

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1890.

NUMBER 17.

No Indian Helper next week.

A Merry Christmas, and
A Happy New Year to all.

(Concluded From Last Week.)

THE VERY FIRST PAWNEE SCHOOL IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

How a Chief Tried to Scare Aunt Martha.

"When I was about to arise and leave the lodge, thinking that there was no use in trying to argue further, the chief wrapped his blanket over his shoulders and came around to where I was sitting. I then stood up and took the hand he offered thinking it was his way of saying "Good bye," and that he wished me to go.

But instead, he said "I have always tried to please the great father at Washington, and so I will now. I will do my best to get the boys and girls you wish."

"You are very kind," I said "and being the head chief, I am sure they will do what you ask them to do." Thanking him for his promise I left the lodge and went home not knowing what the result of the talk really would be.

The next day I went to the school-house and waited.

Ten, eleven o'clock came, and no pupils had reported. I was very much discouraged indeed and was about to go home to my dinner when taking a last glance over toward the creek, the direction from which the pupils were to come I saw a cloud of dust. Looking again, sure enough, there was a line of little Indian children, all wrapped up in their tiny blankets.

The line was headed by the very chief with whom I had talked the day before, and the little ones were walking in true Indian fashion, one behind the other.

As they approached I went up to them to shake hands and give them a pleasant greeting, but they held their little blankets close up around their ears and head, indeed, leaving only their small black eyes peeping out.

I could not make out whether there were girls in the party or not.

When I said "How! How!" trying to imitate the Indians, then some of them put down their blankets so that I could see them laugh.

"How many girls have you?" was my first question to the chief.

He shook his head and said "Kaukee."

I knew that meant "No."

"No girls!" I exclaimed. "Forty boys, and no girls? This will never do."

"We have no girls in our camp," said the chief.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I saw plenty of girls in your village, when I was over there yesterday."

"Kaukee," he repeated. "They were married women, or were too little to go to school."

"I think you are mistaken," I answered.

"I speak the truth," said he smiting himself on the breast and standing very erect.

But I went on.

"My eyes can see straight," I said. "I saw girls in your camp who ought to be in school. The great father wants them to come to school. They must come. Now how will we get them to come?"

"They are not there," he said growing in earnest.

"Please don't tell me that again," I said very politely but very decidedly. "I know what I am talking about. If you do not bring the girls there is some other reason. It is not because there are no girls in your camp. I saw the girls with my own eyes. Now tell me why is it you will not bring them so I may report the true reason to Washington."

"Do you tell me I lie?" said the chief taking a step towards me.

"I say you are mistaken," I said.

The chief did not like to be talked to in that way by a woman and before all the boys, too.

The interpreter did not like to tell the chief all I said. He said, "He will get mad at you."

"That makes no difference," said I to the interpreter. "You are to tell him exactly what I say."

I knew enough of the language to know

(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.

In a private letter from Miss DeSette, missionary among the Zuni Pueblos, she says, "The teachers and pupils of Zuni Indian Day School send the heartiest greetings and very best wishes to the teachers and pupils of Carlisle. In the words of 'Tiny Tim' 'God bless all of us.' Many thanks, dear friends, and the teachers and pupils of the Carlisle School when they read this will with one voice send Christmas and New Year's Greetings to their brave co-worker in the far away West, and to her companion in the work, as well as to their pupils.

A plaintive letter from Elizabeth Blackmoon, now at Genoa School, Nebraska, makes the hearts of her friends feel sad. We are glad she had the pluck to leave the vile influences in her home life and to go to the first school she could get in. Her people tried to make her dress in Indian clothes and to marry an uneducated camp Indian. They even sold her or tried to sell her for horses, but Elizabeth would not sell. The Christian education she had received would not permit her to do the wicked things they tried to force her into, so she left home. May Elizabeth always have the courage to do RIGHT, is the wish of her friend, the Man-on-the-band-stand, and of all her friends at Carlisle.

Jemima Wheelock writes very interesting letters to her friends at the school, not in the spirit of boasting nor with the intention of having her little experiences published, however, but we know Jemima's big heart will not object to our making public anything we think will interest her friends or do good to her people. It will result in good for her race if it can be demonstrated that the Indian girl is as courageous and energetic as others. That Jemima is a brave example of pluck and energy will be seen by the following extracts from a recent letter:

"I am working hard and I can only laugh when I think of how many times I've got to make fire through the coming winter. The school-house was in a bad condition when I came, and I especially dreaded to pull the wood out of the snow, for there was no woodshed; but I will tell you how I managed to build a woodshed, and to get other things I needed. I called on a Judge at Green Bay, and I told him what I wanted. I was a stranger,

mind you, but to my luck I drew a paper from this Judge, which introduced me to the most prominent people of Green Bay. I went to all the banks of Green Bay and I collected enough money to build a woodshed, and without any trouble, and now I have a nice woodshed and a storm house built. I bought two new doors and had all the windows fixed. The woodshed will hold about ten cords of wood and now I can laugh again, because I will not have to dig the snow for my wood. I had three carpenters to work for me. I feel as though I was the mother of my forty children. Christmas is coming soon and I would like to give something to every one of my scholars, but there is nothing to give."

