

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1887.

NUMBER 3.

THE INDIANS AT HOME.

"Yes, some of the Indians live in houses," answered Miss Burgess, when the Man-on-the-band-stand tried to make her talk more about the trip she and Miss Irvine recently took to Dakota for pupils.

"Are they nice houses?" continued the old man.

"Not very nice. They are made of logs, and many of them have no floors. It is very hard work, as you know, my dear sir, to build a house—first to cut down the trees and trim the logs, then to haul them from the woods, then to put them up so as to make a good strong house. It is hard work I say, and when you stop and think that many of the Indians who have put up houses in the last few years at Pine Ridge and Rosebud, Dak., are men who never learned to work when they were boys, and knew nothing of carpentering, a great deal of credit is due them for having done so well.

Some of the houses are crooked, some are not chinked well and others have no doors or windows, but many are well built and straight."

"What kind of roofs do they have?"

"I saw no shingle roofs on any of the log houses out there. The roofs were made of mud and sand, and lay quite flat. I should think when it rained the water would run through."

"Do they have chairs, and tables, and stoves, and other things which we consider necessary?"

"In most of the houses we went there was only one room. In that room were generally a stove, four or five beds, one or two old broken chairs, a table perhaps, and a trunk or a box or two. Harness and saddles and ropes were in one corner, dirty dishes, pots and pans piled up in another corner, tobacco pouches and pipes and other trinkets hung around on nails, while meat bones and soup kettles served for central ornaments. Flies, and fleas were abundant and there was not a total absence of a worse kind of vermin.

"Did you not find any of the houses in good order?"

"Yes; one house in which I was invited at Rosebud deserves more than a passing remark. I mean Standing Bear's house.

Victoria, (we all remember when she was with us) keeps house for her father, and Willard lives there too.

(Luther and his wife live in a different house.)

The last evening I was at Rosebud Willard called for me to go see his home.

I went, and as I entered was surprised to see such a nicely kept house.

The floor was white, the chairs and tables were nicely dusted. There were pictures on the walls. In the main room which was a large one, there were two of the nicest made and cleanest looking beds I saw in any Indian house.

Victoria has a sewing machine and organ. We played the organ, and sang Gospel Hymns and talked and laughed and had a very enjoyable evening.

Before leaving, Willard asked if I would like to see his room, which was up stairs. This, too, was in perfect order. Then we went to the kitchen and every thing was just as neat as could be.

"They seemed proud and happy in their nice home, and I hope they will always keep it just as nice as I found it."

"I also saw Joe Schwagman's and Minnie's house. They were not at home, but we could see that a careful house-wife had been at work there. Everything was neat and in order."

"Rev. Amos Ross, native missionary at Medicine Root creek, Pine Ridge, has a neat home. We were most kindly treated by this gentleman and his wife, and shall at some future time speak of the good work they are doing.

"There are neat Indians and filthy Indians, just as we find neat white people and filthy white people."

"But clean houses, clean men, clean women, and clean children are scarce in an Indian village."

"They need cleansing through and through, body and soul, but the slow way in which the

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NOTE—The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

Miss Dittes expects to attend College in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, this winter. Good for her.

We see by the *De Pere News* that many of the children on the Oneida Reservation are sick with summer cholera.

Joseph Eyre with whom Walter Gurier lives, and Mr. Alvan Tomlinson, both of Bucks county, spent Tuesday night at our school.

Maj. Wright, who was agent of the Rosebud Sioux for four years, and lately resigned, spent Sunday with us, having stopped over on his way to Chicago from New York.

A boy who goes to work on a farm and promises to stay a certain length of time, is poor stuff indeed if he runs away from his bargain. Bah! Such a boy does not deserve the respect of his fellows.

Rev. Dr. Morrow, of the St. John's Episcopal church, Carlisle, will preach for us for a month. His talk last Sunday was very interesting and from the reference made to it by our boys in the evening service, it was most impressive. Let all of us remember one of the strongest things he uttered, "That which goes to make up a great man is the faithful fulfilling of the little things, each in its turn."

Mr. R. M. Ziegler, of Carlisle, Superior at Penna. Institute for Deaf Mutes in Philadelphia, Mr. B. R. Allabough, Superior of the boys at Western Institute for Deaf Mutes, at Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. Harry Spahr, of Carlisle, student of the National Deaf Mute College, Washington, D. C. called, and much interested our boys with their silent way of talking. The boys say that some of their signs are similar to Indian signs.

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work is now carried on it will take centuries to do it."

