

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1891. NUMBER 19.



ONE of the wee boys in the small boys' quarters declares that the following lines "just came into his head." He wrote them for his teacher only, but the M. O. T. B. S. caught them up, thinking that the readers of his paper would enjoy the rhythmic effusions of an Indian youth so full of promise.

Poetry

The little bee flies from buds to flowers,
Seeking his store for the winter hours,
Seeing as he goes his way,
His friend, the grasshopper, slender and gay,
Who never thinks of the winter hours,
Nor gathers his food from the buds and flowers.

Poetry.

Live for something, little man,
Always do the best you can.
Never slight your work at all,
For the good Lord made us all;
But by trying you will win,
If you throw off your load of sin.

JOHNNIE SCHMOKER.

A Peep at the Cheyenne Agency, I. T.

Our good friend Mr. Seger again favors the readers of the INDIAN HELPER with one of his bright letters about his work and about the doings of some of our returned students.

He says:

At the writer's last visit to the Agency, as he entered the Agent's office, a pleasing sight met his eyes, for there sat Cleaver Warden industriously writing, and a little way from him at another desk sat Robert Burns, also engaged in clerical work.

Another desk was occupied by Paul Boynton.

The very look on each face showed that they meant business.

It did not take my mind long to flit back some fifteen years and to see these same boys as they were brought to me at the Agency school.

They wore long hair and were dressed like hundreds of other Cheyenne and Arapahoe boys in full Indian costume.

By the aid of a tub of water, comb and shears they were ready in a short time to put on their suits of jean, when they had the appearance of fresh hatched school-boys.

From that time on their faces have been turned toward the paths of civilized life.

But the change was not yet.

Paul Boynton served an apprenticeship as type-setter at the office of the *Red Man*, and persevered until he became proficient as type-setter and became a good penman, which with his knowledge of the English language fits him for the position he now holds.

Robert Burns did not commence clerking in the Agent's office the next day after entering school, strange as it may seem.

After attending the school at the Agency for two or three years he went to Carlisle, Pa.

After spending some time in this school, he attended college and graduated with honors.

Cleaver Warden was also a student of Carlisle, where as a leading disputant in a debate he said, "The American Indian should be exterminated," and said he "I will be the first one to jump into the Atlantic ocean."

But now are not these three Indians trying to exterminate the Indians within themselves, by leading industrious lives?

As such thoughts as these flash through my mind, I am interrupted by the cry of "Johnnie Schmoker," from a number of Indians, who were seated outside of the office-railing.

After shaking hands with them I, passed in behind the railing and there was eagerly greeted by my old school-boys, who had grown to be men.

Cleaver laid down his pen and turned around in his chair, facing me and said "Why do the Indians call you Johnnie Schmoker? I have often wondered why they did this but have never before inquired."

"Well, your curiosity shall be satisfied, at least," said I. "That name was given me by the Arapahoes in the year 1873.

"It happened this way:

"I had not been at the Agency long, when I visited the Arapahoe school.

"The superintendent was a Quaker gentleman and a good friend of mine, as well as an old acquaintance.

"It was in the evening and the children were so wild and restless that the superintendent shut them in the playroom and locked the door, for the double purpose of keeping

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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.

Frank Locke, of Rosebud Agency, Dak. does not agree with the theory advanced by Prof. Nitobe, of Japan while here, that the North American Indian possibly came from Japan. He says, "When we look at the formation and color of the Japanese and compare with that of the North American Indian we cannot be induced to indorse what our friend the HELPER has said about the two races."

Although a little late we wish our readers to see the following commendation of one of the boys who came in for a Christmas visit. A letter he brought says:

"Capt. Pratt: A— is a good boy and deserves to have a good time, and he feels that the greatest enjoyment will be to spend the holidays with the ones he loves best. He attends school regularly. We have always found him to be an honest, truthful boy; no bad habits that we are aware of; willing to take advice and profit by it; and we trust he may realize as much pleasure at Carlisle as he has anticipated since deciding to go. J— goes with him. He also has made many friends since he has been among us. We can heartily congratulate you on the success of the Indian Training School. You are doing a good work."