Jemima is trying to work out a scheme to clothe her pupils comfortably. They need boots and shoes, and warm clothing, she says, and the Man-on-the-band-stand knows she will get them, somehow.

Frank Locke writes from the Rosebud Agency Dak., in relation to the Indian troubles in that country. He seems to think that an Indian outbreak means a great deal more to newspaper men than to any other class of people especially when they want to "finish out columns" and get pay for them. He gives his reasons for the present "outbreak." The first difficulty arose between the Rosebud and the Pine Ridge Indians in regard to the line of their reservation. After the Rosebud Indians had improved their places, built houses, plowed their farms and built fences around them, erected churches and school-houses where "the children could be taught all good things" they did not want to move, as was stipulated they should by the last treaty. Then came the Messiah craze, etc. The settlers were frightened and petitioned to the Governor to be saved from being swept from the face of the earth as the Indian Messiah claimed they would be. The soldiers surrounded the Indian camps, the Indians fled, and thus the excitement grew from bad to worse. We are glad to find that Frank, although in the midst of it, takes a sensible view of the situation. When each Indian gets his eyes open sufficiently to see that the sooner he learns to lead himself instead of following the advice of ignorant chiefs the better it will be for him.

The little story now being published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is to be called "Stiya: Or, a Carlisle Indian Girl at Home." The story it will be remembered is founded on fact, and the scenes are laid in Pueblo villages of New Mexico. There will be a number of illustrations showing the peculiar houses in which the Pueblos live and their manner of dress. We have a little Stiya with us at present and use her name because it strikes our fancy.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Reverence.

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 by Standing Offer for the **HELPER**.

Address THE RED MAN Carlisle, Pa.

No HELPER next week.

Mrs. Allen, of St. Louis, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Pratt.

Miss Hunt's sister Mrs. Barker, of Jamestown, N. Y., is here.

Lydia Flint and Rosa Bourassa have gone to Wellsville to spend Christmas.

Clara Faber and Cecilia Londrosh are in from Millersville Normal School. Cecilia will spend the holidays among school-mates at Muncy, and Watsonstown.

Our Christmas news cannot go out before week after next, then we will try to give it in full, and there will be much to give according to indications at the present writing—Tuesday night.

An interesting letter from Frank Twiss explains the Indian situation at Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., very much as Frank Locke does. He blames the newspapers for much of the excitement, but he thinks there are some bad Indians in the Sioux tribe.

The boys and girls who wanted to come for the holidays but who concluded to stay at their farm homes and save their money are the brave ones after all, those who did come, however, are very welcome and we are glad to see them looking so well and happy.

The pleasant countenance of Rev. Dr. Vance, shone in upon us Tuesday. Dr. Vance was formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, but is now ministering to the people of Chester. We as a school can never forget the kindly and impressive talks he so often gave us, and no person is more welcome in our midst than this beloved friend.

O-LA-THEN-KA! (Ho, there! Come here!) This is the Portuguese word Dr. Chamberlain left with us, this week, and we shall always remember it and the story used to illustrate the necessity of our following the light. Dr. Chamberlain is from Brazil. He is in charge of a number of large schools in that country. He is a missionary and one of the *livest* ones we ever saw. Dr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Gilbert Beaver, son of Governor Beaver arrived on the grounds soon after noon on Monday, went directly to the dining-hall, and there caught the pupils at dinner. A happy catch it was both for the pupils and the Dr. Such grand impressive thoughts were in his great heart and must come out. We wish we had room to give even parts of the wonderful illustrations he used in the words of truth uttered. He first spoke of the growth of Carlisle since his last visit in '82, and then gave descriptions of Brazil. His invitation for us to become educated and helpful and then go to Brazil to help enlighten the millions in darkness in that great country was worthy of our deepest consideration. He said the Lord was working all the race colors into one great rainbow and so mingling them that all would be white, because the *light* is white. As to whether it is best to educate boys and girls together in the same school, the Dr. seemed to think that as the Lord made families and put boys and girls together in one family it could not be so very wrong to educate them together in a school.

No HELPER next week.

About thirty boys from the country are expected in to spend Christmas.

Several of the boys have gone to the country to spend Christmas with white friends.

The next issue of the HELPER will give the name of the person who won the prize for the best story.

Dr. and Mrs. Dorchester have recently visited the Genoa Indian School, Nebr., we see by the *Life of Peace*.

The two boys from Northern Alaska are spending the holidays with their loved missionary father the Rev. H. T. Bachman, at Bethlehem.

The Great Southern Band of Baltimore favored the school with a grand musical treat last Friday and the twenty-six gentlemen composing the band took dinner at the Teachers' Club.

Several of the boys and girls in No. 6 are the happy recipients of Christmas presents from Master Don Francisco, of Rutland, Vermont, who visited the school, in November last, with his mother.

Our subscribers will lose nothing by our not publishing the HELPER next week. The printers wish a little breathing spell, and what more fitting time to take it? Fifty-two numbers of the HELPER make a Volume, or one year, and this is what we give for ten cents.

