

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

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NO. 16

AN INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

SWING thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft—
Sleep, as a papoose should;
For safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come, and peace and rest,
If the little papoose is good.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of hunt and fight,
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful sound
All through the solemn night;
But the little papoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.

LIZZIE GLODE.

**SHE DOES NOT SHOW THE
WHITE FEATHER.**

"What's that?"

A flash of light suddenly crossed the faces of a company of travellers as they were going over the plains of South Dakota.

The occupants of the wagon looked astonished. Lizzie Glode, who sat by the side of the writer, became as ghastly as it is possible for an Indian face to look.

"What does it mean?" I asked, now somewhat anxious.

The writer was in charge of sixty-five Indian pupils on their way from Pine Ridge and Rosebud, South Dakota, to the Carlisle Indian School.

It was in the Fall of 1882.

A curious looking company of travellers, was that.

The train consisted of probably 20 or 25 lumber wagons, each laden with one, two or three boys and girls for Carlisle, and a father, aunty, or cousin who were going as far as the station, then 130 miles distant from Pine Ridge.

Each wagon was drawn by two Indian ponies, so small that it seemed an imposition on mustang pluck to force them to pull such a ponderous vehicle.

But the ponies did not hurt themselves.

The Indian is a slow driver, generally, and

the little dog trot of the Indianized mustang could be kept up all day without cruelty to animals.

Then, too, these little creatures were very happy. Why shouldn't they be? They had the whole family along. All the colts of the household, and each colt's cousin and best friend, trotted along by the side of the wagon, or gamboled over the bluffs for side bites of the well-cured grass for which the prairies of the Dakotas are noted.

The Indians were mostly in blankets, and some wore feathers in their hair and paint on their faces.

In those early days of the Carlisle School, the starting of a party of children from their camp homes was a great occasion for the tribe.

On the day set for the departure, the bluffs, as far as the eye could see, would be covered with Indians gathered in from distant camps—Indians on horseback, Indians on foot, blanketed Indians, Indians in half-civilized garb, Indians in feathers and war paint and Indians with clean faces and hair neatly combed; old Indians and young Indians, and Indians of every description and color, from the tawny, black-eyed, dark stiff haired full-blood to the blue-eyed, red-headed mixture of white and Indian.

Excitement was rife, especially among the older medicine men. The grandmothers and old aunties of the tribe were on hand with their songs of disapproval and warning words of death.

The medicine men and the grandmothers, as well as the more obtuse of the younger people, looked upon the taking of a party of children off to an eastern school, in the light of a big steal by the whites.

The Sioux felt that they had been robbed of the Black Hills. The white man had always taken their lands from them, and not satisfied with that they had now come for their children.

(Continued on 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, & EDITED by The Man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss Marianna Burgess, Manager.

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.

The Band will bring out some new pieces at the concert tomorrow evening.

The hand lettered and hand painted business card of John Collins, Philadelphia, a long-time friend of the school and of the Indian, now in his 83rd year, is a work of art, and would put to shame the efforts of many of our younger men. Mr. Collins fills in certificates and diplomas, and does it beautifully.

While we were a little disturbed by what we thought was a cold snap we found it was not a cold snap at all, compared with what people were suffering in other sections, and we dared not complain. Why, in the northwest the mercury went down to 40 below, while here it hardly reached zero. Two above was the low-st. Blizzards accompanied the storm elsewhere, while here we had a clear, biting atmosphere. Hundreds of people froze to death right in their own homes during this last week, while we were feeling only a little bit uncomfortable.

The Ben-Oliel entertainment, on Tuesday night, was a great success. Miss Ben-Oliel was at her best, and in handsome oriental costume delivered a lecture which held her audience intense with interest to a much later hour than we are often privileged to remain in Assembly Hall in the evening. There were fourteen assistants, all Indians, dressed in the costumes of Palestine. The character and customs of those people, who have seemingly changed very little in the last 4000 years, were vividly described by the speaker. The arc light was turned off and the incandescent footlights, covered with pink tinted paper, made the scene brilliant and unique. The platform was prettily decorated in bunting, with here and there a screen and a stand to break the squareness. There was no music save a song now and then by Miss Ben-Oliel and her assistants, to illustrate the singing of the queer people she was describing. Miss Ben-Oliel is herself a worker in Jerusalem and understands thoroughly her subject—"An Evening in the Land of the Bible." Her father is now head of a non-sectarian Mission and School in Jerusalem, and the proceeds of the lecture are for the benefit of the same. She had a good audience of town people and Indians which netted a genteel little sum for the purpose.

Death of Mr. Claudy.

It is a painful duty we are called upon to perform this week in recording the death of William R. Claudy, for six years member of the printing-office force as chief of the mailing department, and in close touch with the interests of the entire school.

In the early Fall, Mr. Claudy embarked in the grocery business, becoming proprietor of a store on South Hanover Street. His business being new to him, must have weighed him down with its great responsibility, and after years of close desk work, is it any wonder that the exposure attendant upon the delivery of goods in all sorts of weather was more than he was prepared to endure? Contracting a heavy cold, Mr. Claudy was sent to his bed and remained for several days, when he began to get better. Then typhoid fever set in, and after a long and severe illness ended his life last Monday morning.

