

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

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NO. 17

INDIAN HYMN.

IN the early days of New England before the Indian Missions had been brought to an end by the sweeping away of the tribes, several fine hymns were composed by Indians and were used in the churches. The following one is the best known. It was composed by William Opes, a converted Indian born in Massachusetts in 1798 and sung by him and two other Indians at the planting of a memorial pine on leaving Dartmouth College, where they had been receiving a Christian education.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign
Ere we three shall meet again!

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls:
Still in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep, and ivy twine;
When these burnished locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toll spent day,
May this long-loved bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled:
When its wasted lamp is dead:
When in cold oblivious shade
Beauty, wealth, and power are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign
There shall we three meet again.

[The above was kindly sent to us by an aged friend of the school, in Harrisburg. He used to sing the hymn, himself.]

LIZZIE GLODE.

She Does Not Show the White Feather.

(Continued from last week.)

"It is a sign," said Lizzie.

"Indians on the war path," remarked the driver.

He was not entirely in earnest, but his manner of speech was not altogether comforting, as it did not take a close observer to see that he was a little disturbed.

Every one of us was all the while peering

in the direction from whence the flash emanated, and finally a figure, dim in the distance, grew larger and larger till an Indian on horseback was plainly outlined.

He was galloping down the bluff toward our train as fast as his pony could carry him.

When nearly to us Lizzie exclaimed in almost a stage whisper, "It's my uncle."

"What does he want?" I asked.

"Oh, he will take me back, I know he will."

"Don't be alarmed! He will not take you back," I said in an assuring tone, as could be mustered under the exciting circumstances.

The Indian was dressed with spareness. A red blanket with U. S. I. D. stamped as central figures spread to the breeze as he dismounted. He wore a thin calico shirt, the customary gee-string, leggings, moccasins, and his scalp lock was decorated with a feather—an imitation eagle feather. It was most probably a turkey feather, such as take the place in these latter days of the valuable eagle feather, now hard to procure.

Some "smart" people have translated the initials on those Indian blankets, which written out would read "United States Indian Department" into various and amusing words.

But we had no inclination just then to be amused over smartness of any character. Indeed we were very much in earnest and at our wits end to know what was the best thing to do.

Could we in reason have followed the letter of our inclinations we would probably have turned horses' tails toward the intruder and fled.

But the sensible conclusion was to reason thus: He is ONE, we are many.

Still, an Indian from the wilds, when enraged with what he might deem in his own blind, superstitious judgment an act of injustice from outside parties, is not an easy subject to deal with.

This particular Indian had every reason, in

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

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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.

Assistant Superintendent, A. J. Standing and Carpenter, H. Gardner, standing committee appointed to have supervision of the grading of apprentices, have submitted their annual report to Capt. Pratt. The report in brief is as follows:

Promotions were made in cases satisfactory to the Committee in April and October. Nothing was done in July for the reason that no regular work was going on.

On January 7, 1897, the different shops were visited and apprentices recommended for promotion were examined, thus bringing the work up to date.

It has been gratifying to notice the increased effort on the part of the several instructors to make independent workmen of their apprentices, but we recommend further effort, as we find a deficiency in knowledge of the material used, and the value of the same, in some shops.

We recommend that instructors be careful always to use the proper trade terms of their several trades, and not be content with merely making a boy understand what he is to do; also that the discipline and tidiness of the apprentices under their care be given more attention and that the School Disciplinarian be requested to co-operate with the Shop Superintendents in this matter.

We also suggest that the attention of the Shop Superintendents be called to the old adage that "Example teaches better than precept" in order that they may be themselves in habits just what they would wish their apprentices to be.

James Firecloud, ex-pupil of Carlisle, is at Crow Creek, Dakota, working at his tinner's trade. He says he has lots of calls from the Indian women to mend their old coffee-boilers, tin buckets and other things. James would like to come back to finish his course, but if he cannot he is very thankful for what Carlisle has already done for him. In speaking of the weather there he says they have had a good deal of snow and that horses and cattle have perished for want of shelter and food. He reads the HELPER eagerly each week, and says he could not do without the Carlisle news.

Donald McIntosh and Wesley Williams have returned from the country as their employer, David Palmer, has sold out his farm. They speak of the very pleasant home they were sorry to leave. Both are looking well and are in good spirits.

LATER: Mr. Palmer has written since the above was in type, and has this to say:

"The sending of the enclosed reports and check probably ends our business relations, which have existed for several years, and which to me have been very satisfactory. We have during this time had twenty-three different boys, nearly all of which have been very satisfactory, and none decidedly objectionable. Taken in a body they were I doubt not much more satisfactory than the same number of any other class of boys would have been that I could have gotten."

Mr. Palmer has been for many years a faithful and well-tried "farm-father" to our boys, and his home one of Carlisle's standbys. The school can but regret the loss of so excellent a place.

