

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI.

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NO. 8

THANKSGIVING DAY.

HOW shall we keep Thanksgiving Day?
With hearts that own God's love alway;
That take his gifts, and trust his care,
And find his goodness everywhere;
That put away the petty ill,
And sweetness even from grief distil;
That count the joys, and find them dear,
And reap the blessings of the year.

With clearer eyes for waiting needs,
And swifter hands for loving deeds;
With readier steps for ministering,
And gentler lips for comforting;
With hands that friend and kindred clasp
In warm and leal and tender grasp
With lives each gift of love that take,
And blithely use, for love's dear sake.

So will we keep Thanksgiving Day,
With joy, as God's dear children may;
With happy feast, and fire-lit hearth,
With love, and peace, and friendly mirth;
With generous gift, and tender speech,
And hearts that to all hearts outreach;
So let it leave for common days
The seeds of joy and love and praise!
OLIVE E. DANA, in
Every Other Sunday.

HE COULD NOT CARVE A TURKEY.

"How do you carve a turkey, anyhow?" asked Tim as he entered with the line of boys the large dining-hall on last Thanksgiving Day.

Sixty fine roast turkeys lay on their backs with legs in air waiting for the carving knife, and our friend Tim knew that he was elected to carve one, as he sat at the head of one of the tables.

"That's no trick," replied Major, as one of the boys was called. "Don't I remember my first attack upon a roast turkey, though? Ha, ha, ha; it makes me smile audibly now to think of my embarrassment; but I did not smile at the time, I can tell you."

"What were the circumstances?" asked Tim.

"Circumstances! Why, I was the invited guest of a lot of young ladies on a Thanksgiving day not many years ago. There was not a soul in the house to carve the turkey but me. I really believe those girls invited me for a tease, and you should have seen the

suppressed smiles that covered their mischievous faces as I hacked away at the thing. I tried to hit the joints, but could not, and I thought the bird, dead as it was, would fly all over the table before I could get each one of the young ladies a respectable piece for their plates. It fairly makes me perspire to go through with that experience again even in



A CLASS OF LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS AT CARLISLE.

mind," continued Major as the two chums sat down together.

"How did you begin, I'd like to know?" asked Tim after grace had been said and the conversation resumed.

"Begin? I began all over. There is no use talking, I made a fool of myself, and didn't I hate myself when I went home that night? But look here, it is time for YOU to begin or we shall not get any of that turkey," exclaimed Major.

"I tell you I don't know how. And look over there at those girls; they're watchin' a fellow for all he is worth."

"Pshaw! That's nothing! You can't learn younger, and I've found out a few points on carving turkeys, you had better believe, since that memorial Thanksgiving dinner."

"Then you are just the one to carve this

(Continued on Last 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.

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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.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

A nice letter from Gertrude Renfrew tells of her safe arrival home, and she longs to be back at Carlisle.

The HELPER is finding new friends this winter. Remember, if it is impossible to get ten subscriptions and thus secure the beautiful Souvenir containing sixty views of the school, we give a picture for the school-room wall for each single subscription up to five, if a one-cent stamp extra for postage accompanies the name.

A Lancaster subscriber adds this Postscript to his letter conveying a number of subscriptions: "I would like to say that I think the INDIAN HELPER is the most instructive and interesting little paper I have ever read, and I am sure that if any one who has not read it only knew what an interesting paper it is they would subscribe at once."

Charles Dagenett, class '91, now of the Chillico, Oklahoma School employe force, has arrived at the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, to take charge of the Indian exhibit for a month. He says "The Indian exhibit is very creditable and attracts much attention." He also says: "I have a great many questions to answer and some of them are very absurd. For instance, a lady after looking over the photographs and work exclaimed: 'Why they look just like we do,' meaning the whites. I was on Midway and saw Col. Jordan, and had the pleasure of hearing him give a lecture on the 'Wild man of the Plains,' as he called the Indians.

* * * * * He has in big red letters on canvas APPROVED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. He takes Barnes' theory and tells his hearers 'This is a exact scene of Indian life on the plains such as you will see on Indian reservations to-day.'

I had a little talk with the Colonel and pretended to be very ignorant of the Red Man.

* * * * * His show is doing much to counteract the good that is being done by the civilized exhibit. Dr. D. L. Moody is holding very successful meetings here, and I enjoy attending them."

Through the kindly efforts of Miss Bowersox, the King's Daughters of our school were represented at the Y. W. C. A. Convention held at Bloomsburg, last week. Miss Bowersox claims that it was through the kindness of Miss Boginrief of the State Normal School and Miss Dunn, State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. that the privilege was granted. Those in attendance besides Miss Bowersox, were Misses Rose Bourassa, Ida Wasee, Annie Lockwood and Martha Sickles. Two of the young ladies were sent as delegates from the four Circles of the school. At the meeting on Saturday afternoon, Misses Bourassa, Wasee and Lockwood spoke briefly of the work of our school. While the work of the Y. W. C. A. is entirely different in its scope from the King's Daughters' work yet many helpful ideas were obtained especially in the systematic Bible study. "The spiritual power and earnestness manifested in all the exercises gave to us new inspiration and courage," said one of the party. The warmest thanks are due Dr. Welsh, Principal of the Normal and to Misses Carter, Brown, Drum and Trivaskiss for their kind entertainment. It was a treat to visit the school, said the girls, as well as to attend the Convention. Miss Ida says our work seems small in comparison to the work done elsewhere for the uplifting of mankind. A meeting was held in the Girls' Quarters for the purpose of imparting some of the spirit gained at the Convention. At this meeting Misses Bourassa, Wasee and Lockwood spoke. They seemed wonderfully impressed with the loving cordiality of their Normal School sisters.

