

# The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1888.

NUMBER 45.

*Selected by Susan Longstreth for  
The Indian Helper.*

## TO MY DOG "BLANCO."

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,  
A willing vassal at my feet,  
Glad partner of my home and fare,  
My shadow in the street.  
I look into your great brown eyes,  
Where love and loyal homage shine,  
And wonder where the difference lies  
Between your soul and mine!  
I scan the whole broad earth around  
For that one heart which, leal and true,  
Bears friendship without end or bound,  
And find the prize in you.  
I trust you as I trust the stars;  
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,  
Nor beggary, nor dungeon-bars,  
Can move you from my side!  
As patient under injury  
As any Christain saint of old,  
As gentle as a lamb with me,  
But with your brothers bold;  
More playful than a frolic boy,  
More watchful than a sentinel,  
By day and night your constant joy  
To guard and please me well.  
I clasp your head upon my breast—  
The while you whine and lick my hand—  
And thus our friendship is confessed,  
And thus we understand!  
Ah, Blanco! did I worship God,  
As truly as you worship me,  
Or follow where my Master trod  
With your humility,  
Did I sit fondly at his feet,  
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,  
And watch Him with a love as sweet,  
My life would grow divine!

—J. G. Holland.

## AN INDIAN GIRL ON A FARM.

*She Enjoys a Holiday.*

The Man-on-the-band-stand received two interesting compositions this week from

Frances King and Adelia Low. What the Man-on-the-band-stand enjoys reading he takes for granted the readers of his paper will enjoy. The following was written by Frances King. The other by Adelia Low, a description of the same trip, he kindly allows the editor of *The Red Man* to use, and it will be printed in the July number.

### My Trip to Burlington New Jersey.

Tuesday afternoon, June 5th, 1888, Mrs. L—— took Adelia Lowe and me for a ride to this strange place.

It was a nice ride for us. The ladies we stay with gave us a holiday and the lady Adelia stays with took us.

We kept our eyes open to see every thing that day, and as we drove along we saw two lakes called Silver Lake.

The reason it got its name was, because it was clear like silver, so it got its name as Silver Lake.

Then we were asked if we saw that line of white fog, that was the Delaware River and just beyond the fog was Pennsylvania.

If we just only could see Carlisle, but we got the glimpse of it any way, I mean Pennsylvania.

Still farther on we came to a spot where a group of Chestnut trees grew out of one big stump.

There were just twelve of them. They represented the twelve disciples in the Bible.

One was bent over and crooked that was to represent Judas who went astray and betrayed his master.

I thought it was funny to see them growing in one place.

I wish you could see it Mr. Man-on-the-band-stand. You seem to know and hear lots of things but you will be surprised to hear of this place as I tell you in my composition.

Next came an old tree that is hollow, where the poor tramps made fire in cold weather, not in summer because it is too warm.

Then came some houses that stood during the Revolutionary War, built in the year 1741.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)



# The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISTE, 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.

Henry Standing Bear sent five subscriptions this week for the HELPER.

A cablegram from Mr. Standing says they were to start on their home sea-voyage yesterday. They are coming on the steamer Egypt.

Lorenzo Martinez has gone to live for the summer with Mr. Ed. Watson, of Bucks County. It is the same place he worked for two years. Lorenzo made an excellent name there, and Mr. Watson offered him good wages if he would go back. Good, faithful, earnest, honest work will win us a place in this world, and will make people want us, and that is the secret of success.

So many have gone to work on farms that the schools are growing small, thus giving those who are left a better chance to go ahead fast. Now is the time to learn fast. Ask your teacher to drill you more in reading and the elementary sounds. We have no good readers among our pupils.

O, yes; there are some who read in the Third, Fourth and Fifth Readers, but they haven't learned to read well.

It will take much practice and careful attention to our teachers' instructions to make of ourselves good readers. Some who speak English well are very poor readers. The Man-on-the-band-stand wishes we could bring ourselves up in this important study, and the teachers are as anxious about the matter as he is. The pupils themselves must do the work, and not get tired of saying over and over again the same sentence or word if the teacher thinks best.

She knows if the word is pronounced correctly.

The latest: Just as we go to press, we hear that there will be no more school this year, as the old school building must come down at once. Let us take the lesson home, at any rate, and improve as much as we can during vacation, by reading aloud when we have the chance.

