

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1896.

NO.

THANKFUL FOR THANKSGIVING.

GOOD-MORNING. Old Thanksgiving!
How do you do today?
I'm very glad to see you;
I wish you'd come and stay.
We children love you dearly;
And grown folk oft declare
They could not do without you—
You're welcome every where.

And now, Thanksgiving dinner—
Hurrah! the turkey brown,
Plum-pudding and mince-pie in
My thankful list put down;
And all the other dainties
That crowd the pantry shelf,
And don't forget, Thanksgiving,
I'm thankful for YOURSELF.
—M. THAYER ROUSE.

THE TURKEY'S LAMENT.

I WISH I was a little mouse,
I do not care how tiny;
I wish I was a little cloud,
I would not care how murky.
I wish I was a horse, a cow,
A katydid, so shiny;
Oh, anything this time of year
Except a healthy turkey!

THANKSGIVING DAY.

"What is Thanksgiving Day, anyhow?"
one of our Indian girls may have asked.

"Why, don't you know? Thanksgiving day
is a national holiday," one who was listening
may have replied.

"Is it like Christmas?"

"No. Christmas and some other holidays
are celebrated by many nations, but in no
other great nation besides the United States
is a day set apart to give thanks for general
prosperity and blessings."

"How do the people know when the day
comes?"

"O, the President at Washington sends out
word to the Governors of the States each year
recommending that a certain day about this
time be set apart for general Thanksgiving,
and then the Governor of each State issues his
proclamation."

"His what?"

"His proclamation. Don't you know what
a proclamation is?"

"No, not exactly."

"Well, a proclamation is a notice, an official
notice or a sort of general letter that is printed
for everybody to read."

"Oh!"

"The Governor's proclamation, the same as
the President's proclamation asks the people
to meet together in their accustomed places
of worship and give thanks to the Giver of
every good and perfect gift for His bounteous
returns that have rewarded the people of our
great land."

"Does everybody have to do it!"

"Oh, no. Nobody is compelled to give
thanks. The President even does not have to
send out notice to the Governors, and the
Governors are not obliged to pay any atten-
tion to the President's proclamation, and the
people do not HAVE to pay any attention to
the Governor's proclamation, but the Presi-
dent never fails to do this thing, and the Gov-
ernors never fail to listen to the President's
advice and the people are generally glad to
observe the holiday."

"What makes people eat so much on Thanks-
giving day?"

"Oh, that is one way they have of showing
their thanks and of rejoicing. It is a great
day for enjoyment of every kind as well as of
church going. Thanksgiving day is a great
home gathering day. Brothers and sisters
try, when possible, to gather around the home
board."

"Some boys call it 'Football day'. Did you
ever hear it called that?"

"No, only by thoughtless young people;
but, it is a fact that Thanksgiving Day is a
big football day. University and college
teams meet on that day for their last struggle
for name and fame."

"A girl said the other day that SHE did not
have anything to be thankful for."

(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 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.

Cincinnati University and the Carlisle Indian Football Teams Meet.

On last Saturday afternoon our boys played the Cincinnati University, and won by a score of 28 to 0. There was an immense crowd in attendance and the Cincinnati Dailies devoted many columns to illustrations and descriptions of the various plays. The home team received high encomiums for their excellent playing and the Indians were fully appreciated. Their treatment by the University and by the citizens of Cincinnati was all that could possibly be desired.

One of the company gave the following in reply to questions galore:



Left end,
JACOB JAMISON,
Seneca tribe.

On our arrival on Friday night the athletic committee of the University was waiting to take us in charge. There were hundreds of people at the station to greet us, and we were taken to the Gibson House in carriages, accompanied by the athletic committee. At the hotel other hundreds were waiting to shake hands and talk with the Indians. Before retiring we had met and conversed with many of the prominent citizens of Cincinnati.

On Saturday morning we visited Fort Thomas and were received most cordially by the officers and men. We were escorted through the buildings and witnessed the inspection of troops; saw

guard mount and afterwards enjoyed a band concert.

