

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER
—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 35

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

I MAY not set the world on fire,
Nor start a grand "combine;"
Nor be a triple-millionaire,
Or own a diamond mine.
I never may be President,
Or any famous man;
But there is work for all to do,
And I'll do what I can.

If Washington had said, "Dear me!
There's nothing I can do;
The country's bound to go to smash,
And precious quickly, too!"
Most likely we should still have been
Oppressed by Britain's clan;
But Washington did what he could,
And I'll do what I can.

Ben Franklin did not loaf around,
From morn till set of sun,
And grumble that some other man
Had wealth when he had none.
While yet the stars were in the sky
His daily task began;
He did whatever he could do,
And I'll do what I can.

We may not all be Ciceros,
And charm admiring throngs,
Nor write immortal treatises,
Or sing immortal songs;
But each can fill some little groove,
In Nature's wondrous plan,
And help the world to turn around,
So I'll do what I can.

—Helen Whitney Clark.

CLOUD THUNDER.

(Continued from Last Week.)

His father said not a word at Cloud's actions, but arose and wrapping his blanket around his huge form strode with Indian dignity out of the tepee.

On the outside he met a medicine man of the tribe, coming to see him.

"Go not in there!" said Cloud's father, motioning indignantly at the entrance of his own tepee.

"It shall be as you say," said the medicine

man, recognizing the fact that there was some sort of trouble inside.

"I come to speak a word about the dance. Four sleeps more and the moon will show its face, and we are not ready."

"True," said Cloud's father. "Come with me," and the two men walked in silence to the banks of a running stream, near by.

The medicine man proceeded to light his pipe and Cloud's father said: "You know my boy? He has come back from Carlisle."

"My ears have heard the same. He came this morning!" replied the Indian doctor.

"You say the truth. He came when the sun was three spans high. As we ate together our morning meat, I asked him questions. He talks like the white man."

"Ah, oo! They all do that when they first come back," exclaimed the medicine man with a sardonic grin.

"Kee! They don't keep it up long, do they? There is Black Eagle's boy. He is the biggest gambler in the village."

"And runs more fire-water down his throat, than Cow-boy Jim," said the medicine man as he blew a puff of smoke towards the sky. "Fire-water is no good, it makes the Indian crazy," he continued, "but fire-water is better than white man. White man's way is to cheat. White man lies. Give me your boy! I'll fix him. I'll take the white man out of him. I am a medicine man."

"But, I will try my own medicine first. My boy is Indian and he has got to BE Indian," said Cloud's father with emphasis as he thrust his hand down into his beaded tobacco pouch.

"You speak well," remarked his benighted companion.

"My son wanted to go to school. I was willing to send him away. I wanted him to learn in a short time to speak English," continued the father.

"True! It is good. We all want that, so when our boys come back they can interpret for us, but when they try to fill their old fathers and mothers with white man's notions it is time to make medicine."

"The medicine man knows what he knows. He sees straight," answered Cloud's father.

"But," said the former. "Let the boy have his way. Let him talk! Not many sleeps

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

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—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

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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.

One of our "dictionary" boys wrote to his lady friend "I would similar to have your picture."

Dr. and Mrs. Reed, Professor and Mrs. Morgan, and Professor and Mrs. McIntyre, of Dickinson College, and Supt. and Mrs. Standing, and Prof. and Mrs. Bakeless of our school dined with Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, on Monday evening.

The friends of Mr. Edward Marsden will be sorry to learn that he is ill at the Cincinnati hospital. He writes that he will not be able to resume his course at Marietta college for several weeks.

Samuel Little Hawk, formerly Sergeant in the Indian Troop, at Ft. Douglass, Salt Lake City, has returned to Rosebud Agency, S. D. All of the Indians of his company received honorable discharges.

Last week was Ember Week, and it is said that the weather on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of Ember week indicates the weather for the season. If that be so the prospects are that we will all be finny before September.