The news of his death cast a deep gloom over the school. He was well known by all the pupils, much liked by them and highly respected and esteemed by his co-workers.

A young man of sterling qualities, fidelity to purpose, splendid ability, faithful, clean, pure hearted and true, he was an excellent example for the Indian pupils and for all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Claudy was a popular young man of Carlisle, a consistent and active member of the First Presbyterian Church, of the Christian Endeavor Association, the Sunday School and other like organizations. He was connected with and held high office in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and in several Masonic Orders. A graduate of the Carlisle High School and of Dickinson College his education placed him in the highest intellectual ranks. The writer who worked beside him for six years never saw him ruffled in disposition and never heard him utter an unkind or disrespectful word to or about those under or over him.

"Great has been the anxiety and interest shown by his friends throughout his sickness, and the common question on the streets for several days past," says the Carlisle Evening Sentinel, "has been 'How is Will Claudy.' A noble, upright young man has been cut down in his youth."

The school as a school, and his particular friends at the school deeply lament his death. His funeral on Wednesday afternoon was largely attended. As he lay in the casket surrounded by delicate flowers, the last tributes of loving friends, his peaceful face bore no trace of the suffering he had passed through, save the emaciation that comes from long illness. After an impressive service, in which high tribute was given to his beautiful character, the remains were laid to rest in what is known to the inhabitants of Carlisle as the old graveyard.

Barbara Snowman writes a very newsy letter thanking for some Christmas presents. She says they had a very pleasant Christmas at Albuquerque. She is working in a family there. She has recently seen Stiya and Annie Lockwood who are at the Government school. Julia Dorris rides a wheel and visits Barbara. There seems to be quite a circle of Carlisle Indian girls in families in Albuquerque.

The coldest week of the year.

Alice Parker, '96, has gone to her home in Minnesota.

Skating on the creek has been fine but weather too cold to enjoy it.

Has the mercury got the measles? For it seems difficult for it to get up.

The weather moderated enough for a light snow, and now another cold snap is on.

Several of the school took advantage of the skating during the week in spite of the biting weather.

The gymnasium is now provided with a punching bag, and the boys are delighted to have it.

A free trolley ride from and back to town for all holders of band concert tickets, tomorrow evening.

Ulysses Paisano writes for the HELPER to besent him to New Mexico, and his friends will be glad to learn of his existence.

Alex. McDougal, brother of Susie so well known at Carlisle, came from Genoa, Nebraska, this week to be a student with us.

A rather unique comparison was that of one of the boys the other day when he said the potatoes were frozen as hard as gravestones.

Miss E. E. Wolfe, of Lititz, and Miss Luckenbach's colleague at Linde Hall, some years since, has been a guest of the latter for a few days.

Asher Parker is taking a little turn in the hospital with cold and sore throat. Robert Emmett has returned to the case after quite a siege.

The girls made a skating-rink of the large, inner court of their quarters, by throwing water over the brick floor, and enjoy skating there very much.

Another subscriber is anxious to know who and what the Man-on-the-banjo-stand is. Again we have but to say he is the NEWS person fied, that is all.

When Guy Brown was sent to town the other day on an errand what did he do but go and forget to take off his apron? That is what the M. O. T. B. S. calls business.

It is a cold snap indeed that freezes the Henderson mill race, for the water is obtained from the spring, but it is now frozen over, and the boys have been enjoying a skate thereon.

A subscriber, who is an expert cook, in answering the printer's pi of last week says: "Your pi is all filling but needs a crust. The printer can find the filling but it takes a cook to make the crust."

Miss Delia Randall, one of our recent graduates from the New Haven school of nursing, has been appointed district nurse of that city. Delia has made an excellent record for herself ever since she left Carlisle.

The exhibition last Thursday night was a success. There was a little more prompting than sometimes, but in other respects the entertainment was better than usual. The tableaux were especially beautiful. At the close, Capt Pratt thanked the performers and the teachers whose efforts had been used in furnishing such a pleasing and instructive evening.

Owing to an epidemic of measles in the school, it will be necessary to postpone our Commencement this year to a date which will be announced later, and which will probably be after the middle of March.

That was a welcome express package from Amos Ely, Bucks County, which came last week for two maiden housekeepers, as it contained two fine large pieces of home-cured dried beef, one apiece, and prepared by hands that know just how.

The measles are taking very light hold, and being so well quarantined at the hospital there is not much fear of a wide-spread, yet the M. O. T. B. S. thinks it a wise move for the authorities to postpone Commencement until further developments.

The small boys were perfectly excusable, were they not, for bursting out in an uncontrollable fit of laughter, the other day when Miss Hensch who is used to mothering little girls admonished them seriously on taking off their good clothes to "Be sure and hang up your dresses."

A number from the school attended the funeral services of the late William R. Claudy, held at his father's home on Portret Street, Wednesday afternoon. The friends of the deceased at the school, contributed a large basket of beautiful roses and carnations as an emblem of respect and love.