William Denomie, class '94, is still in charge of the Lac Courte Oreilles Day School, in Wisconsin, and says he is doing the best he can with the children entrusted to his care. He was reminded last week in reading the item in the HELPER concerning the silence of so many of the graduates that he had not written to the school for some time, but he never thought before that while he enjoys reading of the doings of the ex-students that some one might care to hear from him. Who will be the next to follow William's example? The HELPER should be a REAL letter, and a friendly medium through which those who have been connected with the school, from time to time, may keep informed as to the whereabouts and doings of each other.

That was a good audience which greeted the band last Saturday night. The band was not at its best, as four of the best players were in the hospital. There were no apologies, however, and the music was well received. The words of appreciation which came out in conversation after the concert from prominent citizens of the town, would have done the boys good could they have heard all that was said. The leader, Dennison Wheelock, the solo clarinetist, James Wheelock, Frank Cayou and Linnie Thompson singers, received many hand shakes of congratulations as the people were passing out. "The Sentinel" and "Herald," each gave excellent notices of the concert.

A country mother writes of the Indian boy who lives with them in this wise: "I do wish Captain could have seen one of his big boys enveloped in a big apron, making coffee, washing dishes, ironing, sweeping, and laying the table, all with apparent enjoyment at being our sole dependence. Now don't think we overrate our boy. He has his faults, but like the rabbit's tail, 'One mustn't talk of them' when there are such nice long ears to commend." The family were all down with La Grippe, and the Man-on-the-band-stand was pleased to see the manliness in the boy ready for such an emergency.

The Hampton boys gave three cheers for Carlisle Foot Ball Team when their success in Chicago was announced.—*Talks and Thoughts.*

Eye goggles?

Eaves dropping, literally.

Miss Carter is again on duty.

Charles Roberts is fast becoming a typo.

Will the snow go before we get a sleigh-ride?

Lester Henry is taking his turn at the hospital.

One of the biggest snows of the season came on Tuesday.

The bad colds are getting better and La Grippe is losing its grasp.

Miss Shaffner is in Philadelphia on business connected with the school.

The snow-shovelers were kept going pretty lively Tuesday and Wednesday.

Last week we had the coldest weather of the season, and this week the biggest snow.

Bed blankets were out on balcony parade in the bright sunshine of yesterday morning.

Mrs. Given and Miss Ely took a fly to Harrisburg for an hour or two, yesterday.

Special Agent James G. Dickson, passed through our school on a tour of inspection on Tuesday.

George Seorahnah renews his HELPER subscription and says he has a good place in the country.

George Suis, class '95, now of the Dickinson College preparatory occasionally puts in a spare hour or two at the printing office, and will be a printer before he knows it.

Miss Paul has returned to her home in Blairsville, Pa., from St. Paul, Minnesota, where she has been visiting for several months. She writes that she is quite well again, and feeling ready for work.

Word is occasionally received from Mrs. Hamilton, who is at Minneapolis living with her sister. She keeps pretty well and stands the cold weather of that bitter climate better than her friends thought she would be able to.

The trolley does not take to sleet-covered rails. The company will have to get its electric-horse rough shod. It took a half hour to climb the little rise of ground by the stone-crusher, on Tuesday. But it is a great convenience if it does slip once in a while.

Mrs. Given has returned from Chicago after a brief visit with her sons, Messrs. James and John Given. James is much improved in health, being able to walk comfortably, but his arms are still affected with the rheumatism with which he was seriously ill for some time. Johnnie is going to school and getting on well.

On Monday, Mulgrew's Bakery team took a prance across the campus. Frank Shively and another young man were passing out of the gymnasium and saw the driverless team on the fun. Frank ran, jumped into the wagon, seized the reins and checked the steed in front of the girls' quarters before bread had much of a fall.

A lecture by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education in Alaska, on Monday evening, was most interesting and instructive. The views of Alaska thrown upon canvas by the stereopticon took us directly to the scenes he so vividly described. Dr. Jackson is no stranger in Carlisle and he is an ever welcome guest at the school. In attendance upon the lecture were Dr. and Mrs. Norcross and daughters, and several other townspeople.

Washington's Birthday, next.

The Doctor, Chief nurse, Miss Barr and her helpers have their hands full these days.

We have hundreds of cancelled 2 cent U. S. stamps which we will be glad to dispose of if any one cares enough for them to pay the postage for forwarding.

The measles patients are getting on well, and the epidemic is not spreading. Several have been turned out cured, a few others have gone into the hospital.

The answer to the problem printed in the HELPER a few weeks ago has been requested. It is as follows: 5 cows at \$40; 1 hog at \$3; 94 sheep at 50 cents. In all 100 animals for \$100.

We have a return expiration notice from a Philadelphia subscriber, with a dollar enclosed and the words "Donation one dollar paid." We do not know whom to credit the dollar as no signature is given.

While those who were down with la grippe last week are recovering and on duty, the monster has claimed several other victims this week. Among others, Mrs. Pratt, Miss Hill, Miss Bowersox, Miss Sharpe and John Edwin.

Those who attend Mrs. Berry's Concert, tonight, in the Opera House will no doubt be rewarded with a treat of excellent singing. We all know Mrs. Berry's voice, and her helpers are Carlisle's best in the line of artistic singing. Tickets fifty cents.

