

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI.

—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1895.—

NO. 10

BETWEEN our hope, which shines afar
Against life's sky like some bright star
And fate's most stern, relentless bar,
All joys and woes exist:
So, if our lives, which seem so bright,
Should be obscured by some dark night,
Remember there's a brighter light
No darkness can resist.

OUR FOOTBALL BOYS ON MANHATTAN FIELD VS NEW YORK CITY Y. M. C. A. TEAM.

The foot-ball season of 1895 closed in a blaze of glory on Thanksgiving Day. The strong New York Y. M. C. A. team strengthened by four players from the Crescent Athletic Club, fell before our boys in a well played game by a score of 16 to 4. Manhattan Field was the scene of the conflict.

The Y. M. C. A. kicked off and the Indians soon took the ball down the field for a touchdown and goal. This was repeated, but the Y. M. C. A. fought hard and made us work to score. On their 3rd kick-off, Metoxen caught the ball, but was tackled hard after a short run. In falling, his sore knee was wrenched and he fumbled, a New Yorker securing the ball. By mass plays, which several times barely gained them the necessary five yards, they got the ball over for a touchdown, but could not kick the goal.

Time was soon after called. In the second half, we secured one touch-down, but the try at goal failed. Jamison's run of 25 yards on a criss-cross was a feature. No more scoring was done in this half and the game ended with the score standing 16 to 4 in our favor. The ground was very soft and prevented good running. On a dry ground, the score would probably have been larger. New York could not get around our ends, the runner always being thrown for a loss, and so they contented themselves with short gains on mass plays at the line.

We played a more open game and worked the end and line equally well for good gains. As might be expected, the game was

a clean and gentlemanly one. We probably lost one touchdown on what many thought a wrong decision of the referee, but it was unintentional. At the close of the game, our boys were wildly applauded by the spectators.

The New York papers spoke well of us, only one giving a dime novel account in which "war paint, scalps, tomahawks, fire water, thumb chewing, cuss words," etc., predominated, but such things only existed in the imagination of the writer, for a cleaner game could hardly have been played, and many were disappointed at the civilized appearance of our boys.

The Red Man will say:

We could fill several columns with complimentary notices of the fine playing of our team, but space forbids. The newspapers have been generous in their accounts, quite a number being illustrated. Cuts of the team have appeared in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, *New York Tribune*, *Pittsburg Bulletin* and *Harper's Round Table*. An article by Capt. Bemus Pierce with cut of himself, was printed in the *Philadelphia Press*. When we remember that we started with but six old players, the others being subs or altogether new, our record of four games won and four lost is a good one. When we consider too, the very little coaching received, it appears still better. But we are especially proud of the fact that our boys played a clean, gentlemanly game throughout, and showed themselves men of grit, endurance, self-control and brains under the trying conditions of a foot-ball game. The Indian is not dead yet, but alive and able to compete with the world, if allowed to use his God-given faculties. "A fair field and no favor" is all he asks, and he will render a good account of himself, whether in business, music, art, education or athletics. W. R. C.

Mr. Thompson, in his account of the Manhattan game for the *Red Man* will say:
We arrived in New York Wednesday even-

(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

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR.

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

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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.

Santa Claus is beginning to show himself around the hospital. Mrs. Bennett, formerly of the school-farm and now of Bucks County, has remembered the sick with some money to buy books, and those in charge are exceedingly grateful.

The students' Thanksgiving Dinner was a success. Some of them wrote in their home letters that they never had had such a good dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge deserve a great deal of credit for the preparation and that their labor was appreciated was shown by the way the students partook of the repast set before them. Miss Miles, always thoughtful and indefatigable, had so arranged the tables that there was not a mar or jar. Some of the young men who had read the turkey-carving lesson printed in the HELPER two weeks previous profited by it and were not so awkward as usual, while others who did not adhere to the rule of keeping the fork firmly across the breast of the turkey with a strong grasp until the bird was entirely cut up, became somewhat confused and mixed in their carving. There is great art in carving a turkey or a chicken, and the young man who cannot do it, lays himself open to ridicule.

