Cyrus Liggett

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1888. NUMBER 48.

SUNNY-BROW AND FROWNIE-FACE.

Dear Sunny-brow is a winsome elf,
Sweet-natured all day long;
She always greets you with a smile
Or snatches of a song.
She whispers in the children's ear
Bright things to make them glad,
And always has some pleasant thought
To woo them when they're sad.
She helps them when they're cross and bad
To smother naughty words,
And murmurs "Sing instead of fret,"
And points them to the birds.
She loves her Master, Christ, you know,
And always tries to take
The "Whisper Motto" for her guide,
Which says "For Jesus' sake."

Now, Frownie-face is a wicked sprite
Who loves to pout and fret,
Who says the summers are "too hot,"
The winters are "too wet."
There's not a thing that suits his mood;
He pines for "something more,"
And claps his hands when children fight
And pout and slam the door.
He tells them things to make them cry,
And frets them all day long:
And never yet one saw him smile
Or heard him sing a song.

Dear little pansies (girls and boys),
Now tell me, frank and true,
Is Sunny-brow or Frownie-face
The elf that stays with you?
If Frownie-face, pray bid him go,
And on him shut the door;
If Sunny-brow, oh hold her fast,
And love her more and more.

—[*Selected from The Pansy.*

OUR MEDICINE MAN OUT WEST.

We have the following from Dr. Given who visited the Oneidas on his way west.

MARQUETTE, MICH., JULY 6, 1888.

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:—You are to be pitied standing there through all this hot weather. Wish you could be in the north land and sniff the cool breezes.

To day I got my first sight of the great unsalted sea—Lake Superior. The question is, Where does all the water come from? Who can tell? It is very high here. There are no great rivers running into the lake.

This is the country, you know, where everything is iron, except the big trees and the copper.

The iron industry is the principal one—is King with a big K. This is quite a little city. One street here vies with Cleveland's much talked of street. It is called Ridge-Street, and is a beauty—wide houses back, with beautiful lawns, grass-plots and trees between the sidewalk and the street, all overlooking the lake.

They claim 10,000 people, and have fine churches and school-houses. I wish Carlisle could see the High-school building.

My visit to the Oneidas was pleasant and satisfactory.

Peter Powlas was very kind in showing me around and making me acquainted with the people.

I saw many of the fathers, mothers and friends of our boys and girls from the Green Bay country,

They were glad to see some one from Carlisle, and seemed glad to have their children educated.

I met Peter's grandfather—John Cornelius, who is 78 years of age, with white hair.

He was among the first of his people to come from New York, more than 60 years ago.

About 110 came at the time he did. A few had come before. Small parties came at different times afterwards.

The Oneidas at the Green Bay Agency now number over 1,700.

Peter's Grandfather has had four wives. (Only one at a time as has been the custom of his people since he can remember.) Their names were Lena, Jerusha, Ella, and Katie.

Peter's mother was of the first wife's children of whom there were ten—two boys and eight girls.

The Archiquettes, Corneliuses, Ninhams and Bairds were some of the first families to come to Wisconsin.

(*Continued on Fourth Page.*)

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The Indian Helper.

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

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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.

The *Red Man* for July and August will be printed together, and will be mailed about the 25th.

When a mistake hurts us so badly that it nearly makes us sick it is a sure sign that we will soon cure ourselves of making mistakes. It is the don't-care people who never get over making mistakes.

Our Forest Children is on hand again as bright and interesting as ever. It is a little paper printed at the Shingwauk Home for Indian youth at Saulte Ste. Marie, Ontario. This monthly paper is well worth its subscription price, ten cents a year.

Conrad Roubideau of the party of pupils who went northwest telegraphed from Chicago that they had reached that point safely. We also have word from Joshua Given and Martin of the southern party. They had arrived at Kansas City and the sick ones were doing nicely.

We have just received a letter from Lorenzo Martinez, one of our printer boys on a Bucks County farm. He says: "My hands are getting used to tough work. When I first came they got very sore and I could hardly milk. My fingers are as stiff as sticks. I guess you don't like printers with stiff fingers. Last night, Asa (Apache) and I had a big water-melon, bigger than Mr. Man-on-the-band-stand's head. Harvest is at hand now, and I think I can undergo all the hardships in this busy month. The heat was very heavy for me at first, but now I can stand it better."

From one of the Number 4 Apache boys now on a farm.

DEAR TEACHER: I am getting along good and I hope your the same. The old school-house fall down I guess, but I dont know. Good many Indian boys go home in July but I dont know, you tell me all when you write to me to Apache boy No 4, how many work on farm you tell me all and me like it, work hard every day, I milk 20 cows every morning and noon, I get up 4 o'clock every morning I like it, Good By my dear teacher and write to me soon, from your dear boy. ——— ———.

