

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XV.

FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1900.

Number 29.

## FOREST TREES.

HERE is a kinship 'mong the trees  
That in the forest grow—  
A differential courtesy  
That to each other show  
Such grace of manners, so polite,  
Such stately, high born ways—  
It minds one of the etiquette  
Of old Colonial days.

Sometimes they join in solemn chant,  
In measures mild and sweet;  
Sometimes they pour forth strains of joy  
With melody replete.  
Sometimes, with branch outstretched to branch,  
All gentle and sedate,  
They dance a graceful minuet,  
All in a forest fete.

Oh, endless are the wildwood joys!  
Oh, measureless the grace  
Of branch and blossom, leaf and bough,  
That winsome interlace!  
Great Nature yields no goodlier joy  
On all her lands and seas,  
No goodlier rest for the weary brain  
Than commune with the trees.

They bring us tidings of the skies  
As upward still they grow;  
The lofty wisdom of the heavens  
In silent speech they show,  
Endowed with beauty, grace, and strength,  
And rich in fruitfulness,  
God made them almoners of earth—  
The whole, wide world to bless.

—M. D. TOLMAN.

## FROM CARLISLE TO PHOENIX.

Miss Luckenbach, for many years identified with the Carlisle school, left us for warm and sunny Arizona, about the 1st of May, and on arrival there was cordially received by Supt. McCowan and his faculty, and she says that the place is perfectly beautiful.

A letter descriptive of the journey is full of interest and will be eagerly read by her many friends, and all who are fond of travel.

After a very enjoyable few days' visit in the Capitol City of our country, where she was shown the sights by her and our friends—Miss Cook, Mrs. Butler and Miss Cummins of the Indian office, and others, she says:

Half past ten Wednesday night found me domiciled in a sleeper in a Sunset Excursion train bound for the Pacific coast.

The first day's ride through Virginia, North

Carolina, Georgia and Alabama surprised me.

I was prepared for the beauty of the country but not for the industry everywhere apparent.

Little homes, mostly comfortable looking, were sprinkled thickly all along and surrounded by ploughed fields.

Among the field workers twice I saw a woman plowing. Plainly, in the southern sections women have their rights, and equality of sex is recognized.

Arriving at New Orleans on Friday morning, we found we had a wait of three hours, so a party of four hired a cab and proceeded to see the city.

Our success would not form a very edifying chapter, and on returning to the station we found our train had crossed the river!

For an instant we were the picture of despair, until we spied the reassuring face of the conductor of our party, who was standing behind the ticket office window.

In New Orleans, it seemed to me one never knew if one was on land or water.

Westward through Louisiana the country is extremely level; looking over it the tops of trees show upon the distant horizon like the masts of vessels outward bound over the level ocean.

Bayous run up from the south, and here and there you catch a whiff of salt air from the near Gulf of Mexico.

Next morning we found ourselves in a land of flowers—a profusion of flowers in a beautiful variety of shades and colors covered the ground for miles upon miles like gay rugs lying upon the floor.

At Del Rio we struck the Rio Grande which, to my surprise was a very small river. Its banks are like a sand beach for a few yards and then comes the smooth fall of a natural wall of stone supporting a terrace, and farther back another higher wall of horizontal layers of stone.

The river is very sinuous, and presently our



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# The Indian Helper

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—AT THE—

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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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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.

Nancy Seneca, '97, who is a graduate nurse of the Medico-Chirurgical of Philadelphia, is attending a lady and her son at Selins Grove, this State.

Guy Jones, 1900, is in New York City with Mr. E. W. Deming, the artist, whose specialty is Indians, serving him as model and at the same time taking lessons in free-hand drawing. "If he sticks to it—and I am sure he will"—says Mr. Deming, "he will be an artist some day."

Prof. T. W. Atkinson, who sails for the Philippines next month as Superintendent of Education, is visiting the leading manual training schools of the country—Pratt Institute, Hampton, Tuskegee and Carlisle. He was here this week, and remarked that if he could only see one school of the type mentioned, it should be Carlisle, as the mingling of seventy different tribes at this institution more nearly approaches the conditions which he expects to meet in the islands.

Mrs. Cook sent some of our school exercises as prepared by students of the various grades of the Academic Department to the students of the Sacaton, Arizona school, her old stamping ground. A teacher writes that the "children have all enjoyed looking at them although they could not read all of the sixth grade papers. Jose Apachos was delighted to see so many of Juan's drawings. Daniel's father came in to look at his son's work and smiled at the picture of the Indian illustrative of article on Boston Tea Party." Such friendly items are illustrative of the interest taken by parents in the progress of their children.

George Welch, 1900, is at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and will probably go to school there next year.

Miss Richenda Pratt is improving, at the Methodist Hospital with her father who is still under treatment at the same hospital. Mrs. Pratt is also in Philadelphia.

