

# The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, Pa., FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1887.

NUMBER 1.

## A QUARREL.

THERE'S a knowing little proverb  
From the sunny land of Spain,  
But in northland as in southland  
Is its meaning clear and plain,  
Lock it up within your heart,  
Neither lose nor lend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel:  
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,  
Still you'll find it true,  
In a fight without a foe  
Pray what could you do?  
If the wrath is yours alone,  
Soon you will expend it.  
Two it takes to make a quarrel:  
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,  
And the strife begun,  
If one voice shall cry for peace,  
Soon it will be done.  
If but one shall span the breach,  
He will quickly mend it.  
Two it takes to make a quarrel:  
One can always end it.

—[Selected.]

## AMONG THE DAKOTAS.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, DAK.,  
July 27, 1887.

MY DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:—  
I closed my last letter just as we were about  
to go into camp among the Dakotas on  
Wounded Knee Creek.

We left the Agency at three o'clock Thurs-  
day afternoon and found Hattie Porcupine's  
tent before dark the same evening, having  
gone in the neighborhood of 20 miles.

Hattie's people are about to build a house,  
but just now are living in a small tent. The  
tent was too small for Hattie, her father and  
mother, four children, Geo. Fire Thunder,  
Sam Dion, Miss Irvine and myself to sleep  
under, so the mother took some boughs of  
trees, stuck them in the ground, and bent them  
over.

Over this she spread a canvas and fastened

it down to the ground leaving a small hole for  
Miss Irvine and me to crawl in.

When we got in and lay on our backs we  
just filled the little tent and we could reach  
the top of it with our hands.

It was a funny place to sleep, and I thought  
the ground was very hard.

Miss Irvine did not seem to mind it much  
and was soon fast asleep, while I lay awake  
several hours, thinking how queer it was, and  
about many other things.

I could hear the occupants of the other tent  
snoring away, and there was an odd kind of  
night bird which kept up a singular chirping,  
while an Indian woman on a distant hill  
made the night more lonely by mournful  
wailing for a dead child. Once in the night  
I awoke with cold feet and found them stick-  
ing outside of the tent.

I got enough sleep, however, to feel some-  
what refreshed the next morning.

There was no water with which to wash our  
hands and faces, not being near the creek.  
There was a little water brought the night be-  
fore in a keg, to be used for coffee, but we did  
not like to waste it in any such unnecessary  
way as washing.

Hattie's father and mother were very kind  
to us, and we felt very thankful to them.

Soon after starting out on the day's trip it  
began to rain.

My dear sir, did you ever see such slippery  
roads as there are in this country when it  
rains?

We had many steep little hills to pull up  
and go down, and didn't you smile that time  
when we all had to jump from the wagon  
quickly, to keep it from sliding backwards  
down the hill?

One of the horses fell down on its knees,  
and only with a great deal of effort did it get  
up again.

When we came to a hill to go down, the  
horses and wagon slid to the bottom.

We finally drove into where an Indian and  
his family lived in a log house, and there re-  
mained until after the rain.

On the way there we stopped at one or two  
houses to see about children.

*Continued on Fourth Page.*



# 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.

## STORY OF A PEACH TREE.

In front of the north end of the dining-room there is a little peach-tree growing among Miss Noble's flowers. It is a healthy, strong, young tree.

When the flowers are watered, it gets its share of the moisture.

When the ground in the flower-bed is stirred with a hoe, the tree gets the benefit.

The weeds and the grass are all pulled away, so the tree naturally grows strong.

The conditions are favorable for making it a good, healthy tree; and we expect to see it full of good peaches when it gets old enough to bear.

This tree came from a peach seed, which chanced to be dropped into the hard ground, among stones back of the dining-room.

When found a year ago last spring it was a puny, yellow leaved, little tree with many shoots going off in all directions and many would have supposed it would never amount to anything.

It was taken up and set in the flower-bed, for the purpose of showing what a difference the changed conditions would make in it.

The change has been brought about in a little more than a year, by good care and proper attention to the natural wants of a fruit tree.

If it had been left in the hard ground among the stones, it might have lived and have had peaches on it, after a while, but no one will pretend to say that it would have made as strong and thrifty a tree as it is now, or would have had as good peaches as it will have.

When found it was hidden away among the weeds, in an out of the way place and stood many chances of being trampled down.

