

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1896.

NO. 6

A COMMONPLACE LIFE.

A COMMONPLACE life, we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
The flower that blooms and the bird that sings,
But sad were the world, and dark our lot,
If flowers failed, and the sun shone not;
And God, who sees each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

ISN'T THIS LIKE THE DOCTOR?

Everybody knows or ought to know Dr. Montezuma.

He is an Apache Indian.

Although he never attended Carlisle school as a student, he was here as our school physician not long after he graduated from the Chicago Medical College.

And Dr. Montezuma is one of the greatest living exponents of the Carlisle idea in existence.

He has not been with his people since he was a mere boy, and what is he now? A man among men, practicing his profession along with hundreds of his white brothers in the great city of Chicago.

"Hurrah! for the Carlisle Football Team!" says the Doctor by recent letter.

"The Western people are more than surprised to see the Redskins break the scores.

"The other day I heard a gentleman say: 'I'd like to see them play in Chicago.'

"Get ready! Chicago will welcome you next year.

If the people will let ALL of us Indians loose in the East we shall compete with them not only in football, but in everything.

This is the only true solution of the Indian problem, which has been a criminal expense to the Government.

"If football will open the gate into civilization, I am in favor of football.

From your Apache friend on the warpath for civilization.
CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY INDIAN GAME.

SIX INCHES FROM GOAL, BUT LOST.

Brief extracts from what the papers have kindly said about our boys playing in the great game of last Saturday at Philadelphia in which the Indians were defeated 21 to 0 will

close out the *Red Man* account of games with "The Big Four" which is going in type as fast as the Indian printer boys can pick them up. (Mailed next week.)

From all accounts the Indian Eleven did not play football on Saturday, in the first 40 minutes of the game. It is said by one who has witnessed all their playing this year, that Saturday's exhibition was the poorest display of skill they have given anywhere.

For the period mentioned they seemed to be in a trance, and the University team plowed through and sailed around our line in a way that was bewildering.

FULL BACK,
JONAS METOXEN
ONEIDA TRIBE.

Something was the matter, but what? Shelafo, Seneca, Rogers and Smith took the places of Hudson, McFarland, Miller and Jamison, but it was not until the latter part of

(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.

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Miss Marianna 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.

An old residenter at the Carlisle School has but to go back in memory a few years when the speakers in our monthly school exhibitions mounted a rostrum, bare, cheerless and lonely in its lack of appointments, to appreciate the work of art in stage effect now produced at these popular entertainments by a very few simple appliances and a little æsthetic interest in the work.

The platform, now-a-days, at these exhibitions is draped in flags, cheese-cloth of various colors and borrowed portieres. Pretty throws adorn the corners of the large portraits or landscape views which stand on easels in this nook and that corner; ornamented stands with vases, upholstered chairs, Turkish rugs, potted plants and blooming flowers all of which are contributed from the private rooms of various teachers, make a natural and homelike scene.

There are electric footlights, invisible most of the time but very serviceable when living statuary and tableaux of historic scenes are represented. With the turn of a small lever, the strip of floor in front of the platform on which the row of bulbs is fastened and which in common is level with the rest of the floor, lifts, and the lights, covered with tinted tissue paper, cast a rich pink, yellow or other desired glow over the picture, which adds more than one can imagine to the artistic effect. Professor Bakeless thoroughly believes that only pictures of artistic merit should be placed before the scrutinizing gaze of youthful eyes; and the Professor is right.

The mythological group, as presented last Thursday night was very fine. There were a number of good things during the evening. One of the best speakers was Thomas Walker, of No. 2. He enunciated clearly without that strained stage pitch so common to the white boy orator of the country school. Frank Cayou surprised everybody with a solo. But a very few knew that he possessed such a rich, true voice. In fine baritone, he rendered "Yearnings," by Rubenstein, in a manner that showed study and cultivation; the song was enthusiastically encored.

The five little fellows from No. 4, who told the history of a seed, and had the seed, the vine, the pumpkin and the pie to show, did it

well, and after the exhibition the Man-on-the-band-stand, peeping into Miss Peter's room, saw as interesting a scene as the one on the platform. There were the same little four, energetically devouring the pie.

Everything on the program was good with the exception of two partial failures from boys whom the Man-on-the-band-stand thought might have done better had they studied a little harder to prepare themselves.

Orders for the football Number of the "Red Man" are coming in. (Mailed next week.) We are selecting the cream from all of the accounts of the games with the "Big Four"—Princeton, Harvard, Yale and Pennsylvania University, which make an aggregate of splendid sayings about the game in general and about the Indians' playing in particular. Single copy 5 cents. "The Red Man" will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for fifty cents a year. It is a digest or summary of all Indian news and should be taken by every one interested in the Red Man as a man.

President Reed announced in chapel this morning that in the examination for the prizes offered annually to students passing the best examination in the studies preparatory to entrance in the classical and Latin scientific courses, the faculty had awarded the Reed prize to M. Mosser Smyser, and that the Dare prize had been divided between B Spahr and Thomas Marshall.—[Carlisle Daily Herald.

