

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME V. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1890. NUMBER 25.

TRUE REPENTANCE.

IS not enough to say,
We're sorry and repent,
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more."

GLAD INDEED.

A teacher at the Osage Agency, Indian Territory, whom the Osages call Bright Light, writes the following encouraging letter:

DEAR INDIAN HELPER: I know you are always glad to hear from your old pupils, and as I am fortunate enough to have one of them under my charge at present it gives me pleasure to write you a few words regarding him.

You surely remember Harlow Miller, the Osage boy. He is now one of my brightest pupils. I have just made out my monthly report to send to a neighboring city paper, and this is his standing:

Reading, 99; Arithmetic, 95; Grammar, 84; Geography, 100; Spelling, 93.

As I mark very strictly you can readily see that I have reason to be proud of him.

I wish your boys might meet all my boys, but while I remain a teacher here I should be very unwilling to give up any of them, even to Carlisle, notwithstanding the high opinion I entertain of your institution."

Among our workers there are teachers who taught several years on the reservation before coming to Carlisle. The Man-on-the-bandstand has heard more than one of them say, and he thinks it the broadest way to look at the subject:

"I don't see how a teacher in an Agency school can so stand in the light of her pupils as not to encourage, even insist upon her brightest and best taking the first opportunity offered them to get out into the way of broader and better advantages."

An Agency school may be as well taught as the best school away from the Agency, but that is not the point.

At Carlisle, the experience, the knowledge,

the incentives for industry and energetic work gained outside of the school-room, form by far, the largest part of our pupils' education, and this is something not obtainable on an Indian reservation.

Carlisle does not hesitate to send out her best and brightest pupils into broader and better chances away from the school. We have hundreds out in families all the time getting that individual experience which can only be obtained by individual effort away from the mass.

There is no better evidence of strong love for pupils than to allow them the best chances possible.

WHY THE CROW IS BLACK.

The Indians of the extreme North-west have some very remarkable legends about the Creation, in which the crow takes the leading part, bringing order out of chaos.

Perhaps the most curious is that which accounts for the raven coat of the crow.

One night, while making a tour through his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for a lodging and a drink of water.

Can-nook offered him a bed, but on account of the scarcity of water, he refused to give him anything to drink.

When all the rest were asleep, the crow got up to hunt for water, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband.

He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum-wood upon the fire.

The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke escaped, but Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had black plumage.

It was previously white.

MATTIE—"Dot, what is a zebra?"

Dot—(who has been looking into natural history for the past hour)—"A zebwa? Why, Mattie, it's nothing but a funny little horse that wears striped stockings all over—clear up to his ears."

The Indian Helper.

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Price:—10 cents a year.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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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.

BORN—On the 12th inst., at West Grove, Pa., to Richard and Nellie Davis, a daughter.

A school-teacher asked a newly-arrived Irish boy to describe an island. "Shure, ma'am," said Pat, "it is a place that ye can't lave (leave) without a boat."

William Crow writes that he is teaching school at Pine Ridge Agency. Good for William, considering that he is only a graduate from the First Reader grade at Carlisle.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, of Camden, N. J., was among the callers on Monday. The Doctor is an extensive traveller, having been around the world twice. He is also an author of repute.

Our Indian friend, Miss Clarke, is in New York city this winter. We occasionally hear from her and judge she is having a delightful time, meeting such characters as Grace Greenwood, and other geniuses in literature and art.

If a doughnut hidden away in a bureau drawer for a lunch on Sunday morning disappears while the owner is at Sabbath school, we must conclude that either the doughnut went away itself, or that somebody helped it away. Which is the most reasonable conclusion?

THE FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

The following letters speak for themselves:

DEVIL'S LAKE AGENCY, Feb. 14, 1890.

CAPT. R. H. PRATT, SUPT. OF CARLISLE INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

DEAR SIR: Your dispatch bearing the glad tidings of immediate and substantial relief was received on the 12th. I immediately tele-

graphed to St. Paul for \$300 worth of pork and to Devil's Lake for \$200 worth of flour where I can purchase at \$1.75 per hundred pounds. Fifty dollars I shall expend for beef for broth for the sick and infirm. I read your dispatch to the 117 pupils attending our school near the agency, explaining the working of your school and how the pupils had earned the money; that had they not been school children, they would not have been in a position to render assistance either to their parents at home or to the destitute Indians here; that they could see and understand by this incident the necessity for the advantages to be secured by following the white man's road, etc.