Michael Burns Thinks the Apaches Need a Missionary.

Michael Burns, one of our first Apache pupils writes from the San Carlos Agency, Arizona:

"I thought it would be worthy of record to state in the little Indian paper, that a Christmas was opened here at the Apache Boarding School. It is the first time ever the Apaches witnessed a Christmas tree which stood in the school yard. The relatives of the children were admitted to and partook of the dinner. Most every one of the old feeble Apaches went home with some presents from the Superintendent and the teachers. I expect that most of them wished that Christmas would come soon again, though they do not know why the white people have such a day set apart. They do not know that the blessed Saviour was born on that day. I should think it is time for the Christian people to come out here and try to teach the Apaches something about Christ."

The Apaches have a record of a wild people, but they are not as bad as the white people making up statements throughout the country. Of course it is the same with us as with every class of white people, there are some bad ones who commit wrongs and get punished for them, but many of the Apaches living on the White Mountain Reservation are a just, kind and innocent people. I ask to be remembered to my old school-mates."

Carlisle Pupils at the Seat of War

Mr. James F. Cross, Missionary at Rosebud Agency, Dak., in a letter just received, says: "We are in a bad shape out here. I do not know how matters could be worse, and I do not know when and how they are to become better. I had my plans about matured for changing my place of work, but this confusion and disorder came. The state of affairs has become worse since it seemed sure that the peaceful settlement would be reached. Now no one can tell when the matter will be settled. Rosebud is at present out of danger, but no telling when a party will endeavor to wipe us off the earth. Intense prejudice will arise against Indians as a whole, so I have tabled my plan to leave and shall push on anew for their welfare. So far as I have been able to find out the Carlisle students have done good work in keeping friends and parents quiet and at home."

But the army of Carlisle pupils who have remained quietly at home and done the good work above referred to by Mr. Cross will never be heard from. If there be a possible one or two, however, who have been over persuaded by their parents to join the hostiles, the fact is spread abroad, while a small circle of pessimists sit back in their comfortable chairs and sneer at the whole system of education of Indian youth. Had there been an hundred times as many Sioux boys and girls educated away from their tribes as there have been in the past ten years—a plan which was strongly urged by Senator Teller when he was Secretary of the Interior and with which the present Honorable Secretary is in full sympathy, the disgraceful war now being enacted in the North West, never could have occurred.

"Do you use bad words before Capt. Pratt?"

"Oh, no."

"Why not?"

"Because he would not like to hear me."

"Oh! But you say, 'I just can not help saying bad words.' Now if you can help it one time you can help it another time. Keep from saying bad words and you will have much greater respect for yourself. It is a terrible habit."

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 Standing Order for the **HELPER**.

Address **THE RED MAN** Carlisle, Pa.

To do so no more is the truest repentance.
—[*Luther.*]

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Christmas Holidays.

Miss Dittes led the Sunday evening service very acceptably.

"O! Did you see her spit on the floor of the balcony? Shocking!

December and January *Red Man* will be printed as one number the last of the month.

Mr. W. R. Claudy, of town is helping with the desk work at the printing-office.

The Girls' Society was favored* with a well rendered selection by Clara Faber, last meeting.

Phillip Lavatta and William Beaulieu are recruits to the printers' corps.

Three handsomely framed pictures a gift of a Sunday School Class of young ladies of Linden Hall, Lititz, look very pretty on the walls of the hospital.

Mrs. Given spent Sunday in Philadelphia. Miss Fisher accompanied her on Saturday but returned early Sunday morning, having missed the train out of Broad St. Saturday night.

Messrs. Thos. McCauley, Henry Blackbird and Wa-j-a-pa, delegates from the Omaha tribe of Indians in Nebraska, sent to Washington on business connected with that tribe, spent a few hours with us on their return west.

