

# THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—  
*Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.*

VOL. IX.

—FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1894.—

NO. 34

**I**F I were you, I'd always tell  
The truth, no matter what befell;  
For two things really I despise—  
A coward heart, and telling lies.  
And you would, too,  
If I were you.

CLOUD THUNDER.

*(Continued From Last Week.)*

"Ah! That smells good," said Cloud, half under his breath as he inhaled the appetizing odors emanating from the boiling pot of meat and corn. He was hungry, having ridden several miles from the station in the fresh breeze of an early summer morning.

His mother seeing the glance of satisfaction at the swinging vessel was naturally gratified, and slipping a sharp knife from her belt cut a chunk of the meat, lifted it with a portion of the savory broth and well-cooked corn into a small tin pan. She then wiped the knife on her moccasin and laid it across the pan for her boy to use later, and drawing a piece of Indian bread from the ashes knocked the coals from it with her fingers and blew with her breath the finer portions of dust from the browned crevices.

From a corner where a promiscuous heap of unwashed tin and iron dishes were piled after the last general meal, she selected the best looking tin cup, wiped out the dried grains with a bunch of sun-cured grass and filled it with black coffee that had been boiling vigorously for some time in a large pot, dingy with age and smoke.

The meat, bread and coffee were then placed on the ground before her boy, which was a sufficient sign for him to partake.

Although he recognized that every move on the part of his mother had been an act of love, the preparation of the scanty meal was observed closely as he was talking with his father, and it almost drove his hunger from him, accustomed as he was to food served

somewhat more delicately; but he fully determined not to be foolish, and he was going to make the best of things as they came.

In the meantime his sister busied herself in getting something to eat for her father and the others of the family, much in the same fashion as her mother had done for Cloud.

The father, more indolent than fatigued, stretched himself at full length, face down, upon his blanket and ate by shovelling the soup and corn with a huge buffalo-horn spoon into his mouth, not far above the edge of the dish upon the ground. With a butcher knife he chopped his meat off in hunks, as often as he wished a bite, and did it by clinching with his massive white teeth the end of the big lump and pulling as he cut.

Cloud Thunder having no fork and seeing the dexterity with which his father and mother managed to get their meat cut into bites imitated their example.

Talk about the educated Indian boy going back to Indian ways?

How else could *you* have managed, my dear reader, in the particular instance related, and yet the Indian mode of eating that first meal was Cloud Thunder's first step backward.

"Are you a white man or an Indian?" asked his father with a curious look of expectancy and sarcasm.

"I don't know," said Cloud. "I know it, some ways of white men are good. I know, too, some Indian ways, they are good," giving the literal translation of Cloud Thunder's somewhat broken Indian.

"You like Indian ways?" asked the father as he changed his position from lying to half reclining, having finished his breakfast.

"I like white man's ways best."

"Hm! You are INDIAN," said the father contemptuously.

"Yes, I know I am an Indian, but I can

*(Continued on the Fourth Page.)*

# THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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

PRICE—10 CENTS A YEAR.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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Do not hesitate to take the HELPER from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

We learn by a letter from Mrs. Reeder that at a recent church sociable held in Newtown, Joseph Spanish read an essay which pleased his hearers.

The following found on our editorial desk will leave to the young lady printers to judge as to the correctness of statement: "Our office has been provided with a new mirror, the old one being too small for our female assistants to keep their curls in view, or their trails."

Interest in the educational department is not on the wane as might be supposed on account of close proximity to end of term. We are aware of the fact that to succeed we have to STUDY, and we can study just as hard at the end of the term as at the beginning when we want to.

Whose company marches the best on the way to school? It is plain to be seen when a captain is interested in the appearance of his company, and such a captain places himself in a position to have a higher honor awarded when opportunity offers, while the "don't care" officers slink back and wonder why they are never selected.