That the spirit of progress and development which has characterized the Carlisle Indian school from its inception is not dead was manifest to the friends who last night attended the exercises formally opening the new gymnasium annex.

The exercises incident to the dedication of this new building were arranged and provided for by the members of the various societies, and it is worthy of note that they not only did the work but paid the expenses incident thereto.—[*Carlisle Evening Sentinel*.]

Among the invited guests present at the Dedication Exercises last Friday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Mason D. Pratt, of Steelton; Hon. R. M. Henderson, Judge E. W. Biddle, and Mrs. Biddle, Rev. H. B. Wile, Prof. L. F. Bower, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Stevick, Mr. David Thompson of the *Sentinel* staff, and Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Watts, Miss Rebecca Henderson, Dr. Diven, Mr. and Mrs. Beitzel, Mr. Fiske Goodyear, Miss Barbour, Miss Helen Beattie, Miss Katherine Jane Wiest and several Metzger College students, a number of Dickinson College students, Miss Anthony, and Mrs. Worthington, all of Carlisle.

The distinguishing feature of the exercises was the processional entrance by the band and societies. There were refreshments and toasts, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening throughout. The addresses, which were most happy and appropriate, will be given in the November *Red Man*. Judge Henderson made the most thrilling speech of the evening in response to "My Neighbors;" Judge Biddle, Prof. Bower and others responded.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The trolley.

New moon.

I prefer wing, please.

EVERYBODY subscribe!

A little coolness from the northwest.

Remember the pedestrians have first right to the walks.

Mr. Snyder spent Sunday at his home in Lock Haven.

The HELPER makes a nice little prize for school work.

The HELPER makes a cheery little Christmas present.

We shall be able to bicycle ride most of the winter on our fine walks.

Mr. Standing took a business run to Bucks County one day this week.

"My nose inside sick," writes one of the country girls in explaining her state of health.

Capt Pratt, Miss Ackerman and Miss Rosenberg took Sunday dinner with the Indian pupils.

Prof. Bakeless' brother, Mr. Newton Bakeless, of Reno, Nevada, was his guest for a day this week.

Mrs. Walter Beall and friends from a distance were out from town doing the school yesterday.

"May I have a labor dress?" is the way one of the Indian girls asked for an everyday dress to work in.

THE HELPER is not a children's paper, specially. It is a LETTER kept letter size, for busy people, who wish to keep posted on the news of our school.

Every resident of Carlisle should take the HELPER. How else can they know what is going on at the largest Indian school in the United States—their very next door neighbor?

Miss Macey has gone to her home in Green Bay, Wisconsin. In the six weeks she was with us she endeared herself to many, whose well-wishes will go with her in all her journeying.

Some of us thought there was a fire when we saw boys running to the fire-engine room yesterday morning, but they were only getting "Uncle Sam" out so John Leslie could photograph him.

"We will give your boys a royal welcome when they come," says a member of the York foot-ball team in a business letter. We go to press to early too give the result of the game at York, this week.

The Thanksgiving Day game will be played with the New York Y. M. C. A. on Manhattan Field. So far, this is the only big game scheduled for the day in that city and will likely attract a large crowd.

On the last page an unruly "t" slipped in where a "b" should be, making the Thanksgiving turkey have a breast-tone instead of a breast-bone. The error only occurs in a couple of thousand papers.

Miss Ackerman's talk last Saturday night on personal experiences in New Zealand, Tasmania and Australia kept her audience spell-bound from start to finish. We get a better idea of those countries by listening to one such lecture than by reading pages and pages of travels.

Rev. James Mead, of the P. E. Church, Chambersburg, called on Miss Hill, a former Chambersburger, Sunday afternoon. He was Rev. Mr. McMillan's supply at the St. John's church of Carlisle on that day.

Miss Shaffner was the recipient of a small Icelandic flag this week. It is of sky-blue bunting in the center of which is the national bird—the falcon. She says the blue of the flag is the exact tint of the Icelandic skies.

A fine crayon portrait of Florence Nightingale, done by Daniel Huntington, has been added to the number of great women's pictures adorning the walls of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society room.

Benjamin Caswell, class '92, is at the Fort Belknap Boarding School, Montana, as Assistant teacher. He says he is with our foot-ball boys in spirit when he hears of their success. He sees James Perry, Peter Camp and Daniel S. Bear now and then. "The first two are herding cattle for the agent. James is looking a great deal better than when he left last spring."

