

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1889.

NUMBER 7

BEAR IT IN MIND.

"Well begun" may be "half done;"
But beginning is not ending;
Great successes ne'er are won
By only wishing and intending.
"Start" is good but "stay" is better,
"Start" alone ne'er won a race;
"Start and stick" is sure prize getter,
"Staying powers" take foremost place.
Broad and deep lay the foundation,
Be sure you count the cost;
Or you'll rue, in deep vexation,
Treasure spent and labor lost.
Bold beginner, mark his folly!
Soon his zeal and means diminish;
Rush or craven coward wholly,
He began but could not finish.

—[Selected.]

HOW AN INDIAN GIRL MIGHT TELL HER OWN STORY IF SHE HAD THE CHANCE.

All Founded on Actual Observations of the Man-on-the-band-stand's Chief Clerk.

(Continued from last week.)

"Would to God I had never been to school," I argued.

"I wish I had never learned better ways. It makes it harder for me to endure this life now." A moment after I heard myself saying.

"I do not wish anything of the kind. I am glad I went away to school. I would not take the world for what I learned at dear old Carlisle.

No, indeed! I have so much anyhow, and no one can ever take away from me what I have learned.

But, Oh! Oh! This horrid smoke!

This dreadful air! My head! My head! It will surely burst."

I tossed and turned from one side of my hard bed to the other, thinking one minute that schools were a good thing for the Indians and the next moment thinking they were not.

"Yes, they are of use, especially those far away from our homes," I concluded.

"I never in the world would have learned to

be disgusted at this way of living, had I not been taken clear away from it, where I could not see it, nor hear anything about it, for years.

And so some people think for that very reason, schools away from home are not so good as schools at home.

They think we ought to stay near to this filth, this dirt. I suppose they think it is good enough for us. Thank God, however, there are some people who think we should have as good a chance as children of other races.

I am thankful I had a chance to get away from this if only for a little while.

We *must* learn to feel disgust for these things. If we have no disgust for them we will never try to make them better.

We *MUST* be disgusted, I say, and I am thoroughly disgusted this moment at the way the Indians live, if *this* is the way they live. I know, however, that some live in great deal worse houses than this.

I can make this place better.

I must make home more pleasant.

But, pshaw! What is the use?

My mother don't care. My father is satisfied with things as they are.

I don't care if he is satisfied, I am not, and there *MUST* be a change. I will show them a better way of living than this.

But they will not listen. They will make fun of me, I know."

And thus I contradicted myself, until, worn out and nervous I sat up in bed, and bringing my fist down on my knee, said almost in despair:

"I cannot stay, that is all there is about it. I simply cannot stay here."


Then the next moment, I found myself saying.

"I *MUST* stay." Then again, "I *MUST* go back. I am not through with my studies. I want to graduate. I *MUST* graduate," and the thought of last Commencement day at Carlisle, the class of boys and girls who received their diplomas from the hands of the

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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.

"I have many good and kind recollections about the wisest school place for the children to train them up into the true dignity of work," writes Abe Somers, a Cheyenne ex-student.

A pleasant note this week from our old pupil Louie Bayhyle, who is attending Haskell Institute. Louie is getting along well at school, and wishes to be remembered to all his friends at Carlisle.

The Rev. S. S. Gilson, of the *Herald and Presbyterian*, of Cincinnati, who visited our school a few weeks ago, met with an accident recently in that city. While out riding he was thrown from the carriage, both wheels on one side passing over his body. He was not seriously hurt.

John Kewaygeshik, our student preacher, left us on Tuesday afternoon for his home in Petosky, Mich. He had received word of his father's very serious illness. John expects to return to us and complete a school course. Wm. Kelly also returned with him to his home in Wisconsin and is not coming back.

Word comes from Laguna, New Mex., that Seemitse Reise, who went home with the party during the summer in bad health, is dead.

The sad news came last Monday of the death of Miss Margaret Wilson, who left us but a short time ago in apparent good health. She died at her brother's ranch near Colorado Springs, Col., on the 16th. after an illness of only five days. Further particulars are not known. Her many friends at the school extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

DIED— On Friday, Sept. 26th. at the residence of his father, Dr. Robt. Pollinger.

The deceased was a son of our school farmer. Several of the employes attended the funeral.

The first of our regular monthly exhibitions, for this year was held last Friday evening. There were many faults which we might criticize and yet all who took part showed that they had tried hard. Most of the performers were from among our new pupils, and took part for the first time. One of the most pleasing features was the singing by the choir which was especially good. The first on the program was a piece from the choir, after which followed recitations from Susie Metoxen, Earnest Peters, Richenda Pratt, and Edward Peters. Susie spoke gracefully, and could be heard easily in all parts of the room. Singing came next from the whole school, and then Solomon Collins gave us some good advice in his short recitation, "Look up."