Thomas will be recognized as one of our Indians boys.

That's right! The souvenir is now in demand by our 5,000 new subscribers and some others. The easiest and cheapest way of visiting our school is to send us TEN new subscriptions and two cents extra to pay postage; then we will forward you, FREE the souvenir containing 60 most excellent views of the school. The pictures show interior and exterior views of the main buildings, the graduating classes except '96, and a host of interesting things. Cash price, 25 cents, post paid.

Robert Tempest, the great pianist of Philadelphia, whom we as a school had the pleasure of hearing some time since, ends a business letter this week in these words: "I took dinner with Mr. Deming, who painted the famous Indian pictures now on exhibition at Earle's, last Sunday week. He speaks beautifully of the Indian character and says that 'sincerity' is one of their great characteristics."

Professor Kinnear, who is now in San Francisco, closes a business letter thus happily, which shows he is feeling lively since election: "I lived in the East; I lived in the West; I lived in 'Pennsylvania'; I lived six months in an Indian camp; And didn't get scalped hardly any; (And we all sang 'Three Blind Mice.')

"Books, Books, Books," is what Professor Bakeless said when asked what was needed by the Academic Department now more than anything else. "We need in our library histories of education for the use of pupil teachers," he continued; "Stories on Greek, Roman and Medieval history for pupils of third, fourth and fifth grades. We need books on science, like Buckley's Fairy Land of Science, Winners in Life's Race, etc."

Storm doors.

"King Cotton" is one of the favorite pieces played by the band just now.

Which one of the football boys is so very fond of olive oil? Or, was it a mistake?

Snow? Did it snow? Yes, quite a little bit on Sunday, the first of the season here.

Foreman Gansworth of the printing office has a new wheel, and he more than sails around at times.

In the absence of the bandleader last Thursday night James Wheelock played the baton quite gracefully and effectively.

"Put down that window, my nose gettin' shut up," is a new way of hinting that there is danger of taking cold in a draft.

Captain, Miss Nana, Mr. StCyr and between thirty and forty others went to Philadelphia, on Saturday, to see the game.

Dr. Daniel, looking well and rested, has returned after a month's leave, wherein he visited friends and relatives in the south.

Apples by the car-load! 164 barrels came from New York this week. The pupils are wondering if they are intended for them.

The little girls of 13 sang better than the boys in their pretty little song last Thursday night. Why? The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders.

Miss Ericson gave a very interesting talk on Russia and the peasant life there, before the Susan Longstreth Literary Society last Friday evening.

Clear, concise condensed and true, is what the HELPER is to you.

Pass it on and always say:

"We want your name and don't say nay."

"The Pathfinder," of Washington, is getting quite a circulation among our pupils. They can't take a better paper for condensed news of the world.

Ida Swallow's piano solo—"Dancing Stars," last Thursday night was one of those sweet melodies pleasing to the uncultivated ear as well as to the cultured.

At the Teachers' Meeting tomorrow, the discussion will be upon Language and Language teaching. "Wind and Rain," in Guyot's "Earth and Man," will be studied.

The half-tone plate of the Indian Football Team has just arrived and will be printed in the November "Red Man." Names, tribes and positions on the field will be given.

Alberta Gansworth has returned from her New York home after a rest from school for several months in which she has grown strong and well. Her many friends welcome her back to school.

No. 4 did a very neat piece of constructive drawing and pattern making during the week. The model of a tin-cup was planned in "oak tag," cut and pasted. It was well done, and shows skill.

The careful of sloyd work occupies a conspicuous place among the stage decorations at the monthly school exhibitions, and it is always an attractive feature. Book-racks, wooden spoons, pretty brackets and whatnots were among the collection last Thursday night.

That was a kindly stroke on the part of one of our boys who took his five dollars from bank to send home to help father and mother instead of spending it on a Philadelphia ticket to take him to see the great game, which he wanted badly enough to see.

In her explanation of one of the tableaux last Thursday night, Miss Merriman gave a forcible example of clear enunciation without strain of voice. Let the future speakers remember and try to do likewise when they come before an audience of eager listeners.

Take so many papers that you have no time to read the HELPER? Why that is just the reason we keep the paper small. You have the news of the largest Indian School in the United States in such a condensed form that it can be read in a very little while, and all for 10 cents a year.

Joseph A. Morrison says in a recent letter: "I have been working in a reservation store for nearly two years and now I am trying myself outside. I am working in a store, getting 40 dollars a month." "That's good," says the Man-on-the-band-stand. "Who'll be the next to leave the reservation for honest employment outside?"

As this is the week of prayer for all young men, our Young Men's Christian Association has been holding meetings every evening, with a very good attendance. Several from Dickinson College have come out to speak to the boys, and have been listened to with marked attention.

The hospital folks are very grateful to friends for gifts of games for the use of their convalescents. Games are always acceptable at the hospital, as so many have to be thrown away after they have been used by tuberculosis patients, or others with diseases from which there is the slightest danger of contagion.