Thanking you and the students in the name of the Indians for your prompt and generous donations, I have the honor to be,

Very Respectfully, Your Obedient Servant,

JOHN W. CRAMSIE,
U. S. Indian Agent.

INDUSTRIAL BOARDING SCHOOL

FT. TOTEN, N. D., Feb. 13, '90

Capt. R. H. PRATT, CARLISLE, PA.

KIND SIR: This evening our kind friend Major Cramsie came to our school and informed us of the donation sent us by you and the pupils of your school, for the relief of our poor suffering parents who are in such great want. Deign to accept our sincere thanks for the same. We shall ever cherish a remembrance of this kind and generous act, and trust you will be rewarded a hundred fold.

We have the honor to be your grateful little Indians of the Mission School,

"OUR LADY OF SEVEN DOLORES."

Per JOHNNY WOODS, (Wasicu.)

TO THE STUDENTS OF CARLISLE SCHOOL:

VERY DEAR FRIENDS: We have learned through our kind and devoted friend, Major J. W. Cramsie, of your munificent gift to our poor people in this hour of direst need, and we hasten to offer you grateful acknowledgments for so promptly and generously responding to his appeal in behalf of our relatives and friends. We are at a loss for terms to express our grateful appreciation of your kindness. In return, we earnestly pray the Author of all Good Gifts, to give you a reward which will extend beyond the tomb.

Please accept these acknowledgments and believe us to be ever, very dear friends,

Most Respectfully and Gratefully,

THE INDIAN PUPILS OF THE MISSION SCHOOL, Per M. LOUISA RIBBLE, (Winona.)

The above letters were read to our pupils gathered at dinner on Tuesday, and were received with hearty applause and appreciation.

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 Offer for the **HELPER**. Address, **THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.**

How a little praise does spoil some people!

The two societies—Standard and Invincible were photographed, Tuesday afternoon, by Mr. Choate.

Willie Morgan has been again to visit his mother, who is in the Government hospital at Washington.

Miss Merritt and Miss Rote have moved into new quarters in the extension of the teachers' quarters.

The taffy-pull in the kitchen was thoroughly enjoyed by the class of large girls who took part, last Friday night.

Capt. Pratt spent Sunday at Hamilton, N. Y. addressing a large and appreciative audience there on Indian matters.

Through a letter from Mrs. Lutkins we learn that she is well and happy in her new position at the Haskell Institute.

The boys at the front of the line as they march to school step beautifully. We wish we could say as much of the rear.

The Hospital is so nearly deserted that the rooms are being scrubbed, preparatory to the next invasion of "grip" or anything else.

When the piano is played a little faster than usual are we too lazy to bring our large terminal appendages of the lower limbs around in time?

It does seem queer to the Man-on-the-band-stand that we can't march to music of the piano and bring the LEFT foot down when it should come down. Ridiculous!

Mr. Standing spoke well and *under*standingly last Saturday night on the benefits and protection of citizenship. He explained *Habeas Corpus*, protection by jury, the benefits of a warrant, cited the incident of an American in Cuba being saved by our flag, and explained the Magna Charta, and had an attentive audience all through.

The pupils of the highest, middle and lowest grades have furnished Dr. Dorchester with drawings and examination papers showing what we do in those grades. The Man-on-the-band-stand has seen the papers and wishes to say a good word for the pupils who have done so well. Especially fine are the mechanical drawings of the highest class.

The clapping of hands as our superintendent, the Man-on-the-band-stand's chief clerk, and others entered the dining hall on Wednesday noon was entirely the expression of hearty rejoicing at first meeting the Captain after his return from New York. The Man-on-the-band-stand likes modesty, however, and when he saw that the Captain turned the applause on the chief clerk, he could not but enjoy it.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of Sitka, Alaska, suddenly dropped in upon us. The Doctor seems to think nothing of coming all the way from Alaska to call, and his friends are always glad to see him. Dr. Jackson has been in Washington for about three weeks.

Frauchise Day was celebrated at the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, with speeches, recitations, singing, band-playing, etc., and we are pleased to see among others who took part the name of one of Carlisle's old pupils—Frank Eagle. By the *Genoa Enterprise*, we also see that they had a big time at the Genoa Indian School.

Immediately after Commissioner Morgan was confirmed the Rev. Dr. Dorchester was confirmed by the Senate as Superintendent of Indian Schools. We rejoiced to hear the good news. We know now that Indian schools in general will boom. We shall ever pleasantly remember the recent delightful visit of Dr. and Mrs. Dorchester. Mrs. Dorchester has the appointment of Special Agent and will look particularly after the girl's department of Indian schools. In this accomplished woman all Indian girls have a very dear and interested friend.

