

# The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1887.

NUMBER 52.

## THE SOWING AND REAPING.

A wonderful thing is a seed;  
The one thing deathless forever—  
Forever old and forever new,  
Utterly faithful and utterly true—  
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom!  
Plant roses and roses will grow;  
Plant hate and hate to life will spring,  
Plant love and love to you will bring  
The fruit of the seed you sow.

—Anon.

## ANOTHER LETTER FROM MISS BURGESS.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, DAK.,  
July 23rd, 1887.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:—

When we left Chicago, last Saturday, at noon, the wind was blowing a stiff breeze from the west, and a hotter wind you never felt.

There was a man with a bald head, who sat in front of us in the car, and he had a wet towel with a piece of ice in it, to put on his head, to help keep cool.

On the shady side of the cars, against which the wind blew, the window panes were so hot that it burnt one's hand to touch them.

People talked about the intense heat, men puffed and panted and the women said, "Oh, my!"

But after while a shower came, and the rest of the journey to Pine Ridge Agency, was cool and pleasant.

The gentleman with a bald head, who suffered so with the heat, spoke to us before we had gone very far, and we found him to be a remarkably interesting and entertaining gentleman and a friend of Miss Irvine's cousin, who keeps a ranch not very far west of Pine Ridge.

This gentleman had friends on the train who also knew Miss Irvine's cousin, and one of them was well acquainted with the Boslers of Carlisle.

So we felt as though we were among friends, and the journey seemed shorter and more agreeable on account of the interesting conversation which followed.

They found we were on the way to the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies, and so naturally began to talk of the Indians.

The gentlemen were cattle dealers and furnished the Sioux with beef.

Mr. Frank, who was the one we first became acquainted with, took the broad, sensible view that the Indians should be educated, their reservations be broken up, and they become a part of the people of the United States, and that this should be brought about in the quickest way possible.

Mr. Paxton, who is one of the cattle kings of the west, said it never could be done. No matter how widely separated, in time they would drift back in bands and be nothing but Indians after all. It was of no use to educate them, they never would amount to anything. They have no inclination to want to be different and they never would learn to work and take care of themselves.

Miss Irvine and I grew quite warm upon the subject. We told them of our nearly 300 boys and girls on farms who were working and supporting themselves and making excellent records, and we assured the gentlemen that they would *keep on* supporting themselves and would get along as well as the majority of laboring people, if the RESERVATION wasn't continually calling them to come back! "Come back! Here you have land. Here you don't have to work! Here the Government will feed you if you come back! The Government in 1868 made a treaty saying the Indians will be taken care of until they learn to take care of themselves. You are fools to learn to work, because then the Government will stop taking care of you. Come back to the reservation and be lazy and free to do as you please."

We could show plenty of evidence that the Indian would work and that he learned to take the same interest in his work as other people; there was no lack of capabilities in the Indian. All he wanted was to be made to feel that to *live* he *must* work, and he never would feel that, as long as there was a reservation for him to flee to, every time he got a little tired or discouraged.

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# The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

Price:—10 cents a year.

(Five cents extra for every change of address after once in the galley.)

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

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

## Mr. Standing Gives the Opinions of Persons he Saw on his Indian Territory Trip.

While people differ on many questions connected with the management of the Indians, and their interests, yet there is one point on which I have found the friends of the Indians, recently met with at Agencies, to be united. It is this, viz: for those who are now in the east at school, or working among the whites, not to be in any hurry to go back to the reservations.

Says one Agent, "Tell them to stay as long as they can, if not at school stay among the whites, and work for money. There is nothing here to come to. As for their land, that cannot go away. It will be here for them, just the same when they are ready to use it. By all means stay east."

Says another Agent, "They come home and come to me for work. I cannot give it them. Only a few are required for the work of the Government. The most must go to camp, for there is no work for them to do."

Similar language to this was used by all who were at all conversant with the subject. The desire was that the boys and girls should not come home until they were men and women, strong enough to withstand all the evil influences they would meet, and too independent of old Indian ways to be ruled by them.

It was also said again and again, that three years or five years was not long enough to give a young Indian boy or girl, the needful knowledge, courage, and skill to go right along their own way, the same as a white person.

Many school workers, and others, said they considered the Carlisle plan the best and that if it did not succeed in qualifying the Indians for civilized life then nothing would do so.

It was many times regretted that the length

of the school period was so short, when ten years of steady, hard work would be little enough for what is desired to be done, viz; to change the ignorant Indian into a good steady, industrious, civilized person, well educated, and able to look out for his own interests, under all circumstances.


