

# The Indian Helper.

Clara Snively

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 2.

If in this world you would succeed,  
You must be brave and true;  
Don't stand aloof and slight your work  
Because 'tis hard to do.  
If troubles come and sorrows rise,  
Then show yourself a man;  
Let courage nerve you for your work,  
And do the best you can.  
  
And in your study or your play,  
Determine to excel;  
Don't lag behind, but "hoe your row,"  
And strive to hoe it well.  
In all your play, in all your work,  
Just try the golden plan;  
Be ready, active, brave and bold,  
And do the best you can.  
  
Life's battle now is fairly on,  
And there is work to do.  
Will you be active in the fight,  
And to your colors true?  
You see the men around you now  
Who thus their lives began;  
Then courage take, brave efforts make,  
And do the best you can.

## THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND TALKS WITH MISS BURGESS AFTER HER RETURN FROM DAKOTA.

*M. O. T. B. S.*: "Did you really find the Indians so filthy as you would have us believe from your last letter?"

*M. B.*: "Yes, indeed! Why if I should describe the worst things I saw you would not allow such a letter to be published in your little paper. Many of the Indians are very unclean, but I do not care to talk of that. They are no worse than the low people of our crowded cities, and in many respects not half so bad."

*M. O. T. B. S.*: "That is true! Can you not give us an account of the more interesting things you witnessed?"

*M. B.*: "I can tell you about the beef issue. Will that do?"

*M. O. T. B. S.*: "Certainly. Certainly! That will do very well. I saw you both at Rosebud

and Pine Ridge and noticed that you took down the main points."

*M. B.*: "Well, at Rosebud the issue came on Monday, and on Sunday before, the Indians from all parts of the reservation came into the Agency.

Some came in lumber wagons; many on horseback and a few in carriages.

They bring the whole family, usually, dogs and all, and tent for the night.

In the morning bright and early they began to make preparations for the happy day.

The young men put on paint and feathers, and donned their brightest blankets, their best moccasins and most elaborately trimmed leggings.

The young women wore gay-colored skirts, and shawls and those who could afford it had on elk-teeth sacks. They, too, paint their faces yellow, and green and red, and the part to the hair is given some brilliant color.

Horse-racing and games are indulged in before the issue begins, and every one has a chance to see every one else and talk over the news or gossip awhile. It is truly a gala-day for young and old.

Now let us turn our eyes from the wonderful spectacle before us—of three thousand restless, prancing, dashing horse-back Indians scattered over the prairie, to the poor penned up cattle, who show by their excited movements that something terrible is in store for them.

In one corral there are about 200 head of fine looking fat cattle. In with them riding around among the long horns are three or four brave cow-boys.

Now they drive them through a gate which opens on a pair of scales. The cattle do not like the looks of the gate, and it takes considerable urging to make them go in, four and five head at a time.

When squarely on the scales, the gate is securely fastened, the cattle weighed and the number called out and written down by three or four different parties detailed by the Agent and the contractors to watch the weights that there may be no cheating on either side.

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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.

## MISS FISHER TAKES US A TRIP TO MT. WASHINGTON.

A year ago the girls and boys of the HELPER went with me to call on Mrs. President Cleveland in the beautiful city of Washington. This year they may go to see the chief of the Presidential Range of Mountains—Mt. Washington.

If we could only touch Aladdin's lamp, and all go there in reality, but we will do the best we can with the mind's eye, and they shall be highly favored and make two trips—one right into the midst of as dense a cloud as ever hung over a mountain, and the other on a bright sunny day.

Friday at 1.40 P. M. we left the pretty village of Plymouth, N. H., and for two hours rode through a beautiful country; the hills gradually growing higher, till we found ourselves among the White Mountains, and as the cars came to a stand-still the breakman shouted "Fabyan's."

Think of three "Girls' Quarters" joined together and you will know the size of this fine hotel.

On the first floor are the large hall, parlors, dining-room—all made pleasing with baskets and pots of ferns, Japanese umbrellas, fans and other pretty ornaments.

The first thing to do on entering is to register—that is write name in a big book. Then a bell-boy takes you to your room upstairs.

Soon I came down and seated myself in one of the comfortable chairs on the balcony; and there I saw that Mt. Washington was in front of us several miles away, but its top was capped with a cloud.

That night I went to bed with a big wish I can tell you, for a bright to-morrow.

In the morning the sun did shine for a little while and though the clouds began to gather, about a dozen people, who like myself thought they must go then or never, at

9:20 took an open car, called an "Observation Car," to the base of the Mt.; then changed into the one coach drawn by the strong little engine that looks as if it were kneeling on its front legs, being built in this way so that the smoke-stack may be vertical in going up or coming down hill.

