

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XIV.

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NUMBER 44.

"NEVER SOARS SO HIGH AGAIN."

[By a Convict in the Illinois State Penitentiary.]

I WALKED through the woodland meadow,  
Where the thrushes sweetly sing,  
And I found on a bed of mosses  
A bird with a broken wing;  
I healed its wound, and each morning  
It sang its old sweet strain;  
But the bird with the broken pinion  
Ne'er soars so high again.

I found a young life broken  
By sin's seductive art,  
And, touched with the Christ-like spirit,  
I took him to my heart;  
He lived with a noble purpose  
And struggled not in vain,  
But the life that sin had stricken  
Never soared so high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion  
Kept another from the snare,  
And the life that sin had stricken  
Raised another from despair  
Each loss has its compensation;  
There is healing for every pain;  
But the bird with the broken pinion  
Never soars so high again.

## THE PORTO RICAN CYCLONE.

From One Who was in it.

While particulars of the terrible storm are pretty well known throughout the civilized world, yet accounts of personal friends who experienced its horrors will be read with even more interest.

Mrs. Shaffner-Etnier has written her parents a very interesting description which we were privileged to see. She says in part:

"I can hardly believe that our house is not down. It is the only one of its kind, situated as it is on a road leading from the mountain, that is safe, but we have not a single thing damaged. That we have thus escaped seems more like a miracle than anything else I have ever witnessed.

The only warning we had of the hurricane's approach was a cable from the Island of St. Thomas that a violent storm had visited them and that we would likely get it during the night.

The evening was particularly balmy, cool and delightful.

The night passed quietly, but the morning brought signs of rain.

My husband was about ready to start to his business and tarried a moment for me to unpack a bicycle cap that he wished to wear in order to save his white hat from the threatening rain.

At that moment the wind began to blow and some rain fell. He paused a little longer, and finally after about ten minutes remarked that he would wait till the storm had subsided a bit.

In a half hour we saw that something more than the ordinary was upon us.

This was about nine o'clock in the morning. The violence increased steadily until it assumed the proportions of the most dreadful storm of rain and wind I ever saw.

Roofs blew into the air, and small houses and fences went over as though built of paper. Trees were laid flat. Momentarily we feared that our house would be unroofed or perhaps demolished. A huge tree that shaded the back entrance fell. Three feet nearer, and it would have taken the corner of the house, and had the wind gotten an entrance, there would have been no saving it.

Some of the locks were wrenched from the doors. It required the combined strength of two men (Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Etnier) to get the doors securely closed and nailed, preventing the power of the air suction. We believe that this one precaution saved the house.

This gale lasted about five hours before it began to subside.

Towards evening we opened the doors and prepared for the night, retiring about eight o'clock.

Then began the rain-flood, which resulted in such dreadful loss of life. It seemed as though the heavens were opened. Water came down in torrents for over six hours accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning.

Toward eleven o'clock there was a knock at our door and we admitted a score of people who had lost their abodes. Our floor was cov-



# 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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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
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.

The hottest days of the year were Sunday and Monday.

A friend in Massachusetts says that she does not often read newspaper poetry but can depend upon the HELPER poems being worth reading.

Susie Baker says she is enjoying a beautiful home and many pleasures at Malvern. She and Laura Eagle are living together, and they think there are no two girls as happy as they are, and they will be very sorry to leave Miss Bishop.

**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.

Mr. Clarence Butler, '98, who is now at the Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, has been spending his vacation on the Pacific Coast. He said that when he returned to Rosebud, the first thing he did was to hunt up his INDIAN HELPERS so as to make himself acquainted with the Carlisle news, and then "I went on about my business."

Miss Carrie Thomas, of Philadelphia, who it will be remembered visited Mrs. Babb, when the latter was matron of the dining-hall about four years ago, reports that Mrs. Babb moved to Neodosha, Kansas, where she had a son living, and last year, about this time she died very suddenly. There are a number who remember the deceased, to whom this news will be received with sadness.