The boys and girls are not using the Reading Rooms as much as they should.

Proposals for bids to build the new school building are published in the town papers.

Mr. Campbell took a flying trip through Columbia county, last week. He found nearly all the boys in that direction doing well.

Persis Bighair is a wideawake agent for our papers. She has sent many names for both papers. This week we have two subscriptions for the Red Man from her.

Tawkieh, Robert Matthews, and Roland Fish now on farms, have each sent ten cents for the INDIAN HELPER, this week. They like to get the Carlisle school letter every week.

A very interesting letter from Mr. Seger, telling of his work among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and the funny things he sees while teaching them to work, will be printed in the July Red Man.

We are glad to hear that Miss Semple's health is being benefitted by her stay at Mineral Wells, Texas. She kindly sent some cure-all crystals for trial among our sick. The Doctor will use them the first opportunity.

Our foreman, Samuel Townsend, of the Pawnee tribe, and his friend William Morgan, are in Washington, this week, doing the city. William's mother is there at the Government Hospital, and the main object of his visit to the capital is to see her.

Henry Kendall says the figures in regard to his standing at Rutgers, published last week, are wrong. Henry is now doing carpenter work at the Middlesex farm, and we haven't the exact per cent in regard to his studies. The HELPER columns are open for any statement he may wish to make on the subject.

STANDING OFFER: For First 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 2 1/2 x 3 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 Puchos 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.

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

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

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.



If all who intend taking the **Harper** another year would **Renew Promptly** after receiving notice that their time is out it would save us much time and labor, and prevent delays and loss of papers.

Warm? To the inexperienced eye it is a little warm. They seem not more than a mile away.

We guess so. Had any cherries yet? No, but they are coming.

Crokinole, by moonlight is the latest. The grass on the parade is crying for denials.

Percy Zadoka led the service Sunday evening. The grass on the parade is crying for denials.

Mrs. Lutkins has her cooking-class down stairs these hot days. The grass on the parade is crying for denials.

Are the Newville nine going to play our boys to-day, at base ball? The grass on the parade is crying for denials.

Miss Seabrook left on Wednesday for her home near Emmittsburg, Md., to attend the wedding of her brother.

The Man-on-the-band stand wishes someone would give him a handsome frame and photograph as one of the girls received this week.

Phoebe Howell and Lizzie Dubray keep the offices in neat order. Phoebe cleaned all the cornboards and windows this week and made them shine.

Miss Booth's Sunday School enjoyed a treat given by their teacher a few evenings ago of a walk to town, and a feast of ice cream and cakes.

The inside blinds for Miss Patterson's windows make tedious work for the carpenter boys, but Mr. Gardiner says the practice for them is excellent. The blinds will certainly be very nice when done.

What is the need of Paris green, when we have so many splendid little potato-bug pickers. The 30 little boys who went to the farm last Thursday for that purpose picked 7 1/2 quarts of bugs in one day. Who can tell how many bushels that is?

The fine coach-harness now on exhibition at the harness-shop is a beautiful piece of work. Knox Nostline, William Springer, Frank Dorian, Lawrence Smith, Peter Cornelius, Chas. Redmore and Victoriano Gachupin had a hand in making it, and the harness is for a gentleman in New York City. Go and see it.

The Campbell's roses are beautiful.

The pretty relief maps in No. 2 are worth going to see.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt spent a few days in Washington, the past week.

Fred Harris, our small timer from Alaska is able to make sixty-six lines in a day.

The grass on the parade is crying for denials and a certain carpet-sweeper is busy for grasses.

We hope the boys who went to the lower farm, Wednesday, to pick potato-bugs will straw-bearies will not get taken in.

The Second Presbyterian Sunday School hold their Annual Picnic to-day at Pine Grove. A number of our boys are in attendance.

Don, Herbert and Johnnie begged to stay at home from school yesterday because it was the longest day in the year, and they thought they'd get so tired.

A class of little Apaches and our youngest Sioux, Adelzyon, seven years of age, did good work for one school year. After having read the Primer and First Reader they have just been promoted to the Second Reader.

A girl whose back aches to go forward in a lazy way has quite transferred up, and she looks very much better.

They are too lazy to carry themselves to school.