The *Detroit Record* has the following hard but sensible advice:

Don't give up a small business until you see that a larger one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. In these hard times he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move.

The Marie Decca Concert Company visited the school on Wednesday. Madame Decca favored us with three or four of her beautiful selections. Her rendition of "The Last Rose of Summer" can never be forgotten. Miss Myrtle Douglass a member of the same company, was a class-mate of Miss Shaffner's, and remained over the night, giving for the choir, and others who gathered in the chapel several selections in her rich and wonderful contralto voice. We thank these ladies for thus coming to see us. Most of the company are Harrisburg young ladies, pupils of Madame Decca, of world-wide reputation as a prima donna.

A Troy, N. Y., subscriber writes: "I am much interested in reading the contents of the weekly INDIAN HELPER and gladly notice evidence of the fine progress being made by the pupils of the Industrial school in all its varied and useful departments. Especially have I enjoyed reading an excellent letter from —, the worthy and ambitious son of —, who, I am glad to say, is the noblest, the best, and most highly valued Indian friend I have ever had."

Among several little boys who went to the country this week was Willard Gansworth. It takes a few months in the country to bring the rosy cheeks to our little boys and girls, and we wish all had a chance to go. The trouble is, some are too small to work for much pay, but if people would try them they would soon demonstrate that they could earn more than their car-fare would come to, and it would do them an incalculable amount of good. There are more calls for the older boys and girls than we can fill.

There is not a happier girl in the country than Rachel Morgan. She and Libbie Wren, who lives in the same family, have good times together. In a recent letter she gives a funny little experience of one evening when they were getting supper and Libbie went out to water the flowers. While she was out the old cat came in and stole half of a fish they were intending to have for supper. She says, "I just took the broom and gave it a good hit and I guess the old cat will not come back here for a good while."

The special announcement on the 4th page has misled some of our subscribers. The correct solution of the Enigma does not entitle the sender to a photograph unless it be accompanied by sixteen cents, when a year's subscription will also be sent. If the solution is accompanied by a TWO-CENT stamp, a print (NOT A PHOTOGRAPH) of the year's graduating class will be sent. We hope this explanation will make the matter clear to those who have sent us the solution alone, and who wonder why they do not receive the photograph. Only the extra for postage is taken off for the solution of enigma when sixteen cents is sent for a subscription and photo.

Our base-ball team went to Chambersburg Friday to play a game with a nine at that place composed of men who are voters and experienced in base ball by years of practice. Because of the condition of the grounds, the game was not called till 5:30. Then the boys realized the work they had in hand. They were to wrestle victory from a team that had defeated all the prominent clubs of our locality. At the end of the seventh inning, the score was 3 to 3. The Chambersburg team then went to the bat and were shut out. To complete the 7th inning and give our boys an equal chance they should have gone to the bat, but the game was called on account of darkness. Though the game resulted in a tie, it was virtually a victory for our boys. That the Indians impressed the people of Chambersburg favorably is shown by an invitation to play another game, which they did yesterday; results not known at this writing.

Frogs' legs are now in season.

The oyster has begun its summer vacation.

The recent rains insure to us an abundant hay crop.

Most valuable seeds in these parts—proceeds.

There are fine bird concerts held on our campus every morning.

Our school battalion will take part in the Decoration Day parade in town.

Jerome Kennerly spent yesterday with Miss Henry at Wilson College, Chambersburg.

Benjamin Harrison, (not the ex-president) has gone to his country residence on a farm.

Rev. J. H. Leiper, Field Secretary of the Pennsylvania Sabbath Association, visited the school last Thursday.

The first nine is scheduled to play two games of ball with Franklin and Marshall, on Decoration Day, at Lancaster.

The old gates at the guard-house entrance to the grounds have been replaced with nice new ones which are a great improvement.

The buildings and fences of the lower farm look fine with white-wash and paint, in spite of the rain which tried to wash it off.