If it is ever to be the case, that Indian boys and girls enter school for a thorough course and nothing short of it, then they must not be controlled by the will and whims of parents who are in total ignorance of what constitutes an education and whose desire often is that their children may have as little of it as possible.

My own observations fully confirmed the opinions gathered from others.

There is nothing on an Indian reservation that is helpful to a young man or young woman, desiring to lead a useful godly life, but there are many things, in fact, almost every influence is calculated to break down and discourage attempts at independence, industry and right-living.

A. J. S.

The present number of the HELPER completes our second volume. When we launched our little ship two years ago, we were somewhat doubtful as to the success of the enterprise. At the end of the first year we had a subscription list of about 1500. The second volume has been more prosperous, the subscription having increased from that number, to over 7000. However, 7000 is not enough

to fill our  It will hold twice or three times as many. For some weeks the subscriptions have been coming in very slowly. Send them in. We can take care of as many as can be sent to us.

If the Indian boys would loaf about, smoke, and swear as much as some white boys who gather about the railroad bridge, near the south side of the school grounds, it would be noted and commented upon by all the great papers of the country.

The building of a new coal house near the railroad, has been undertaken. A track will be laid over the building, so that the coal can be emptied into the bins right from the cars. This will be a great convenience, as the delivering of 800 or 900 tons of coal, every year, is no small job.

The absence of so many of our printers is an advantage in one way. The same work has to be done and the boys remaining learn to work faster, so that we do the work required, in the same time with just half as many boys.

Miss Crane and Miss Campbell came back last Saturday.

Lewis Johnson now drives the mail wagon in place of Wm. Steal.

Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Pratt's sister, made her a short visit during the week.

Mr. Campbell came down from camp yesterday. He is very much tanned.

Mrs. Worthington and Marie left, Tuesday morning, to spend a few weeks among friends.

Don and Herbert are still at camp with their father. They must be enjoying themselves.

Bows and arrows abound now. The boys at camp make enough to supply the whole school.

"Twenty questions" after dark has been a very fashionable game during the last few evenings.

About twenty boys came down from camp, the first of the week to assist in tearing down the small boys' quarters.

The grass gets wet very early these evenings. Our young friends should not play tennis as late as they do, sometimes.

The grass on our campus has acquired a luxuriant growth. The late rains have brought it out splendidly and it will have to be cut soon.

The numerous rains that have fallen lately, have not had much influence in cooling the atmosphere. The last two weeks have been very hot indeed.

The hard rain and wind storm last Monday evening, made us think we were to have a repetition of the cyclone. It rained very hard for a little while.

Last Monday was a wet day at the printing-office, as everybody was wet with perspiration from running the large press, in printing the *Morning Star*.

Our little white folks have revived the spirit of '76, for they have the serpent and pine-tree flags of the colonial times and have regular drills.

Our deaf-mutes seem to understand when spoken to. They watch the movements of the mouth, and tell in that way what a person is saying to them.

Miss Burgess has promised us another letter, telling about her queer experiences in trying to get pupils for the school. We are sure this will be interesting.

We often receive answers to the puzzles from our little white subscribers, but hardly ever from the boys and girls at the school. What is the reason? Are they too hard?

We are grieved to hear of the death of Miss Carter's mother, who spent some time with us, a year or two ago. Our pupils remember Miss Carter and they will be sorry to hear of her great loss.

Since Miss Burgess went away we have had extra help in the printing-office. Miss Cutter was our helper for some time, but, as she went home last Saturday, Miss Crane helps us now.

One of the new flags was given to the winds last Wednesday morning. It looks well to see the stars and stripes floating over our school again; not to say that we ever had any other, but for some time we have had no flag.

Nearly all the windows are in place in the lower story of the large boys' quarters, and the rooms will soon be ready for occupancy. What a contrast the present large, commodious building presents to the building which formerly occupied this site.

#### Camp Items.

A flag-pole has been put up, 58 ft. high.

Roast meat is on the bill of fare, once a day.

A splendid place for bathing, near the camp.

Ocoyame is chief cook now and he does splendidly.

Mr. Campbell's abiding-place is a log cabin, erected by the boys.

The Apache boys have put up two horizontal bars to practice on.

Butter and eggs are regular delicacies, obtained by selling berries.

The baked huckle-berry-puddings are excellent, so the boys think.

Wm. Steal, Bruce Hayman, James Seweyea and Billy Somers, came up yesterday.

Luke B. Shield cooks for Mr. Campbell yet, or rather Mr. Campbell does the cooking and Luke washes the dishes.