A very newsy letter from Electa Schanadore who is at her home in Wisconsin speaks of her enjoyment of household duties. She was happy to be able during the winter to take the place of her sister in the Government school for a few weeks, to give her a needed rest. She speaks of Ida Powlas, Belinda Archiquette, Dennison and James Wheelock, Josiah Powlas and many others in very encouraging terms.

THE INDIAN HELPER is a bright little paper printed by Indian boys of the Indian industrial school at Carlisle, Pa. It has a circulation of over 10,000. Its aim is to reach the white people and to show them that our red brethren if properly educated will make as good citizens as any of those who now claim that proud distinction. The cause is worthy of encouragement. Success to our Indian friends!—*The School Journal.*

Pleasant letters from Miss Semple, of Hampton, have been received, inviting friends to their Commencement exercises. It will be remembered by many that Miss Semple was one of the pioneer workers of Carlisle, she having started the educational department as principal. In 1887 she was obliged to give up and rest for a year or two, since which time she has been identified with the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. We can look back with pleasing memory to those primitive days of Carlisle, when the buildings were old and unfit for the purposes used, when stoves and furnaces supplied the heat and kerosene lamps the light, when our washing and ironing were done by hand and printing by foot power on a third rate press. Those days, when contrasted with the present improved facilities, show us how possible it is to make tremendous progress in the face of adverse influences that pull down and back and would even now crush out of existence the Carlisle school, and all individualizing processes for the advancement of the Indians, if it were possible.

Another one of those exciting and enjoyable games of ball in which there was more fun than science was played last Friday evening between the Faculty team and the Commissioned Officers. Four innings were played and the Commissioned Officers won by the small and professional score of 24 to 19. There was as vigorous gum-chewing as though the game had been professional. Leighton scored the only home run. Charlie Buck pitched for the Officers and Mr. Drum for the Faculty. Mr. Claudy caught for the latter and did some good playing. There was not only one coacher but 400 and the air rang with cheers. The entire sympathy seemed to be with the Faculty, especially when it was demonstrated that that was the weak side.

"What sort of a worker is that young man?" asked the Man-on-the-band-stand of a sergeant, about a boy who was then resting on his wheelbarrow and had been for twenty minutes making grass whistles and blowing them. He was cheating the Government. If he is not getting a great deal of money for his work, he is getting his food, clothing and school privileges. "Oh," said the sergeant. "He is a fellow who is so little afraid of his work that he is willing to lie right down by the side of it and go to sleep." The Man-on-the-band-stand asked for a fan and passed on.

William Girton writes from Ft. Douglass, Utah, that the Indian company now exists only in memory. Every Indian has been given his discharge. He hopes he will find a job of work at Pine Ridge Agency. Samuel Little Hawk of the same company informs that he had a good-bye race in heavy marching order for one mile and won the prize of a pistol. The officers of the post were pleased that he won.

Does the following rhyme taken from a college exchange fit in here?

Of all the members of our school  
Those who are most alive,  
Are the ones who properly belong  
To the class of '95.

Exhibition to night.

Decoration day, next.

Cool nights and mornings!

The drought has come to an end.

The trolley is coming, but how?

Mrs. Bushman's spring chickens are flourishing.

Wannamaker's first salary was \$1 25 per week.

Wasn't that a big "circumstance" around the moon, last Friday night?

There is promise of a good crop of strawberries. Get your mouths ready!

Dr. Montezuma addressed a meeting of Friends held in Philadelphia during this Yearly Meeting Week.

"Miss Ely, he not there, but Captain she is," said one of the Indian boys who had been sent on an errand to the office.

The lovely rain of yesterday morning made our farmers laugh. Crop prospects are fine, but vegetation had begun to sigh for a drink.

A day-light thunder storm is of rare occurrence at Carlisle. There was vivid lightning in the storm yesterday morning.

Miss Rosa Bourassa addressed a missionary meeting comprised of young ladies of Wilson College, Chambersburg, on Wednesday evening.

Miss Carter has purchased a fifteen cent printing office. We hope she is not going to start an opposition HELPER more "weekly" than ours.