The heavy rains have flooded the meadow by the Letort Spring and damaged the corn crop somewhat. Some replanting will have to be done.

Miss Russel has gone to her home in Maryland. Her return to the school has been delayed on account of the high waters along the Susquehanna.

Miss Barr, whose former home was in Prince Edward's Island, which is under English rule, celebrated in mind, at least, the Queen's birth-day, yesterday.

Miss Helen Clare Bowersox, is visiting the school, with her papa, Miss Bowersox' brother, and Miss Helen is making many acquaintances among our little folks.

Miss Ida LaChapelle, one of our gentle typos, is on the hospital list, but has begun to mend (not her dress because it does not need it) and will soon be on duty again.

Alice Lambert's birth-day comes the same day as that of Queen Victoria. How very fortunate! and then, too, this time it fell upon pot-pie day, another reason for rejoicing.

The opening exercises of school continue with unabated interest. The sketches and glimpses of things outside of the regular line of study as presented by Prof. Bakeless and his teachers have proven a healthful incentive to intellectual growth, among the Indian students.

Dr. W. N. Hailman, Superintendent of Indian schools, spent Sunday and Monday with us, inspecting. On Monday, he visited the two farms, but deferred further examination into our industrial features until a later visit, and gave most of the day to class work in the school; beginning with the Normal department, he visited each room twice, watching the recitations, talking to the pupils and testing them. He took charge of the teachers' meeting from four to five, and gave a most helpful talk. His presence in the school, and his suggestions have greatly encouraged us all to go forward.

The weather has been a little hard on the the flower-beds. Mr. Masten's corner still looks the best.

The party who started for Hampton, last Tuesday morning, and had to turn back on account of high water, were a disappointed looking set of people as the Herdic rolled in at the guard-house gate.

Rev. Henry Branch, D. D., and Mr. J. B. Morrow, editor of the *Ellicott City Times* both of Ellicott City, Md., were interested visitors yesterday. Mr. Morrow is an old friend of Mr. Claudy's father.

Mrs. Jacob Graff, of Blairsville, is visiting Miss Paull. She stopped off on her way home from Wilson College, Chambersburg, where her daughter is a student, and is unable to get west on the Penn. R. R. on account of the washout of bridges.

Mr. Campbell has returned from a trip to Union and Centre counties this State, where he went to see whether or not that will be a good field over which to try to spread the Carlisle school "outing-system." He likes the country and people very much.

The academic branch of our school gave us a good entertainment last Friday night, in the way of declamations, recitations, singing and instrumental music. It was said by many to have been the best exhibition of the school year, still we look for the last, which will come next month, to be the very best.

The little girls have a novel way of remembering their Bible stories. Each assumes a character and they act out various scenes. During the rainy days of the past week Vashti has been set aside and Esther chosen in her stead. Mordecai was honored by the King while Haman was led to the gallows, but their "indianuity" was taxed to know what to do with the deposed queen, and they wondered whether Mordecai went back to his old business after he rode upon the King's horse.

Strange, isn't it? An over-nice finical sort of a fellow who has not much purpose in life, but who lives along dreamily, waiting for his time in school to expire, cannot find much of anything to praise in a great institution of this kind, with its unsurpassed facilities for young men and women to work their way to a good education, but he sees a great deal to grumble about, while the student with a PURPOSE ahead of him, and a determination to get an education at whatever cost, is full of praise of such a place. What the first young man calls trials, the latter laughs at or calls blessings, and is EVER THANKFUL that he has such a GOOD CHANCE.

The young man who says "Oh, I can't stand it; the boys are too rough; I don't get strawberries and cream every day; I can't endure bread without butter;" and with a long face looks only at the bad in his companions, has no STUFF in him if he can't pull himself up above such twaddle, and go ahead. Such men as Lincoln and Garfield had a PURPOSE ahead of them all the time they were school boys, and they ever worked with that in view pushing aside with disdain, or making no account of the little unpleasant things that must come to us all no matter where we are.