Keep watch of the number on your address. The first two figures tell the Volume and the last one or two the number of the paper to which you have paid. In this way you can keep track of your subscription and pay up when nearly out so as not to lose any of the papers. This is Volume XIV, Number 44. If your number on address is 1523 it shows that you are paid to Volume 15, number 23, etc. The Volume and Number of each issue is always printed on the first page.

Is not the Band a wonderful and continual object lesson as well as an inspiration to those who are easily discouraged and think they cannot accomplish much in life? There are Indian boys in the Band from the most uncivilized tribes in the United States. Some, with darkest skins and darkest eyes, are playing difficult and intricate instruments they never saw a year ago. A few have been practicing longer, having received able instruction in other Indian schools before they came to Carlisle, but it cannot have been many years since even they saw their first horn or reed instrument, for most all in our Band are young men, mere boys, and not up to the average in book-learning, but they are good and obedient boys and most loyal to their director, Dennison Wheelock, who has their affectionate respect, controlling with nothing more than a word or slight sign, in never an angry or impatient tone. When beautiful music composed by the best artists, (none too difficult for them to underake)—harmonious and classic strains, such as was listened to last Saturday evening, in town, on the public square, arouse amazement and finest appreciation from the best musicians, are we not filled with courage and the SPIRIT to want to do more than we are doing, in wider and more difficult fields? The Band boys WORK over their notes. They work persistently and doggedly. They work when obliged to and when not obliged to, and these half-educated children of the forest and plain succeed in commanding the admiration of listening multitudes. These boys work at trades, too, and in term time work at their studies. WORK is the secret of all—work and intense interest, and the lesson of WORK AND INTENSE INTEREST is the one for each and all of us to take home to ourselves.

Mr. James Wheelock returned on Saturday from his home in Oneida Wisconsin, bringing with him five boys, one being Phineas Wheelock who has been here before. Mr. James reports that the Oneidas are raising fair crops, this year, notwithstanding the wet season at the beginning and the dry weather later. Wheat is the best crop. He rode pretty well over the reservation and found a large number of returned students down to business, which was very gratifying. There are some who are doing better than others, but none are doing badly that he heard of. Mr. Charles Wheelock, brother to James and Dennison, is running four farms this year and raising rousing crops.

Lillie Ferris does not want us to leave out Lansdowne in our account of pleasant country homes. If those who say they have pleasant homes elsewhere "knew how we girls are getting along here they would not have much to say. It is beautiful and the air is so pure I sometimes feel as though I was home up among the mountains of California. I have a lovely home. I can ask for no more."

Miss Peter writes that she had a grand time at Niagara Falls on her way to Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Ely of the Electric Light Plant there were able to show her many things she would have missed had she depended upon herself.

Mr. Frank Cayou, '96, now of Dickinson College, is back, having spent a very busy summer in Boston.



"How dry I am!" cries the grass. The cool wave was a welcomed visitor. Dr. Eastman has returned from Washington.

Miss Nellie Robertson has returned from the seashore.

The flag-rope was broken by the storm on Monday afternoon.

Only nine more days and the line will be marching to school.

The flower-beds all around keep beautiful, in spite of the dry weather.

Miss Noble is at her post of duty again looking much better for her outing.

Mrs. Dorsett has returned from her visitations among the girls in country homes.

The Frozen idea boy might profitably place a drop of oil on his unicycle—or wheelbarrow.

Miss Minnie Finley, '99, has a position at the Great Nemaha Agency and left yesterday for Kansas.

Ernest Robitaille, of Haskell Institute, arrived yesterday morning and will enter the band as Flute soloist.

Miss Luckenbach arrived on Monday evening, her vacation days having been spent among friends and relatives in the State.

Disciplinarian Mr. Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson arrived Saturday from Chautauqua, where the former has been attending Summer School.