Nancy Seneca took the examination Wednesday, at the Medico-Chirurgical hospital, Philadelphia, where she will enter to take a course in trained nursing. Nancy has proven herself faithful and apt as a student in the line she has chosen for a profession.

One of the finest historical books on type-making we ever saw has just been received from the American Type Founders Company, MacKellar, Smiths and Jordan Branch, Philadelphia. It is a work of art. Our apprentices leaf the pages with special interest and profit.

Mr. Brosius, of White Cloud, Kansas, was here between trains on his way to Washington. He brought with him Sarah Roubideaux, to enter as a pupil. Mr. Brosius has had many years' experience among the Indians, and his trip to Washington has to do with the interests of the Sac and Fox tribes of Iowa.

If there are any cows in this country that have good care and attention, it is the Indian School herd under the supervision of Dairyman Gray and his Indian boys. Vincent Nahtalish has been delivering milk to various departments on the grounds and the Man-on-the-band-stand is more than pleased with the business-like manner in which he went about it. No time was wasted, and the work was done well. Vincent now has other duties.

A communication from Edward Marsden was too late for this issue. That his sketches of travel have proved interesting to many is evidenced by the number of letters received which speak of them. Among others, a lady in Massachusetts, writes this week: "How I enjoy Mr. Marsden's letters! I should like to put some white boys I know under his training. I think they would amount to more than they now give promise of doing, civilized as they are supposed to be."

(Continued from first page)

his ignorance, to feel that he was being robbed of his rights. Lizzie Glode was his niece by marriage. He was her guardian. She was a bright school girl. He had given her away to the white people to be educated. She WAS educated. She was fine looking. She was valuable property. For her he could get many ponies. Her father had died and given her to him. When very small he was glad enough to send her to school, but the whites were taking her away again, contrary to his wish.

The agent had given authority; all her educated friends who had influence in the matter had encouraged her to adhere to her purpose of returning to Carlisle. She was just at the age, that if left alone to the care of such a guardian it would prove her ruin. Lizzie herself did not wish to remain, but the influence of the village women and of all the friends of the uncle were stronger than it is possible for any of us, not in that exact situation, to at all conceive of. So he was being robbed, and he had come to the wagon train to reclaim his stolen property.

"He says it," sighed Lizzie.

"Says what, child?"

"He says I will have to go back to the agency."

His gaze was fierce, his words fiery and strong and his attitude that of a person bent upon accomplishing his purpose, even if he had to resort to desperate means.

I saw it all, but did not have a word to say to him as he addressed none of his remarks to me.

"You will not have to go back, if you don't want to. Do you still want to go to Carlisle or do you wish to go back with this man?"

"Oh, no, no. I don't want to go back with him. I don't know him. He is my aunt's husband. My aunt is dead. I want to go to Carlisle."

"That is enough," I said. "Driver, go ahead!"

The driver did as he was bid. The Indian followed for a few hundred feet, pouring out such a tirade of abuse, and threatening warnings upon the poor girl's head as would have cowered an ordinary child. But Lizzie was not an ordinary child. The blood of the renowned old chief Red Cloud ran in her veins. She was Red Cloud's grand-daughter. Her father's name was White Feather, but in the common acceptance of that term Lizzie showed none of the White Feather on this particular occasion.

The wild man, unlike an Indian a few year's after, down in New Mexico, who tore from the

very grasp of the writer a sweet girl of sixteen, about to take the train one midnight to return to Carlisle—the strong arm of an ignorant brother tore her away and dragged her, screaming, out into the darkness of that midnight, and out into the blackness of ruin and shame. Unlike that man, this Indian turned and galloped away, while Lizzie smiled the smile of one who had come off victorious.

What Lizzie has become, was told by Mrs. Platt in the columns of the HELPER three or four weeks ago, and that letter brought to mind the little incident herein described.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Jeanette Senseney, one of Chambersburg's most charming singers, has been appointed instructor of vocal music at the Carlisle Indian school. Miss Senseney besides being an accomplished singer is an easy, graceful writer and has contributed a number of articles to the leading newspapers of the country. The selection of Miss Senseney for the position is a most excellent one and the Indian School is to be congratulated.—[Industrial School News.

DO NOT WORK TOGETHER.

The Secretary of the Bible Society in Fayetteville, O., in a report says:

"Thirty-five years ago we had thirty distilleries in our county and no churches. Now we have thirty churches and no distillery. The two institutions do not seem to work together."

A Northwestern Missionary speaks the truth when he says: Moccasins are the mother of consumption.

The name given to whiskey by the Delaware Indians is "Devils blood," and what could be a better name?

Enigma.

I am made of 26 letters.

My 16, 22, 14, 25 is something to drink.

My 9, 2, 7, 1, 23 is what mechanics use.

My 23, 12, 11, 15, 21 is not sour.

My 10, 18, 19 is a fowl.

My 17, 20, 24, 15 is to employ.

My 4, 13, 26 is a small deer.

My 5, 6, 3, 8 is upon.

My whole is what the Indian boys should not do.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A cold snap.