

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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FOR THE INDIAN HELPER.]

## ONE IN GOD.

THE white man and the dusky hued,  
Came forth from one same God;  
In God's behest the white man came  
Where none but Indians trod.  
The goodly land as now we see,  
Destined a home for brave and free.

Dear Indian take the higher grades,  
The white man points you to;  
He is a messenger to you,  
The will of God to do.  
In nature see our Father's care,  
In God we trust, the right can dare.

S. ANNIE RIDGWAY

## AFTER A RECENT HARD SHOWER.

And now all the muses will write with one voice,  
From the fact that we all have good cause to rejoice,  
For the storm that came o'er us in such threatening mien,  
With the thunder in rolls and sheet-lightning between,  
Passed off in its fury without damage to name;  
And the air is much purer than when the storm came;  
And the streets well-flushed by the rain in its splutter,  
Carried off all the filth away through the gutter,  
While the corn-fields giggled, and the buckwheat patch  
quaffed,  
And potatoes swelled up as the gardens all laughed,  
And the people all smiled as they gazed by the hour,  
At the grand results of the nice August shower;  
So here to the health to the Prince of the weather,  
While we all take a rock on piazza together.

MILLVILLE, PA.

WILLIAM BURGESS,  
On a Postal Card.

## FROM ONE OF OUR TEACHERS AT MARBLEHEAD.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS., Aug. '99.

DEAR PEOPLE:

Ever since I came here, I have wanted to write you about Marblehead, the quaintest, oddest, most independent little town in the United States.

The people here pride themselves on the fact that they bought their land from the Indians, and I have seen the deed, written on skin and was signed by the old chief, Wennepawauken in 1684.

But long before this, in 1629, the first settlers came up from the little colony at Salem,

and built their rude huts and lived side by side with the Indians.

It is not any wonder then, that they are still intensely interested in the people who were their first American friends, and that when they found I was from Carlisle, they asked so many questions and took so much pleasure in seeing the photographs of the school.

Miss Forster had given me some of the art work of our pupils, and it was most favorably criticised, not only by the people here but by Prang's Boston Agent, who is very anxious for an exhibit of our work for this Fall. Indeed, I saw several collections in Boston, of the New York and Boston schools, and Carlisle would not suffer in the least by comparison.

I have been sitting all morning on the rocks enjoying the salty sea air.

Back of me stands old Fort Sewall, which has been garrisoned during each of the great wars through which this country has passed.

Last summer it was filled with United States Volunteers, as it commands a splendid view of the harbor; but now it stands idle and deserted.

"Dolphin," the beautiful big steam yacht of the Secretary of the Navy, lies anchored before me, and dozens of boats are floating in and out among the rocks and tiny islands. People here use boats instead of carriages, and simply step into a launch or a row boat when they want to call on their neighbors.

Far out at sea, I can distinguish the white sails of eight big yachts which have been becalmed for hours, and will have to wait for favoring winds to waft them further on their voyage.

Two young men have just floated by, their little craft filled with a glittering mass of fish; and an old tar, in an older boat, is paddling around among the rocks examining his lobster-pots.

My! I hope I'll have one for dinner, for

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, but EDITED by the Man-on-the-band-stand who is NOT an Indian.

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Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.


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.

George Muscoe, who went home in Michigan, for the summer has sent some HELPER subscriptions, and says he is getting on nicely and that his health has improved.

A tree on the Cornman farm is so heavily laden with crab-apples that the limbs are breaking. Edwin Smith, who has been working a few weeks at Mr. Cornmans' brought in a twig two feet long, on which there were 51 apples, which gives a little idea of the wonderful bearing qualities of the tree.

Miss Peter left for Chicago, via Niagara Falls, on Wednesday evening. While at Niagara, she will visit Miss Ely's nephew, Mr. Charles Ely, who holds a responsible position in the great Electric plant there. After viewing the Falls Miss Peter will continue on her vacation trip.

