

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XIV.

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VERSES FROM WHITTIER'S "REFORMER."

Our friend, John A. Laing, of Quakertown, says that when the White Wing of Peace hovers over the whole world, then the following verses of Whittier will be realized:

WHERE frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Through prison walls, came Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-ropes
The young child played.

MRS. PRATT IN SOUTHERN OREGON.

From Mrs. Pratt we get the following interesting description of some recent sights:

In Southern Oregon, among the foothills of the Cascade Mountains is located the Klamath Indian Agency, ninety miles from the railroad.

To reach the Agency we left the railroad from a little station in Northern California, named Ager, "staged it" twenty miles the first day to Klamath Springs, where many people from California, and from all over Oregon, go to get relief from rheumatic pains by bathing in hot, sulphur mud-baths.

A day's rest, and we are in a four-horse wagon climbing the mountains, up and down, over "rocks and rills," twisting around mountain peaks, with precipice on one side, where one could slide down hundreds of feet to drop into the deep and swift-running Klamath river.

But we did not drop. Instead, we enjoyed the wildness and the tall pine trees, as we listened to our driver's bear stories.

The second day's experiences were thirty-five miles long, when we came upon a pretty

little town snuggling among the hills, where we were to rest for the night.

The next day's journey was a pleasant change from the mountain climbing, as we then embarked upon a beautiful lake; our little steamer was not of the most improved pattern and could not well be called a staunch vessel, but it carried us safely 40 miles to the upper end of the lake, where Agency wagons awaited us. Then three miles of dust, and we were at the end of our destination.

The Agent, Captain Applegate, is a most hospitable man; his home was our home for ten days, his genial family, our friends.

Several picnics and fishing excursions were arranged for our entertainment, and one special and interesting trip I wish our HELPER friends to know about.

Many centuries ago—the most learned geologist cannot tell how many, but it was ages and ages ago—there was a great volcano that towered above the lofty peaks now in evidence, like Mt. Hood and Mt. Shasta.

This volcano must have been a grand sight in its day, and it must have burned with wonderful fury, sending out fire and lava, as the whole Klamath country plainly shows that it was once an immense volcanic field.

In course of time, this burning mountain, in the very heart of the Cascade Range, sank thousands of feet, and now in its caldera a beautiful lake reposes—"The Crater Lake."

Our party of 15 started from the Agency on the morning of August 9th on a pilgrimage to this lake.

Besides our three wagons there were three saddle horses for our young people to enjoy in turn, as a rest from three-on-a-seat in the wagon.

A shower of rain the night before laid the dust, so that we were able to enjoy looking at the pines, lovely mountain flowers, and further on at the noble ferns that were impressive in their loftiness.

Our road for some distance ran beside a deep canyon, intensely beautiful with its chis-

The Indian Helper

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—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.

John Webster, '98, is at Walker, Minnesota. Miss Newcomer has returned from Shipensburg.

William Paris Chambers, the famous Cornetist who played in Harrisburg last Saturday evening, was pleased with the accompaniment that the Indian Band gave to several of his solos.

Isabella Cornelius, '92, is at her home in Oneida, Wisconsin, on a vacation. It will be remembered that Miss Cornelius has been teaching public school most successfully in Connecticut for several years.

The Indian boys at the Beacon-by-the-Sea wish through the columns of the HELPER to express their gratitude and great indebtedness to Miss Margaret N. Toby for her presentation to each of them of a Bible, and they all extend sincere thanks.

Caleb Sickles, '98, now of Dickinson College Preparatory School, says that the boys at the Beacon-by-the-Sea have won eight games of baseball from different teams along the coast. He also says that Charles Roberts is second cook. Three cheers for Charles!

We have our subscriptions now on cards filed alphabetically in a case adapted to the purpose. There are three empty drawers which hold over 5000 names. The Man-on-the-band-stand wants to see them filled up. Don't you? If each subscriber would send in JUST ONE name, this week, we would have to get a new case immediately. Try it. Don't put it off! The best way in the world to help a good cause!