The clouds thickened about us, and we went slowly up between walls of fog, the engine pushing behind and giving a "click" "click" as the cog-wheels worked along the cog-rail.

We could see the track for a little distance in front, slanting like the steep part of a toboggan slide.

After a ride of an hour and a quarter, we were at the top, and found ourselves in a furious rain-storm.

A man with a big umbrella stood at the car-door and helped us across the platform into the hotel, which is a much larger building than one would expect to find so high up among the clouds.

A bright coal fire was burning in the large hall and people were glad to gather around it and get warmed and dried.

In one corner of the hall a lady was selling pictures, and all manner of pretty things, mostly made of wood, with views of the mountains on them, and nothing was cheap, I assure you. One sheet of paper and envelope cost 10 cents.

While we were taking our dinner, which we made as long as possible for two reasons, one being that we had nothing else to do, and the other that it cost \$1.50 apiece, the rain ceased, and every one grew happier.

I went out but could not see two rods away, then I realized that we were really among the clouds; and now I know what those beautiful white masses in the sky are made of; and they are wet, to say the least.

The wind blew hard, and when I was about setting out to see where one of the plank walks led, a gentleman said, "You'd better let me go with you, or you will blow away," and I don't know but I should have.

After that I went in the writing room, where there were pens and ink, and wrote letters till time for train to start on the downward trip at 2 o'clock.

We were a disappointed party, for we knew those walls of fog were hiding from us wonderful sights.

The second journey we will take at another time

A pleasant letter from Carlos Montezuma, our educated Apache friend who is studying medicine in Chicago, and clerking in a drug store to pay his way through College, expresses gratification to hear of our success in raising money for the new buildings going up here this summer. Says he, "I hope the time will come when all of the buildings will be donated by wealthy Indians."

Camp will break next week.

Miss Irvine is off on a month's leave.

Miss E. Patterson returned Saturday night.

Miss Stafford is attending college at Ada, Ohio.

Big boys' quarters will be done in two weeks.

Our girls are making handsome bead-work this vacation.

Mr. Campbell was down from camp a few minutes, Saturday.

The grass on our parade never was more beautiful than now.

School is to open on the first with Miss Fisher as Acting Principal.

Mr. Jordan and his boys are busy getting the boilers in shape.

Don't deceive even in little things! It is just as bad as lying or stealing. Don't do it!

Miss Fisher returned to us Tuesday, having spent a pleasant month among friends in New England.

Miss Cutter writes from her New England home that she is having a good rest and enjoying her vacation immensely.

Captain Pratt returned unexpectedly from Ocean Grove, Tuesday morning. The Man-of-the-band-stand thinks he did not stay half long enough to get a good rest.

Miss Burgess found the neatest cleanest printing-office she ever saw when she got back from Dakota. The boys did splendidly all the time and deserve a great deal of credit.

Mr. Standing's talk, Saturday, about what he saw in Indian Territory, was very interesting and to the point. Oh, if our pupils could only see with OUR eyes what would be good for them!

Pollock Spottedtail is working in a little printing-office at Rosebud Agency, Dak. He is putting to a very severe test the knowledge gained in only four months in this office.

After three months faithful and most efficient service in the printing-office, J. B. Given has closed out his work with us and entered upon a two weeks vacation, to make ready for a year's study in the town high school, from where he hopes to graduate next summer.

When rules are partly given up and the pupils are allowed to do nearly as they please that is the time we can easily find out the weak ones. A boy who keeps in place because he is afraid to disobey is made of poor stuff. A boy who keeps in place because he wants to do right is the one who will take the lead in this world. He is a boy of PRINCIPLE.

The new Sioux girls do not seem to be at all home sick. Some of the older boys felt a little sad the next day after arrival.

Ah, ha! Those little girls will not eat the bark of strange trees any more we guess. About a dozen were sick Saturday night.

Miss Agnes Woodman, Bucks Co., who, it will be remembered visited our school in the spring, reports that at a large temperance meeting held at Buckingham meeting house on the 13th, eleven of our boys working in that county on farms, took part in a concert recitation, a class recitation and made speeches, and did their parts well.

We are pleased to record that our Omaha friend, Mr. Frank La Flesche, who has been for several years past in a subordinate position in the Indian Department at Washington, has just been promoted to a \$1200 clerkship. His promotion was made solely on the score of proven fitness, and as the *Phila. Press* says editorially, "His case is one which is full of encouragement for the philanthropic men and women who are working so earnestly for the betterment of his race."