"Whereas, if the right means were used: If ALL those bright but wild and dirty children were taken up and placed in schools, as far from their homes as possible and when able to speak a little English and care for themselves if they found homes in good families such as our 300 Indian boys and girls now on farms have found, if there were no more beef issues or ration days: If the middle aged able bodied men and women were obliged to work for a living as our own people work: If the mass were scattered here and there and everywhere, and the tribes broken up, how long would those disgraceful patches of land in our country called Indian reservations remain? How long before the only reservation for Indians would be the whole United States and the Indians a part of our people, CITIZENS of the best country on God's earth.

This would be the kindest treatment we could give the Indians, and this would save at least a part, a *greater* part then will be saved in the slow process now in operation.

The following new and old pupils have come to us from the Omahas and Sioux:

OMAHAS: Reuben Wolf, Jas. Wolf, Louis Levering, Wm. Springer, Daisy Esau.

WINNEBAGOES: Edward Snake, Abner St. Cyr, Levi St. Cyr, Chas. Mann, Simon Smith, Lawrence Smith.

SIoux: Nancy Ironson, Hannah Longwolf, Lizzie Frog, Adelia Low, Adelia Tyon, Lizzie Stands, Nellie Robertson, Millie Bisnett, Sallie Face, Emma Bull Bonnett, Jessie Bitter, Julia Walking Crane, Laura Standing Elk, Cheyenne, Geo. La Dau, Frank Lock, Wm. Brown, Red Earhorse, Jacob C. Keely, Robt. Horse, White Bear, Herman Young, Sam'l Dion, Good Shield, Norris Strangerhorse, Susie Noneck, Hattie Porcupine, Isabella Twodogs, Jas. Blackbear, Kicked to death by a dog, Wm. Black Eagle, Albert White Face, Albert Standing Eagle, Jas. Cornman, Thos. Blackbull Porcupine, Willis Blackbear, Isaac Killshard, Edward Killshard, Chas. Brave, Chas. Redhawk, Thos. Redhawk, Eli Minica.

The new gymnasium is coming on fast and will be one of our nicest buildings.

Mr. Harris is kind, even if he does get a little out of patience with our old second-hand job presses. He is a first class mechanic, however, and it matters not what part of a press breaks, he seems to know all about fixing it.

Visitors by the hundred.

School-rooms are cleaning.

The band instruments are away for repairs.

Miss Irvine has gone with her father to Asbury Park.

It was Howard who invented a way to turn our press-wheel when the treadle broke.

Joshua Given has been in charge of camp in the mountains for a week. All will be in to-day.

What was the matter with the flag Tuesday morning? Nothing! Only Reuben put it up, up side down.

A nice letter from Joshua, in charge of camp, was handed to us too late for this week's paper.

Jack has a nice new Express wagon, but he will not take the ladies riding, for he says his wagon is too "witty."

A mosquito lit on the eye of a crane and there he sat and bit, till the eye swelled up as large as a cup, and no one knew it was IT.

Mr. Campbell's remarks last Sunday evening were practical and to the point. The whole meeting was one of the interesting ones.

The printers had a water-melon feast last Friday; on Saturday they went to camp, returned Tuesday, and are ready for business again.

The walk which John Londrosh and his boys made in front of dining-hall and printing-office, is much appreciated by those who pass that way.

Howard Logan, one of our printers who went to the country for two months to work on a farm, returned Wednesday with a most excellent record.

Our young folks must have been hard pressed for a subject to guess the other evening at twenty questions, when they took the oil in the camphorated-ice on poor Mrs. Campbell's sore nose.

The Large Boy's Quarters will be handed over to the school to-day, all complete, and the rooms are already full of pupils. Until the Little Boy's Quarters are done in November, they will be somewhat crowded; but THEN, oh, then, every thing will be lovely for the boys.

It was Henry Kendall and John Elm who enlarged our coal-shed. Thanks!

Mr. Sam'l Wetzel secured the contract for building the Little Boy's Quarters for \$7820.

Capt. Pratt is in Washington, and Mrs. Pratt has gone to Jamestown near Newport, R. I.

Lida walked in the office like a business lady and renewed her subscription to the HELPER.

Wash-stands by the wagon load have been hauled from the depot this week, and placed in the nice rooms of the new quarters.

Richenda was just five years old yesterday. The nice presents and the many kisses and kind greetings our little pet received made her very happy.

We are glad to see the boys taking more pains in their marching again. Vacation will soon be over, and many crooked places will have to be made straight.