Miss Jessie A. Ackerman, who has been a guest of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt for several weeks, left for the west on Tuesday evening. Miss Ackerman made many friends at the school during her stay, and quite captured the town. Her discourse on the Temperance question, last Sunday afternoon in the Second Presbyterian Church was listened to by a large audience, who gave breathless attention from start to finish to her quiet eloquence in presenting the subject in a new light. In her talks in our Assembly Hall on Saturday evenings she has carried us in imagination with her on her journeyings around the world, although we did not complete the sphere. Her last discourse was on her Trip to the Bottom of the Sea, and Through India by elephant and camel back. This was a dime lecture on Thanksgiving evening given for the benefit of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society, and the large Assembly Hall was filled with townspeople, 600 tickets having been sold. At this meeting she was made a life member of the society.

The Fair and festival given by the King's Daughters on Saturday night for the benefit of the Christmas fund was a brilliant affair not to say unique. The theme was Temperance, and the motto for the evening "We stand for a brave heart, clear brain and steady nerves." There was a grand processional entrance from the hallway into the gymnasium in which all the circles united. Then followed a scene from life. A group of ragged children took a position in the center of the hall and sang There's a shadow on the home, followed by a band of white ribbon girls singing We are coming to the rescue. Their up-lifted hands were daintily joined together with imitation white ribbon as they circled around the little waifs in pretty curves, until a complete circle was formed. Then all marched out, the waifs in the centre as they marched, and sang. Ida Swallow played the piano.

Two conspicuous guests at the festival were Samantha Allen and Josiah (Miss Dora Shaffner as Samantha and Miss Bourassa as Josiah.) The latter wore his new dressing gown which Samantha had made from a lounge cover when they went to Europe. They sang a temperance duett. Both enacted their parts to perfection and greatly amused the large audience gathered in the galleries. The circles then sang "Stand up for prohibition" in a style that meant We intend to vote that ticket when franchise is allowed to women.

The spacious hall was prettily decorated and set off in tables filled with fancy goods and edibles. The Wayside Gleaners served lemonade, cocoa, coffee, nuts and little cakes. A striking feature of this stand was "the old oaken bucket which hung in the well." It was a well of lemonade and said by many to be the best lemonade ever served at any of the sociables. The Lend-a-hand circle served fruit; the Sunshine Scatterers, candies; the What-so-evers dealt out real strawberry ice-cream which went like wild-fire; they also had cake.

Santa Claus will smile when he sees the pennies these combined circles gathered. The Circles unite in thanking Mr. Kensler for his kindness in many ways, and the Wayside Gleaners wish specially to thank Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge for services rendered on their coffee and cocoa.

A special observer said there was much excitement around the old oaken bucket, caused by a part of a lemon in the hands of one of the fair Gleaners falling into this bucket, and in order to prevent serious financial disaster one of the bright Gleaners developed the idea to sell the water in the bucket as lemonade. He said the steaming kettle containing cocoa was sufficient advertisement to dive into one's pocket to procure the necessary ticket to indulge in a cup. O, he said many other things too numerous to mention. The evening was a success, and just the kind of a sociable we all enjoy the most.

Let every subscriber make a Christmas present of the HELPER to a friend! What more could be gotten for ten cents? Then, too, a good cause would be greatly aided at the same time.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:
Wake-up.

Wintry.

Two moons this month!

Three weeks, and then Christmas.

Miss Lida Standing was home for Thanksgiving.

The fire-plugs have donned their winter overcoats.

Teachers' Institute in town this week has brought many visitors to the school.

The band played in the fireman's parade on Thanksgiving Day, at Mt. Holly.

Mrs. W. W. Royston, of Philadelphia was a guest of her sister Miss Silcott, last week.

As we go to press the December entertainment by the Academic Department is preparing.

Miss Richenda Pratt ran up from her school in Philadelphia for a little Thanksgiving vacation.

Who can say that the rising Indian is not teaching his pale-faced brother a few useful lessons?

Miss Shaffner and Miss Ackerman addressed an audience in Mechanicsburg last Tuesday evening.

On Wednesday evening, fourteen of the faculty went to Harrisburg to hear Modjeska, in Mary Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burns and little son Harcourt, of Wilmington, were guests of Mrs. Given this week.

Mrs. Dennison Wheelock arrived from her Minnesota home on Friday last, looking much improved from her trip.

