

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

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

VOL. IX.

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NO. 36

CLOUD THUNDER.

(Concluded from Last Week.)

Four months after the conversation about the moccasins, the missionary and the farmer met again.

"I have not noticed Cloud Thunder at Church for several weeks. Has he gone away?" asked the farmer.

"I saw him last night, dressed throughout in Indian toggerly," said the missionary sadly.

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed the farmer. "Too bad! Too bad!" he sighed as with bowed head in thoughtful reverie he paced to and fro. "There really seems to be at times some truth in the assertion so often heard that it is money thrown away to spend it in educating Indian youth."

"It is discouraging work at times, but would you have them live and die in ignorance?"

"No, I suppose not, but I did build high hopes upon Cloud Thunder. He seemed so exceptionally clean and gentlemanly."

"So he was. I happen to know also something of the suffering he brought upon himself in trying to maintain for nearly a year the position he established when he first came that he would live the good white man. I have watched his course from the first, and have repeatedly known of his heroically refusing to do what he believed to be wrong. Have you never heard of his brave conduct?" asked the missionary in considerable warmth.

"No, I cannot say that I have. I would naturally suppose, however, that he would have many of the difficulties to meet that usually beset the half-educated boys and girls when they come back to their camp homes after several years of school life, but somehow nearly all of us seem to expect these boys and girls to pull through, and to pull with them a host of relatives and friends who persistently refuse to be pulled, and then to be able to stand out conspicuously before

all the electric search-lights of criticism which choose to throw their powerful rays in that direction, ready to be photographed and to show up as pure and unspotted specimens of Indian educational work."

"You perhaps exaggerate a little, but isn't it unreasonable to expect anything *like* such results from persons of the pliable age of these school boys and girls? They have unformed opinions, and like the rest of us wish to please those with whom they are obliged to live."

"It is unreasonable when we think of it in that way," answered the farmer, who with the missionary was on the side of the Indian, but who on hearing of Cloud Thunder's downfall could not help feeling that he was weak.

"Let us take a backward glance," said the missionary. "How was it with us when we were boys of sixteen? Did you attempt to lift up your parents out of the ways in which you thought they were wrong?"

"Humph! Had I tried any such lifting I probably would have been raised myself rather higher than would have been pleasant on the end of my father's boot, for he was one of those stern old gentlemen who would stand no nonsense from a high school cadet as I was at that time. He used to tell me frequently, to take care of No. 1 and he would be satisfied, but that I should not trouble him with my new-fangled notions. Of course, when I grew older and had more judgment my new-fangled notions were put to good and acceptable use."

"And isn't it only fair that we should not blame the Indian father for claiming the right to govern his son, notwithstanding the fact that he has sprung from a line of ancestry schooled in the rankest superstition and barbarism," asked the missionary.

"It certainly is a perplexing question," replied the farmer thoughtfully.

"And yet not so hard if we look at it with unprejudiced eyes. The trouble is we expect

(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

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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.

Carlos Gentile has gone to Topeka, Kansas, to live with Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, and to be their little boy. Carlos is the child who was left at Mr. Gentile's death, a few months since, in Dr. Montezuma's charge. On his way east from Chicago, he was such a little gentleman that he won the hearts of all who occupied the same sleeper with him. He was alone, but very brave, confiding, exceedingly polite, affectionate, and gentle in all his ways. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton were specially attracted by his sweet disposition and beautiful face, and having lost their only child seemed impelled to adopt Carlos and began plans immediately to accomplish that end. They are young people of means and have a delightful home. Mrs. Sutton came to Carlisle, this week, from Topeka to complete the arrangements and took little Carlos with her. The members of the school became so attached to him in the few weeks he was here, that we gave him up with great reluctance, but at the same time rejoice that he has fallen into such excellent hands.

Mrs. Baldwin, of Yonkers, N. Y., whom Dr. Montezuma affectionately calls his mother, came to Carlisle to assist in arranging for a future home for the little boy, Carlos Gentile. Mrs. Baldwin would gladly have taken him, but on looking at it upon all sides as gladly acceded to what she considered the wisest plan.

Albert Minthorn who went to his Pacific coast home a few weeks since has received some nice notices from the local papers of that vicinity. The *East Oregonian* says in connection with many other things about him: "Albert speaks the plainest of English, has bright ideas, and in every respect is equipped to make his way through the world."

The *Pendleton Tribune* says: "The Carlisle school he describes as an excellent one, and his stay there was pleasant. He remained at that institution a year and seven months, and would have graduated but for trouble with his eyes which has handicapped him greatly. Albert will not return, but he says he by no means intends to give up his studies."

In the place of an enigma, this week, we will give the following extract from a business letter to the Man-on-the-band-stand. And to the boy or girl in Nos. 13 and 14 who first hands to Miss Hamilton a correct spelling of the same, the Man-on-the-band-stand will give a half-pound of candy. This is the part that must be written correctly: "Eye'm haveng soe mutch trubbl' whith mie spel'n thes wile passed that eye'm abowt tu adoped ae nu wey ov spel'n that kan not bee kritiz-sized. Eye fele ae grate responce-ability wresting uppon mee soe eye'm duing awl eye kan to spel soze every boddy nose wot eye mene."