Mr. Mason Pratt of Steelton spent Tuesday night at his old home. He took back with him his little daughter Sarah, who has been visiting for a few weeks at the school.

Who is the bugler these nights? The sweet strains from his horn send us to bed with happy hearts. The days of cracked "taps" appear to be over, we hope never to return.

Luther Dahah hurt himself by trying to pitch a heavy cannon ball farther than his neighbor could pitch it. We are glad to see him around on his feet again and to know that he is getting better from the slight hemorrhage caused by the over strain.

Miss Nettie Fremont, class '95, left for her home at the Omaha Agency, Nebraska, on Tuesday evening. She was called to see her mother, who is quite ill. Nettie intends to return, if possible, to graduate next year. She can not afford to let such a mind as hers lie idle.

Mr. Arthur Wood, of Philadelphia, whose lantern slides from photographs of our school have been so satisfactory, was here on Monday taking more views. When these are completed we will have a good set of views of every department of the school and of the campus, and buildings.

Prof. Bakeless with his little Agassiz Association, consisting of Masters Leander Gansworth, Willard Gansworth, Joslyn Knjockety, and the little white boys Masters Jack Standing, Johnnie Given, Don and Herbert Campbell and Cyril Marshall spent the day in the mountains last Saturday and had a grand time.

The repair of damages caused by fire at the near farm is about completed.

The twenty-sixth anniversary of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Va., will be in progress next week, commencing on Sunday. Anniversary Day exercises will be held on Thursday.

The first nine of our school played the Shippensburg Normal School team last Saturday morning and won by a score 19 to 6. The Normalites give our boys credit for fine batting. As is the case frequently with our team on strange grounds it took them two or three innings to get accustomed to surroundings, then they got down to business.

Miss Edith Smith has returned from her sorrowful visit to her home in N. Y., to witness her father's burial. Spencer cannot return for a time as he is needed at home to attend to the work of the farm. He, no doubt, will make good use of his spare time as he is a close reader and good student, and if possible will return to the school in the fall.

It is stated that Mr. Woods Walker, our enterprising Superintendent of the tin-shop, was disagreeably serenaded, on Wednesday night about 12 o'clock, at his home in town. The music emanated from one of Mr. Deckman's mules. Mr. Walker hastily arose, and with a clothes-prop unceremoniously beat the intruder off the premises. Poor mule! All that voice cultivation wasted upon unsympathetic ears!

Dr. J. B. Lippincott, pastor of the M. E. Church at Corner of Broad and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, has been visiting the school for a day or two, a guest of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt. The Doctor tried his first hand at tennis while here, and at croquet he may be said to have dissipated, as one evening an exciting game was kept up by the light of the electric arc until 9 o'clock in order that he and Dr. Montezuma might beat Capt. Pratt and Miss Ely by a hair's breadth. Dr. Lippincott brings light and cheer whenever he comes, and always receives a warm welcome on the part of faculty and students alike.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Marcellus Marshall and children Master Cyril and Miss Ida left on Wednesday evening for the west, Mr. Marshall to take the superintendency of the Sac and Fox Indian school, at White Cloud, Kansas. He has been teaching in one of the departments of our school for a few months. Mrs. Marshall, while with us had charge of the dining-hall, and by her quiet, gentle manner won the esteem of all. We trust they will find congenial friends and occupation in their new field of labor.

The following coming from a deeply interested person in close proximity to a reservation should have great weight: "Seeing the Indian from our reservation here so aimless and idle, more and more convinced me that the spirit of Carlisle is the only TRUE spirit for the speedy solution of the Indian problem. I say ANYWHERE and ANYTHING rather than this robbery of every principle of manhood and womanhood which is seen on the reservation. I truly hope that Carlisle's tireless and beneficent work may have larger and still larger success as the days go by."