To make some Christmas pennies, solicit HELPER subscriptions. For every ten subscriptions in a jump we will return twenty cents cash.

A small party of cyclists from Washington made the school a visit this week. Some of them were Civil Service representatives, whose names we did not get.

Mrs. N. C. Thompson and son, of Milroy, Pa., were Thanksgiving guests of Professor and Mrs. Bakeless. Master Thompson is attending school at the Chambersburg Academy.

The sisters, Miss Taylor and Mrs. Kling who for several months have served as matron and cook of the teachers' club left this week and Mrs. Sprout of Carlisle has the position of matron.

One of the composers made a sentence about foot-ball read that at the end of the game the "sore" instead of "score" stood 16 to 4. In some instances no doubt the first was a more appropriate word to use.

The "Ladies Violin Quartette" of Chambersburg, composed of Misses Frye, Bietsch, Miller and Euter with Mrs. Cremer, accompanied, favored the school with some of their delightful music Wednesday evening. The solos, duets and quartettes were beautifully rendered and highly appreciated. The "Gum Swamp Debate" between two fictitious negroes in costume, Robert Hamilton and Alex Upshaw, introduced by Annie Lockwood, proved most laughable. The band played several selections, Linnie Thompson sang "Ben Bolt," and thus a pleasant evening was spent.

The Souvenir FREE for ten subscriptions and a 2-cent stamp extra for postage! A nice Christmas present!

Ten subscriptions secures the Souvenir, but two cents extra for postage must accompany the list. The Souvenir will be forwarded for 25 cents cash, post paid. For THIRTY cents, the Souvenir will be sent post paid, with the HELPER for a year, to any address in the United States. This little book contains 60 excellent views of our school.

Frank Cayou gave an interesting talk before the school at the opening exercises on Monday concerning the recent trip to New York. Mr. Spray talked on Cardinal Woolsey and Sir Philip Sidney, at one of the sessions, and Mr. Hendren discussed the necessity of extra clothing for cold weather, in which the faculty joined with profitable suggestions upon the care of the health in cold weather.

The regular Thanksgiving service was carried out in the Assembly Hall on the morning of Thanksgiving day. The platform was prettily decorated with fruits, produce and plants of various kinds. Rev. Mr. Wile was the speaker of the occasion and gave some very excellent lessons in his short address. Capt. Pratt spoke briefly, the band discoursed music and the day was again made memorable.

On Thanksgiving Day the school was privileged to listen to Mr. Robert Tempest, the eminent pianist of Philadelphia. Mr. Tempest is one of the greatest pianists of this age. His touch of the keys made even the souls of the untutored thrill with pleasure. His rendition of classical music was far in advance of the understanding of some, but the music was none the less appreciated especially the popular ones. Mr. Tempest plays 2000 pieces from memory. On Saturday he visited the school again and was greatly interested in all that he saw.

Our stay-at-homes were so elated at the New York victory on Thanksgiving Day that on Friday evening when the team arrived, half the school turned out with the band and the four-horse Herdic without horses. They met the victors at the train in town, piled them into the Herdic and literally dragged them out to the school, while the band played them in, in grand style. Their yell—"Hello! Hellee! Who are we? Hello! Hellee! Who are we? Hello! Hellee! Who are we? INDIANS, C-A-R-L-I-S-L-E!" was repeated time and again with a vim that must have been heard for miles around.

The societies were in full blast last Friday evening when our reporter with guests went the rounds. In the Invincible room Mr. St. Cyr was in the chair and turned off business in a business-like way. Mr. Simon is president of the Standard society. They had under discussion the feasibility of starting a society paper, and voted to do so under the name of *The Standard Panorama*, which no doubt will prove of interest. The debating societies feel grand in their new rooms and look as grand as they feel. In the Susan Longstreth society the question Resolved, That inherited fortune is not a blessing was discussed. Miss Ackerman was present and spoke in favor of being born to struggle. The decision was that inherited fortune is not a blessing. Miss Leila Cornelius presided.

(Continued from the First Page.)

ing reaching our hotel, "The Ashland," about eight o'clock. We were welcomed by its genial proprietor, Mr. Brockaway, who had a most appetizing supper awaiting us. Our meals were served in a separate Dining room, and our wants were well looked after.