If each of our 11,000 subscribers would select JUST ONE friend who should know more about the Indians than he does, and order us to send him or her the HELPER a year for a CHRISTMAS present, what a grand stroke it would be! Do it right away so we may get the name on the galley in good season.

The talks before the school this week at the opening exercises have been: "Duties of the President of the United States," Miss Weekley; "Silk fabrics and their manufacture," Miss Cochran; "Helen Kellar as a Harvard student," Miss Nellie Robertson; "The Freeville Summer Republic for the children from the Poorer Classes of New York," Miss Bourassa.

Mr. Brock, former teacher of penmanship, in the Edinboro, Pa. State Normal School, is giving instruction in vertical penmanship to a class of sixteen teachers and employees and pupils. The reporter of course knows all about it when he says that "strenuous efforts have been made to convert the Man-on-the-band-stand, but alas, he is too closely wedded to his Assyrian hieroglyphics to survive the shock of the change." The fact is, the M.O.T. B. S. highly approves of anything that will improve or make legible the writing of some who send copy to the Printing-office, over which the devils have to work as hard as most people do over a Chinese puzzle.

(Continued From First Page.)

the second half that Capt. Pierce and his boys seemed to rally to the occasion.

In the last ten minutes, it is conceded by all the papers and every one present that the Indians outplayed their University opponents, and had an end play been used at the right time when the Indians were in possession of the ball within six inches of the goal line a touchdown could not have been prevented.

But there is always a big "IF" in the way. It was a costly state of mind—that experienced by our boys in the first part of the game.

Why didn't they play at first as they did in the latter part of the game? Then the great team from which we wanted great gains could not have beaten the Indians.

It cannot be said that Pennsylvania played as clean a game as Harvard, or Yale. In fact, they took advantage as often as opportunity permitted, and they were coached through the whole game.

After the Indians rallied they became invincible, but it was too late.

The Philadelphia Press says:

"Suddenly there came a change in the howling, shrieking, color-waving masses in the stands. The wily aborigines had led the pale-faced bucks into an ambush, and as minute succeeded minute it looked as though a slaughter like unto that of Braddock's men over a hundred years ago was about to be witnessed. Gain after gain was made by the Indians. They squirmed and wriggled along the ground like eels, plunged into the line of the Red and Blue like mermaids, crashed into them with the force of colliding engines on a down grade, and struggled for each inch of ground as desperately as ever their forefathers did centuries ago.

For a time it looked as though nothing could stop them. The Pennsylvania line was a sieve through which they poured, and as one chalk line after another was left in the rear a hush fell over the crowd. Nearer and nearer the line the egg-shaped, harmless-looking missile was taken, and almost before the spectators knew only one yard of ground was between their assailants and the much coveted touchdown. Right here, though, Captain Wharton and Aide de Camp Minds rallied their forces, a brief council of war was held while one of the bruised combatants was getting his armor repaired. Then the final rally was made. One, twice, thrice, the Indians bombarded their white foes. Each time the ball was so close to the goal line that only when the men were untangled from the pile could the location of the ball be determined. Each time it was less than a foot from the line, the last time just six inches.

That gave the ball to Pennsylvania, but time was up for the half, and the game was over, the final ten minutes of play being as grand, as superb an exhibition as has ever been witnessed. The hero of it all was Metox-

en, a small, broad-shouldered, sturdy-built red skin who nearly put the entire forces of Pennsylvania to rout. The nervous tension on the crowd in the last two minutes was something awful, a silence such as once reigned over the spot when it was a primeval forest fell over all."

Great credit is due our substitutes for their good work, and taking the contest all in all it has been pronounced by prominent experts as one of the greatest games of recent years.

BICYCLE vs LIQUOR.

How often we hear the subject of "The bicycle as the cause of such hard times" discussed and rediscussed. One hundred million dollars annually spent for bicycles is a large sum, surely, but is it not a case of "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel?" One hundred million dollars MONTHLY is the liquor bill of this country, direct cost, and add to this the cost of taking care of the produce of the traffic, criminals, paupers, insane, etc., and we have the cost not less than one billion, eight hundred million dollars MONTHLY. A snug little sum only eighteen times as large as the cost of bicycles. If the money spent for bicycles makes hard times, how about the money spent for liquor?—[Dr. GILBERT SHEPARD in the Rush Light.

Arthur Twostrikes, one of the Sioux pupils who landed at Carlisle with the first party, over seventeen years ago, is now assistant farmer at Rosebud Agency, S Dakota. He is married and has two little girls. He often thinks of his old school days with pleasure, and hopes to visit Carlisle sometime in the future. Arthur will be a welcome guest when he comes.

Too busy to renew? Your name, address, and the word "Renew" is all there is to it. We will do the rest, provided we find the required 10 cents enclosed. Five 2-cent stamps carry better than a dime, but if the latter be wrapped well it will carry safely.

Enigma.

I am made of 8 letters.

Some men prefer to drink my 6, 5, 2, to water.

Every boy will grow to be my 7, 8, 4 if he lives long enough.

A good 4, 1, 7, 3, is better than riches.

My whole is what I am, and what many of my friends try to find out.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA; Philadelphia.