The little INDIAN HELPER is not left out in the cold. The Man-on-the-band-stand has received a present of a necktie. Our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Emmegabowh, of White Earth, Minnesota, are the donors, but the pleasant words accompanying the little present bring as much joy to the old man's heart as does the neck-tie to his neck. "My dearest little INDIAN HELPER," says the great hearted Indian, "Your weekly visit to my abode has been a most pleasant one. You travel far and wide, yes many hundreds and thousands of miles. Small as you are you are fully able to carry the news to your friends and how wonderful that you always find your destination, to the very doors of your friends. One of our chiefs taking you up said, 'The little INDIAN HELPER must have very peculiar and strong scent to find his road in the hundreds, yes, thousands of roads it goes over and passes through.' I think the old chief is right in thus complimenting your swiftness of travel. Do you know whenever you enter my abode I have always given you the best seat, and then invite my companion, both of us to hear you talk. Now, my dear friend, Christmas day is fast approaching, and when all, both the old and the young shall participate in the great rejoicing, little presents will be interchanged. I know you must have been gathering much good news around Carlisle, and therefore, we take this opportunity to send a little present—my dear companion thought enough and sufficient to buy you a necktie. We are your most dear friends, J. J. Emmegabowh and Charlotte Emmegabowh." One of the little boys shall get the neck-tie

(Continued From the First Page.)

when he was telling him all and when the interpreter hesitated I would say, "Go on, tell him that."

Finally the chief said as he approached me again; "Here me speak once more, and the last time. I say we have no girls. I am chief. I, too, know what I am talking about."

He grew very loud, and said looking straight at me with very fierce eyes, "If you say again we have girls, I will strike you."

"Well," said I in surprise; but knowing it would not do to be silent then, I looked at him quietly but straight in the eye, and in as mild a voice as I could use and as kindly as was possible said, "My friend, I am not afraid ever to speak the truth. I say again I saw girls in your village. Here you are head chief of this tribe, but you are no GREAT man. A great man would never threaten to strike a woman. A great man would like to help his people. But you want to keep them back. The father at Washington would be ashamed of such a chief as you are. I shall write a letter and tell him just what kind of a chief you are."

"Did the chief strike you, Aunt Martha," said Fred, who by this time was quite excited with the rest of the little party.

"Oh, no," said Aunt Martha. "The chief did not intend to strike me. He saw I was a young girl, and he thought if he could scare me that would be an easy way to settle the girl question. He wanted the girls educated as well as I did, but the girl's mammas did not want to send them to school, because they were useful at home. They could carry wood on their little backs and they could bring the water and do lots of things to help their mammas, and that is the reason they did not want to spare them, so it was very difficult for the chief to persuade the women of the camp to give up their girls."

"O, yes, I see," said little Mary.

"When the chief saw I did not frighten in that way, he turned around and though his back was turned, I could see that he was smiling."

Then I spoke to the interpreter and said, "You tell the chief to take these boys home and tomorrow come again and bring twenty girls and twenty boys and then I will put their names down on the paper."

After this direction I left the spot under the trees and went to my home, without even saying good-bye to the chief.

The next day I went to the school house again and waited and waited. I had less hope than the day before that there would be any pupils, but about the same time as on the day previous the line again was seen as I looked off in the direction of the creek, and when they reached the trees by the school-house I went out and to my great pleasure saw that there were girls as well as boys, in the party.

"Here are the twenty girls," said the chief with a proud twinkle in his eye, but there are thirty boys; can you take them in?"

"Yes," I said. "They, too, shall go to school. I will give them all clothing and treat them kindly."

Then I went around and shook each dirty little hand and made friends with the owners of them.

They all had bright eyes, and when their blankets were removed for coats, pants and hats, and the girls were fitted out in dresses and aprons, you would be surprised how well and how happy they looked.

"Aunt Martha, did they have names?"

"Certainly. Every little Indian boy and girl has a name of some kind, but some are very long and some are very short. Some are very funny and some are very hard to pronounce, so I gave all the new pupils new English names."

One I called Stacy Matlack, one Robert Mathews, one William Morgan, one Nellie Iddings, one Nellie Aspinall, one Jennie Eyre, Wilson Moore, and so on.

All these are names of boys and girls now at Carlisle, or in the East. Whether they remember this their first school, away down in the Indian Territory, will be tested after they read the story, but thus was the first Pawnee school in the Indian Territory started.

AUNT MARTHA.

Enigma.

I am made of 20 letters.

My 1, 2, 5 is what one wears on his head

My 16, 18, 11 is a kind of fish.

My 14, 6, 15, 5 is the home of a bird.

My 19, 12, 20 is used on machines.

My 13 is the first letter in the alphabet.

My 8, 9, 10, 6 is what people do every day.

My 17, 12, 5, 4 is what one boy often does to another.

My 3, 7, 8 is another name for boy.

My whole is a place in about the centre of the United States where Indians go to school.

SUBSCRIBER.

STANDING OFFER.—For Five new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photograph 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 Navajo as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and hand-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 9x11 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.