Miss Wood speaks of meeting our old foreman Leander Gansworth, '96, who is now on the Boonville Herald, Oneida County, New York, supporting himself and working up an honorable reputation. He runs the linotype and has an insight into the general working of one of the best equipped country offices in the State, receiving good compensation for his labors. He is respected and shows by his general bearing that he is progressing along those lines that are uplifting. We are glad to hear this of one who always proved trustworthy and reliable while with us.

➡ 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.

The storm that began last Saturday afternoon and did not end till Monday was the severest of the season, so far. Several trees were blown down. Some ladies in town had to be carried over the rivers in the streets; cellars were filled up. Our spring at the near farm backed water so that a can containing several gallons of cream was upset. Mr. Bennett's turnip patch was washed into the spring, his third planting. The campus was strewn with branches of trees and there was general delapidation all around, but we needed the rain and got it.

The weakest argument that a person can offer for an Indian parent not sending his children away from home to school is that "the Indian is as fond of his children as the white man." He CANNOT be, if he is not willing to give his children the very best opportunities offered. A white man who is educated and knows the value of an education loves his children so much that he will sacrifice almost anything to get the money to send them away to the best schools.

The Band will give the following program to-morrow (Saturday) evening on the public square in town: 1. March, Salute to Burlington—Sherman; 2. Overture, Semiramide—Rossini; 3. Selection, Chimes of Normandy—Coon; 4. Aria from Lucia di Lammermoor—Donizetti; 5. March, Our President—Reeves; 6. On the Plantation—Ch. Puerner; 7. Selection, Cavalleria Rusticana—Mascagni; 8. March, Stars and Stripes Forever—Sousa; 9. Suite, Aboriginal. Part I—Whelock; 10. Dragoons Call—R. Filenberg; 11. La Traviata—Verdi; 12. Patriotic Selection.

After spending a delightful summer vacation out on farms and at the sea shore the seniors and juniors have returned ready and willing to take up with renewed energy the work of the ensuing year. Many and varied have been the experiences of the returned party but all have been improved by them. Minds have been rested from the cares and toils of school life. Bodies have been invigorated and strengthened and hopes and ambitions long silent have been awakened. They are ready to help in the onward march of the young Indian and to prove more forcibly than ever that there are good Indians who are not "dead ones" S. K. P.

Jacob Jamison, '98, and Bertha Dye, '99, were married at the home of the bride, Versailles, New York, on the evening of August 26th, Reverend George Runciman performing the ceremony in the presence of a company of friends. C. C. Lay's Cornet Band furnished the music and a beautiful supper was spread for all, and immensely enjoyed. Rev. Runciman sends the information and adds that the wedding was a very enjoyable affair and that the bride and groom are "really a nice couple." Both have hosts of friends among the HELPER readers and at Carlisle, who will rejoice at the glad news and extend congratulations.

School opened to-day.

Good-bye, vacation, '99!

We now have enrolled 922 pupils.

Miss Hulme returned on Monday.

"How dry I WAS!" cries the grass.

The HELPER buys paper by the ton.

The school building is getting a coat of paint.

Annie Kowuni, '97, is back from her vacation.

Miss Paull arrived on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Snyder has a kissing-bug; five cents a sight.

Miss Forster came on Wednesday. How "art" thou?

Lettie Scott, '99, has gone to New York State to teach a district school.

Dr. Diven is in New York State on business connected with the school.

Once get the reputation of a blunder-maker and you can get a position nowhere.

Grangers' picnic people from Williams Grove are in evidence, this week, as visitors.

Miss Rose Poodry arrived yesterday noon with 14 pupils from the New York Agency.

Ollie Choteau, one of our printer girls, is spending two weeks among friends in Wells-ville.

Miss Seonia, teacher in No. 4, has returned from her vacation-outing at the sea-shore and Philadelphia.