(Continued From the First Page.)

will go by before his white-man's head will droop like a withered sunflower, and he will be Indian again."

But Cloud Thunder had inherited from his father the same determined spirit that made that father a great chieftain in his tribe, and he was not to be broken down as easily as might be expected under the circumstances.

* * * * *

Weeks passed.

Cloud was given comparative freedom for a time, but finally his father could stand it no longer to see his son going about in citizen's dress. He could not endure hearing the children calling after him as he passed, "See the white man!" He was glad for him to possess the knowledge of English and Cloud made himself useful as interpreter upon many occasions, much to his father's satisfaction, but there would always be some allusion made by the other Indians as they stood around the office or trading post, about his white man's dress, and his feeling too big to put on the blanket and moccasins, which was what he *should* wear, being an Indian like the rest of them. So his father began to entreat, then threaten, then abuse and finally to torture his own son. "Anything," he thought, "to make him put on the Indian dress again, and then he will be mine, and be like me. Then I can make a chief of him."

But straight forward was Cloud Thunder's course. "Let them tear my limbs out, but I will not dress them in leggings! Let them burn my feet off, but I will not put moccasins on. Let them scourge my back with the lash, I will not put on the blanket again," he continually said to himself as he passed to and fro.

On Sundays he attended the Church service at the school and often he would spend an evening around the family table of some interested employee. It was his great delight to thus mingle with the white people of the agency, and they seeing his good intentions gave him all the help they could in the way of advice.

He was obliged to sleep in his father's tepee.

He could not get work at his trade, and his father being a non-progressive Indian would not cultivate any land nor allow his son thus to work. The white man and the negro might work, but not the Indian. The Indian was intended to hunt but not to dig the ground.

So there were many tiresome hours for Cloud to fill in.

He rode his pony considerably and visited his school friends who had returned to other villages scattered over the reservation.

Had he gone to the wood-pile of the Agent or into an employee's garden and chopped wood or dug weeds, daily; had he worked at something, somewhere on the reservation or OFF the reservation, to prove that he did not intend to lead an idle life, even if he could not get a cent of pay for his labor, it would have been his salvation, but while Cloud Thunder was willing to work and had not a lazy bone in his body he did not have the force to push his way into places he was not specially wanted and thus make for himself a road, when he knew he did not *have to* for would

he not always have a share of the family rations doled out by the Government, whether he worked or not?

Who of us, dear readers, would work if we did not feel the sting of necessity? We love work because we are obliged to love it.

After service one Sunday, when Cloud had been home about five months, the missionary said to the Agency farmer, who was a good, kind man:

"Did you notice Cloud Thunder, to-day?"

"Why, yes, I saw him. He is a nice, manly, fellow, isn't he? He comes very regularly to Church. Carlisle has been a benefit to him, surely."

"Well, yes, but I saw a little indication to-day that disappoints me. I am afraid that his father's severe course and the ridicule of his friends are beginning to weaken him."

"Too bad! Too bad! But what have you noticed?"

"A small thing in itself, a very small thing, so small that even you who have been among the Indians a year or two, but not so long as I have, may think absurd to even mention. I can't help feeling sad however when a returned student, so manly and unscrupulously neat in his dress on Sundays as Cloud always is, comes to Church with a pair of moccasins on his feet."

The farmer smiled approvingly and replied, "You are right. I see, you think that it shows that the Indian in the boy is gaining ground again. And it is true. It is a step backward."

(To be continued.)

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 1, 13, 10, 7 is a spur.

My 5, 7, 12 is what some children cannot be taught to do.

My 11, 2, 8, 14 is what hungry people long for.

My 6, 3, 12 is what people oftentimes do at church.

My 13, 9, 11 is a girl's name.

My whole is the pith of a speech made to the Carlisle boys and girls recently.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Reading.

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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