What of the game?

The Cincinnati team played well, and it was hard work to keep them from scoring. Lieut. Benjamin Poore was Referee and Mr. Edward McFadden of Columbus, Ohio, was the umpire. Both of these gentlemen gave the greatest satisfaction.

After the game we were again taken in hand by the University, and in the evening treated to Sol Smith Russell's fine acting in "A Bachelor's Romance" which we viewed from private boxes.

On Sunday morning we went to church, and on Sunday afternoon accompanied by some of the Faculty of the University and the athletic committee, both teams enjoyed a delightful ride through the splendid suburbs of Cincinnati.

Just before supper we were given an exhibition of the X-rays in the Y. M. C. A. hall, many of our boys seeing for the first time their own bones—one exclaiming, "It's a fright."

The time for our departure at hand, we were escorted to the station by the committee and C. U. team and with the best wishes of our hosts ringing in our ears, bade good-bye to Cincinnati.

Our reception, the pleasures given to us while there, and the manner in which all our wants were anticipated will long remain fresh in our memories. We cannot thank our western brothers enough for their many kindnesses.

Life at a Western Indian Training School is very well illustrated in the little Souvenir published by Charles Dagenett, of the Chilocco Industrial School, Oklahoma. The booklet will be sent to any address in the United States, post paid, for twenty-five (25) cents. Address Charles E. Dagenett, Chilocco, via., Arkansas City, Kansas. The Chilocco School is one of the best Government Schools of the west. They number 417 Indian pupils at present; they have two very good literary societies, and are wide awake and prosperous.

Morgan Toprock, ex-Apache pupil, is tailor at the Ft. Lewis Indian School, Colorado. The Man-on-the-band-stand congratulates him on his ability to hold such a position, but the old man will be better pleased when Morgan finds a good place outside of the Indian service, as his Apache friends Dr. Montezuma, of Chicago, and Jason Betzinez, who is at work with an army of men in the great Steelton iron works this State, have done; to say nothing of his friend Antonio Apache (now a student at Exeter), who has been battling in the East for some years earning his way toward a profession. We'll have an Apache President some of these days. Just wait!

Who is the girl that cleans a room very nicely but never looks up to see the cobwebs? Doesn't she know that "Where cobwebs grow there comes no beau?" There is a certain cobweb that the Man-on-the-band-stand has had his eye on for three weeks watching for a wide-awake house keeper to take it down. It is in a room not used for living purposes, but which is supposed to be thoroughly cleaned by an Indian girl every week. Where is that cobweb?

Mrs. Thompson has returned from a little visit north

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt spent Saturday and Sunday in Washington D. C.

Work for Teachers' Meeting: "History in the Successive Grades;" "Winds of Globe."

The football number of the "Red Man" will be sent postpaid for ONE new subscription for the HELPER.

Report from the Academic Department comes that the pupil teachers are working hard and are making very creditable efforts.

The band gave the return Cincinnati players a royal reception, Monday night. If they come back to morrow evening with a big score from the State College game at Harrisburg we'll give 'em a "royaler" one.

Teachers are right in refusing to accept anything but the very best written exercises from their pupils. Some papers taken this week to the Principal's office were very good, but the writing of a few careless students mixed with the good papers spoils the effect of the beautiful work of the majority.

Miss Mia Gohle, of Helsingfors, Finland, is a guest of Miss Ericson. Miss Gohle speaks several languages but does not feel at home in English. She is in this country as a tourist, and will probably remain some time in Carlisle so as to be near her friend Miss Ericson, the only person in America with whom she is acquainted.

Miss Shaffner was in the thick of the W. C. T. U. celebrities at St. Louis when she last wrote Miss Ericson. She had addressed the convention, was on the press committee, and had listened to inspiring addresses from Frances Willard and other prominent speakers. Miss Cory was with her.