Edith Abner has gone to her home near Seneca, Mo. Edith was taken down with La Grippe which terminated in a severe attack of Pneumonia. From this she recovered but her lungs are left in a weak state. It is hoped that native air will bring her up strong and well. We shall ever remember Edith as one of our most industrious and faithful girls and a thoughtful and attentive student, always at her post of duty without ever being reminded or corrected. Mary White and Hattie Hicks went with Edith, and the party was in charge of Miss Campbell. They took the southern route through Memphis.

To see who should sit in a decorous row, around the new tables just finished, you know, a ticket was issued for each single place, and the tickets were drawn by each person with grace, from a neighborly hat which chanced to be near, but results were most dreadful as soon did appear: A *fisher* close by a young *eel* was set down, which made the *mo(o) e noble* characters frown, and the *burgess* was banished to sit by a *wood*, for some (*k*)*atering* caper not well understood, while a *carter* was given to bear *camel's* load, of prunes and molasses and beans a la mode, and the *potter's* reward of good *merit* they say, far exceeded his deserts for many a day. They all looked ridiculous there side by side, *luck-en-bach* at the *ham(ilton)* closely allied. While the whole famished crowd that carried the day *cutt-er* dash at the *goodyear* that's come here to stay. And others not mentioned were all in the boat, while the whole of the thing is committed by *rote*.

HASKELL'S SONG.

The Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, has the following for their school song;

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That you never have been west,
For of all the places heard of
Surely Haskell is the best.

Coka che lunk che la la,
Coka che lunk che lunk che la.
Coka che lunk che lunk che la la,
Hi O! chicheche lunk che la.

Education leads to manhood
And the Gospel saves the soul.
Prohibition makes us happy
And removes the flowing bowl.

Haskell's portrait hangs in chapel,
But his soul dwells in heaven.
While on earth he was a statesman
And a friend to Indian children.

Uncle Sammy feeds us turkey
And he sends us books to read.
He has been our friend in trouble,
Oh, he is a friend indeed.

Now if Congress will allot us,
With our quarter section farm,
A good girl apiece to tend it,
We will take it like a charm.

A Little Nez Perce Boy.

While Mrs. Dorchester was with us she told the following incident which occurred in a school in the North West she had visited.

It being the custom to cut the hair of the boys as soon as they entered school from camp, one of the little fellows remonstrated, but not until a few days after his locks had disappeared. In the mean time the boy had been looking over a picture book containing illustrations from the Bible in which the patriarchs were represented, as they always are, with long hair.

"Me no like this," he said to his teacher, at the same time passing his hand over his shorn head.

"Why not?" asked the teacher, a little surprised at his not objecting before.

"Just like Devil."

And then it was recalled that His Satanic Majesty was always represented with short hair.

By All Means.

From an Indian school in the North West, one of our old pupils writes:

"Yes, La Grippe has reached this agency and has gotten away with two of our nice little girls. There are more still in the dormitory. I could not say hospital, for there is no hospital for this great school.

I hope we may have one some day. I hope the big council at Washington will look toward the West and see our destitution at this school."

FRANCHISE AT PINE RIDGE.

In a recent private letter from one of our old pupils at Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., we learn that Franchise Day was celebrated not only at the Agency Boarding School but at the camp schools, also. Rev. Chas. Smith Cook spoke to the children, and in the language of the writer "It was a very interesting talk. He spoke so very plainly that it made the children listen with mouths open, and I am sure that many of us who are still studying received a good lesson from Mr. Cook's talk. The agent made a good short speech too."

Surprised and Pleased at her own Progress.

One of our little girls in the country shows her satisfaction and pleasure by the following:

"I was surprised of myself, because I don't know anything when I first came to Carlisle and now how much I learn. I am learning to cook also I am learning to do head work. I am getting along very nicely with my happy country home."

Enigma.

I am made of 19 letters.

My 6, 4, 8, is not wet.

My 5, 2, 3, 1 is to close.

My 19, 7, 12, 10 is what Indians are interested in just now.

My 9, 11, 13 is wrong doing.

My 15, 14, 16, 17, 18 is one who goes against lawful rule.

My whole is the thing of the week which causes our boys and girls, big and little, to drop their play cheerfully.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Scat-terization.

STANDING OFFER.—For Five new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 15 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 6 x 10 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

For FIFTEEN, the new combination picture 8 x 10 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.