

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER
—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. IX

—FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1894.—

NO. 23

ONE DAY AT A TIME.



One day at a time! That's all it can be:
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them
too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

A LITTLE INDIAN BOY'S INITIATION INTO CARLISLE WAYS.

An Interesting Experience in his own Words.

A prize of a dollar was offered for the best description of home life at Carlisle, by a boy. Several productions were handed in and the following interesting story by a little Chipewa boy was one of the number:

I became a student of the Carlisle Indian School in 1889.

I never saw my home since.

The first day of my arrival at Carlisle, I did not know where I was.

The only part which I know was that I was at some school.

As I went around the grounds I saw many strange things.

Trying to find which direction my home is, it troubled me, because I did not know which way was east or west.

I went all around the shops looking at what the boys were doing, talking Indian all the while, because I did not know the rules of the school.

After staying a while in this school, I began to think of my home.

I did not know what to do.

It was hard to fight it out, because I know I could not get home and it was of no use to try to go home.

This was soon forgotten and everything went well.

Then I began to like it very much nearly better than my own home.

I did not know how to work examples nor read.

My first school room was one of the next lowest.

I went to school but did not care of learning

Only what I care for was to play.

I did not have enough common sense, or either I did not use them right.

After a while I made up my mind to try to learn.

It was hard to learn how to understand things.

Now at this time I know the rules.

At once I begin to obey them I entirely stop talking my language, and talked English.

Then I begin to understand better what the teacher was trying to make me learn.

The English language was helping me greatly in my studies.

Before the ending of the year I was promoted to No. 5.

This was the starting of the grade of fractions and other things.

At first I thought there was but little to learn, but I found there was more to learn than I can learn.

I stopped at our school one and one half years; then I left the school.

The reason I left it, it was to make myself useful some where else, besides in this school; and to make money, and learn how to use it, and to get the ideas of the way the white man living.

Shortly after I arrived at my country home, I got sick, sick for nearly one month.

Capt Pratt told me, "Come home! Let some one take your place."

I came here to work and I am going to work I determine to stick to my word as I did.

I lived with the same man for an year and one half and then return to the school.

Continued on the Fourth Page

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY.

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

BY INDIAN 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.*

Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

Dr. Parkhurst says that "a man who is well and believes in the Lord has no business to be discouraged in a good work."

The Indian Rights Association is in the midst of their annual fight with the people of Colorado with reference to the removal of the Utes.

The names of the visitors will be published next week for the benefit of our readers who are interested to know who came to see our Commencement.

Plowing has begun in the Indian Territory. Minnie Findly says her cousin Sam Wilson, who expected to return to Carlisle, has gone to plowing instead.

In a business letter to the INDIAN HELPER a Baltimore friend on the Indians: writes "I wish you continued success in your work of elevating the Indian and fitting them for good citizenship, and I hope that your white readers may be led by you to feel a deeper interest in their red brethren."

A friendly letter from Arthur Two Strikes says he still belongs to troop L of the 6th cavalry stationed at Ft. Niobrara, and he seems to enjoy army life. He expects a furlough of three months beginning in April and is not sure that that means a discharge or not, but thinks that the army is a good place for some Indian young men.

Orders are coming in for the next *Red Man* which will contain a picture of the graduating class of '94 and the graduating essays, as well as a most interesting debate between the three speakers of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society and three from the Standard Debating club, upon the question of Negro superiority over the Indian. Sample copies five cents. Subscription price fifty cents a year, mailed irregularly.

The Wrong to be Continued.

Secretary Smith has approved the application of Colonel William F. Cody to take 75 or 100 Indians from the agencies to exhibit in his Buffalo Bill Wild West show. Bonds will be furnished for fulfilling the terms of the contract.—[Philadelphia Inquirer, Feb., 19, '94.

What the Rochester, N. Y. *Herald* says in the following clipping we heartily agree with:

It is true that this proposed contract looks harmless on the face of it, for "Buffalo Bill" would doubtless take good care of all the Government Indians committed to his charge. No doubt the Indians might enjoy life with the show better than their dull existence on the reservations. But the point for the Indian authorities to consider is not what the red men want, but what is best for them. Col. Cody will have difficulty in proving that it conduces to the moral welfare of the Indians to keep them traveling about the country, giving exhibitions which will be most satisfactory in proportion to the amount of savagery displayed. The influence of such a life would surely be to make the Indian more restless and discontented when returned to his reservation.