Robert American Horse, who has been for some time working as a missionary among the Yanktons, is about to return to his former home at Pine Ridge Agency, S. D. He speaks by letter of his fondness for his work. Robert was one of the pioneer pupils of Carlisle, and has been a home worker for several years, an example to his people and a credit to the school that gave him some knowledge of English and some incentive to be helpful to himself and others.

The latest little canvasser for the HELPER, is Francis R. Bacon, of Haddonfield, N. J., and the Man-on-the-band-stand hopes he may succeed in getting many names.

Albert Bishop, Class '92 now at the Normal School, Fredonia, N. Y., writes a very appreciative letter of the HELPER and of Carlisle's work. He gives an amusing incident of the way in which he secured a couple of subscriptions, in the following words:

"Last Saturday afternoon I received the HELPER as usual and read it with the interest which only absent, (not returned) 'Carlisles' can realize.

As it was so near supper time I did not finish reading the good letter until the meal was over. Then I left it on the piano and when I retired I never thought of the paper.

When I appeared for breakfast Sunday morning, the caterer met me with an unusually happy, delighted countenance. I thereupon asked him, in fun, what he was so delighted over. He told me that he had read the HELPER, that morning, and in his own words; 'Why I never saw a nicer paper in my life. It is the spiciest little paper I ever read. I must have the paper too. What is the price?' etc.

I told him, only ten cents. He wanted one subscription for himself and one for his brother. He appreciates the HELPER for what it says. The talk which Capt. Pratt gave in Chapel on our 'English Speaking' evening, as given on the first page, takes his mind to his own people in the South. He is a Southerner and knew a little of what slavery was, as his parents were slaves some time after his birth. He is a noble example of what Capt. calls 'Striking out.' He has always been compelled to paddle his own canoe. After working some years in the South he came North and started in business here. He now runs the 'Gents' Boarding Club' and is a professional caterer."

June!

June bugs!

Tame robins!

Mumble-peg!

Heavy clouds!

It surely rains.

Ouvrez votre parapluie!

Roses are at their height!

A summary summer trip—a slip on a banana skin.

To lie in the wet grass invites sickness and death.

Dickinson College Commencement, next week.

Answer to last week's Enigma: Go on and on and on.

Corn planting has been done twice in some places this year.

Fifteen girls and 12 boys left for country homes this week.

Mr. Ressler writes that his bees are not doing well this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and Miss Irene spent Decoration Day in Lancaster.

Messrs. Spray and Drum spent Saturday on the Battle Field of Gettysburg.

One good thing about the overmuch rain is that it keeps the outside of our windows well washed.

The second nine won a game from a New Kingston team last Saturday, by a score of 19 to 4.

Mrs. Weber, of Reading, is visiting her son Mr. Weber and wife. Mr. Weber is our good boiler doctor.

Who calls the side next to the girls' quarters, the best side of the line of march? Echo again answers.

When the sun peeps from behind the clouds these days it receives a warm welcome from the damp residents of the earth.

There was a profusion of beautiful flowers carried by the men in line of parade, on Decoration Day and all the soldiers' graves were honored.

William Sherril, Wilson Welsh, Ute Shell, Goliath Bigjim, Peter Lone and Dahnola Jessan have joined the band, the former as drummer.

Miss Hamilton gave an informal reception to her pupil teachers on Wednesday evening. Games, refreshments and a general good time were enjoyed.

A HELPER subscriber, Mrs. J. W. Abbott, and son Robbie of Jersey City, are visiting her mother and sister, Mrs. Rhoads and Mrs. Fortney of Carlisle.

The Hampton Commencement passed off well, the Philadelphia *Bulletin* account of which will be published in the coming *Red Man*, which will be out in a few days, three months in one number.

John Leslie, Mr. Choate's right hand Indian man, has been around shooting his camera at various objects, and we may expect some fine pictures some of these days. The Man-on-the-band-stand would like to have his "picture took."

Plenty of job work.

Miss Dunn, Secretary of the State Y. W. C. A. with Rev. Mr. Hagerty, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Carlisle, and Mrs. Hagerty, visited the school on Tuesday.

A boy who will throw a hard rough stone at a patient and defenceless cow, for going through an opening in the fence that has no business to be there, ought to have a David with sling to pelt him with stones.

A four-horse coach load of teachers and others spent part of Decoration Day on the mountain at Sterrets' Gap, bringing back burned faces, lungs full of fresh air, and an abundance of beautiful laurel.

Our school battalion took part in the parade, on Decoration Day. The long line of well drilled Indian boys headed by the band always commands attention and respect as they march along in stately tread. The band played "Safe in the arms of Jesus," as one selection, and rendered it most beautifully.

