

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1894.—

NO. 9.

THANKSGIVING

THAT THINGS ARE NO WORSE, SIRE.

(Published by Request.)

FROM the time of our old Revolution,
When we threw off the yoke of the
king,
Has descended this phrase to remember,
To remember, to say and to sing.
'Tis a phrase 'that is full of a lesson,
It can comfort and warm like a fire,
It can cheer us when days are the darkest,
"That things are no worse, O my sire!"

'Twas King George's prime minister said it,
To the king who had questioned, in heat,
What he meant by appointing Thanksgiving
In such times of ill-luck and defeat;
"What's the cause for your Day of Thanks-
giving,
"Tell me pray?" cried the king, in his ire:
Said the minister, "This is the reason—
That things are no worse, O my sire!"

There has nothing come down in the story
Of the answer returned by the king;
But I think on his throne he sat silent,
And confessed it a sensible thing,
For there's never a burden so heavy
That it might not be heavier still;
There is never so bitter a sorrow,
That the cup could not fuller fill.

And whatever of care or of sadness
Our life and our duties may bring,
There is always the cause for thanksgiving,
Which the minister told to the king,
'Tis a lesson to sing and remember:
It can comfort and warm like a fire,
Can cheer us when days are the darkest—
"That things are no worse, O my sire!"

—[Helen Hunt Jackson.

FOR the trade and the skill and the wealth
in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the
workingman's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have
taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection
have brought—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are
blest,
For the season of plenty and well deserved
rest,
For our country, extending from sea to sea,
The land that is known as the "Land of the
Free"—
THANKSGIVING! THANKSGIVING!

HAT if some days are bleak and cold—
Bright, bracing ones will follow;
What if the summer flowers are gone,
And summer's fleeting swallow—
The ripened grain is gathered in,
The autumn fruits are glowing,
Surely, Thanksgiving—harvest time—
Is better than the sowing,
Away with grief for beauties fled!
Away with weak repining!
Keep brightest smiles for darkest days,
The sun will soon be shining.
Forgetting self, help all around
To join in glad Thanksgiving;
And cares will seem to disappear.
And life to be worth the living.

A THANKSGIVING REVERIE.

"Tell me truly, would you rather be here or
home?" asked the writer of one of our Indian
young men who has within a few weeks re-
turned from his home after a summer's vaca-
tion in the wilds of the North West.

The question was a surprise to him. He
was not prepared to answer one sprung upon
him in that manner as he was passing on the
walk to his place of duty.

But the young man, tall, big, manly, looked
with his dark penetrating eyes straight into
those of the writer and seemed to be saying
away back somewhere in the dark:

"Carlisle has been good to me. You have all
been kind to me. I don't know much. I
want an education and I am fortunate in hav-
ing such a good place as this to go to school.
Only a few years ago I could speak no English
and I have gained more in this place than I

(Continued on the fourth page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

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.

Iron Chief, head chief of the Lower Brule Sioux, died recently at the age of 90.

If we never hear Mr. John Collins' voice again, let us remember the closing remarks in one of his last addresses to the school: "As we go through the world, keep eyes, ears and nose open, but not always the mouth."

The *Indian Advocate* copies a piece from *Kate Field's Washington* which says that Indians do not snore. They do not, eh? This reminds us of a visitor at the school who one time was surprised to see Indians laugh.

Any ONE of the pictures in our premium list would make a nice Christmas present. If you intend to give only a card why not give one that MEANS something, a card that tells a STORY. A very few subscriptions secures one FREE. Send for list!

The kind of help that amounts to something: A subscriber says in a business letter: "I was telling a man about the Carlisle school a few days ago, and let him know that I got my information from the INDIAN HELPER. He at once drew out his purse and said, 'I want my boys to read it.'"

When the TEACHERS of our land begin to work for a good object, it goes. In response to some sample copies sent out we have succeeded, through subscriptions, in placing a number of our premium pictures on several country school-room walls. There is much education in pictures, and it only takes a few subscriptions to secure some of them.

Patrick Henry, the pet cat in the small boys' quarters, is a beautiful specimen of the feline tribe, and he knows how to take care of himself as well as to keep rats and mice away. Do you know why he was called Patrick Henry? Because when he first came he was so wild that any attempt to handle him seemed to call forth with all his powers of muscle, and vocal organs, Patrick Henry's celebrated expression: "Give me liberty or give me death," and it is needless to say that he got the liberty every time.