The Invincible Debating Society at their last meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Howard Logan; Vice President, Peter Cornelius; Secretary, Henry Standing Bear; Treasurer, Martin Archquette; Critic, Mr. William P. Campbell; Sergeant-at-arms, Levi St. Cyr; Reporter, John B. Tyler.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, of San Paulo, Brazil, has favored the school with another short visit. He says he likes to come to see the Indian boys and girls and we are sure they like to have him come and speak to them. A number of the teachers and pupils went to hear Dr. Chamberlain speak at the First Presbyterian Church in town Wednesday evening.

It is due Miss Hunt to say that the chief clerk made a big blunder in giving what the M. O. T. B. S. said last week in regard to the costume committee of the Christmas cantata. Miss Hunt was the chairman of the committee and suggested many of the pretty costumes, laboring most arduously with the others to make the scene the complete success that it was.

"Want to buy" blanks will be passed to the boys in a few days. On them they will state what they wish to buy, how much money they wish to spend, how much they have in bank before taking any out and how much they will have left after they take out what they wish to. This is all very good, but let us keep in mind that any fool can *make* money and *spend* it, but it takes a wise, careful person to *SAVE* his money. Save! Save! Save! should be our watch-word.

Rumor comes from the Pawnee Agency that Susie Gray is married to George Howell, brother of Rose Howell.

A letter from Rosebud Agency, Dak., brings the sad news of the death of Paul Eagle Star, who was killed in a fight with the soldiers.

Zippa Metoxen has been promoted at the hospital to the position of Assistant Nurse where she has great responsibilities, and carries them well.

The new cupboard in Miss Ely's office DOESN'T look like a dish cupboard, and it is a splendid place for the reports and photographs. This has been a long felt need of the office.

The papers have it that Miss Goodale is about to marry Dr. Eastman, an educated Sioux Indian at Pine Ridge Agency, Dak. Mr. Standing sighs and says, "Another brilliant career ends in Sioux-i-cide."

Every time a person fails to do a piece of work as well as he or she can, no matter how small the work or how unpleasant it may be, the failure tells AGAINST that person. EVERY TIME!!!!

Last winter it was La Grippe at the hospital about this time, but this winter it is Pneumonia. The beds are full but all the occupants are getting better and not a case lost. This speaks well for both Dr. and nurses.

Clara Faber who does not return to Millersville for a term is taking Miss Carter's place in the school-room and finds it an excellent opportunity to put into practice her Millersville Normal training.

The sad news comes through letters from Pine Ridge Agency, Dak., that White Horse Little Bull and Mack Kutepi have been killed, and that Clayton Brave is wounded. The letter does not state upon which side these Carlisle pupils were engaged whether with the hostile or friendly Indians.

Walter Anallo was called by telegram to the bed side of his dying sister, Mrs. Robert Marmon, at Laguna, New Mexico, but did not reach there in time to see her. Walter writes an affectionate letter expressing great grief at not being able to look once more into the dear face of his loved sister. In the letter he speaks of several Carlisle boys and girls as follows: William Paisano is keeping a store of his own, so is Henry Kendall; Charles Carr is doing well; Samuel Keryte is working in Albuquerque at blacksmithing, learned at Carlisle, and is earning plenty of money; James Miller and Frank Paisano are also in Albuquerque, so are Laura Reed and her sister. Maria, Walter's sister who spent five years at Carlisle, and whose loving face and gentle ways we shall always hold in sweet remembrance has been an employee at the Government school at Santa Fe, but was called home on account of the sickness of Mrs. Marmon, and now that she has left several small children Maria feels it right to stay and take care of them.

Mrs. Marmon was one of the dearest little women the writer ever met. An Indian woman, uneducated but most amiable, faithful, efficient and untiring, a loving wife and a fond mother. Our sympathy goes out toward the little family so sadly bereft.

(Continued From the First Page.)

the children in and the camp Indians out. "I soon found that visiting with my friend was out of the question, for the children kept up such a din and noise, dancing and drumming on the stove, benches or anything that would vibrate, until I could hardly think, let alone talk.