Miss Ella Patterson, Superintendent of the Whiteriver, Indian School, Arizona, formerly a part of our force at Carlisle, writes that she attended the Indian Institute, at Los Angeles and saw Major and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda, quite often, and had a delightful time while in California. She also says that Mr. Dandridge, who recently was transferred from Carlisle to Whiteriver, is getting along nicely.

 TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!!! The person sending us the most subscriptions before Thanksgiving Day, 1899, will receive in cash the sum of twenty-five dollars. There are certain easy rules and restrictions which must be followed. Send for them at once if you are going to enter the contest.

Philip Lavatta, ex-student of Carlisle, and now employed at Ft. Hall, Idaho, writes a sad letter dated August 11th, telling of the death of Reuben Wolfe, '92. The news came last week from Levi Levering, and was a great shock to the friends of the deceased. We had heard of his speaking before the Los Angeles Institute, and some of his remarks will appear in the Red Man. We have not learned the cause of his death. Philip Lavatta says:

"With a sad heart I drop you these few

lines that you may know that our dear friend Reuben P. Wolfe, died at this school, yesterday morning. His remains will be taken home to Omaha Agency, Nebraska, by Levi Levering and Mr. Wolfe's sorrowful wife. You cannot imagine how sad we all feel over this loss. Ft. Hall loses a valuable employee, and I especially, having known him so long, cannot help feeling sad. Just think of it, only on the 4th ult. he and I played with the Black-foot Band at Dubois, 80 miles distant, and he was well. When I returned to the school from my vacation, I found him out of his mind at times and in bed."

The friends of Mrs. Shaffner-Etnier are grateful to the Ponce Improvement Company, of Philadelphia, for the information that she and her family were not injured in the recent terrible hurricane that visited Porto Rico. We learn through Miss Ericson that Mrs. Etnier has been unanimously elected president of the first American Club in Ponce, composed of the best Americans there. Pastor Hoffman of the United Brethren Church and his wife have arrived and have taken up their abode with the Etniers, until they can find one of their own. The Man-on-the-band-stand would think from the description of what the cyclone left in the shape of houses in Ponce or on the I-land, a home would be a little difficult to find just now.

The program to be given in town by the Band on the public square, Saturday evening, is this, and it would be well for every one to have a copy in hand so as to follow the music intelligently. We should want to become familiar with the productions of great composers. Any one wishing an extra HELPER may have it for the asking: 1. March, Iroquois—Losey; 2. Overture, Rienzi—Wagner; 3. (a) The Palms—Faure; (b) Darktown Cake Walk—Hale; 4. Medley, Black Brigade—Beyer; 5. The Dying Poet—Gottschalk; 6. (a) Darkies' Dream—Launsing; (b) Whistling Rufus—Mills; 7. The Red Men's Pow-wow—Coffin; 8. Star Spangled Banner.

Full sets of the Century, Harper's, Atlantic and Review of Reviews are gradually being completed and bound for the library. Some odd numbers are missing through the various sets. We have many duplicate numbers that we will gladly exchange for numbers needed to complete our set. Any one who wishes to exchange or donate any of the above magazines, or others that would have educational value, will confer a favor by corresponding with the Librarian of the Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

Mrs. Dorsett, manager of girls' department, who is now visiting country homes, is nearly through, and will probably be domiciled in her quarters at Carlisle before another HELPER reaches its readers. The other day she went to a station at which there was no agent, "no one—nothing but mosquitoes," she declared, so gave herself a new experience by flagging the train. The flying express stopped for her and she went on her way rejoicing.

David McFarland, '98, Carlisle, has entered Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. More Government support!

What a happy world this would be if man could only believe all he says.



Lovely Fall weather!

Gorgeous moonlight nights!

August Red Man is mailing.

Had enough vacation? Most of us will say, Yes.

Mr. Harlan, of our Middlesex farm, is threshing.

Sixteen days more and the school-bell will call us to books.

The small boys' quarters are now receiving a coat of paint.

Mrs. Corbett, of the sewing department, is away on her vacation.

Tin roofing is now going on the east-end annex of the school building.

We shall have to stay off the grass for a time or it will be killed out.

Miss Miles left last Thursday for Oregon, to see her father who is lying very ill.

