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The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1888.

NUMBER 3.

GOOD ADVICE.

When the weather is wet
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm;
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

TWO CARLISLE BOYS AT PINE RIDGE TALK OVER THE SIOUX BILL.

Tim and Zach are old Carlisle boys.

They have been at home two or three years since their school life was finished, and now they would be called men.

It is beef-day at Pine Ridge, and Tim who lives on the Wounded Knee Creek, quite a day's ride from the Agency, thought he would go the evening before as far as Zach's tepee on the Porcupine Tail Creek, and ride with Zach the next day to the Agency.

On the morning of this day they were out bright and early with horses in readiness to start on their journey to the beef-corral.

Beef-day is a gala day for the Indians.

They put on their best clothes.

They race horses, gamble and play games.

Everybody comes to the beef-issue and they have a grand, good time.

As the two boys ride along on horse-back they look handsome.

They are both good fellows and hold up their heads accordingly.

They each have a fair education and naturally fall to talking about things above the ordinary Indian.

Tim starts the subject of the severalty act with "What do you think about this business at Standing Rock, Zach?"

"You mean about the Indians refusing to sign the papers to open up the reservation?"

"Yes, good scheme, don't you think?"

"No, I don't; but I must confess that I don't know much about it. Only I know the Indians around Porcupine Tail say they won't sign anything."

"So some of the folks at Wounded Knee talk, but they don't understand it, is the reason. The paper is all right."

"How do you know? I am a little like the chiefs. I am afraid of it," said Zach.

"Why are you afraid of it?"

"Because I don't understand it, I suppose."

"Have you seen the paper?" asked Tim.

"No! Have you?"

"Yes," said Tim. "I sent to Carlisle for one and my dear old teacher kindly forwarded me the whole thing."

"Well, what is it like?" asked Zach.

"It is about a yard long and printed in very fine type."

"Have you read it all, then?"

"Yes, indeed," said Tim proudly lifting up his head. "I had an awfully hard time with it. I studied and studied over those long lines, for about a week. But I kept at it, and kept at it, and now I believe I thoroughly understand the important parts of it."

"Is the paper all right? Is it true that the Indians will be cheated if they sign it?" asked Zach.

"Cheated!" laughed Tim. "I should say not, and it makes me mad to hear ignorant people who never went to school a day in their lives and who can't read, talk like that."

"Well it is no wonder, is it Tim, that the Indians are afraid when they have so often signed papers and have been cheated?" asked Zach.

"No; I suppose not," said Tim, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Is it true that the Government wants the Sioux to sell nearly half of their reservation?"

"They want us to dispose of 11,000,000 acres, and they will make settlers pay us 50 cents an acre for it."

"Why! Jim Crow, a half breed says it is worth \$1.00 an acre."

"I suppose some of it is, but there are other parts of the reservation not worth a cent. There is much bad land on our reservation, you know. Anyhow if we only got five cents an acre it would be a good thing to sell it to

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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.

Miss Dittes, now at Travare, Dak., says "I just cannot exist comfortably without the INDIAN HELPER," and sends ten cents for the same.

Jennie Connors writes that she has met Bessie West and Nancy and Millie McIntosh. They are well and the two latter expect to teach school this winter. Jennie and Winnie want to come back to Carlisle and no doubt will this fall. The letter was from Sasakwa, I. T.

Jemima Wheelock sends eight new subscriptions this week from her farm home. She says she has been to six picnics since June. The lady with whom Jessie Spreadhands lives says that Jessie is very industrious and does her work neatly. During her off hours she studies, "and that is what every one of us should do," says Jemima.

William Brown and Lizzie Dubray were married at Rosebud Agency, Dak., on the 16th inst. In writing the happy news William says he wishes all of his friends could have been at the wedding. He has already built himself a house at Pine Ridge and intends to go ahead at farming, promising to do the best he can. The many friends of William and Lizzie at Carlisle wish them abundant success and much happiness in their new life.

At camp, our little Apache Mike thought that by standing on the railroad track he'd scare an approaching locomotive and make it turn out. He accomplished his purpose in so far that the engineer was obliged to stop his train, and the boys had to drag the child from in front of the engine. "Me Medicine. Me no die," cried the little fellow, but he had better not try it again. White man's steam cannot always stop for Indian medicine.

A Silly Letter.

What can be the matter with the boy who wrote the following letter to a girl. Is he sick or only losing his mind?

