

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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GOOD TO START THE NEW YEAR ON.

BE firm, be bold, be strong, be true;
And, dare to stand alone
Strive for the right whate'er you do,
Though helpers there are none.

Stand for the right! and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm sympathizing hearts
Among the passers-by.

Stand for the right! proclaim it loud,
Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and thou'lt no more
Be doomed to stand alone.

Printed by request.

THE FOOTBALL BANQUET.

The Football team of '97 entertained the Dickinson College team last Friday evening. A few guests besides were invited.

At the entrance door to the gymnasium, the reception committee stood and gave each a hand of welcome to the guests as they entered.

The large room was decorated with flags and Japanese lanterns. Here the company promenaded to music and stood or sat in groups as they chatted socially.

At 8:30 it was announced that the Banquet Hall—the Y. M. C. A.'s cheerfully lighted apartment—was in readiness.

Then the guests mounted the stairs and entered the beautifully decorated room, festooned with evergreens and Dickinson and Carlisle colors, which with potted-plants and flower-stands here and there, and long rows of tables laden with fruit, nuts and candy, presented a most satisfying scene.

On each plate was a card with the name of the person who was to occupy the seat, so that there was no difficulty in finding the places assigned.

All seated, the waitresses, consisting of twenty of our girls, began to pass the edibles in the courses as given upon the modest little menus, that had been printed on enameled paper, covered with leather colored backs and cut in the shape of a football.

First came Malaga grapes, then soup and

wafers, followed by sliced turkey, Saratoga chips, cranberry jelly, olives and pickles. This cleared away, buttered bread and creamed oysters were served, and then the chicken salad. The ice cream, cake nuts and raisins came in order and coffee to end with.

Nearly two delightful hours were thus consumed, when Toast-master, Mr. Thompson, made his opening remarks.

Prof. Mills of Dickinson responded to "A Kicker—What is He Worth?"

Prof. Stauffer, Dickinson, "Football from the Standpoint of a Coach."

Assistant Superintendent Standing, "Home Pastimes of the Original Indians."

Prof. McIntire, Dickinson, "Football from the Standpoint of an Alumnus."

Mr. Dennison Wheelock, '90 "Should Football be Abolished?"

Mr. Ford, Dickinson, "Football in the Past."

Mr. Frank Cayou, '96, "Past, Present and Future of the Carlisle Indian School Team."

Capt. Craver, Dickinson, "Football at the Present."

Mr. Edward Rogers, '97, "Benefits from Football."

Mr. Devall, Dickinson, "Football of the Future."

Capt. Pierce, "Personnel of the Carlisle Indian Team."

That the evening was complete in all its appointments was well attested by the pleasure depicted on every countenance as the time passed.

At an hour later than usual for such evenings at the Indian School, the company dispersed, well satisfied that proper football is a good thing, and the annual banquet even better.

HOW TO EAT.

Says a writer in *American Women*: The young person is to be sincerely pitied who has had no careful mother, nurse or governess to attend to the teaching of table manners in

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.

We are pleased to learn through a friend of the whereabouts of Susie Farwell, since she left her New England post of duty as a nurse. She is now Mrs. Glenn and is happy in her home in Rockvale, Montana. Olive Yellowface was with her and they love to reminisce on the good times they used to have at Carlisle.

The December Number of "The Indian News," published at Genoa, Nebraska, is full of interesting items. It is published monthly for 15 cents a year. Do not some of our boys and girls either here or in the country wish to take it? Address, The Indian News, Genoa, Nebraska.

A TABLE GAME INVENTED BY AN INDIAN, AND AN APACHE INDIAN AT THAT:—Mr. Antonio Apache, the inventor of "Lakota" has spared no pains to make his game, which is something like "Fox and Geese," attractive to children. There are pictures of warriors on the buffalo chase, tepees and other curious Indian pictures. The Indians on horseback which are used by the players are made of metal. It is an Apache game, adapted to white children, and it is a very easy game to learn. One dollar is the price, postage paid, to any part of the United States. Or, one of these games will be sent FREE for 35 subscriptions. Address HELPER.