Mr. Snyder is back and at his post of duty, seeing that his tailor apprentices drive the goose properly.

Miss Mary Nickles, of Shippensburg, has been visiting her cousin, our Miss Newcomer, for a few days.

We are pleased to be able to report that Miss Miles found her father better when she arrived in Oregon.

Miss Weekley came in from South Carolina Wednesday evening, having had headwinds nearly all of her ocean trip.

A fast workman who makes blunders is an expensive man to have around, and all employers know it. Accuracy FIRST.

The digging of long ditches for the new sewerage system now authorized, is in operation, and the work is no play for those who have it to do.

Get the reputation of being a speedy as well as accurate workman and you are always in demand, and when the proper time comes you will get good pay.

Miss Clara L. Smith of Erie, Pa., who has been a teacher at Ft. Shaw, Montana, Indian School, for some time, has been transferred to Carlisle, and arrived this week.

Major Pratt came quietly in on Monday, having dropped Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda by the way. They will visit relatives and friends in St. Louis and Indiana, and return early next week.

John Teeple, of Michigan, who at one time was a pupil of the Mt. Pleasant school, shows that he has a business mind, and that he came for a purpose, for he immediately applied to enter a trade and chose the printer's. He is already classed among the typos.

Mrs. Capt. Long of Carlisle, with Mrs. McCall, teacher at the Glen Mills school near Philadelphia, visited us last Friday.

Superintendent Pierce of the Oneida Boarding School, and Mrs. Pierce arrived on Saturday with a party of 21 pupils for our school.

Miss Hill brought the worst storm of the season last Saturday. That's natural we suppose, for do not storms frequently follow hills and mountains?

Samuel Miller, of the Stockbridges, Wisconsin, has re-entered Carlisle after a year or so at home, and takes up his work as a compositor where he left off.

The next thing to "I like the little paper," is "I must have the little paper," then five 2 cent stamps in a letter and it is yours. Easy! We thank so many people for saying "I like it."

The storm interfered with the Band open-air concert, Saturday night, but abated sufficiently for all to go to the Assembly Hall, where they were entertained with some fine selections.

Mr. James D. Flaunery, '94, and his bride, both of the Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, school arrived yesterday at noon receiving a rousing welcome. They will make an extended visit, and home at the hospital, while here.

Oh, yes, we have had a vacation, but have our boys and girls been idle? No. The girls of Mrs. Zeamer's class in the sewing department made 689 new pieces, and repaired 1093 pieces, in August.

Miss Martha Hench, formerly of our corps of workers and now of the Hahnemann hospital, Philadelphia, was out visiting old friends and associations last Saturday, a guest of Mrs. Given. She is at her home in town for a brief vacation.

The welcome that was given to Major Pratt when it was known that he had arrived was a cordial one all around. The band played some of their best selections, and the hand-shaking was hearty and general. The Man-on-the-band-stand thought he read in the Major's face that he was as glad to get back as the people were glad to see him.

When Miss Carter started on her vacation to Massachusetts, a single ticket was enough, but on Monday a telegram came to place eleven tickets at her disposal, which made the Man-on-the-band-stand think that her rest and recreation was agreeing remarkably well with her. She arrived, however, on Wednesday morning, from St. Regis with ten pupils for the school, which explained all.

Which one of the representative women at the school got on the trolley car the other evening without pocket book or money? Finding that a pass was not easily obtained, the fare was "given" to her for the time being by a Ninty-sixer who happened to be on the same car and took pity on the unfortunate traveller.

Mrs. Anna Montgomery and her daughter Rachel of Shippensburg, Mrs. Aughinbaugh and Mrs. Heasley of Pittsburg, with Mrs. S. B. Shearer, wife of Superintendent of the schools of Carlisle, paid our school a visit on Monday afternoon. They went through all departments, and Mrs. Shearer says were delighted with the school and its beautiful surroundings.

eled rocks, its water-falls and glimpses of a deep and turbulent river.