We forgot to credit The Ogallala Light from which Mr. Cleveland's article was taken, last week. By the way, we would like to exchange with that interesting paper.

One of the most delightful women that has visited our school for many a day dropped in upon us this week from Oberlin College—Mrs. A. F. F. Johnston, Professor of Medieval History and History of Art, and for thirty years Dean of the Woman's Department of that noted College. Her lecture on Tuesday night was thrilling with behind-the-scenes incidents of the Civil War that cannot be found in histories. She was a friend of the late Miss Mather of St. Augustine, Fla., so well known by all interested Carlisle workers, and her reminiscences and stories of that noble woman touched the hearts of all.

Major and Mrs. Pratt returned from Jamestown on Saturday and went on to Philadelphia the same day. Their account of the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Mason was glowing. There is a two column article in the Jamestown Tribune, with splendid portraits of the two who were married fifty years ago. Other papers gave full and interesting accounts. A feature of the occasion was that the wedding was supplemented by the baptism of the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hall, the babe being a grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Mason. The water used in the baptism was brought from the River Jordan by Mr. Dow and Mr. Hall on their recent return from the Holy Land.

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A painful duty comes to us in the recording of the death of Dennison Paul Wheelock, the ten months' old babe of Band Director and Mrs. Wheelock. He was a healthy and charming child, but a few weeks since took a severe cold which settled in his throat and lungs, from which he slowly pined away. The funeral services were held in the Y. M. C. A. hall on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Norcross, of the Second Presbyterian Church, officiating. The lifeless form of the beautiful babe was laid in a little white casket and surrounded with a profusion of the most delicate flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock have the heartfelt sympathy of their friends in this their sad hour of bereavement.



Rain is badly needed.

The warm wave was a warm one.

Eudocia Sedie is visiting her guardian at Pen Yan.

Misses Senseney and Carter spent Saturday in Baltimore.

The new Standard button-hole worker is giving entire satisfaction.

Susie and Mary Moon started for their Alaskan home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Bakeless and children have gone to Milroy to visit the old home.

Miss Robbins was summoned to the bedside of a sick father, in Western Pennsylvania.

Beatrice and Clara Hoover were the girls brought by Rev. Mr. Fysh from Klamath.

Nellie Velinzuela is visiting Mrs. Crawford, at Fayetteville with whom Mary Hunter has a home.

Our team played the Lehigh University on Wednesday at Bethlehem, and won by a score of 17 to 9.

Kendall Paul helps out occasionally on Saturdays and last week his services were very acceptable.

The entertainment given by the societies last Thursday night was pronounced very good by all who witnessed it.

Fragrant Wistaria! The immense vine in front of the Major's residence was out in full bloom—a thing of beauty.

Printer Joe Brown has gone to the country to work for the summer, and he may come back browner than when he went.

The heading for a Red Man article was worded "The Need of the Pimas," and one of the printers made it read "Mud" of the Pimas.

Martin Wheelock, John Lufkins, John Powlas and John Warren were the pallbearers at the funeral of baby Wheelock on Wednesday.

The sweet-tooth of the Man-on-the-bandstand feasted this week on some maple sugar which came from Jamestown, a gift from Mr. Mason.

Dr. Diven removed a tubercular finger from the hand of Lulu Apache last Friday, the operation being beautifully performed. Miss Barr assisted.

15 to 1 is the way the score read at the end of the Senior-Junior game last Friday evening. Juniors, take courage, next year you can afford to look "down" on the fellows and give them a gentle smile while they "chop" the wind, and say "we have been there." X.

Mrs. Livingstone's system of dress-making recently introduced into the sewing department is so simple that the Indian girls readily take it up, and enjoy it.

Some of our boys and girls are taking elementary lessons in bookbinding that will enable them to rebind old books and pamphlets. T. J. Outen, of New York is the instructor.

Little Nana Foulk was very ill for a few hours one night this week, but Miss Barr brought her through the spell of indigestion, and the baby is now as well and interesting as ever.

Two ladies have charge of a department and take turns in having Sunday off. "This is my day of bliss," said the one off duty last week. "But it is HER day of 'blister,'" she added with a sigh.

Miss Weekley sails next Tuesday from New York City to Porto Rico where she will teach other little natives. We will not say how sorry every body is to see her go until after she leaves.

Mrs. Canfield, superintendent of the sewing department, is pleased with the work as it is progressing. The girls are delighted with the new summer uniforms all of which will soon be completed.

The new green shades to the windows of the sewing room add greatly to the appearance of that popular bee-hive, and they are especially appreciated by the instructors and pupils who work there.

The first pupils ever received at Carlisle from the Klamath Agency, Oregon, arrived this week, 7 boys and 2 girls, under escort of Rev. Fysh, Missionary. It is a good party and was sent by Agent Applegate.