If the Man-on-the-band-stand would print all the notes he sees flying around, and print the names of the boys and girls who write them he is certain they would feel so ashamed that they could not hold their heads up. Let us have no more of it but settle down to hard study and work, determined to get ahead. What is more to be pitied than a great big boy or girl with nothing much in his head to think about. If we allow our heads to fill up with such silly nonsense as this letter shows no wonder our bodies grow faster than our brains and we feel ashamed because we are so big and know so little.

THE LETTER.

DEAR FRIEND: I have thought in writing to you and request that whether we can agree and constant of friendship or not. Please see about the matter and give the information with the cause. My purpose is that we have learned the excellence of your conduct and character and I desire to offer my bargains to you. If you agree and probity will for propection please return your expressions of advising and granting this, very propriety.

I am very truly yours,

Dropped Syllables.

1. From an employe's name drop a syllable and leave the kind of home that some of our children came from.
2. From another drop a syllable and leave that on which grapes grow.
3. From another drop a syllable and leave a rough, prickly head of a plant.
4. From a printer boy's name drop a syllable and leave a part of his mouth.
5. From another printer boy's name drop two syllables and leave the relation he bears to his father.
6. Drop that syllable and another from the same name and leave a cave of wild beasts.
7. From each of two printer boy's names drop a syllable and leave what neither of them would tell.
9. From the foreman's name drop a syllable and leave a village.
10. From a dear little girl's name drop two syllables and leave what we would all like to be.
11. From a teachers name drop a syllable and leave the ocean.
12. From the same name drop a syllable and leave a small stream.

Never believe a mean thing about a person until you are SURE it is true. Don't believe it even if your best friend tells you. Wait, till you find out for yourself.

Only 5 two-cent stamps for the INDIAN HELPER a whole year.

Most of the teachers and others away on a vacation will be back this evening.

Miss Lizzie Bender, graduate of Dickinson College, has joined our teachers' ranks.

Chas. Wheelock, the printing-office engineer, is instructing Henry Phillips, our little Alaskan, in the management of the engine, and Henry is pleased.

Miss Patterson was proud to find on her return to the school that the boys she left in charge of the small boys' quarters had kept things neat and in order.

On Wednesday morning our mountain camp broke up. The boys look the better for their life in the woods and are ready to begin work and study in earnest.

Miss Nana Pratt and Miss Paull spent the last few days of camp in the woods. They were loth to come away from the pure mountain air and delightful rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff came down from camp Monday evening. Mrs. Woodruff thinks there are more enjoyable things in the world than on Indian camp in the mountain.

No doubt all the fence in the rear of the teachers' quarters will soon be raised so as to be uniform with that just made back of the Doctor's. A high fence there has long been needed.

A box of rare and interesting Indian trinkets—war-bonnets, war-clubs, pipes, head-gear of various descriptions, horn spoons and other curious things has been received from the west.

Mr. Campbell's report of how he found things among the boys on farms is truly encouraging. On Monday, Miss Irvine starts for a visit among the girls and we hope she will find them doing as nicely in every particular.

School will begin on Monday. The gymnasium, small boys' quarters, and chapel are to be brought into use as school rooms until the new building is complete. Prof. Woodruff, our new Principal is flying around getting things in readiness, and we look forward to a prosperous school year.

Miss Wilson returned on Saturday from a few days' visit to the Danville Hospital for the insane, where she was once an employe. Nancy Cornelius, one of our girls from Oneida, Wis., who has been such a faithful helper in our hospital for a year or two took entire charge in Miss Wilson's absence. We are proud that she was able to take such a responsible place.

A number of the boys attended the Grangers' Picnic, at Williams Grove, on Wednesday.

Loomis Smith sent ten cents for the HELPER this week, and says he is getting along well at his farm home.

We get renewals in this way: "Please forward the paper as soon as possible, for I can hardly wait till it comes."

On Saturday evening, Miss Ella Patterson, accompanied by her brother John returned from Bedford Springs.

News has just been received of the marriage of Cleaver Warden at Cheyenne Agency, Ind. Ter., to the sister of Alex Yellowman.

William Black who some eight years ago was Industrial teacher at the Otoe Agency, and is now living near Gettysburg, called on Thursday.

Fire works in front of the dining-hall, Friday evening, a treat to the wee ones from Mrs. Worthington, was thoroughly enjoyed, even if it wasn't the Fourth of July.