My employer's name is Mrs J. T. W. when you write put my employer's name too.

"Where she is?"

"She don't know, too."

"Levi, somebody he wants him."

"I just do dis way."

"Frank, he ketch the ball. Frank, he good ketch him, ain't it?"

"He not ketch ball. He all the time scare."

Some of our pupils who know better often make such mistakes as the above, and it makes the Man-on-the-band-stand ashamed to hear them, because he knows that when they get older and wish to mingle with English-speaking people they will feel sorry for not having tried to talk their best while at school. This bad habit of saying just anything without trying to speak correctly will cling to us all through life. Shall we not stop it at once?

We have interesting letters both from Cheape Ross and Michael Burns. Cheape claims to be a cow-boy, but is doing very well on a Texas ranche. He is getting good pay for his work, and is with five others of his tribe. The man for whom he works seems to have confidence in Indian labor. Michael is at San Carlos Agency, Arizona, and keeps busily employed interpreting and doing other things. A part of these letters we will print in the next issue of the *Red Man*, which will be out about the 25th.

The boys complain that the person in charge of the reading-room at the Large Boys' Quarters is not prompt in filing the papers, and the news gets very stale before it reaches them. As some of them have a moneyed interest in the papers they would like to have the news when it is comparatively fresh.

Camp next week.

The grass needs mowing again.

Miss Fisher left for Detroit, on Monday.

Miss Irvine has left for a short vacation.

Miss Patton, of Lewistown, has been visiting friends at the school.

Mr. John McCarthy, Supt. of Worcester Academy, Cherokee Nation, I. T., is with us.

Capt. Pratt was called to Washington on business. Mr. Robt. McFadden accompanied him.

Miss Bessie Patterson passed through Harisburg, Tuesday, on her way to Washington from Juniata County.

Mr. Andrew Wetzel, of Carlisle, has secured the contract for the building of the new schoolhouse, and began this week on the foundation.

Miss Patterson has no need to feel alarmed even though she was serenaded with alarm-clocks on Monday evening on account of it being her birthday.

Miss Shears starts for her home in Connecticut to-morrow, for a vacation. Miss Crane will leave Sunday night for Jamestown, N. Y. for the same purpose.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's Chief-clerk found a handsome cushion in her office chair one morning this week, and has to thank a kind friend for the same.

When the flag is lowered at sundown, the Man-on-the-band stand always thinks of Charlie Wolf, who cared for it so faithfully and so well for a long time previous to his going home.

Madge Nason and Amelia Haswell went to Colora, Md. to spend the summer. Mr. Ed. McFadden saw them safely off on the early morning train, Tuesday, and went with them as far as Columbia.

The stirring speech made to our pupils at breakfast last Friday morning must have roused every one to make the very best of resolutions in regard to the future. Let the home going party remember, it is better far to *practice* much and preach little than it is to preach with the mouth and do little with the hands.

Chester Cornelius arrived, Sunday afternoon from Mt. Vernon Barracks, Alabama, with five pupils for our school. They are four young men of the Apaches held there as prisoners of war. One of them claims to be Geronimo's own son. They are a bright looking party. One is quite small, and already has become a pet of the school. Ben Thomas has him in charge, and no doubt will take good care of the little fellow.

Mr. and Mrs. Pool of Philadelphia are visiting the Campbells.

Monday was the first rainy-day we have had for a long time.

Miss Blanche Patterson of Washington is visiting her sister at the school.

Crazyhead, one of the oldest of the Crow prisoners has been placed in the Blacksmith shop.

The married folk's tea-party at the Campbell's on Monday evening was an enjoyable occasion.

Miss Cutter and Miss Seabrook have charge of the dining-hall this month, during Mrs. Lutkins absence.

A party of our pupils will attend the William's Grove Sunday School Assembly next week and take part in the exercises on the stage.

Mr. Bradford, of the accounts division of the Indian office, Washington, D. C. visited the school, on Tuesday, a guest of Miss Seabrook.

Our friend Mr. Herbert Johnson, formerly News Editor of the Philadelphia *Times* has recently accepted the same position on the St. Louis *Republic*.

Jason Betzinez while operating a corn-cutter the other day cut off a piece of his thumb and index finger, in consequence of which he was obliged to return to the school from his farm home.

We have received two very nice letters from Eliza Cewakista, and Lois Prettyscalp, living in a lovely home at Downingtown. Extracts from these letters will be printed at some future time.