On last Friday evening the Standard Reception and Banquet tendered a select company in the gymnasium was the first of the society entertainments this year. Over the entrance hung the word "Standard" in illuminated letters acquainting one with the fact before entering that everything inside was what their name indicates. During the evening, a prize of a handsome large cake was awarded Mr. Chauncey Yellowrobe and Miss Mary Beaulieu as the most graceful couple in a march for the occasion. Social chat and promenade were indulged in till all were invited to seat themselves at the tables behind the flag, which served as a patriotic partition between the banquet hall and the rest of the room. After a feast of the inner man, consisting of oysters, buns, cake, fruit, nuts, ice-cream, cocoa coffee, and what not there was a feast of reason, and several were called upon to address the gathering. Among others who spoke were Lewis Williams, President of the Standards, William Leighton, President of the Invincibles, Miss Alice Lambert, President of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society, Capt. Pratt, Mr. Collins and Dr. Montezuma. The new orchestra of which Simeon George is the leader discoursed delightful music. Elmer Simon as master of ceremonies kept every one in good spirits, and the Committee of Arrangements, Chairman of which was Clark Gregg, seemed to have omitted nothing that would comfort and cheer the guests. The evening was more than well enjoyed.

Capt. Cook, 3rd Infantry, acting United States Indian Agent at Blackfeet Agency, Montana, has sent us some specimen potatoes they grow out there. One weighed 2 pounds and the other 2½. If every thing grows accordingly there must be some big Indians in that country, and some big children who need education. Send them along! Carlisle has scales big enough to weigh almost anything, and if the subject weighed is found wanting we have ways and means to fill in with substantial knowledge. Thanks to our friend Capt. Cook for his kindness.

Miss Dittes' friends will be surprised as well as pleased to learn that she has again entered the Indian service, and this time in the Italy of the United States—Southern California. It will be remembered that she was once the girls' mother at Carlisle, and was obliged to quit the service on account of an injured limb. We are glad that she has recovered, and that the Government school in Perris will find in a short time that they have secured a valuable help-mate need not be said. Miss Dittes makes her worth known wherever her work leads her.

Robert Hamilton, who has been spending the summer in Montana among his people, has returned to the school, bringing with him three pupils. Robert looks well and seems to be full of the same determined spirit he carried away with him. He is bound to graduate. Enough said, then he WILL.

Samuel Little Hawk is still at Ft. Omaha, Nebraska, and writes for the HELPER to be sent him. He claims to be well and thriving as a soldier.

Fall plowing!

Indian summer for sure!

We like the military guard-mount.

Mrs. Pratt spent Sunday at Steelton.

Miss Cochran spent Sunday at her home in Millerstown.

Capt. Pratt took a flying trip to Philadelphia, on Tuesday.

Mrs. Thompson has returned from a visit to her New York home.

Professor Bakeless spent Friday night with friends a hundred miles north.

It is the MINUTES that need looking after, the hours will take care of themselves.

If there is a PIG at your table who takes what *you* have a right to, report him.

Next thing to the book-agent these days is the building and loan association man.

Misses Shaffner, LaChapelle and Mr. Wheelock, spent Monday in Harrisburg.

The first poem, this issue, is a little beyond some of our young readers but it is well worth studying.

Before our paper comes out again, millions of people will have feasted on the Thanksgiving turkey.

On Friday evening Miss Cummins went to Washington for a little visit home, returning Sunday night.

Miss Weist, Professor of Latin at Metzger Institute, was a guest of Miss Cochran, Wednesday evening, dinner.

Mrs. R. V. B. Lincoln and son and daughters from Hazelton, were guests of Professor Bakeless on Wednesday.

Flora Campbell is home for a brief outing from her hospital duties in Philadelphia, where she is taking a course in nursing.

Rose and Celia Metoxen have gone home to Oneida, Wisconsin.

Anthony Austin has been chosen Captain of the football eleven to succeed Ben Caswell, who is unable to play any more this season on account of disabled ankle.

Dr. Montezuma entertained the school on Saturday night by accounts of his visit west. Some of the time his audience laughed, then they were serious, and then sad, just as the speaker wished to impress them.

The school eleven lost in a well played game with the Pittsburg Athletic Club on Saturday at that place. The day was a good one but the ground was very soft, which gave the advantage to the P. A. C.'s, they being the heavier team. In the first half the latter made two touchdowns, but failed to kick the goals. In the second half neither side was to score, and the game was Pittsburg's by a score of 8 to 0. The *Pittsburg Post* says of our boys, "Certainly no more superb tackling has ever been seen in Pittsburg than that displayed by every one on the team. They feared nothing and whenever they got their hands on the runner he went down in his tracks." It also speaks of "Donnell, whose work was simply beyond compare." Umpire, Grant Dibert; referee, Frank McCance. The boys speak in highest terms of the kind treatment received while in Pittsburg.

Dr. Montezuma took three pupils to Philadelphia, yesterday, for special eye treatment.

Our foot-ball team plays with the Columbia Athletic Club at Washington D. C. tomorrow and with the Y. M. C. A. at York on Thanksgiving.

You seem to get time to do that little bit of fancy sewing which adds to your personal appearance. Very good, and there it is again! We FIND time to do the things we WILL do.

Good old Harry horse, will be able if he stays here long enough, to do errands in town without a driver. He now can take the carriage alone to the stable from the hitching post.

Mr. Spayd of the *Star and Independent*, Harrisburg, and Mrs. Carpenter were among the visitors on Monday. Mr. Spayd is interested in the Indian boys and always has a good word to say of them.