The foot-ball number of the "Red Man" is mailing. Still time for orders. Five cents a single copy. The November number is a thorough digest of all the best things that have been said about the games with "the big four"—Princeton, Yale, Harvard and Pennsylvania; besides, it contains an excellent picture of the entire team with names, tribes and positions given.

Finely engraved invitation cards have been received requesting our presence at the opening of the Armstrong and Slater Trade School Building, at Hampton, Virginia, on Wednesday and Thursday, November 18th and 19th. They were to be favored with addresses by such distinguished speakers as President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, Booker T. Washington, Bishop Henry C. Potter and Hamilton W. Mabie.

On Monday, Miss Carter gave a sketch of Robert Louis Stevenson and his work, before the school at the opening exercises. On Tuesday, Miss Peter gave a description of the new Yerke's Telescope at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, for the Chicago University. On Wednesday, Miss Lampson spoke upon "The Invention of the Daguerreotype." On Thursday, Mrs. Sawyer favored the school with a musical selection—"The song of the Brook," and this morning, Miss Bowersox spoke upon the Life of James A. Garfield.

Three birthdays, all the same day, is a coincidence, and a charming one when friends of the interested parties are invited to help celebrate, as was the case on Wednesday even-

ing when Misses Cummins, Robertson and Mr. Snyder, being the honored "birthdarians" were entertained by Misses Bowersox, Hill and Cochran, in the rooms of the former. Progressive games were entered into with a zest that made things lively. The best crokinole player, the most expert catcher of hypnotised fish, the most brilliant shuffler of author cards, (really some handled them as though they had seen cards before), the most skilful ring-peg manipulator, jackstraw lifter and on-button sewer, during successive five-minute periods, was rewarded by a gilt star for his souvenir card, decorated in bow of red and old gold ribbon. The defeated parties were demoted with a red star. It is astonishing how well red most of the guests were before the evening closed, especially the chief clerk of the M. O. T. B. S. at the sewing-on-button game. That always was a losing game for said clerk, especially when it came to handle buttons with shanks. After dainty refreshments the prizes were tendered, Miss Nana Pratt securing the first, which was a beautiful little Dresden calendar, and Miss Ericson being decidedly the best red person in the company carried off the goose. The "distinguished three" each received a birthday cake, decorated with appropriate inscriptions and mounted with burning wax candles. There were other gifts, the most appropriate of which was Mr. Snyder's. He being 28 to 0, (the Cincinnati score) was presented with a match safe. Time passed all too rapidly and when the "good nights" were said the company dispersed, each no doubt wishing in his or her heart that birthdays came oftener than once a year.

The "Helper" Helps.

TO THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:

I had a visit last evening from a finely educated but disappointed man, who was looking every place except within himself for the cause of his failures and disappointments. American politics and finances were at fault; most of our institutions were dangerous in their tendency, in short, our whole country was in so bad a condition that he was thinking of becoming an anarchist to set it right.

I listened patiently to his weak complaining, and after saying good bye, took down my file of INDIAN HELPERS and wrote upon one:

"These papers prove what a down trodden and despised race, (with public sentiment largely against it) can do in this country by being taught 'self-help, whose main spring is self-thought,' and by practising what they are taught."

I went through the file marking the many noble truths that had been uttered by the Carlisle boys and girls, and then sent the papers to my pessimistic friend to digest.

Today I write to ask the Man-on-the-bandstand to thank the scholars of our Indian Industrial School for giving me a practical illustration of the adage "Where there's a will, there is always a way;" and practical proof that it is by brave endurance of trial, we are fitted for God's service and that of humanity.

Sincerely Yours,

CARLISLE, PA. JULIA W. DEWITT.

November 14, '96.

"Then we pity her," said the listener. "It is an unfortunate person indeed who cannot find SOMETHING to be thankful for, and if she is receiving blessings all the time and is NOT thankful she is to be pitied still more, for suffering and misery await her.

"But we are not going to trouble about such ungrateful people as the girl you mention. We shall join the happy ranks of the hundreds of pupils here who ARE truly thankful for the good home provided by the Government, for the clothing they receive, for the food they get, the instruction they hear, the superior advantages for growing stronger and better educated daily that they enjoy, and the thousands of blessings not to be mentioned.