#### Camp Items.

The camp was visited by Messrs McFadden and Goodyear. The cars came a little too soon for them Monday morning, and they were obliged to run half dressed, to make the train, but they got there and finished their wardrobe after making sure of a ride.

Mrs. Campbell and Irene were up for a day. Blackberries are nearly ripe, and there will be plenty of elder-berries.

Misses Ella Patterson and Bender spent Wednesday with us.

J. B. Given and Jesse Woodward came Wednesday to stay a week in the mountains.

Mr. Lewis and wife and grandchild stopped over on their way to Gettysburg from Carlisle.

The camp has several pets: Work Together has adopted John, one of Mrs. Howe's dogs and John has all the delicacies that the camp affords, while Henry Brezette and Richard Coulter each have a kitten to whom they give their share of the milk.

The mountains are full of hazelnuts and "chincapins" but they will not be ripe until after we break camp.

A large party from Mt. Holly visited the camp Tuesday afternoon and seemed to have a pleasant time. With the party was a lady from Philadelphia, who had 20 Indian girls in her school.

Frank West and Albert Anderson are at camp for the rest of the term.

Obed Rabbit visited camp again on Wednesday.

Chas. Redmore, Alex. Manabov, Loomis Smith and Noble Prentiss, visited camp on Sunday, while Ocoyame and Johnson Webster paid the school a visit the same day.

Continued From First Page.

From the scales the cattle are driven through a shute made narrow at the bottom and sloping out toward the top which is about five feet from the ground. This trough-like shute is just wide enough to admit one animal and long enough for eight or ten to stand one behind the other.

The cattle don't like to go through the shute, and would not if they were not beaten with heavy sticks and kicked and yelled at or otherwise brutally forced.

When once in, they are packed as closely together as they can stand one behind the other, and a bar is placed across the shute to the rear of the last animal, and there the creatures have to stand and be branded with red-hot irons.

Poor things! How they do squirm and kick and twist to get away, but it is of no use.

Once in awhile a fierce animal manages to get over the side, and once I saw a steer fall over backwards, and there in that narrow place he lay with feet up in the air.

There was no way to get him up but by lifting him by the head and turning him end over end.

I expected every moment to see his neck broken, but it didn't break.

Often a horn is broken off close to the head, or other injury produced which must cause intense suffering.

But white people and Indians alike become callous, and the brutal treatment of these poor dumb animals is looked upon with seeming indifference by all and actual pleasure by some.

As fast as the cattle are branded they are turned into an open corral.

When all are finished they are run into the original corral and driven through the shute again for issuing.

Every thirty Indians receive a beef. The Indians are formed into what are called consolidations.

Each consolidation has a head whose name alone appears on the beef issue roll.

The agent employs the loudest voiced Indian as crier, and as the animals pass out of the shute one at a time and are turned loose upon the prairie, the name of the head of each consolidation is called, and one or two young men then give chase to the frightened beast.

Now comes the excitement! The Indians imagine they are on the buffalo hunt, and away they go, whooping and yelling and shooting at the wild steers running in different directions.

Sometimes a wounded animal dashes with mad fury among the quiet lookers-on.

Then there is a great scattering, and the loud hurrahs and frightened shouts of men and women only add to the excitement and pleasure of the occasion.

In a short time the full 200 are killed, and groups of Indians all around far and near may be seen dressing the meat.

If I should describe the way the Indian women dress an ox; how they eat the liver and kidneys raw, the blood streaming down each side of the mouth, and how they mix the filthy parts of the beef with the clean, and throw all together in the bottom of a dirty wagon and haul it in the broiling hot sun for miles, I am afraid you would not relish meat.

Indeed it takes a very nicely prepared tenderloin to tempt my meat appetite, since looking upon that awful scene.

But as you pass around through the camps a few days after, and see meat, meat nothing but meat everywhere, strung on poles to dry, you can't help but think it looks nice and clean.

Most Indians would rather have meat to eat than any other food, and now that the buffalo are no more, many of the tribes are supplied as above described.

How much better and more *manly* though it is for men to *earn* their food by honest work as our boys on farms and at the school are doing.

They who depend upon rations without work are the Indians who are killing themselves off by their own laziness and filthy habits.

I was glad to see that some did not depend wholly upon the beef and flour given by the agent. As we passed around among the camps we came upon patches of corn, potatoes, and watermelons.

And many were putting up hay for winter and building log-houses, showing that the Indians are beginning to look ahead and provide for the future.

Some years ago when we first went to Pine Ridge and Rosebud, there were no such signs of progress.

#### A Puzzle.

Two O's two N's an L and a D.

Now come my dear friends and spell it for me.

ANSWER TO THE LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—  
Blackfeet Reservation.

**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 Pueblo's 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.