The old and worn out carpets in the three offices occupied by Major Pratt, Mr. Standing and Miss Luckenbach have been replaced with new ones.

Miss Carter leaves West Stockbridge, Mass. to-day, her vacation being ended, and will go to St. Regis, New York, on business connected with the school.

It rained apples at the lower farm on Monday during the heavy wind storm. Mr. Harlan brought 14 bushels of eating apples for the students on Tuesday.

Miss Marion Seabrook, of Gettysburg, niece of Dr. Alice Seabrook, of Philadelphia, with Miss Clara Anthony of College Street visited the printing-office on Wednesday.

Mr. J. B. Ralston has written several poems among others—"When Dewey Comes Home," which has been set to music. The piece has a ring and a snap to it that will make it popular.

The last message from Major Pratt was dated Harlam, Montana, 24th, and he was on his way East, with probably no other stops. He is expected here in three or four days. Dr. Gates is with them and all are enjoying the scenery along the Great Northern R. R.

"Gin-gin" Eastman was quite sick for a day or two, but her friends rejoice to see her bright little face as smiling as ever. O-hi-ye-sa, the baby boy, is as happy as happy when on the ground, down among the girls; and yet not so happy as he may be later in life at the same occupation. We are allowed now, however, to say that he is sweet and interesting. Dora is a girl of seven, and makes herself quite at home among her little Indian sisters, and curly haired Irene is always manifest with her pointed questions and baby-like logic.

The band is going to play in the park at Harrisburg, to-day. They will be greatly honored in having the world renowned cornetist, William Paris Chambers to assist.

Miss Wood, teacher of the Juniors arrived yesterday morning, early train having had a pleasant vacation at her home in Trenton, New York, and at the Martha's Vineyard Summer School.

Kitty Silverheels has gone home to New York State for a fortnight. She has been here seven years without going home, and graduates this year. Miss Kitty is one of our faithful printer girls.

Everybody was glad to see Seichu with Mrs. Cook. It will be remembered that the former graduated with the last class here and went home to New Mexico for a visit. She contemplates taking a course in nursing.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Pratt came from Steelton Saturday, Mr. Pratt to serve as pall-bearer at the funeral of his friend, Prof. George Hench, of Ann Arbor, who met with an accident on his bicycle in New England last week, which caused his death, and whose remains were brought to Carlisle for interment.

Miss Campbell's little canary "Twitter" was buried on Monday afternoon, Shelah Guthrie being master of ceremonies. There was a tombstone of pasteboard covered with white paper, and on it a suitable inscription. The little girls and all who knew the bird will miss its happy little twitter very much.

Mrs. Cook and son Hobart and seven Indian pupils from California and New Mexico arrived early Monday morning. Arrangements have been made for Master Hobart to go to school near Philadelphia, instead of remaining at the academy he attended in California, the President of the latter having died the past year.

One of the happiest scenes the Man-on-the-band-stand often witnesses is Mr. George Foulke's blind friend, Mr. John Fisher, of Carlisle, sitting under the tree in the back yard holding baby Nana Foulke. The blind man's colored face is always radiant with joy as he caresses the dark-skinned babe, or sings her to sleep.

Spruce up! The Major is coming! Affairs could not have gone more regularly and with less friction had he been at Carlisle all summer, so perfectly has Assistant-Superintendent A. J. Standing, the Major's ways and plans in hand, and so anxious are all to do as the Major wishes.

Program for to-morrow, Saturday, evening's Band Concert: 1. Overture, Semiramide—Rossini; 2. Waltz, The Skaters—Waldteufel; 3. (a) Dragoon's Call—Eilenberg; (b) The Palms, (By request)—Faure; 4. A Day in France—Roesche; 5. Clarinet Solo, Tramp, Tramp—Rollinson; 6. Selection, La Traviata—Verdi; 7. In the Clock Store—Orth; 8. Patriotic Selection.