George Suis, '95, who was so near death's door in our hospital last year, with Pneumonia, and recovered sufficiently to be able to go to his Montana home, writes a letter of good cheer to his friend, Mr. John Steele, of Carlisle, saying he has completely regained his usual strength. That means a great deal, as George, before his illness, was strong and robust. "Montana is a great country," he says "for sick people." Stock-raising and farming are the general industries of the Crows. He speaks of the snow-capped Rockies, 100 miles away, which seem near, and of the agency, which he says is prettily located. It is often called the Queen City of the Valley. Game, such as deer, bear, and "water-fowl" is plentiful, and judging from the general tenor of his letter, which Mr. Steele kindly allowed us to read, George is enjoying life.

Rev. H. W. Wile's 1st lesson of the year, given in his last Sunday afternoon's sermon was upon the Influence of individual character, taking his text from the 15th verse of the 24th chapter of Joshua: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." He would have us ask ourselves, Is our influence for evil or for good? If we are mean, low, vicious, lie and deceive we wield an influence for evil; if good and true, and if we try to live good lives we wield an influence which will make the world better. He told two very impressive stories showing the force of love on the human heart.

Friends of Lillie A. Schanadore, give us this news of her whereabouts and doings. She writes that there is good sleighing in Wisconsin, and that they had a good time Christmas. She is living with a minister's family in Appleton. She tells of the marriage of Roger Silas to one of our school girls, and says that Thomas Schanadore and Zippa Mextoxen former students who became man and wife last spring, have moved to a new home.

The aged, middle-aged and young, all read the HELPER. A Plainfield subscriber in renewing says: "I have put two dimes in my letter by way of persuading you to come another year to two of your interested friends in New Jersey. When you get to Plainfield ring the bell at No. — and inquire for —. The former although 86 years old does not fail to notice if you come a day or even one mail late, and is much interested in the news you bring.

This is a very pleasing post script to a letter received recently from Mrs. Otto Wells, now at the Rainy Mountain School, Anadarko, O. T. The P. S. was from little Mattie, who was named after Miss Barr and whom the child calls Auntie. "Dear Aunt. Mamma forgot to tell you that I have a little brother. His name is Alfred Morrison Wells." It will be remembered that Mary and Otto were married at our school a few years since.

LeRoy Kennedy, teacher, at Cheyenne River agency Boarding school, South Dakota, has been promoted to Superintendent and transferred to the Yainax school in Oregon. —[The Indian News.

Mr. Kennedy is one of our New York Indians who graduated in '96. If the news be true, LeRoy is the first of our graduates to become a school Superintendent.

Miss Rosa Bourassa, '90, (not 90 years old but belonging to class '90) is teaching at Ft. Hall, Idaho, and from gentle whispers around we gain that she enjoys her work. A very short and business like letter for renewal of HELPER subscription, came this week, the first breeze, direct, that we have received from the rose who sought repose in the west, and it's no jest.

Strange how news flies! Through a letter from a Cambridge, Mass., friend, we learn of the doings of Dr. Emily C. Miller, now of Ft. Simcoe, Wash., but for a short time with our school force. Dr. Miller spent an afternoon and took tea with Miss Bulfinch in Cambridge, not long since, and they talked of the Carlisle work.

Many would be well off if they could but think so.

On our roll, today: 851 students.

In country homes, 224.

Hunger finds no fault with the cook.

Thick fog for two evenings this week.

Monday's snow made fine snow-balling.

Fine snow balling makes fine wet shoes and damp clothing.

Fine wet shoes and damp clothing make fine sore throats and coughing.

The best doctors are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman.

The new lights in the school rooms are giving excellent satisfaction.