(Continued From the First Page.)

learn white man's ways if I try. The white man has great knowledge. I like great knowledge. The white man makes big houses; I like big houses. The white man builds great ships, he raises big crops, he builds railroads, he makes steam engines. Everything, big and great—he makes them all."

"Indians can never do those things," ventured the mother.

"Yes they can! The Indian can do anything that the white man does if he goes away from his tribe and learns HOW," said Cloud emphatically.

Here the father laughed outright. "Can YOU make a railroad? Can YOU make a big ship? Yes, I suppose you know it all. You have left your father's ways, and you are a white man, I see! I see! By and by you will learn how to steal our land like white men. I hope you will hurry up and make a railroad. I want a ride."

The boy felt keenly this unkind cut, and the others began to laugh. He had failed to make his father see what he meant. Because he could not build a railroad his father thought there was no use in trying to do anything better than remaining a worthless Indian. But Cloud still felt that the white man's ways were the best, and he meant to stick to them, even if he could not make him his father understand.

The dishes were now gathered up and the family pipe lighted. The father took several puffs and then passed it to his son, as Indians do when they wish to show good feeling.

"SHALL I smoke?" thought Cloud in an instant. It had not struck him that this temptation would come so suddenly. He had never smoked with his father before around the family fire, for he was too little when he went away to school. Not too little however, to smoke for he was even then an inveterate smoker of cigarettes, but he had not been asked to smoke, with men, and he could hardly realize that he was man enough now to smoke around the camp fire.

But without hesitating long, instead of taking the stem of the great medicine pipe between his lips he passed it to an Indian who had come in and seated himself in the circle.

"You refuse to smoke?" the father asked almost sternly, being greatly annoyed at the action of his son in what the Indians esteem as a sacred act of good will.

"I don't want to smoke," answered Cloud.

"Why not? Are you trying to be like a white man in that?"

Here it was Cloud's turn to smile.

"Many white men smoke. You know that," he said.

"Don't you remember I had a cough when I went to Carlisle?" he continued.

"Yes."

"I was thin and yellow in my face?"

"Yes," replied the mother.

"I don't cough now, do I?"

"Not that I have heard," the father was bound to admit.

"I have good meat on my bones, you see," said he proudly displaying the base-ball muscle of his arm. "I am not yellow and don't look sick any more, do I?"

"No, I was afraid you were going to die, when you went to school," said his mother.

"And I would have smoked myself to death had I stayed here. It is because I went away to school and learned that it was killing me that I stopped it and I am well now."

"Who told you that stuff? Look at me! I am well and strong, too. I have smoked all my life," said Cloud's father straightening himself up in the cushion as he spoke.

"You did not smoke CIGARETTES, when you were a boy, as I did."

"No, because the trader did not keep them then."

"It MUST be true what all the white doctors say. They say that a boy's body cannot get strong if he chews and smokes tobacco, and they say a boy's mind cannot think hard and be wide awake if he chews and smokes. I believe that. I like to have a strong body and I want to have a strong mind, so I stopped smoking."

"Ho, ho! Your body *must* be as strong as a bear. And your head must be as big as the great fathers in Washington, and yet you cannot build a railroad for me to ride on."

Again Cloud's feelings were hurt. To be thus ridiculed by his father, amid the laughter of the others who were listening made him wish that he could be lifted bodily out through the hole at the top of the tent and go off with the smoke.

His father passed his pipe again after a moment, saying "A little smoke will not hurt you. It is the Indian way. Throw away your school head and put on your Indian head because you are Indian, and cannot be anything else."

The boy took the pipe in silence, held it a few seconds and then passed it untouched by his lips the second time to his neighbor.

(To be continued.)

#### Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 4, 5, 7 is what we must do to plant a tree.

My 2, 3, 1 is what we must keep open to learn.

My 6, 3, 7 is what a pony is sometimes called.

My whole is what many of the Carlisle boys and girls might with profit do more of out of school hours.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Nina Carlisle.

#### SPECIAL.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada. To one who tries to solve the Enigma the photograph will be sent without the extra for postage.

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