On Thursday morning, breakfast was eaten about eight o'clock, after which a visit was made to the Eden Musée where a most interesting time was spent. After lunch, we went to the Y. M. C. A. rooms, which were but half a square away, where our boys donned their jeans.

Promptly at 12:30 both teams left the Association rooms for Manhattan Field. Each team was conveyed to the grounds by a tally-ho.

The drive of an hour and a half, by way of Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Avenues, was a most delightful and interesting one, giving, as it did, a view of the most magnificent dwellings and the greater part of Central Park. On our way we passed Dr. Parkhurst of whom we had read so much.

The game was called at 2:30 in the presence of about 4500 people, about 3000 of whom viewed the game free from a very high viaduct just south of the grounds. Our game, as is always the case, was entirely void of all objectionable features—the highest complimentary remarks for our boys' playing and gentlemanly conduct being heard on all sides.

The game over, we were again conveyed to the Association rooms where shower baths, etc., were indulged in. Then followed a light supper at the hotel.

Seven-thirty that evening again found us at the Y. M. C. A. We attended the prayer meeting after which a most enjoyable musical and literary programme was given. Our boys were welcomed by the many officers and members of the Association and the greatest interest was shown by them; nothing being left undone to make our visit a memorable one.

After this entertainment, the members of both teams and the officers of the Y. M. C. A. adjourned to the spacious banquet hall, where an elegant spread awaited us.

During the evening many toasts were responded to by officers and members of the Association. Among these were Delos Lone Wolf, Wm. Leighton and myself. I described the school and its work.

Delos spoke feelingly of his interest in Y. M. C. A. work. He said he had been urged to stop playing foot-ball as it was not proper for him to be a member of the Y. M. C. A. and to be playing foot-ball. He closed his remarks with these words: "I play foot-ball because I like it; because it has taught me how to control myself as I never could before.

It has strengthened me physically and so helped me in my work for God. We do not put off our Christianity when we go to the foot-ball field. We play not only for the good benefits of the game to us as individuals, but for the advancement and glory of our school."

Wm. Leighton's remarks were well received. His words were to the effect that Indians were the same as other people and should have the same opportunities.

"You notice," he said, "We like what you like; we eat what you eat and we eat just as you eat."

The Physical Director of the Association remarked that their Indian friends by their manly conduct and gentlemanly playing had given them a lesson that would never be forgotten, that if the Y. M. C. A. team played with the same spirit as the Indian team then foot-ball would not only be unobjectionable, but a power for good.

Mr. McBurney, one of the first officers engaged in Association work, gave the closing remarks. He said that in the early days of association work if foot-ball or other athletics were mentioned to the Board of Directors, they would have expected every one to go to perdition. We have advanced but we are none the less conservative. That foot-ball can be played by Godly men has been shown by our Indian friends to-day and we can not fail to profit by their example.

At 12:30 our boys retired for a well earned rest. Early Friday morning after checking our baggage, we called upon Mr. Wasson of the *New York Tribune*, who was present at our Commencement last February. Through his kindness and by him personally we were shown through every department of that great paper and were given mementos run off by their wonderful type-setting machines.

Our next visit was to the great Brooklyn bridge, over which we walked.

On our return, we visited one of the largest and most important engine and truck houses of the New York Fire Department. Here the horses were turned out and hitched up for us, and every detail of the great work of life and property saving and the various apparatus used fully explained to us. Our next visit was to the great operating rooms and offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Through the courtesy of the Assistant Superintendent, we were shown through one of the operating rooms, where we saw over a thousand operators at work—sending and receiving messages from all parts of the world.

The different kinds of machines and their uses, the wonderful pneumatic tubes, through which packages were forced for miles and, as it appeared to us, almost in the twinkling of an eye—all these were explained to us.

After satisfying a well earned appetite, we took the train at two o'clock for Carlisle.

All returned to school having had a most enjoyable and profitable trip.

Enigma.

I am made of seven letters.

My 7, 6, 4 is the song of a cat.

My 7, 3, 5 is to look into closely.

My 1, 2, 7 is the way some Englishmen pronounce up.

My whole is what an Indian must do if he wants to accomplish much.