The dust storm on Monday afternoon was terrific and looked for a time as though we were going to have a tornado. Roofs and trees had about all the strain that they could endure, but only the weaker limbs of trees gave way; the grounds, however, were pretty well littered up when the clouds had passed.



ered with men, women and children thoroughly wet and prostrate.

In the morning there was a ghastly sight.

Water had been three and a half feet deep in the houses all around us. Dead animals had floated down the road.

The home of our physician was a house once selected for us. It was swept from its foundation, and the Doctor was carried by the whirlpool about four blocks.

He was beginning to lose consciousness when a young man hanging on a telegraph pole caught him. His household goods are almost totally wrecked and fifteen bodies were taken from under the floor. He had fixed up haud-somely expecting to sail for America tomorrow to bring his bride.

I saw many of the dead before removal.

Aside from the suffering, this visitation may prove to be to Ponce what the fire was to Chicago. Certainly the city needed clearing out.

There were thousands of old shacks and rookeries not fit to stand. This will compel reconstruction, and the last state of Ponce is bound to be even better than the first.

We are not disheartened nor sorry that we are here. Such a catastrophe has not been known here before, and may never occur again.

The same thing is occurring at unexpected places in our home-land continually.

Not even a hair of our heads has fallen, and we are as much in love with our dear Island home as ever.

The Government has turned all its men and mules (about 400 men) in, to work this morning. A little such Yankee push will soon clear things away.

PONCE, P. R., Aug. 9th."

#### FROM NEAR THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

The following extracts from a recent communication from Edwin F. Bacon, Ph. B., of the State Normal School, Oneonta, N. Y. speak for themselves:

To the INDIAN HELPER:

I have just been reading the very sad account of the crime and the tragic death of Eugene Tahkapeur as given in the last number of the HELPER.

I am sorry to learn from it that some people are disposed to put the blame for this one wicked act upon the whole Indian race. I do not think that many will be so unjust, and I am sure that it is not so here in Amherst, near which place the terrible deed was done.

I was here at the time, and have heard a great deal about it since, and I have not found

the uncharitable spirit that has been expressed in some other places.

When one white man goes wrong it is he alone, not the whole white race, that has to bear the blame, and so the good people of Amherst are disposed to treat the Indian.

I am told that the farmers who employ the other Indians about here are not willing to have them sent away on account of what has happened, and there is no feeling in this community that would make it at all necessary to send them away.

If any body had a right to hate the Indian now it would be the family that was made the victim of the horrible deed, but even here there is Christian charity, and the previous good character of poor Eugene is not forgotten.

It happens that one of his former teachers at Carlisle was from Amherst and is now spending the summer here.

This good lady, Miss Emma Cutter, could not see the remains of her former pupil buried in the Potters' field and without ceremony. She gave him a Christian burial, and she remembers the good features of his character and how he struggled to rise above every savage instinct and to be a true man.

She says that he always conducted himself like a gentleman and was received into the best of society.

He went often as the escort of the one who became at last his victim, and his one great mistake was in taking too seriously what was only meant in friendship.

Who cannot find in his sad story room for pity and also a warning against those wicked impulses that may arise in every heart and, for the moment, overcome the good?

On one previous occasion Eugene manifested the highest Christian spirit.

He had some trouble with a man who attacked him in the street, and cruelly beat him.

As he arose from the ground he commenced to fight and then said to himself:

"No, I am a Christian, and I will not strike this man, I will forgive."

Then with some brave words that showed that he was no coward he turned and walked away.

I know that the American people will never charge the crime of one man to a whole race. They have often enough been unjust to the Indian in past times.

They are doing better now, and all honor to every Indian who proves himself worthy of sympathy and of justice.

EDWIN F. BACON.

AMHERST, MASS.

August 17, 1899.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 3, 6, 1 is what hearty people generally like to do.

My 2, 5 is a masculine pronoun.

My 4, 6, 7 is something that either a boy or girl may wear.

My whole is what was almost unendurable at the Carlisle school this week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Home-sick.