This is the season when the spreading of fertilizers vitates the good country air.

Miss McIntire is taking Miss Miles' place in the dining-hall during the absence of the latter.

Rose Poodry has gone to her home in New York State for a week or two, on business for the school.

Our campus is beginning to show the need of rain. It rarely gets so dry and brown as at present.

We hear of the marriage of Lizzie Hill, '97, to Joel Tyndall, ex-student of Carlisle, and send congratulations.

The Band will give the same program on our bandstand Friday evening that it will give in town Saturday evening.

The cotton plants in the rear of teachers' quarters are in bloom. There is an object lesson. Some peanut-plants in the same bed are also blooming.

Miss Luckenbach writes that she cannot get away from Indians even if she is on a vacation, for she dreams almost nightly of them. She is expected here next week.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," given by the John P. Harris company in a tent, at the edge of town, was attended by several of our boys who pronounced it very good.

The football candidates who did not go to the country this summer are taking light practice these cool evenings under the direction of Captain Martin Wheelock.

Major and Mrs. Pratt and daughter were or should have been at Tacoma yesterday, and are eastward bound by now. They will make some stops on the way at various Indian Agencies. We do not look for them much before the last of the month. They have been detained a few days, probably at Klamath.

Miss Ericson has arrived from Washington where she saw several of our old friends—Mrs. Thomas, Miss Cummins, Miss Quinn, Mrs. Butler and Mr. Sturm. She says they are all as fond of Carlisle as ever, and that she had a delightful time all around. She will spend the remainder of her vacation at Shippensburg. Since her return Miss Ericson has received from Superintendent Viets of the Santa Fe school some rare and wonderful specimens of stone gods found in New Mexico. They are probably several hundred years old.

Mr. Bennett of the near farm is getting ready to pack the silo. Ensilage is a great thing for cattle in winter.

The athletic track is now very good for wheeling, but we hear that it is to be all torn up and gone over again by an expert.

Miss Bowersox, teacher of our Normal Department, has returned from her home at Paxtonville, after a very enjoyable 26 days' visit and rest.

Dr. Eastman has gone to Washington, D. C. on business. The doctor is a live man on all subjects and especially where the interests of his people are concerned.

The question is, Whose mouths water the most, the feasters on the luscious watermelons these evenings in Bachelors' Hall, or the boys in quarters who can see them eating and are not there.

Edmund Wheelock's little baby brother has been named Dennison Paull Wheelock, and he is almost big enough to run a race with Edmund, he grows so fast.

A little daughter came to live with Professor and Mrs. Bakeless on Monday evening. Catherine Harvey Bakeless is her name, and to think Master John has not seen his little new sister yet. John is still at his grand father's in Milroy. When he comes back he will be as well off as his chum, Albert Weber, who has had a sister for some time, while John had none. Albert cannot brag any more.

Mr. James D. Flannery, '94, tailor at Mt. Pleasant, and Miss Nora M. Hampton, graduate of Chillicothe, Oklahoma, now matron at the Mich. school, were married at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, on the 14th. This was a great surprise to everybody, and from what we can learn of Miss Hampton she is a beautiful and accomplished girl, and a favorite among her associates. Congratulations are in order and the couple have them by the basketful from Carlisle, where Mr. Flannery's friends are legion.

A surprise party was given in honor of Miss Annie Morton, '98, who arrived Tuesday evening from her vacation. The following girls were hostesses, Misses Young, Beale, Gibbs, Felix, American Horse, Warren, Jamison, Dolphus Brown, Wilber and Silverheels. The evening was spent in playing games and music, water-melons being the finishing touch of the party. Miss Nancy Cornelius, of Oneida, Wisconsin, Miss Sara Smith and Mrs. DeLoss were among the guests.