It does not take long to secure TEN subscriptions for the HELPER and thus obtain a souvenir containing sixty excellent views of our school—interior and exterior of buildings, graduating classes, football team and other interesting pictures. The souvenir sells for 25 cents cash, FREE for ten HELPER or TWO "Red Man" subscriptions. If ordered by mail send two cents extra for postage.

It is hoped that La Grippe has had its day in these parts, and that the cold snap has frozen it out never to return. Among the victims during the week were Miss Elieson, Miss Hensch, Miss Hulme, Prof. Bakeless, and Mrs. Wheelock. They are all up and around now, however, and Miss Carter, who began the week before and had the most serious attack, is also some better, but does not improve as fast as her friends would like to see.

Mrs. Hendren fell backwards from the Herdie last Saturday morning and sustained injuries from which she lay unconscious for several hours. She is still ill, her mind being somewhat affected. Three ladies were in the Herdie when the mules started, and not seeing the driver who was leaning over to arrange his laprobe, thought he was not there, and jumped. All is being done that medical skill and nursing can accomplish, and it is sincerely hoped that the sufferer will speedily recover.

"Hysón John's letter has been received," said Miss Cummins of the German class, as she looked up from her writing at the office desk, to Miss Nana, who is also of the German class, and who had entered the office on business. The letter mentioned was of a business nature and had been expected for several days; but German being the order of spare moments just now and Miss Nana thinking she was being greeted in the German tongue replied with a mystified expression: "Heisen Sie? Ich verstehe nicht."

(Continued from first page)

Some of the old grandfathers and grandmothers of the tribe would to this day rather kill the children than see them taken to a far off land to learn the white man's way.

So the writer, who knew the feeling of those old medicine men and the more superstitious element was not filled with the most delightful sensations when a vigorous old woman came up to her talking fiercely in a strange tongue, and in voice loud and hideous evidently for others to hear, and then turning around, wildly threw away the blanket which covered her nude waist; and having purchased yards and yards of calico from the trader to sacrifice, wound the gaily figured stuff around the wagon bodies and over the ponies, all the while muttering or singing in weird tones.

One old medicine man on horseback came galloping toward the writer as though he intended to grind her into pieces underneath the pony's hoofs, but seeing the eastern woman stand like a statue, he checked his steed with a terrible pull of the lariat rope, and stopped in time to prevent a serious catastrophe.

In threatening tones and loud, however, he let forth such an out-burst of gibberish, with such energetic gesticulations that all, for hundreds of feet around were attracted, and the writer could but interpret his actions as an emphatic mark of disapproval of the whole proceedings.

But the younger men and women—those of thirty and forty, those who are considered the progressive Indians, those who listened to reason and could see that in the education of their children lay their salvation, they who were the parents and guardians of the children proved exceedingly helpful, and although many were in the native dress they showed by their actions that they possessed good hearts and intentions.

At last the final preparations for a three days' ride over the prairies were completed, and the train made a start. The writer being in charge, occupied a rear wagon.

We had gone a half-day's journey when the flash of light before mentioned, or rather a succession of flashes from a looking glass on a distant bluff, dazzled the eyes of the occupants of the wagon.

(To be continued.)

AN OVER DOSE.

"Rocky Mountain News" says:

Now, I don't believe the Indian is liable to an overdose of religion, but he is very liable to an overdose of laziness if Uncle Sam feeds and clothes him and takes away all necessity for individual exertion.

THE INDIAN LEARNED HIS LESSON.

The reservation Indian is very apt to think that the white man is made of money, or, if employed by the Government to teach the Indian, the white man is often looked upon by the Indian as his servant, and with some degree of propriety, for isn't it the Indians' money that pays the white man?

The missionary is also looked upon by some of the Indians as a sort of handy man to serve their wishes.

The following incident illustrates the point in question.

A certain Indian Agent, who resided in the town adjoining the reservation, requested an Indian who was in town and going out to the reservation, and who on his way home would pass the missionary's house, to carry some mail to the missionary.

The Indian did as requested, and asked the missionary two dollars for the service.

The missionary thought two dollars was too much to pay, but finally agreed to give the Indian one dollar as soon as he got the change.

A few days after, the missionary on his way to town passed the Indian's tepee.

The Indian asked the missionary to bring back a dollar's worth of tobacco, tea and sugar—real Indian luxuries—for the dollar due him.

When the missionary came back, he delivered a very small quantity of each.

It was now the Indian's turn to remonstrate. Covering his mouth with his hand he looked with amazement on the small packages.

"What for, so little?" he finally asked.

"White man's time is worth money as well as Indian's time," said the missionary. "I cannot afford to work for nothing."

The Indian saw the point and had nothing to say.

One little Indian church has bottles and tin cups for its communion service.

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

An Indian boy cannot have too much of what the world calls 6, 8, 7, 5.

A child likes to sit on his mamma's 4, 1, 9.

My 5, 3, 2 is what a physician is sometimes called by his friends.

My whole is what the Man-on-the-bandstand is getting too aged to particularly enjoy.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Indian Helper.