Amos Hamilton has purchased a handsome wagon made at the school. He is a tailor and did some of the stitching on the cushions, while Thomas Balmer, George Newton and others did the painting. The wood and iron work was of course done in the blacksmith and wagon shop. Amos is an Osage and will ship the wagon to his home, in Oklahoma.

Another nice box of silk and worsted pieces has been received from a person who says in an enclosed note signed "A friend" that she is seventy-five years old. She said "I thought your little girls might piece some and use some for dollies. I like to read about the little girls at Carlisle which I do every week that I am able." The little girls thank their kind friend very much.

One of the little Indian boys had been slightly disobedient just before jumping into bed. His school-mother followed him up and reminded him of his remissness, explaining that he must still do what she wished him to. When she had finished talking he did not move and she said "Now!" quite emphatically. He immediately closed his eyes and began "Now, I lay me," etc., thinking she meant to start the little prayer, as is her custom.

The faculty played a tie game of ball with the commissioned officers on the morning of Decoration Day, score 13 to 13. The Juveniles challenged the faculty for a game, and in the three innings they were able to play before it began to rain, last Friday evening, the latter won by a score of 9 to 3. The Juveniles played well and ere long will be one of the crack teams of the school. The first nine played two games with the Franklin and Marshall team at Lancaster on Decoration Day, resulting in a defeat—7 to 2 in the morning and 6 to 1 in the afternoon. A game between the first nine and the College team at Gettysburg was claimed by the Gettysburgers to be the best of the season. Everything was in favor of the Indians up to the last minute of the last inning when they slipped in two runs and won by a score of 4 to 3. Jacob Jamison is winning considerable praise as a pitcher. Roger Silas has been called our best pitcher, but Jacob is said to pitch a harder ball than Roger.

(Continued From the First Page.)

too much of them. We do not use as much influence as we should to keep these young people out of the mire from which they were rescued, until they get the experience and judgment of which you spoke, and sufficiently broad understanding to enable them to walk with web feet, as it were, upon the surface of this treacherous mud, and to put into practical use the knowledge gained in an environment of thrift. I am growing more and more of the opinion that every influence that can be brought to bear upon the Indian student should be exerted to encourage him to seek occupation away from his people. You and I are away from our people in a land of strangers in an entirely different atmosphere from that of our old homes. Why should not the Indian be encouraged to do the same?"

The missionary seemed to have the floor, and thus continued:

"There was a gentle tap at my door last night about nine o'clock, and imagine my great surprise on finding Cloud Thunder, when I answered the knock, dressed, as before remarked, in blanket and leggings.

"He was the most pitiable looking person I ever saw. Ashamed of his appearance, with bowed head and down-cast eyes he said:

'I want to talk with you.'

'Why, Cloud! How has this happened? Come in, and be seated,' said I as warmly as possible.

The poor boy could not speak for several minutes, and then he began:

'I have tried to do the best I could ever since I came home, but nearly everything I did that was not in the Indian way my father either made fun of or punished me for.

'He would not let me talk to my mother and brothers, about things I have learned.'

In what way did he stop you? I interposed.

'Well, like this,' he said. 'One evening my mother told what she was going to do as soon as the sun was up next day. And I thought it would be interesting to them to hear about the earth turning around, and so I said the sun does not come up.'

'How is that?' said my father immediately raising on his elbow.

I thought he was half asleep, but when he gave his attention I tried hard to make it clear how the earth turned over every day, to meet the sun, which did not go around the earth every day as it appeared to.

But as I had done before, instead of convincing him of the truth I made him angry, and he arose from his bed, came over by the

fire, which was now nearly out, and told me to forever keep my mouth shut about things I had learned at school, and if I ever told another white man's lie like that he would cut out my tongue.'

After that, one day he burned my shoes, and the only way I could keep my trousers was to wear them day and night, and I slept with my coat for a pillow.'

'Do you think your father hates you?' I asked.

'No, I think he loves me, but he hates the white man in me,' replied Cloud. 'But I don't look much like a white man now, do I?' he said looking down at his buckskin leggings, sorrowfully.

Then he gave the account of how one day he was out alone walking in the trail on the other side of the bluff. As he was going along in the ravine the big medicine man of the tribe, and the friend of his father, suddenly came from behind a huge tree, sprang upon him, and tied him to the tree with a lariat.

'Are you going to take off your white man's clothes, or take a whipping?'

'Neither,' I said, fighting to get loose.

'And then he whipped, every blow seeming as though it cut to the bone.'

'Are you going to throw away your white man's dress?' again he asked.

'No,' I cried.

'But when he began to whip harder, and asked the third time, faint with suffering I replied,

Yes.

'And here I am.'

Great tears rolled down his manly cheeks as he spoke. I have since learned that Cloud's father promised the medicine man the finest blanket in the Indian country if he would make his boy wear Indian clothes, and this is the way he did it.'

(The end.)

But not the end of suffering from persecution by the returned student in camp. The name of this boy is known, and he is also known to have been pointed out to a Congressional committee as one of Carlisle's failures.

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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