The boys are always willing to be put on the milk detail, for the lady from whom the milk is obtained, gives them all the milk they can drink, besides peaches, apples, etc.

Richard Coulter and Henry Brezette have gotten on the right side of Mrs. Howe. They pick blackberries and green grapes for her, while in return she gives them jellies, etc.

The boys picked seven bushels of berries the other day. They had some stimulus for doing so much, as Mr. Campbell had offered rewards of 25, 20, 15, 10, and 5 cents to the best pickers. Work Together got the first prize, and Clement Ceanilizah, John Lowry, Ulysses Paisano and Sampson Noran, respectively, the others.

*Continued from First Page.*

My dear sir, you heard all we said, and you saw how Miss Irvine would at times get out on the edge of the seat and earnestly gesticulate to make the point strong. She was trying to impress. She so far excelled me in talking that I sat quietly back during the latter part of the discussion and allowed her full sway. To say that Mr. Paxton was convinced would not be true, but perhaps he was led in a somewhat new line of thought on the question and gracefully gave up the fight.

We reached Rushville between two and three o'clock on Monday morning, and after a few hours rest took the stage for this place and arrived here about one o'clock P. M.

We reported at the Agent's Office and the agent, Col. Gallagher, who is a pleasant gentleman, told us we would find comfortable accommodations at the school-house, which we did.

The Superintendent, Mr. Manning, is full of energy and is doing all he can to make this school a success. We find the employes intelligent, agreeable people and they are very kind to us.

One of the first of our old pupils we met was Clarence Three Stars. Mr. Manning says he is a most excellent young man, thoroughly reliable in every way, and a ready, willing helper.

We have seen Frank Twiss, Edgar Fire Thunder, Elkanah, Amos, Guy, Ralph and Chas. Bird of the older pupils. Geo. Fire Thunder, Sam Dion, Frank Lock, Laura Standing Elk, Hattie Porcupine, Katie White Bird and Emma Hand, of the lately returned pupils.

We have heard no bad reports of any, but are sorry that Katie is not doing as well as she knows how.

Elkanah had a very dirty face, greasy hands, and long uncombed hair, but he spoke gentlemanly and looked well.

We attended service held in the Episcopal Church, in the evening of our arrival.

Rev. Chas. Cook, native missionary, is the minister in charge, and he holds service every evening, upon which many of our Carlisle boys and girls attend and take an interest.

Mr. Cook is much interested in the education of the young people of his tribe and he is pleased with what Carlisle and Hampton and other schools are doing for his race.

Being very tired from our trip, we rested most of the following day—Tuesday.

On Wednesday we went with Mr. and Mrs. Cook, and Charlie Bird, as driver, to two of

the camps and talked to the people about the Carlisle School.

I think we will hear from those camps tomorrow, as they wished a little time to talk over the matter amongst themselves and promised to report.

On Thursday we started on a sixty mile ride across the country to the different camps along the Wounded Knee Creek.

It is not sixty miles to Wounded Knee, but before we got back we had travelled more than that distance.

You saw our team, of course. Wasn't it funny?

No. Not so funny; not very comfortable either. The wagon was a lumber wagon without backs to the seats and the team consisted of two Indian ponies, each with a colt following. Sam Dion was our driver and Geo. Fire Thunder went along on horseback to interpret.

George's horse was a splendid animal and how nicely George looked as he rode along ahead of our team, and at times galloped over the prairie to find a short cut across the curves in the road.

How and where we slept that night among the Indians in camp, and some queer and interesting things we saw in the Indian tents and along the way I will give in my next letter.

We have just heard of the storm which unroofed some of your buildings. I hope your dear old stand is still there. What would you do without it.

Very Respectfully,  
M. BURGESS,  
Your chief clerk.

#### Steadiness of Purpose.

In whatever you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose as though you were determined to succeed. A person who wanders from one thing to another, never accomplishes anything worth naming. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies our nature and insures our success. Who have done the most for mankind? Who have secured the rarest honors? Those who were steady to their purpose. The man who is one thing to-day and another to-morrow—who drives pell mell this week, while he is driven the next week—is always in trouble, and does nothing from one year's end to the other. Look and admire the man of steady purpose. He moves noiselessly along, and yet what wonders he accomplishes! He rises gradually, we grant, but surely.

#### A Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 10, is a river in Italy.

My 9, 8, 7, 5, is an island in the West Indies.

My 6, 5, 4, is an island west of England.

My 1, 2, 3, 8, is a country of South America.

My whole is the name of a city in Brazil.