After travelling about twenty-one miles we stopped by the side of a beautiful mountain stream to rest our horses, and to eat our luncheon.

The water was ice-cold, and the chilly air from the snow-banks above made us hover closely around the rousing fire of pine knots that the gentlemen hastily built beside the road.

Nine more miles, the very hardest pull for our teams were now before us.

Captain Applegate, whose great, and I may add affectionate interest in Crater Lake, has for many years led him to use his efforts in enabling tourists to become acquainted at least by sight, with this not easily described wonderland, had determined that we should camp at the rim of the lake. So in spite of the discouraging accounts from several "campers" we had met on our way, of "insurmountable snowbanks" and "twisting roadways," that had "obliged them to camp two miles below in the forest and then walk to the lake," we climbed on over all the difficulties, even the snowbanks, which fortunately were so frozen, that our wagons passed over them without much more than breaking the crust, and thanks to our courageous and resolute leader we reached the top just as the sun was setting.

We were so fascinated with the beauty of the lake that we could not at first grasp the wonderful grandeur of it all.

A brief survey, and we turned aside to a little hollow, where our tents were pitched, and there we endeavored to make ourselves comfortable for the night.

The next morning we devoted several hours in an *un*scholarly and *un*geological manner studying the why, how and wherefore of the wonderful sight before us.

Try to imagine yourself standing upon the rim of a basin twenty miles in circumference varying in height from 500 to 2,000 feet to the waters edge.

The inner slope of the rim, although precipitous, is not a continuous cliff, but there are many cliffs and there are slopes, some well-wooded where it is possible in places to descend to the water, but there is no beach, the steep slopes above the surface of the water continuing beneath to great depths.

The color of the lake is deep blue.

The water is so transparent that even on a hazy day, a white dinner plate ten inches in diameter may be seen at a depth of nearly 100 feet.

The greatest depths of the lake soundings have been 1,623 feet.

We descended the wooded slope a short distance within the rim to a projecting rock, where we had an excellent general view.

A very special feature is an island lying about two miles from the western shore.

Its irregular western edge, and the steep but symmetrical cone in the eastern portion are very suggestive of volcanic origin.

The cinder cone represents a perfect little volcano with steep slopes—845 feet, surrounded by a crater 80 feet deep.

Captain Applegate, having walked completely around the lake and having visited the island, we were enabled through him to learn much in the few hours we visited this "another great wonder" of the great Northwestern country.

THE HARRISBURG BAND CONCERT.

The crowd at Reservoir park last night was as large, if not larger than any at the park this season. Notwithstanding the immense crowd, the best of order prevailed and everybody was delighted with the music rendered by the Indian band and Professor W. Paris Chambers, the noted musician. The band was composed of fifty Indians, and so well was the music rendered that the best critic was unable to find occasion to criticise. Every member of the band is a musician, and performed his part in a manner that proved his musical abilities. Mr. Dennison Wheelock, the masterful twirler of the baton, deserves credit for his good work. Professor Chambers again demonstrated to the thousands of listeners last evening, his great skill in handling the cornet. The number of people at the park was estimated at 10,000, all of whom were pleased with the musical treat.—[Star-Independent.

THE TALENTED NATIVE.

Rev. Edward Marsden, of Saxman, one of the brightest of our Native Alaskans, and the only Native that has taken a full college and theological course of study, is in town for a short visit. Mr. Marsden was one of the first scholars at the Sitka Industrial School, and he is an honor to his Alma Mater and to his people. He will preach at the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening, and we hope there will be a large congregation present.

—[THE ALASKAN.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

My 5, 6, 8 is what our roof-makers work in.

My 3, 7, 4, 5 is worn by people and is found on the outside of animals and buildings.

My 1, 2, 5 is a large tub.

My whole is what we have no more use for this year at the Carlisle Indian school.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; The heat.