Delia Kisma, and Carrie Cornelius did very well with their recitations except that they did not speak loud enough to be heard in all parts of the chapel. Then came the class of little ones, white and red, who showed us "what they could do," and how to do it. Recitations and declamations followed in order from Melissa Green, Frank Campeau, Benj. Wheelock, Lida Standing, Edward Davis, and Martin Archiquette, interspersed with singing by the choir. Phebe Howell then said some "Beautiful Things" to us, and Carl Leider came last with an original oration on "Our Flag." The exercises closed with "Good-night" from the choir.

A partition has been removed at the Girls' Quarters enlarging the Reading Room. In its improved form it is already a resort of the more advanced girls. It will also give them a comfortable and commodious place of meeting for their Literary Society which held its preliminary meeting last evening.

Wm. F. Campbell, one of the class of '89 who went to his home in Minnesota last May, writes as follows to one of our ladies:

"I have given up my position as book-keeper in a lumber camp, and am now teaching at the Rice River Settlement. My object in doing this is to get the spare time for study and I also wanted to get away from the lowest class of men in existence. I have ordered a set of law books and am only waiting for them to come to take up the study of law, which profession I intend to follow."

We are glad to see this push-ahead spirit in William and wish him every success.

Tuesday was pay-day.

The printers are very busy people just now.

Kalsomining and painting going on in the Teachers' Quarters.

Mr. Martindale, of Bucks Co., visited the school on Saturday.

The benches in the Large Boys' assembly room are being painted.

There is already the promise of some good gymnasts among the girls.

Percy Zadoka is Librarian and Postmaster at the Large Boys' Quarters.

The electric light is turned on at half past six o'clock now instead of at seven.

The steam pipes in the various quarters have received a coat of iron-varnish.

A party of the large boys were at the lower farm on Wednesday picking potatoes.

A sociable in the gymnasium last Saturday night. It is not necessary to say that everybody enjoyed it.

The eight normal students and Katie Grindrod, started in this week with Miss Moore to take lessons in instrumental music.

The large safe in Captain's office which was sent to York some time ago for repairs, has been returned in good working order.

After this, Thursday will be the time for society meetings, and prayer-meeting will be held on Wednesday evening after study-hour.

Mr. Campbell took forty-five of his boys to the farm last Saturday where they cut twenty-six acres of corn in three hours and twenty minutes.

The exhibition was a success, but we can do better. Let every one remember that the chapel is a large hall and speeches must be spoken loudly to be heard by all.

The boys who are to contest in the field sports at the fair next week are practicing as hard as they can. We have reason to expect for them a fair share of the medals offered.

The boys have improved very perceptibly in their marching during the last week. Now girls, show that you can do as well as the boys. Be sure to walk with head erect, shoulders straight, and start with the left foot.

Our Normal Department, of which Miss Hunt has charge, has eight pupils, Jennie Dubray, Julia Bent, Lydia Flint, Jemima Wheelock, Nellie Robertson, and Rosa Bourassa from among the girls and Henry S. Bear, and Percy Zadoka from the boys.

The Man-on-the-band-stand had a sly chuckle all to himself one day this week at the young lady who stood on one of the chairs in the teacher's parlor, and lectured the other occupants of the room for being afraid of a tiny mouse which had scampered across the floor.

Miss M. Wood arrived last Thursday and will be one of our teachers.

Jemima Wheelock has charge of Miss Hamilton's school during the latter's absence at Lake Mohonk.

Ground has been broken at the west end of the Teachers' Quarters for the extension of that building.

Carl Leider's speech at the exhibition was excellent. It was short, concise and contained a great deal.

Through the kindness of a friend, "Our Youth" has been placed upon the files of the boys' Reading Room.

The Union Fire Co. band presented Dennison Wheelock, our cornetist, with a very fine centennial badge as a token of friendship.

The mail-wagon was upset at the Junction yesterday, and Mr. Goodyear and George Baker who were in it were uncerimoniously tumbled out.

Lily Wind has gone to the Training School for Nurses, in Hartford, Conn. She will be with Nancy Cornelius, and will have a position as nurse.

The machinery known as "details" at the Girls' Quarters is in operation for October. The rooms are finally settled with their winter residents and are prettily adorned, clean and attractive.

The girls are now divided into three companies—A, B, and C. Jemima Wheelock, Lydia Flint, and Nellie Robertson, are in charge respectively and call the rolls, with Annie Boswell, Esther Miller and Julia Given as "second sergeants."

The chief clerk is absent, having gone with Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, Miss Hamilton, and Dennison Wheelock, to attend the meetings of the annual Indian Conference, held at Lake Mohonk, New York. Henry Kendall joined the party on the way.