Among the new pupils received from a western agency recently were several brothers and sisters by the name of Libby. The Man-on-the-band-stand congratulates the family for being so lib-by-ral in the cause of Indian education.

A King's Daughter sociable, wherein the three Circles of our school unite to give a pleasant evening, will be held in the Gymnasium on Saturday night. Refreshments will be served, and the pennies gathered will go to help Santa Claus, in his effort to give us a nice Christmas.

One of the interesting arrivals this week was Mrs. Esther (Miller) Dagenett, class '89, with four boys and four girls, from Crow Creek Agency, South Dakota. Mrs. Dagenett looks quite like herself and seems to be enjoying her visit among old associates. Her husband, Chas. Dagenett, Class '91, is one of the teachers at Crow Creek.

Dr. Dorman, of New Haven, Conn., lectured on the subject of Temperance before the school on Wednesday evening. He made his talk most interesting and held the attention of his audience closely. It is hoped that the useful lessons learned will ever be remembered by all who heard the grand truths he uttered.

Miss Wind, of whom it was stated last week that she had a serious case of Pneumonia in the town, successfully carried her little sufferer past the danger point, and has returned again to the school. Do we not have abundance of proof that Indian girls can nurse when given the same opportunity to learn that others enjoy? Carlisle is proud of her number who are doing most excellent work in the sick rooms of people of the East.

Elmer Simon wanted a desk for his room. He didn't sit down and cry for one, but at odd times, mostly out-side of work hours he worked at a plan he had in mind and has built a very useful and pretty piece of furniture for his room. We generally can have what we want if it be within the bounds of reason and we are determined to get it. That is the secret of getting an education as well as getting a desk. The one who is full of excuses, will fail. Even a good excuse can be made to work evil for us. EXCUSES breed failure, determination WINS every time.

(Continued from the first page.)

can ever realize. I am getting more every day than I can ever pay for in money or good conduct. I can't tell how grateful I am for it all, and I KNOW what you would like me to say."

"Honest Injun!" said the writer seeing the cause of his hesitation. "Think of everything, and tell me the truth!"

"Everything?" he asked playfully to gain another second.

"Yes, everything!"

And with the attitude of a magnificent soldier he straightened up, threw his great shoulders back, and giving his head the fling of a wild mustang, answered:

"Home!" and passed on.

And why shouldn't he thus answer?

He had spent a delightful summer where there were no restraints thrown around him; no bells to call him to duty several times a day; no fences to mark his limits of roaming, or if there were fences the gates were like threads to be slackened while he leaped over them, on horseback. There

"His soul was as the sunshine, free,
Free as the ocean wave."

To come back here, and place himself again under the restrictions required in a large place of learning, where he must always have his pulling harness on and watch himself lest he jump the traces. Is it any wonder that such a strong built child of nature would rather be home, if he consulted only his physical wishes?

But is it RIGHT for us to allow our inclinations to run wild with us?

Could we ever gain the training required to make of us the men and women we wish to be without restrictions? Then have we not to be THANKFUL for the very harness that sometimes rubs us sore?

Let us be thankful as individual members of the school that we *have* the love of home, but MORE thankful that we have the courage to break away from home attachments and hindrances;

Thankful that we are in a road that leads to progress, strength and power;

Thankful that we shall be able to use that power if we get enough of it to better the home conditions by leading as many of our people OUT as possible;

Thankful, that having a father who at one time was opposed to education has consented at last to our leaving the home so full of temptations that entice away from studies and good purposes;

Thankful that having a mother who is ig-

norant and lives in the camp, yet possesses a mind broad enough to be persuaded to allow her daughter to leave her and go into a place where there is every opportunity to rise and become a good, clean, thrifty, busy woman;

Thankful that in these home-gathering Thanksgiving days we have the wisdom and courage to stay where it is best for us to be.

APPLIED HYGIENE LESSON.

"May we take our dollies to bed with us?" asked one of the little Indian girls of her school mother on one of her nightly rounds to see if all retire properly.

"Yes, if you and your dollies will all be good."

"So-and-so's dolly was not good last night."

"What was the matter?"

"Why, it was sick, and it e-r-i-e-d," replied the little one with the peculiar emphasis so common among our English learning pupils.

"Too bad!" said the mother. "If it cries again we shall have to give it some soothing syrup."

"I don't want to give MY dolly soothing, syrup."

"Why not?"

"Because our hygiene lesson in school says soothing syrup is no good for little babies. It makes them quiet while they are little but when they get big they are b-o-n-y and s-k-i-n-n-y."

"Y-e-s!" chimed in half a dozen little voices, and the much amused mother backed quietly out, saying they would have to manage them the very best they could.

Enigma.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 6, 5, 8 is to lament; to regret.

My 7, 3, 9 is used to enter.

My 6, 5, 1, 2 is the name of a conspicuous woman of the Bible.

My 4 is the first letter of a beverage many ladies drink.

My whole is NOT giving thanks these days.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Skill in labor.

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