On Wednesday, Chas. Gottwerth, Wm. L. Gottwerth and W. H. Crooks, of Wilmington, Del., stopping at Henry Gottwerth's, 83 W. North St., paid the school a visit.

Richenda Pratt celebrated her sixth birthday last Saturday by a trip to camp. Maria Annallo, Etta Robertson, Sichu, and Bertha were her guests of the occasion, and they had a pleasant day in the mountain.

Lorenzo and Ben walked to camp on Saturday morning and returned Sunday. The little boys who returned with them without permission were rewarded by a walk back the following morning, only 12 miles. Arthur Johnson was one.

Mrs. Allen, sister of Mrs. Pratt, arrived from Europe, Tuesday evening, a great surprise to all her friends here. Mrs. Allen has seen many things of interest while travelling abroad, but comes back to her native country proud that she is an American.

"Oh, no, that is not Mr. Campbell. I never saw him jump around so foolishly," said a lady at camp as a gentleman came toward them. It was Mr. Campbell and no wonder he jumped around for there was a bumble-bee down his back. He ran into a nest on his way up from Hunter's Run.

On Saturday evening at English Speaking Meeting Dr. Given gave an interesting account of his visit to the Oneidas in Wisconsin. These Indians expressed appreciation for what is being done for their children here by giving a unanimous vote of thanks at a large public meeting. Some of the things he told us will be given in the September RED MAN.

(Continued From First Page.)

actual settlers, for we want the settlers to come and help improve the land."

"I can't see it in that light," said Zach.

"I know, there are lots of our people who can't see far into the future. Look at the white homesteaders over the line. You know that the people around Rushville were poor at first. They hardly had enough to eat and they had miserable little huts to live in, but now how are they?"

"They are rich. I can see that much," said Zach not a little annoyed at Tim's thrust at not being able to see far into the future.

"What made them rich?"

"Well, what?" said Zach, "you seem to have the floor."

"The Railroads made them rich. The Railroads bring civilization, and civilization brings wealth."

"That sounds like white man's philosophy and I suppose it is true, but you can never make the Indians see it."

"I think they are beginning to get their eyes open, and they see more than they are willing to admit. At least the chiefs do."

"Do the Indians who already have little farms picked out have to give them up, if they sign this paper?"

"No, indeed! Any Indian having a farm can stay where he is if he wants to."

"What! Don't we all have to go over on the small reservation if we agree to sell 11, 000, 000 acres?"

"Not if I understand the paper. An Indian may pick a farm anywhere he pleases, now, before the reservation is sold, and he can stay there even if the land all around him is sold."

"And how long a time can he have in which to find a good place?"

"He can have a whole year. That is long enough isn't it?"

"I should say so," replied Zach.

"I think so, too."

"How many Indians have to sign the paper to make it a law?" continued Zach.

"Three fourths of the whole number of men."

"Three fourths! If that is so I don't believe it will ever become a law."

Maybe you are right, for our people are very slow to see a good thing. Will you sign, Zach, when the Commissioners come to Pine Ridge?"

"I shall be afraid to. Some of the chiefs say they will kill any one who signs."

"I heard that, too, but do you honestly believe it?"

"I think they would do anything almost, to

prevent us young fellows from having a voice in public affairs."

"And isn't it too bad. Poor men! They see their power fast going. When we are educated and get our land in severalty, and once become citizens there will be no more use for chiefs and they are smart enough to see that."

"Poor Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull, and Grass and others have seen their best days as Indians, and they do hate to give up their power, but really, Zach, are you going to be scared out of doing the proper thing when the Commissioners come to this Agency? I want my name to go on that paper if not another man here signs it."

"Will you sign it if they threaten to kill you?"

"Yes, I will. They will not kill me. I am of age. I understand this thing. I see that there is no injustice in the bill. I see that we are made secure in our individual possessions, as we never were before in any other bill that our people have been asked to sign. I am satisfied with it, and as I said before I am going to sign. Are you?"

"Yes," said Zach, at last conquered. "If you dare to do what you think is best in that way, I shall follow suit. I have believed all along that it was all right, but I was afraid to say so. Now I am sure it is all right, and I am going to sign. Give me your paw, old fellow, you have done me lots of good to-day in this talk."

Here the boys came in sight of the corral; the shooting of cattle had already commenced, and the excitement of the beef issue was at hand.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: "Two Umbrellas."

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 4x5 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 PICTORIALS, 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 Navajo 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 9x12 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 to the HELPER. Address: THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.