There is not much danger of that where it is now, for besides the good care it gets there are posts and a chain around the plat of grass where the flower-bed is.

When it was transplanted there was a

stake put in beside it and the tree tied to it, that it might be held up until it would get strong enough to stand alone.

Now the stake is taken away; it would be a hindrance if kept any longer. When the wind blows it makes the roots of the tree strike down deeper and makes it all the stronger.

The next time you pass the dining-room take a good look at it and imagine it saying: "Don't I look much better than if I was away back among the stones and weeds where Dr. Given found me?"

"See how I hold up my head and see what nice neighbors I have all around me here."

"I look at these pretty flowers, this green grass and trees and think, well, this is a good place to be, I am glad I was taken up and brought here. It was pretty hard at first. Why, the Dr. even took his knife and cut off some of my branches. But I see now that he knew better than I did. It makes a better looking tree of me."

"I don't think I want to be taken back. I don't know of any trees behind the dining-room that look as thrifty as I do."

"One tree back there died this summer; it stood among the stones and had no chance to grow."

"Some little ones were cut down by the boys when they were cutting weeds. Some others are struggling and trying to grow but I don't think they will ever amount to much."

The readers of the HELPER will think this is a long story about a little tree. So it is, but this is the end.

The writer has given it, because he thinks it very like the history of many of the boys and girls in this Indian School.

When found in their reservation homes by Capt. Pratt and others, who have gone for them, they were poorly fed, living in dirt, with long hair and blankets, surrounded by ignorance and evils of all kinds,—weeds! WEEDS! WEEDS—stones, STONES! STONES! everywhere. Hard to grow to be good men and women in such places.

Here in the east the conditions are all favorable; good schools and family homes, kind teachers and friends.

Supports are kept about you for a time but soon you must begin to do for yourselves. Must not lean too long on the props.

Some of your branches (long hair and blankets) have been trimmed off. At first you thought it was hard, but now I think you like it. You look better and *are* better.

I don't believe you want to go back very badly. If you do you won't see any boys and girls that look as well as you do. You won't see any who have as good chances to make good men and women as you have.

There are hundreds of Indian boys and girls who ought to be brought out from among the weeds and put into flower beds.

Dear boys and girls stay among the FLOWERS.



Hot!

Hot-ter!

Hot-ten-tot!

Indian names are fashionable.

The printer boys spent last Sunday at camp.

Lewis did not seem to like camp-life very well.

Joe feels happy these days. He's out of debt, now.

That huckle-berry jelly at camp is fine, at least the campers think so.

Captain Pratt is off to the ocean, for a few day's rest. He needs it badly.

The printers are all good boys. They work after hours for nothing—but money.

Miss Bender is back, after having spent a very pleasant vacation at her home.

Heat, flies, and mosquitoes form a very disagreeable trio. A solo would be better.

In the shade of a tree, is the best place to be, these hot days, when the sun's rays, make one sweat, till he's wet.

Miss Crane has been taking the girls out for walks, during the past week and they have explored the country far and near.

Our painters have evidently been busy, during the last month, having glazed 2540 panes of glass for the new building and 189 for the dining-room.

Josie Vetter, who has been out in the country during the past summer, has gone to her home in Nebraska, among the Iowas, for a few weeks' visit.

Miss Marion Pratt returned, last Saturday, from Massachusetts, where she has been spending a month with the family of Mr. Champney, the celebrated New York artist.

Work is rapidly progressing on the new gymnasium, the walls being completed about half-way up. It will be a fine building and will add much to the appearance of that part of the grounds.

Why don't the boys play base-ball any more? These are nice days to play and you have a good place. If the regular players are not here get new ones and teach them how. It's a splendid game for boys.

Mr. Hummel and the carpenter boys have been at work lately helping Joshua and his Apaches to tear down the little boys' quarters. Nothing left standing at the north end, except some tall chimneys. They make the dust fly and another rain would be a great convenience.

Miss Burgess and Miss Irvine are on their way home and will reach Carlisle on this evening's train. They bring with them 41 Sioux, one boy from Rosebud, sixteen girls and twenty-four boys from Pine Ridge.

Last Friday evening two Omahas and six Winnebagoes arrived at the school in the charge of Reuben Wolf, a returned Omaha pupil from this school. Reuben said he "could not remain at home and so he came back." William Springer, also a returned Omaha, failed to meet the party and so came next day.