Rev. W. A. Burman, of Griswold, Manitoba is with us for a few days taking notes. Mr. Burman is to be Superintendent of the Ojibwa and Cree Indian school soon to be started on the Oak River Reservation in Manitoba, Canada. He hopes to secure eighty pupils for his school. Carlisle wishes every such enterprise abundant success.

The home-goers for this year, left on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. There was many a sorrowful face in the party which said, "I am sorry to leave the Carlisle friends and teachers who have been so kind to me and helped me so much." The Man-on-the-band-stand sincerely hopes that the thoughts of friends left behind, who have a constant interest in the welfare of those gone from us, will keep them ever in right paths and stir them to good works.

(*Continued from First Page.*)

There are many good small farms on the reserve and their crops look well.

Much of their land is not cleared out yet. They have about 65,000 acres of which 40,000 acres can be cultivated. Only about 3,000 acres are under cultivation.

There are six schools on the reserve, all day schools. Two of them are mission—Methodist and Episcopal.

The school population is 445; enrollment last year 252; average attendance 107, which is not a very good showing.

These figures do not include those who are of the reservation at school. Some of these, however are over school age.

Peter Powlas' brother Simon, who was with us last March, was married last Sunday in the Episcopal Church, to Margarette Hill.

Our Girls at the Sea Shore.

SEA ISLE CITY, N. J. June 26, 1888.

MY DEAR TEACHER:—I guess you think I am not going to write to you, but I am. I have been quite busy and had not the time to write before now.

Bettie, Max, Nellie and I have just come in from bathing. We go in bathing every day. The other day while in the water we saw a great many porpoise, way out in the ocean. Nellie took my hand and pulled me toward the shore and cried "The sharks are coming to eat us up. Lydia, run, run, Lydia run!"

The house we live in, is called "The Cottage by the Sea." At high tide the water almost reaches the front porch.

The other day while we were in bathing a big wave knocked Nellie down, and she went clear under the water, but I held tight on to her hand and she came out laughing. She thought she was drowned, she said. It is nice to let the big waves dash over you.

The men are putting up electric lights on the street by this house. This house was the first built on this island. It is so nice to sit and watch the ocean. I never get tired of looking at the waves. I never get lonesome since we came here. Nellie and I have so much fun. Well this is all.

Your friend, LYDIA FLINT.

Some one in Michigan, writes to know how the Indians make their arrow heads out of flint; that is how they shape them. If there is any one who can answer the question the Man-on-the-band-stand will give a few lines of his paper to the same. The fact is the old gentleman on the band stand is so anxious about the present needs of the Indian that he has but little time to ponder over those barbarous things of the past.

Gone Home.

The following is a list of the pupils, who left us, on last Friday, for their homes in the West:

Joey Pedro, Julia Old Camp, Florence Red Eye, Dolly Gould, Winnie Conners, Jennie Conners, Lizzie Dubray, Cecelia Londrosh, Julia Logan, Belle Logan. Delia Hicks, Frances King, Edith Abner, Isadore Labadie, Lucinda Clinton, Susie No Neck, Agnes Howeri, Emily Leon, Marian Rising Elk, Mary Womans Dress, Ella Barnett.

John D. Miles, Percy Kable, Eustace Esapoyhet, Martin Quahada, Odellah Ahtley, Harry Shirley, Wm. Steele, Chas Wolf, Jesse Paul, Howard Logan, Henry Kendall, Victoriana Gachupine, Harvey Townsend, Ira Yowicee, Jose Nadilgodey, Constant Bread, John Miller, Issac Williams, Jas. Kariho. Chas. Hood, Joel Cotter, Chris. Tyndall, Harvey Warner, Levi Levering, Paul Lovejoy, Phillips B. T. White, Paul Black Bear, Wm. Brown, Oscar White Face, Isaac Bear, Wm. Crow, Abe Sommers, Moses Culbertson. John Black Wolf, Conrad Roubideaux, Nelson Caught-the-Eagle, Walter Gurrier, Paul Eagle Star, Norris Stranger Horse, Luther Kuhns.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 8, 9, 11, is what some men do at horse-races, and what no man should ever do.

My 10, 3, 1, is what a printer can do with type.

My 7, 3, 10, is the opposite of "no."

My 2, 5, 6, is the opposite of "him."

My 8, 9, 4, 7, is a flock of birds.

My whole is the way our Apache babies behave this warm weather.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S SQUARE WORD.

N A M E
A S I A
M I S S
E A S Y.

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 4½x6½ 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

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.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.

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 Offer for the HELPER.

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.