David Turkey, while exercising in the gymnasium last Monday afternoon, met with a serious accident. He fell from one of the inclined ladders dislocating the bones of the lower left arm, one of them sustaining a slight fracture. The arm was soon in splints and bandages and will soon be as good as new.

The Invincible Literary Society organized last Thursday evening with seventy-one members. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President: Chester Cornelius; Vice-President: Dennison Wheelock; Secretary: Howard Logan; Treasurer: Henry S. Bear; Sergeant-at-arms: Peter Cornelius; Reporter: Ben Thomas; Critic: Mr. Campbell. Committees of three on finance, schedule, and question, with Dennison Wheelock, Percy Zadoka, and Henry S. Bear, as respective chairmen, were also elected.

The other society among the boys, the Standard Debating, will organize soon.

Secretary of the Interior himself; how manly the boys looked! How sweet and pretty and womanly the girls looked, all this flashed through my mind.

I said unconsciously, "I want to be in such a class some day. I *will* belong to a Carlisle graduating class some day. And then I saw the crowds of visitors and experienced again the joyous day all through.

I forgot for the moment that I was home in a corner of a filthy little room lying on the floor, but another throb of the head and my father's snoring brought me back to the meat odors, the smoke, the stifling air.

"I am not at Carlisle. I am here. I am home." The words of my school-mother again said to me, "Be a woman!"

I straightened myself down on my back, and with hands lifted in air and clasped tightly, resolved to try.

"Let me see! I have some money; how much? Five—ten—fifteen, yes, when I counted it before I left the cars I had \$47.

No, I cannot give them all that. I want to keep it.

I will keep my money and say nothing about it," thought I.

But the first thing my father said the next morning was, "Have you any money?"

"Yes, a little," I replied.

"How much?" asked he eagerly and my mother who was folding up the bed-clothes, straightened up, and with arms akimbo stood looking intently at me to hear the amount.

"Forty-seven dollars," I replied, not daring to tell a lie.

They were both amazed at the amount. It seemed so much money for a girl to have all by herself.

"Where did you get it?" asked my mother, leaning toward me.

"I worked in a family for a while and they paid me for my work."

"Did the man (meaning our superintendent) let you keep all that money yourself,."

"Of course, he did. That is, he kept it in bank for me and gave it to me when I started home. Do you think he would keep my money for himself?"

My father and mother looked at each other in astonishment as if a new truth had just dawned upon them.

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked.

"Well," said my father, affecting an air of indifference now. "The Priest says that the man who has charge of the Carlisle school puts the children out on farms and then pockets the money they earn."

I was mad.

"Nonsense," I exclaimed, "Every boy and

girl has his or her own money. Some of the boys have earned and put in bank as high as \$200.

"We go to school, too, with white children when we are out in the country and that is better than going to the Carlisle school even if Carlisle is the very best Indian school in the world. Our superintendent always tells us it is better for us to get out away from Indians and in with good people whose ways we want to try to learn."

I told them this, but they did not pay much attention. I am sure I did not speak very good Indian, but they seemed to understand what I said before.

My mother went on with her work getting breakfast, and my father went out to attend to the burros.

After rolling up my bed as my mother did hers, I picked up the water-jar, went down the ladder and off to the spring for some fresh water.

This water-jar was an earthen vessel made by my mother's own hands.

She made it when I was a child. I remember going with her to get the clay.

We went nearly to the top of a high mesa to get it.

She mixed it with water and kneaded it like dough, and then she put in some crushed lava to make it stronger.

Then she shaped it with her hands into a big jar.

This one was large enough to hold two gallons of water.

When she made it into just the shape she wanted it, she set the jar out in the sun to dry. When it was dry she smeared it with white paint and on the white, she painted red and brown pictures of queer-looking animals with long legs and very big heads, and funny-looking birds and all sorts of mixed-up figures, and then she put it in a little oven to bake.

These vessels break very easily, but the Indian women and girls carry them full of water on their heads to and from the spring, and yet rarely ever break one.

I could run with mine on my head and I never broke a water-jar in my life.

By the time I got back with the water, my father had returned and was eating his breakfast.

As the morning walk had given me an appetite, and not having seen the meal prepared I ate a little, but when about half through on turning around to get a drink of the water I had brought I saw one of our lazy dogs that are always lying around the house lapping water from the jar.

"Oh, dear! There it is again. Get out!" I cried, and my father drove the dog away, but not as I thought to do me a favor, but to get a drink himself. The dog is a part of the family and my father considered him as clean as any member of the family and no doubt he was.

But I could eat no more.

I went with my mother soon after this down to the wash-hole and this is the way she washed my fathers trowsers and shirt:

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Exhibition.