The double quartette, "Let the Saviour come in," sung Sunday evening by Katie Graham and Florence Redeye, soprano, Della Hicks and Lilly Wack, alto, and Dennis and Dennison Wheelock, tenor, Chester Cornelius and Levi Levering, bass, was very good.

One of the Normal girls is making a new idea brought home from Millersville. The class of little Apaches, who come to her in the afternoon are studying about flowers and insects.

They have already learned how to tell their teacher the number of petals and sepals on several flowers.

In No. 3 the beginners have made some very good copies on their grasshopper and petals.

Each new leaf and flower gives all fresh language to the children.



(Continued from First Page.)

They looked different from the other houses that are now built.

Next was St. Mary's Church, the oldest church, also the Episcopal Church and Friend's Church.

We passed the Post Office and just the other side was the library.

Mrs. L—— told us that this library we just passed was the oldest library in the United States.

We were just on time to see the steam boat come in from Bristol, Pennsylvania, to Burlington, to the Wharf and loaded with some things.

It was called Edwin Forest. Away went Edwin on the Delaware to Philadelphia.

We then drove about a mile to where they catch shad, then we turned around and came home.

Mrs. L—— told us once that on one spot it was nothing but woods and there was a stream running through. By and by a man came along drunk.

He stopped to rest his weary bones and went to sleep. He heard a noise which seemed to say "Now, or never. Now, or never."

When he woke up it was some frogs croaking and sounding to him as though the frogs said, "Now, or never." So he stopped drinking whiskey.

The frogs taught the man not to drink any more.

The stream was called "Now or Never." We came in sight of Rancocas.

We thank Mrs. L—— for taking us to the first Quaker Settlement in New Jersey at Burlington.

Your Grand-daughter,  
FRANCES KING.

P. S. We crossed the creek called Assisunk, an Indian name.

#### OUR FRIENDS IN WEST CANADA.

The Principal of McDougall Ophanage and Training Institution for Indian youth sends words of encouragement from that far-off land.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

I can hardly tell you how much we are interested in your INDIAN HELPER.

Your wise sayings and faithful reproofs interest us almost as much as though we too belonged to the Carlisle Institution, for our pupils require the same treatment in training and educating in manners and morals that we see you give your boys and girls.

Enclosed please find one dollar to pay for the INDIAN HELPER and the *Red Man* and some photographs of the Apache babies.

We are just north of the C. P. R. R. and east of the Rocky Mountains.

They are only about 17 miles off.

To the inexperienced eye of an Easterner they seem not more than a mile away.

We get the full benefit of the Chinook wind from over the mountains, so soft and balmy and yet so strong that it does not require a very vivid imagination to make one think they can taste the briny odor of the Pacific breezes.

Our summers are not so warm as yours are, nor are our winters so cold.

Most of our children are Stonies, they call themselves.

The Crees call them Asinee-boi-tuk, the Stoney Sioux.

They speak a dialect of the Sioux. For "good day," they say "am-ba-was-tich;" for "horse," "sua-tunga."

One of our boys George Kukwits McLean they called in camp "Setoo"—the fat one.

You can see by these examples how closely they are related to your Sioux scholars.

We have 22 on our roll, 9 boys and 13 girls, of whom 18 are Stonies and 4 are Crees.

We took courage at your success in getting your pupils to speak English and by doubling our diligence and calling our roll for English speaking and good conduct three times a day and rewarding every Monday morning all who have seventy per cent. of the full marks we have succeeded pretty fairly. Some have one hundred per cent. Our reward is lumps of cut loaf sugar.

We have a grazing farm of 1,150 acres and about eighty cattle. We raise oats, barley and roots for feed.

Our children learn and recite the whole of each Sunday School lesson, the International series. We are very much gratified to find that the children take a lively interest in the Sunday School lessons. They learn to sing very readily, and sing a great many gospel hymns.

I should very much like to see a copy of some of your examination questions.

Wishing you success in all your undertakings in the school,

I am, dear Man-on-the-band-stand, your fellow worker.

JAMES A. YOUNG,  
Principal of the Ophanage.

#### Enigma.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 4, 6, 8 is what a period is sometimes called, and it is also the name of one of our little Pueblo girls.

My 9, 7, 5, is to sing low.

My 5, 2, 3, 1, 4 is what lead is poured into in making bullets.

My whole is what our nice Indian girls don't want.

What country has had three rulers in about three months? What are their names?

Answer to last week's Enigma: Lawn party.