Miss Nancy Cornelius arrived on Monday evening from Downingtown, where she has been visiting Miss Edge for a short time. All who have read the HELPER these past years know Nancy. She is the same cheery person. It will be remembered that she was the first girl from our school to become a trained nurse, graduating from the Hartford school. She has made for herself a most enviable reputation. Nancy is in demand at all times, and now the demand seems to be at home, by the Rev. F. W. Merrill, Missionary among the Oneidas. He is the rector of the Episcopalian Church there, and in connection with the mission has established a hospital. Nancy is to be the head nurse. Rev. Merrill has secured a treasure, and we wish the project unbounded success.



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Continued from First Page.

these Marblehead lobsters are the finest in the world.

On my way home I'll have to pass by the old Tucker house; built just twenty years after the Pilgrims landed, and which looks as if it might stand a century longer.

Just here I usually get lost, for if you walk long enough on Circle Street, you will land exactly where you started from, and one night, after wandering for half an hour, I felt very much like the man in Boston, who turned so many corners that he met himself coming back.

Salem is only a short distance by trolley, and there you can see Roger William's house, where the witches were tried.

I wandered all through this old rambling house, even to the attic, where I had a rather wiered and creepy feeling, as I looked around among the rafters at the old furniture, and at the old clothes worn so long ago.

At the edge of the town is a lonely spot they call "Witch Hill" and here the Salem witches were hung.

Then there is an old church here, the first built in New England, the rafters and frame of which still stand, and that reminds me that I attended service last Sunday at St. Michaels in Marblehead, which was constructed with material brought from England in 1714 and the second Rector of which went to Virginia and performed the marriage ceremony for Mrs. Custis, and the Father of our Country.

There are so many interesting people and places here, that I could ramble on forever, but before I stop, I must tell you that I saw yesterday a small leather trunk that came over in the "Mayflower," and it made me feel so intimate with our dead and gone ancestors, that I feel like signing myself,

One of the Pilgrim Daughters,  
JEANNETTE SENSENEY.

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#### COUNTRY PUPILS RIVAL EACH OTHER IN HAVING GOOD TIMES.

Asenoth Bishop says:

"I am also having a good time at the shore. We went out fishing last Saturday and brought in 57. I was at the United States Life Saving Station one day and grew interested in all that the Captain told us."

Amelia Clarke at Cape May says:

"We have to carry ourselves very straight for the people gaze at us so. 'Those are Indian girls,' I hear the people say all around. I shall not attempt to tell you of the pleasures

we are enjoying here at the shore. There is a band here which is considered a fine one, but I was told the other day by some ladies from Chambersburg, who have seen and heard our band, that if Professor Wheelock would only bring his band here, they would surely wipe all the bands out of town. We girls think so, too."

Katie E. Powlas would have us know:

"Our home, to us, is as nice as the homes at the sea-shores. Our patron is kind and they have done a great deal to make us happy and cheerful. We have been to different parks, and we are promised three more trolley rides before returning to the school.

Julia Hawks and I are living together, we being about the tenth couple who have lived here.

We think it is only our duty to tell how we appreciate our home, too, for our patrons have done a great deal for the Indians and have great interest in us.

Our home and surroundings are picturesque on account of its being such an old homestead. Four generations have lived in this same house.

Looking west in the evening we can see the lights of the City of Brotherly Love."

Katie says she is going to try to get subscribers for "the dear little paper," not for the prize sake but for Carlisle sake.

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#### EMBARRASSING TO ALL CONCERNED.

An Indian boy who has not yet learned to articulate distinctly, the other day stepped into Miss Ely's office for a postage stamp.

Miss Ely was not in at the time, and her clerk, rather new at waiting upon Indians asked what was wanted.

"Step, letter, please."

"Step-ladder?" she inquired looking around behind the doors. "I do not see the step-ladder."

"Step!" insisted the youth.

"I am very sorry," continued Miss D. in her gentle, persuasive way, "but somebody has taken the step-ladder and not returned it."

It is needless to say that the lad hastened out for a fan.

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#### Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 3, 2, 5, 4, 5 is the name of a very eminent leader in Bible times.

My 8, 6, 7, 8 a football player must know how to do.

My 3, 4, 5, 1 is a part of a fish net.

My whole is what a Carlisle Indian boy or girl need never get.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: PENNSYLVANIA.