We shall join these and have as good a time as we can next Thursday the Thanksgiving holiday for 1896."

DR. DANIEL SPEAKS BEFORE THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE GEORGIA FEMALE SEMINARY.

During Dr. Daniel's leave, he visited his nephew Prof. A. W. Van Hoose, Associate President of the Georgia Female Seminary, Gainesville, Georgia, and his sister who is instructor in Harmony in the Conservatory of Music connected with the same school.

While there he was called upon to address the school and did so.

"What did you speak about?" asked the Man-on-the-band-stand of the Doctor who happened to mention the fact within his hearing.

"The Indian, of course."

"I gave them the origin of the Indian," the Doctor continued: His condition at the time of discovery. I told them how the Indians lived, and spoke of the Pawmucky tribe, and the diminution of the tribes.

"Did you say anything of the present condition of the Indians?"

"Yes, I related some of my reservation experiences and observations; spoke of the Sioux Indian mode of courtship and marriage; told how Carlisle School was founded, and gave a sketch of the Superintendent with an account of the students.

"The different quarters were touched upon; the gymnasium and the curriculum; the hours of study; of work; the school farm; the football team; the baseball; the hospital and the trained nurses, and I closed with the education of the Indian in general."

"Well Doctor," said the Man-on-the-band-stand, "I hope you will give our school the same talk, sometime."

"Thank you. I will do so with pleasure," replied the Doctor. "Good morning."

TEN CENTS must be sent for all subscriptions. For clubs of ten, 80 cents, or 8 cents a piece. An enterprising boy could make considerable Christmas money by canvassing.

That Mrs. Benjamin F. Wheelock, who graduated with class '94 as Miss Ida Powlas, is happy in her work at the Oneida Boarding School, Wisconsin, is plainly seen in a recent letter, not intended for publication, however.

"Our school has begun in earnest and under the wise supervision of our kind superintendent, Mr. Peirce, everything is in a prosperous condition. We, the Oneidas, are blessed with a man who has his whole heart and soul in his work, toward bettering the condition of the Indians. The Oneidas are on his side and ready to fight for him if necessary.

I suppose you think, because I am now married, that I will lose all interest in my work as a teacher, but I shall not.

I am still here at the Boarding School and like my work as much as ever.

But having THE *one* scholar at home, I am allowed, by special permission of Supt. Peirce, to go home every Friday evening and stay until Sunday night.

My father-in-law is paralyzed so that he is not even able to talk. So poor Benjamin has all the work to do for his father besides a family of eight to support."

A POISON WINDOW.

A unique "poison show window" in a New York City drug-store displays little piles of various deadly drugs placed in a semi-circle around a human skull. In the centre of the semi circle are the words:

"Everything in this window is poison."

Besides the drugs the other poisons are: A cigarette held between the jaws of the skull, a deck of cards, some dice, a quart of whiskey, and a quart of wine.

The cigarette seems to be voted the most "deadly" by the passer-by.

Thanksgiving Day Exercise.

Perley—"Hullo, Jinx! going to take Thanksgiving Day off?"

Jinx—"Yes. Going to devote it to athletics."

Perley—"Good. What kind? Golf or football?"

Jinx—"Neither. I am going to carve turkey I raised myself, for ten people. There's exercise for you!"—[Harper's Bazar.

A Difference.

The Goose—"What's the difference between the Easter girl and the Thanksgiving turkey?"

The Turkey—"I dunno."

The Goose—"Why, one is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress."—Truth.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 13, 14, 1 is what a school boy likes to do.

My 2, 3, is a pronoun.

My 4, 5, 6, 10 is a stupid person.

My 15, 9, 8, 13, 11 is a girl's name.

My 7, 6, 12 is the name for a small child.

My whole is an honor to the Carlisle Indian School.

NINE-YEAR OLD
LANCASTER SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: An Enigma.