The following from a superintendent of a western Indian school displays a broadness of spirit which if followed out by the majority of the Indian school superintendents would settle the Indian question in short order. At the caretakers of educated Indians WILL, in love, the Indians DO. FROM THE RESERVATION INTO THE HOMES OF INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE, should be the cry of all interested friends of Indian youth. Our friend says:

I hope some day to send many of our pupils to Carlisle. Not that I wish to deplete my own school, but that these Indian boys and girls may have the advantages of the broader field of education and culture and the excellent training that your many years of successful experience in the field of Indian education has brought to bear on this absorbing question.

Don't believe it when a person direct from the reservation, whether he be Indian or not, says that our graduates return to the blanket as soon as they get back home. If one in a hundred puts on his blanket, THAT is the one whom the person not in sympathy with the work will hold up as an example. We know of but one graduate in all these years of Carlisle experience who has gone back to the blanket. Carlisle pupils who have not graduated, but have returned to their homes, weak from lack of education and experience in Carlisle's common sense, have been led astray by their friends or forced to adopt the Indian dress. Even the little education these have acquired is not lost. Their Indian homes are neater and better and the whole camp where a Carlisle pupils lives is influenced somewhat in the direction of better and cleaner living.

For a list of Photographs given for subscriptions address HELPER.

Snow drifts!
 Weather fine!
 Good sleighing!
 Everybody busy.
 It was a heavy snow.
 Big blizzard, on Monday.
 Followed by delightful sunshine.
 Friday was the coldest day of the year.
 Mrs. Masten has her hands full these days.
 The mountains look almost tree high with snow.

Miss Campbell has her hands almost more than full.

To press, a day earlier on account of Commencement.

Commencement visitors are arriving as we go to press.

Who cooked and ate frog legs in the cave last week?

Visiting of shops and schools began Wednesday morning.

The bakers have invested in some convenient wooden trays.

Mr. Drum entertained the girls of his class on Thursday evening last.

Miss Bender has returned from her trip among the girls in country homes.

The aurora borealis on Friday night last made a rare and exquisite spectacle.

Irene Campbell kindly helped us out with our folding of Friday afternoon last.

Miss Laura Bird, a friend of Mr. Spray's and a missionary worker in New York City is with us.

The first Commencement visitor to arrive was Mr. Edward Carter, of Lenox, Mass., brother of our Miss Carter.

A box of pieces of silk from a lady in Ohio to the little girls in response to HELPER request, has been gratefully received.

The Chiefs are here. Some of them have an interesting history which will be given in the columns of the HELPER and the *Red Man* from time to time.

Arthur Johnson, class '93, of Grand River, I. T., is one of the Commencement guests. His many friends are glad to see him looking so well.

Hon. Benjamin Butterworth and J. C. Dowell were among the distinguished visitors at the school this week. Mr. Butterworth addressed the pupils at dinner.

Mr. Standing has returned from his trip through the South West. He may give us a little account of his interesting journey at some future time. He carried with him a magic lantern and in his talks of Carlisle, showed on canvas the people how we look. He found everywhere friends of Carlisle, and had a warm welcome wherever he went.

Rev. Mr. Wile preached the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday afternoon to the graduating class of '94, and a most impressive talk it was, one to live by, one to grow by, one to rise by, one to forever remember. The strong personality of Mr. Wile entered into every word and his depth of feeling as he spoke was manifest in a most earnest delivery.

The snow was kind to come in time to give everything a clean fresh appearance for Commencement.

Who took the benzine book to Miss Ely when he wanted photographs during Commencement excitement? Brigman Cornelius, and both had a good laugh.

One of the boys remarked, "Otto Wells looks like a citizen, now." That is the idea—LOOK like a citizen and BE a citizen; then the question is ended.

Mrs. Baldwin, the kind lady whom Dr. Montezuma calls Mother, is here. She has been called Mrs. Montezuma by some on the grounds so affectionately does the Dr. speak of her.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wells have come for Commencement. It will be remembered that Otto Wells married Mary Parkhurst at our school a few months since. They are now living on the farm of Mr. Woodman in Bucks County.

The Carlisle Indian School bakers offer a premium of ten dollars to the person who can show when and where he saw bread that was not fit for use on account "of us wearing our coats." "Wonder if the kitchen boys could offer as much in respect to their aprons!" remarked a by-stander.

The boys and girls of the Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Comanche tribes have contributed \$200 of their savings for the purpose of bringing to our commencement Chiefs Lone Wolf, of the Kiowas, Quanah, of the Comanches, Cloud Chief of the Cheyennes and Black Coyote, of the Arapahoes.