Piano Instructress Mrs. Sawyer gave a most interesting talk on the composer Schubert, Tuesday at the opening exercises of the school, and illustrated her talk by playing with Miss Hill's assistance the Overture Rosamunde, which was highly appreciated.

Misses Ely and Burgess went to Harrisburg on Friday to see Mr. and Mrs. William Burgess on their way to Philadelphia as representatives from the Millville Half Year Meeting of Friends to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, in session this week.

Mrs. Senseney has returned to her home in Chambersburg. Before leaving she was the recipient of a handsomely framed memento from the Literary Club in Chamberburg over which she has presided for nine years, having resigned the presidency this year. The gift is a beautiful testimonial of appreciation.



train dashes into the canyon where the high rocks have the most fantastic shapes.

Worn, seamed and furrowed by the elements, at one place it was easy to imagine you were looking at the ruins of a castle, or again at the ruins of Karnak, while the reddish masses of stone on soil of the same color still further reminded one of Egypt.

We crossed the Pecos on the highest bridge in North America, and looking over the ledge of the window we tried to fathom the 321 feet that lay below us in the moonlight.

On Sunday morning we breakfasted at Sierra Blanco on Spring chicken and other good things.

Monday found us at El Paso on the western border of Texas, it having taken us about forty hours of steady travel to cross this great State in which we had met tropical luxuriance of vegetation and stony barrenness, where we had felt the warmest during the day, the coldest during the night and were chased across the western border in a sand storm.

At mid-night we reached Maricopa.

Piloted by the conductor I found myself in the office of the Edwards House where the host readily agreed to "take care of the lady," and I was presently shown to a room on the second floor looking out on the railroad across the street.

A lighted tallow candle stood on a little stand by the bed, but tired as I was I could not bring myself to go to bed while the train which had brought me from the East still stood in sight; so I opened the casement and stood there, hoping, yet knowing it was vain to hope for some sign, some last good-bye from the train.

A short nap was interrupted by the sound of some one coming up the stairs and rapping at several doors in succession, announcing:

"Half an hour of train time."

He did not come to my door, but thinking it might have been an omission and not wishing to miss the only train in 24 hours for Phoenix, made myself ready to be greeted by mine host on presenting myself below stair with:

"I didn't call you, madam. Your train leaves an hour later."

"Left again," was a natural reflection, though not expressed.

Waiting at the station, for conveyance to the school, I saw a company of Indian women pass under the trees near by.

One was mounted on a pony and flourished her right arm with very free movements over the head of her animal occasionally bringing down a stick with a slap on its flanks.

All of this never moved the pony out of his

walk which was not fast enough for him to distance a woman who strode over the ground with an olla (pronounced oya) on her head, carrying herself in the peculiarly steady way of those who are accustomed to carry burdens.

A beautiful drive of three miles brought me to my journey's end, in the beautiful grounds of Phoenix School.

#### Base Ball Schedule for 1900.

Sat. April 7th, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; lost, 6 to 7.

Wednesday, April 11th, Mercersburg at Mercersburg; lost 11 to 12.

Thursday, April 12th, Syracuse here; won 7 to 5.

Wednesday, April 18th, Lebanon Valley College at Annville; tie 4 to 4.

Saturday, April 21st, Cornell at Ithaca; lost 13 to 4.

Thursday, April 26th, our second team at Mercersburg; lost 12 to 6.

Wednesday, May 2nd, Georgetown at Washington, lost 17 to 0

Thursday, May 3rd, Susquehanna here; won 9 to 6.

Sat., May 5th, Mercersburg here; won 10 to 5.

Wed., May 16th, Lehigh at South Bethlehem.

Sat., May 19th, Albright at Myerstown.

Sat., May 26th, Bucknell at Lewisburg.

Tuesday, May 29th, Gettysburg, here.

Wed., May 30th, Pennsylvania R. R. Y. M. C. A. at Philadelphia.

Sat., June 2, Lafayette at Easton.

Sat., June 9, Gettysburg at Gettysburg.

Wed., June 13th, State at State.

One of our girls who is cook at a Western school says; "I am proud of Carlisle, and especially of her outing. It is there I learned to work, and today I have my reward in being able to manage the cooking for over a hundred scholars for Uncle Sam. I have an assistant who does her work well. I receive a hundred dollars a quarter. May Carlisle scatter her students like seeds to show your good work for Indians."

#### Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 6, 2, 3, 1, 10 causes the Indians much trouble and anxiety.

Lions live in my 4, 5, 9.

Fishermen use my 6, 7, 9, 5.

Medicine is measured by my 4, 8, 10, 5.

Certain Indian boys are on the hunt just now for my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 on the campus.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A balky mule.