The ice-man left such a small piece of ice at Given's door the other morning that Miss Moore picked it up in her handkerchief, thinking it was a hail-stone.

The boys' new assembly room was fitted up Tuesday evening with lights, tables, games, and papers to read, and the boys showed by their orderly conduct that they enjoyed the treat.

A letter from Miss Seabrook says she is enjoying her rest. If there is one of our workers who deserves a good long rest it is Miss Seabrook. The duties she was detailed to perform at the hospital during the six weeks previous to her departure were heavy and very wearing.

We hope all the boys and girls will read Miss Fisher's description of Mt. Washington. If you don't remember in just what part of New Hampshire it is, get your Geography and find it. Every one who reads in the Second Reader should want to know all about Mt. Washington.

We are pained at the sad news of the death of one of our hospital assistants, Miss Kate Smiley. She left us about ten days ago for a vacation, and spent the night at a friend's house in town, intending next day to take the stage to her home a few miles west of town. In the morning she was not able to go, and was confined to bed until her death on Tuesday.

**MISS FISHER'S TRIP TO MT. WASHINGTON
CONTINUED.**

Fortunately I had planned to stay several days with friends living not very many miles away from Mt. Washington; and when one of them consented to go to the summit with me, if I wished to go again, I was delighted, for the air was exceedingly clear, and the distant mountains were without a cloud.

We rode in a carriage twenty miles to Bethlehem, a lovely place where people who have plenty of money can go to enjoy the air and beautiful scenery.

We spent the night with a friend; and next morning took the cars for the Fabyan Hotel.

Arrived there, the first thing I did was to look toward the mountain, which now stood out clear-cut against the blue sky; both the railroad and houses on top plainly in sight. On the cloudy day we had only one coach, this time we had four, each having its own engine.

Now I realized as it was not possible to do before, the awfulness of climbing the side of a mountain on a railroad; the rails laid not on the surface, but on a kind of bridge, or trestle-work, in the highest and steepest place 30 feet above the rocks. This place is called "Jacob's Ladder."

I think I was not really afraid, but there was something frightful about looking down,—down thousands of feet into the valleys below; and across onto the bare, rugged tops of the neighboring mountains.

At one place the cars stopped and let all who wished get off and look down into a deep gorge called the "Gulf of Mexico," a gulf without water.

Immediately upon getting to the top we went into the Summit House and waited our turn to register names. Then we went to the Observatory, and there a wonderful vision was before us.

As far as the eye could see on all sides were mountains; those near by looked rocky and brown, between them were green valleys, with here and there a little village. Then in the distance were more mountains, and beyond them still others, beautifully blue in the hazy atmosphere.

To the south we could plainly see Lake Winnepesaukee, 50 miles distant, to the south-east Sebago Lake in Maine, 40 miles away, and several other smaller lakes, and could trace the course of the Saco river on its way from the mountains to the sea. On a clearer day, Portland, 65 miles distant, can be seen. We were told the lights were in sight at night.

There is a printing-office on the summit furnished with steam printing-press, where a daily paper *Among the Clouds*, is published during the summer months, price 10 cents a single copy.

At the Signal Service office two men stay during the year, even through the long, dreary winter months, and send daily telegraphic messages to Washington about the weather.

They have a splendid, great St. Bernard dog as large as a lion, and very wise and gentle, that acts as "mail boy" in the winter, taking mail down and bringing it up the mountain once a week. All the visitors pat "Medford" and talk to him and he looks pleased to be noticed.

The Rail-way is three miles long and the fare up and back again is \$3.00.

The conductor seemed rather proud to tell us that there had been a good many accidents from machinery breaking, but never a passenger hurt, because the engine can be stopped instantly in the steepest place. After he told us that, I felt safer, and enjoyed more thoroughly the wonderful picture spread out before me as we made the descent, and was sorry when it was over.

For the last mile up the mountain, one sees no trees or shrubs, only a coarse grass and a tiny white flower, called "Bluet." One wonders where these can find soil enough to live upon.

When I think of the skill and carefulness which has made a pleasant and easy journey out of what was once long and tiresome, I am filled with admiration for the power that God has given the human mind that it can think out such great inventions.

Enigma.

I am composed of sixteen letters.

My 11, 12, 16, 6 is a game our Indian boys like to play.

My 10, 2, 8, 15, 7 is an animal that bleats.

My 3, 13, 9 is to make a mistake.

My 1, 4, 14, 5, 8 is an odd number.

My whole is what we are all trying to fill.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE: London.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ 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 a piece.

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 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.