Miss Seonia has been on a little visit to Miss Cummins, in Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Sarah Philip, of Philadelphia was among the visitors of the week.

Secretary Brockman, of the World's Student Volunteer Movement, led the Sunday evening service.

Mrs. Charles Wolfel, of Columbus, Ohio, visited the school and requested that the HELPER be sent to her home.

Ollie Choteau and Kitty Silverheels have joined the printing-class, having a desire to become business women.

Mrs. Burns and son Harcourt, who have been guests of Mrs. Given for some time, left for Wilmington, Del., yesterday.

Miss Richenda Pratt was detained from returning to Wilson College after the holiday vacation, by an attack of sore throat.

Mr. and Mrs. Weber and children spent a very happy vacation among friends in Reading, returning last Thursday evening.

The Assembly Hall is being re-seated, this week, with fine new seats, which are being so arranged as to accommodate more people.

Miss Barr and the hospital force are greatly rejoiced over a handsome new rolling-chair, which Santa Claus brought the sick. They are having hard-wood floors put down in the kitchen and anti-dust varnish on the other floors.

Mr. Thompson has received and put in place in the gymnasium office, an instrument for measuring nerve force. It is called a Dynamometer. The exercises given our pupils this year, under Mr. Thompson's instructions are a combination of the German and Swedish systems.

Professor and Mrs. McIntire, of Dickinson College, were among the guests at the banquet on Friday evening upon whom interest centered, they having been but recently married. Mrs. McIntire, who is from New England, seemed to enjoy what was to her, no doubt, a unique entertainment.

James S. Wilson, aged 75, now Equipment Agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio, R. R., travelling constantly in the performance of his duties, was a most welcome visitor at Capt. Pratt's on Tuesday and Wednesday. When the Captain was a boy of thirteen, Mr. Wilson gave him his first job of work, which was to saw into stove-lengths, split and pile up nicely, seven cords of hickory wood. A few months after, Mr. Wilson gave the Captain regular employment which lasted for two years. Mr. Wilson said he gave the second job because the first was done so well.

The news comes from Pawhuska, O. T., that Chester Smith, who went home a few months ago, ill, is dead. Chester was one of the most ambitious Osages we ever had. He went home last summer and contracted the chills and fever, while there. When he returned in the Fall he was ill, and never recovered, the disease going into Consumption. Chester was respected and esteemed by all his Carlisle associates.

Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, World's Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will meet invited guests at the home of Miss Nana Pratt, this afternoon, and will speak this evening in the Second Presbyterian Church, at 8 o'clock, on the subject of "A New Light on an Old Picture."

The order in some of the rooms as our reporter passed through on Wednesday evening, during study hour was so excellent that the clock was distinctly heard all the while. A great difference in the air was noticed. In some rooms there seemed to be no impurity, in others, poisonous odors were very marked.

Mr. Frank Hudson, '96, who has become famous for kicking goal, has been elected Captain of our school football team for '98. Capt. Pierce, who has resigned, deserves great credit for his excellent work with the team, and for the manly bearing and courage he has displayed throughout his long term. He has probably been Captain of one team longer than any man in the country.

Mr. Frank Bosler, of Carlisle, with two friends, Mr. Mesener, of California and Mr. Heman of Harrisburg, were interested visitors at the school the past week. Mr. Mesener was a visitor at Fort Arbuckle, Indian Territory, thirty years ago, when Capt. Pratt was stationed there, at which time there was a serious night alarm and the firing of many guns. Fortunately no one was injured.

Wm. Woodward Barclay, of the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., brother of our Miss Barclay visited the school last week. Miss Barclay's father, Mr. W. H. Barclay, is now in town boarding at the Wellington. Mrs. Barclay, who for several months was with her daughter at the school, while Mr. Barclay, who is an invalid, was with relatives north, has now gone to the Wellington.

