20, 8 is something in a church.

My 10, 18, 6, 8 is a prominent part of the face.

My 17, 2, 20, 4, is part of a house.

My 9, 11, 13 is a girl's name.

My 17, 12, 15 is a pronoun of a boy.

My 16, 13, 10, is what people put fruit in.

My whole is very useful to the Indians.

Subscriber.

Answer to last week's Enigma: To get green apples.

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 25 cents apiece.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand, (bandoir) 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 8x14 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.