Several of our ladies have been camping during the last week. Mrs. Campbell and Irene went to camp last Monday and expect to stay a few days. Mrs. Given, Miss Nana Pratt and Miss Moore went last Wednesday to spend a day or two, and Johnnie went along to take care of them.

#### Camp Items.

Wm. Steals the Bear is now chief cook at headquarters.

The log cabin has been named "The Campbell's Hump."

Dr. Given, Jesse Woodward and Jas. Given, spent Sunday at camp.

Awaneishua and Obed Rabbitt, each spent a day at camp, this week.

Wm. Crow killed a copper-head snake, while cutting underbrush.

The boys are now sleeping on pine boughs which is quite an improvement over the oak.

Luke Phillips is busy writing up his camp experience, which he will some day give to the public.

The boys under Luke Phillips, had lots of fun, Wednesday morning, burning out two nests of yellow jackets.

Bruce Hayman and Samuel Johns have been taking their dinners with their friend, Mrs. Amanda Howe, of Hunter's Run.

The boys seem to enjoy the short drill in the evenings. They are not very proficient, but, with patience and perseverance, they will succeed.

This week the best berry pickers are as follows: 1st. Lawrence, Apache, 2nd., Chas. Dakota, Cheyenne, 3rd., Clarence, Apache, 4th., Clay, Apache, 5th., Asbury Clark.

The weather has been quite pleasant this week, though the boys had to put on an extra blanket Sunday night, when the thermometer dropped to 48 degrees. During the day it stands 76 to 78 degrees.

Our services, last Sunday, were very interesting, our visitors helping us very much with the singing. The Sunday-school service being led by the Superintendent of the S. S., Dr. Given, was especially interesting.

The ladies enjoy the pretty nooks, that have been cut out along the run. That on the island is especially fine. One of the luxuries of the camp, is the bathing facilities, Mountain Creek being only about 300 yards from camp.



*Continued From First Page.*

Poor people! How short sighted they are. They are poor, and hungry and dirty, and unhappy, but they don't seem to want anything better. They cannot see any better way.

One place the Indians were cooking dog meat. The head of the dog was in a pan in plain sight, and the meat was in a pot over the fire.

Five men sat around the fire on the ground, smoking a pipe which they passed around, waiting for the feast.

We travelled nearly all day up and down Wounded Knee Creek, visiting families and talking about the Carlisle Indian School.

A few were willing to have us take their children.

In one house an old woman got very angry with us for wanting her girl. The girl was anxious to go to school, but her grandmother objected.

The old grandmother was one of the dirtiest looking objects I ever saw.

She was down on the floor making mush out of wild cherries.

On a filthy blanket she had quite a heap of cherries mashed.

In her right hand she held a stone, and with her left hand she put a few cherries at a time on the heap, and mashed them stones and all.

The stuff did not look fit for a dog to eat, but we were told, when it is dried the mush is very good tasted.

Save me from ever eating anything that looked so dirty!

The woman's toes were very near the pan of cherries, and every once in a while she would spit close by the heap of food she was preparing.

Horrible! Horrible! But that was clean by the side of other things we have seen, about which I may speak later.

Respectfully, your chief clerk,  
M. BURGESS.

**Words of Wisdom.**

He always wins who sides with God.

Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

A person may have exceptional mental attainments, but if not truthful he will be despised.

A bad temper is as much of a plague to its owner as to those unfortunate enough to live in the neighborhood.

No man has ever yet reached perfection, but no man has ever been rendered any worse by striving for it.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

The secret of good talking is to have something to say, say it well, cut it short, and be ready to listen. The best talker who will not listen is a bore and a nuisance, and so the verdict is given against him every time. To know how to be silent in many languages is a grand accomplishment possessed by few.

**PUZZLE CORNER**

**Enigma.**

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 6, 11, 13, 17, are parts of the body.

My 14, 3, 18, 20, is what farmers like to see in dry weather.

My 2, 7, 15, 8, 10, is a bar used in raising stones.

My 20, 19, is a negative answer.

My 1, 16, 4, 5, is another part of the body.

My 12, 7, 3, 9, is something to sit on.

My whole is the largest Indian reservation in the United States.

**Seven Reasons Against Swearing.**

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly—a gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man, well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street and throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

7. It is wicked—violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.

1919 20  
17 18 19 20  
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z