Mrs. Kling spent Sunday with friends up the valley. Some one whispered in the ear of the Man-on-the-band-stand that if he had taken a peep into the Teachers' Club kitchen he would have seen Carrie Cornelius working faithfully trying to fill Mrs. Kling's place as cook. The same voice said; "I don't think half of the members of the club knew that Carrie was chief cook on Sunday. She is one of the girls that are worth having around, and I must say she will make a first class cook some of these days."

Our eleven met with defeat last Saturday at Lewisburg in the game with Bucknell. The team was minus McOxen at full and to this and the general slowness and lack of team work may be attributed the defeat. In the first half Bucknell made 3 touch-downs from which goals were kicked making the score 18 to 0. In second half our boys braced up a little and kept the ball in Bucknell's territory. Jamison made our only touch-down on a criss cross, but Pierce failed to kick the goal which was a difficult one, making the score 18 to 4. Mr. Claudy accompanied the team and umpired.

"MY TRIP TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA" is the topic, of a dime lecture to be given on Thanksgiving Evening in the school Assembly Hall, by Miss Ackerman, for the benefit of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society. No compliments! The hall should be crowded, for it certainly will be an intensely interesting lecture. Where Miss Ackerman has not been is not worth going. She donned a divers' suit and went down to the bottom of the sea. It will be worth ten times ten cents to hear her tell of this wonderful adventure. Miss Ackerman will also relate some stories of her travels through India on elephant and camel back.

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 and Canada.

one. Here, I will resign in your favor," said Tim attempting to rise.

"No, you don't. Go ahead! Here take the fork this way, and stick it firmly across the breast bone of the turkey."

And suiting the action to the word Major thrust the fork astride the breast-bone into the meat as far as it would go.

"I see," said Tim taking new courage and rising to the occasion.

"Now take hold of that, and you have a firm handle. Don't take the fork out of that place until the entire turkey is carved. That's the secret, and the only secret. Now begin on the joints. Cut off the wings, then the legs, hit the joints every time! Ah, you have done that finely," continued Major as one after the other fell from the side. "Now take your knife and shave the breast in thin slices, then the rest of the bird; now chop into it with your knife; there the filling rolls out and doesn't it smell good?"

"Should a fellow stand up as he carves?"

"Yes; that is all right if you cannot manage it sitting. Many gentlemen stand, some sit, but in a place like this, I'd stand every time."

"Well, if that is the case, I am done. Pass the plates and I'll help those who in this instance cannot help themselves. It is not such a terrible ordeal after all, and I see the main secret is to keep the fork in one place all the time."

A SONG OF THE TURKEY.

I sing the song of turkey—
Of turkey roasted brown;
I care not for his beauty,
Though fit to grace a crown.

I sing how sweet his juices,
How tender is his breast,
And how for human uses
He's just the very best.

His plumage is the brightest,
But that's a minor point;
I who can praise the highest,
Have ate his second joint.

And sniffed the pungent flavors,
That ooze from out his sides,
Of thyme and kindred savors
That with such cheer abides.

Let poets sing of warblers,
Among the forests heard;
For me the dear old gobbler's
The true Thanksgiving bird.

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

There was a time when Thanksgiving Day meant more than it does now, at least in New England.

It was the one great, jolly day when everybody felt young, and the fireside circle was always large.

Christmas has come in to draw off from the old observance of this joyous occasion.

Still, there is enough left of Thanksgiving Day to make us feel that if we were to lose it entirely there would go out of our lives something altogether happy and helpful.

Gratitude to Heavenly Father, remembrance of those who are in trouble, and renewed loyalty to our beloved land should fill our thoughts on Thanksgiving Day.—[*Every Other Sunday*].

CURIOUS ENOUGH TO RELATE.

Not long ago there was a welcome visitor at our school. A visitor of more than usual experience in school affairs, and one who has made a study of the Indian question.

On one occasion, as a member of our faculty was passing, the visitor's attention was called by the person at her side saying:

"Now there is a person most enthusiastic in her work."

"Enthusiastic!" exclaimed the visitor. "I haven't TIME to be enthusiastic. Why the greatness of this thing so looms up before me that it is overwhelming, and requires all my thoughts and powers to meet the issues."

The visitor has traveled much and has at her tongue's end well digested thoughts and conclusions upon school matters, while in a thoughtful, quiet way she is carrying a heavy load as principal teacher in a great educational institution.

A WISE COURSE.

Is it not a wise course to adopt that method of advancement that takes from us the mark that separates us from the best people of our country?

What is that mark?

Are we marked because we are people of another race?

We are marked more, because of ignorance. But it is a fact that to be ignorant and an Indian seems to be more of a stigma than to be ignorant and a white man.

Let us get out of that condition and have it said of us as INDIVIDUALS:

"Yes, he is an Indian, but he is a CAPABLE MAN."

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.
My 7, 8, 12 is an old fashioned vehicle.
The boys and girls assembled, sometimes make a 13, 10, 11.
My 4, 3, 15 is one way of saying No.
Tanners put leather in my 9, 14, 1.
My 6, 2, 14, 11, 5 is a part of the leg.
My whole is what is pretty sure to come upon the Carlisle Indian School before next publication day.