"Yet I did think a little, regardless of the noise.

"I thought how pleasant and smiling the superintendent looked, then I thought how wild and noisy the children were.

"What a contrast!

"It was like a placid lake beside a raging cataract.

"I could not help thinking if that placid lake and cataract could mingle, how much more pleasant it would be!

"While thoughts like these occupied my mind, the orchestra ceased playing. In other words, the children stopped drumming, and as one little boy slyly glanced toward me I made up a face at him, whereupon he giggled and caught hold of another boy to attract his attention, and then pointed at me.

"This called for another distortion of my countenance, when set two boys giggling, and by this time I had the attention of all the scholars, when they would cry in Arapahoe: 'Do it again! Do it again!'

"I was so in ready to change the programme and did so by stepping to the middle of the floor and singing, accompanying with gestures, the old school-song 'Johnnie Schmoker.'

"The children formed a ring around me and gave me their undivided attention while I sang about my drum, fife and cymbal.

"But at the conclusion of the song, when I reached out my arm and crooked my finger to represent a pipe and gave three hearty puffs of pretended smoke in the air, the children danced with glee, for they had grasped an idea.

"They shouted for an encore, and as the song was repeated, several followed the gestures and tried to repeat the words.

"Before the winter was over the children were singing 'Johnnie Schmoker' in camp as well as on the play ground, and I was called Johnnie Schmoker by both old and young Indians.

"Now, if the readers of the HELPER find anything in this letter to interest them, I will write again and tell them how the writer sang himself into the superintendency of the Arapahoe Manual Labor and Boarding School, where he remained in charge for five years without interruption."

GREETINGS FROM MRS. GRINNELL.

PASADENA, CALIF., Dec. 18, '90.

DEAR HELPER:

Maybe you think we have quite forgotten you in our far-away home, but I wish the printer boy who mails a number each week to our address could see the rush when the "mail-man", at this end of the route blows his whistle.

Joe and Bessie and Fordy make a stampede across the garden to see which one will get to

the box first and if the HELPER is, there they shout in a chorus:

"HELPER! HELPER!" so loud I can hear it from anywhere in the house.

Then we proceed to read "very bit of it.

Fordy and Bessie are as interested as any one, and sit on the arms of the chair looking over somebody's shoulder while it is being read aloud. After it is finished, Fordy always picks it up and reads over again, as much as he can make out.

He always turns to the enigmas and though he cannot understand them, he thinks it is very funny that "My 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 is the name of a boy." He always did think the Indians had very funny names.

As Christmas comes near, we especially remember Carlisle, for we were with you one year ago.

I am sure you will have happy times this year.

Santa Claus will come to you with his white fur and his reindeer sledge,—but to us he will come on a gentle sea-breeze—probably the same that brought Captain and Mrs. Pratt home from Japan.

The old Saint will wear orange blossoms in his hair and have rose-buds as big as June apples for sleigh-bells.

Enigma.

I am made of 23 letters.

My 10, 9, 16, 17 is what some of the choir boys and girls do well.

My 23, 22, 8 is a color that some white ladies and a few Indians, like to paint their cheeks.

My 18, 3, 21 is a word that gamblers use and one that the Man-on-the-band-stand does not like to hear his boys and girls use so much.

My 4, 6, 15, 14, 19 is what nearly every Carlisle boy and girl can do with a pencil.

My 11, 5, 7, 8 is a yellow metal we all like plenty of.

My 7, 12, 1, 13, 22, 6 is what teachers as well as pupils like to find in their P. O. box.

My 2, 5, 20 is the way our radiators feel sometimes.

My whole is what Mr. Standing plainly and forcibly proved Saturday night in his talk.

STANDING OFFER.—For Five new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photograph group of the 17 Carlisle Indian printer boys, on a card 3x4 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 Pnecbes 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, (bandoir) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(Persons wishing the above premium 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.