Following Mr. Wile's sermon last Sunday, and as a practical illustration of the power of influence, when we are unconscious of yielding any, we give a few lines from the letter of an interested subscriber, who says: "I have been interested in your school ever since passing Carlisle several years ago, when some Indian boys were about the station. Their quiet, gentlemanly behavior would put to shame a great many boys who go to college, and whose parents are wealthy and well educated."

Miss Paull, who after a brief rest from work, was transferred from Carlisle to the Mt. Pleasant school, Michigan, and from thence to the Oneida, Wisconsin Boarding School, is again with us as a teacher, receiving a warm welcome from old friends and students. Miss Paull would not part with the valuable experience she has gained in the western field, and she speaks of her work there and of her newly formed acquaintances in a most interested manner.

childhood, that golden time when learning is so easy.

Men and women are judged by trifles.

After a rugged backwoodsman has hewn his way to a high place in the councils of the country, or, perhaps, saved it in hour of peril, one may well forgive him if he forgets the right way to shake hands or doff his hat or enter a drawing room, but even he will be unforgiven if his table manners are untidy or offensive.

Eating with the knife; lying with elbows on the table; filling the mouth too full; holding the fork awkwardly with handle too straight; (The handle should be nearly covered with the palm of the hand when used to hold food that is being cut); piling the plate too full; all these are disgusting habits.

An educated Indian who was visiting our school one time remarked that he had noticed that some of our boys and girls who came in from country homes had very bad table manners. That was years ago, and we hope we have improved since then, yet our table manners will bear watching, each boy and each girl, each teacher and each instructor for himself and for herself as long as we live.

REPUTATION AND CHARACTER.

There are two things absolutely necessary to a successful life; they are character and reputation.

These two must not be confounded, for according to a well known philosopher, they are as different as the shell and the kernel of the nut.

Your character is what you are, while your reputation is what the world esteems you.

One may be black and the other spotless, for the world is not a just judge, and it often creates for man a reputation which may be of the best while his character may be of the worst.

—[Industrial School Journal.

THEY ALL DRANK.

It is well known that at certain central agencies a record is kept of the name, position, and standing of nearly every business man in the country.

Careful men are employed to collect this information; and it not only includes the amount of property which the parties are worth, but also their standing as regards punctuality, promptness, integrity, temperance, morals, &c.

A number of years ago, it is stated, a firm of four men in Boston were rated as "A 1."

They were rich, prosperous, young, and prompt.

One of them had the curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts on the book and was satisfied; but at the end it was written, "*but they all drink.*"

He thought it was a good joke at the time; but a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity.

That one little note at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all the facts collected and embodied in their rating.

HE MADE A LAWYER.

A young man anxious to become a lawyer, made application for a position in the office of a barrister, whereupon the following unconventional dialogue ensued:

"Well young man, so you'd like to be a lawyer?"

"Yes, sir; I think I would like to be one."

"Where's your gun, my boy? I want to see your gun, my young gentleman. Fond of sporting eh?"

"I have no gun, sir; don't know whether I'd like gunning."

"No gun! Well, you keep a boat, then? Like boating?"

"I do not own a boat, sir; do not know how to use one."

"You wear a watch, or keep a dog?"

"I am too poor to wear a watch, and I have no dog."

"You'll do, my lad, if you persevere in the course you have begun. The law is a jealous mistress, and cannot be won except by undivided attention. Remember this, my lad, and I will insure your success. You may rely on any assistance I may render you."

The young man entered the office, and in time became a famous lawyer.—[The Companion.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 7, 12, 1 is a name given to young people.

My 4, 8, 13 is the source of all crime.

My 2, 12, 7 is not cold.

My 6, 11, 3 is an animal that looks like a man.

My 4, 2, 6, 5, 3 is what some teachers do to bad pupils.

My 10, 8, 9 is a drink.

My 14, 3, 6, 1, 2 is something we all must meet.

My whole is something new that the Carlisle boys and girls will enjoy this winter if the weather turns cold again.

S.