Harry Kohpay has finished the course at the Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, and has his diploma. When asked if he felt that he knew a great deal, he replied, "No, I have found out that I know nothing." Harry expects to return to Eastman for a course in type-writing and stenography.

Mr. Standing has many interesting items to relate of his trip to Indian Territory, but we give a few only at this time: He met Minerva Burgess, who has married a white man; she has stopped drawing Government rations and is doing well. She has a valuable piece of land. At the Cheyenne Agency they had just passed through a mad-dog scare which resulted in the shooting of a large number of surplus Indian dogs. One boy was bitten and died with hydrophobia.

Mr. Standing saw on the door of one of the western hotels Dining Room, and he thought it was well named.

The Graduating Class of '94.

Andrew Beard, (Sioux), Belinda Archiquette, (Oneida), Emmanuel Bellefeuille, (Chippewa), Flora Campbell, (Alaskan), Florence Miller, (Stockbridge), Florence L. Wells, (Alaskan), Hugh Sowcea, (Pueblo), Henry W. Warren, (Chippewa), Howard E. Gansworth, (Tuscarora), Ida E. Powlas, (Oneida), Ida M. Warren, (Chippewa), James D. Flannery, (Alaskan), Martha Napawat, (Kiowa), Minnie Yandell, (Bannock), Susie Metoxen, (Oneida), Siceni Nori, (Pueblo), Thomas B. Bear, (Sioux), Wm. J. Tygar, (Shawnee), Wm. Denomie, (Chippewa).

(Continued from the First Page.)

While I was gone the school had increased. Some new buildings.

I begin my studies at the Carlisle Indian School again.

This time I was two rooms higher than before.

I said to myself. "I must do better work, than I have done yet.

The hardest thing for me to learn is to read and spell. I would read out loud at my room, try to make myself a good reader.

Gymnastic exercise, I love.

I would exercise every day, excepting Sunday.

Its fun to be in when there are good many boys in trying to get ahead of each other in everything

Another game which the boys are fond of, was playing ball.

At first I did not know how. I was afraid of ball.

I like to play.

I tried to learn how and I succeeded in this very well.

I joined a club which the name was Junior. I played short stop for them.

This was one of the hardest place to play, when they send the ball on the ground swift.

My fingers were nearly broken several times.

When I bat I was very sure to hit the ball. I quit playing ball and again left the school, to work for some money to go to Chicago the following year.

This time I stayed out only from July to September. This time I saved \$17.35.

After returning to this school, I went to work and study my lessons, thinking to learn just as much as I can, for this was my last year at this school, and when October came, a great number of us went to the World's Fair. All what I saw I shall never forget.

This is one of the greatest sights my eyes ever meet.

After returning I was tired; I could not get down at my studies as before.

Soon all this went away and again increased my knowledge.

All the studies were, Language, Arithmetic, Hygiene, Reading, and Spelling, History and very little on drawing.

After staying several months in that room I understand these very well. And I was promoted to another room where I tried to keep up to my colors, and I am now in the same room toiling on toward the graduation point of the school, hoping to reach it some day in the future.

Indian Band Concerts.

The Indian Band of Carlisle Industrial Training School delighted two audiences in Chambersburg on Washington's birthday.

At the matinee the ladies and children were out in large force and evidenced hearty enjoyment of the excellently rendered program.

The audience at night was a large and fashionable one. The fair daughters of Wilson were there, many of them in quain "fore de wah" costumes, without hats and with powdered hair.

The program given by Conductor Dennison Wheelock and his men was so much enjoyed that by reason of encores it was doubled in length.

The singing of the three Indian girls was a delightful surprise and was encored persistently.—[*Franklin Repository*.]

A Missionary writes thus of one of Carlisle's promising young women who has gone to her home: "I know how strong she feels, and her intentions are good, but it is SO HARD for a girl when she has to FAIRLY FIGHT against these old Indian women, to lead a good life. I know all about it. Knowing these things is why I have never encouraged her to come."

Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 10, 8, 9, 7 is used to knit with.

My 4, 6, 7 is what coal is bought by.

My 2, 1, 5, 6, 4 is a person who ought to be pitied.

My 3 is what cat can't be spelled without.

My whole is the place where happiness always can be found. SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Poor Little Indian May.

SPECIAL.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

For FIVE subscriptions to the HELPER a choice from an interesting set of twenty-cent photographs will be sent FREE. Send for a list of Interesting Photographs which we give as premium for subscriptions, published last week!

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