

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIII.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1897.

NUMBER 5.

THE TWIN BALLOTS

A LONG in November, when chill was the weather,
Two ballots were cast in a box together,
Two ballots were cast in together;
They nestled up close like brother to brother.
You couldn't tell one of the votes from the other,
You couldn't tell one from the other.

CHORUS:

They were both rum votes,
And sanctioned the license plan;
The one was cast by a jolly old brewer,
And one by a Sunday school man.

The Sunday school man no man could be truer—
Kept busy all summer denouncing the brewer.
All summer denouncing the brewer,
But his fervor cooled off with the change of the weather
And late in the autumn they voted together,
In autumn they voted together.

The Sunday school man had always been noted,
For fighting saloons except when he voted,
For temperance except when he voted;
He piled up his prayers with a holy perfection,
But knocked them all down on the day of election,
But knocked them all down at election.

The foxy old brewer was cheerful and mellow;
Said he, "I admire that Sunday school fellow."
I admire that Sunday school fellow;
He's true to his church, to his party he's truer;
He talks for the Lord, but he votes for the brewer,
He votes ev'ry time for the brewer.

THE GREAT GAME.

Everybody has had a say about the game of football between our team and the Pennsylvania University, which occurred last Saturday, and now it is the Man-on-the-band-stand's turn.

Nearly two hundred of us Indian boys and girls and sympathizers including the band, found our way to the North Stand at Franklin Field, and seated ourselves together, that our shouts of encouragement might be concentrated so as to stimulate the Indian actors in what was to be the fiercest contest of the season.

And as the game proceeded, cries and cheers, of Brace up! Brace up! Hold 'em down! C-a-r-l-i-s-l-e, with the tooting of horns and pounding of drums made the North Stand center a place of peculiar attraction, although we could not begin to compete with the whoops and yells and cries and cheers which went up from the solid phalanx of Pennsylvania students occupying the center of the South stand directly opposite.

The details of the game cannot be told here, suffice to say that never did elliptic figure naught, with a 1 at its left, making 10, look so beautiful to our eyes as it did at the end of the first half, when we gazed at the great bulletin board and saw the score

Penn. 8

Indians 10

Why, it was as though the football itself had bounded there from Hudson's "cunning toe," and with imaginary nose, eyes and mouth, like the man in the moon, sat grinning in self-satisfaction at the tumultuous multitude.

We hardly expected to score. We did expect to hold the greatest team in the country down to perhaps 24 to our 0, and there was our nothing (0); but a figure 1—a most enchanting 1: a "w-o-n," an "o n-e," a figure gigantic in size and meaning had perched itself by the side of the 0, and the game only half over.

The fifteen thousand spectators arose and cheered for the Indians. They could not help it, although most of the sympathy was naturally for the University. The band played, the Indians were hilarious, while their opponents were silent, dumfounded.

It was as the Philadelphia "Press" said editorially:

PENNSYLVANIA HAD FOUND THAT THEY WERE PRETTY "GOOD INDIANS" AND THEY WEREN'T DEAD ONES, EITHER.

The second half was well played. For 20 minutes the University team were held at bay, but in the last 15 minutes, they became furious. They pushed and tumbled and scrambled and drove, and made just twelve points. So at the end the score stood 20 to 10 in favor of the University.

A Few Comments From Leading Philadelphia Papers.

For three days, pages of the largest papers of the city were devoted to the game. From these we see:

"The Evening Telegraph" says editorially: Whoever discounts these Indian foot-ballers makes a most serious mistake, for they know

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 no. paid for it some one else has. It is paid for in advance.

Thomas LeClair directs that his HELPER be sent to Broadway, N. Y. This looks as though he has taken up city life.

Elijah Brown, class '97, is now on his way to Haskell Institute, where he will enter the Normal School.—[Chemawa American.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Haze-buts.

How doth the Thanksgiving turkey feel about now? Not much worse than the carvers, perhaps, who will get their first lesson Thanksgiving Day. Read up, and learn how before you begin, and thus save yourself some mortification and haggling!

"Learn discrimination in applause, and do not let it run into vulgarity." This is the advice we sometimes hear from the rostrum, and we hope the half-dozen students who do not heed it, are those who are too ignorant or ill-bred to know what the advice means. They will soon learn.

You get an extra copy of the HELPER and don't know why? We will tell you, it is because you have sent the money for another year and did not say it was for renewal.

Herbert J. Campbell, a University student was playing with a percussion cap of a government 32 calibre rifle shell yesterday, when an explosion took place, resulting in a painful wound. A piece of the cap struck his left hand between the third and little fingers, imbedding itself in the flesh. It was removed by Dr. Swiwart, and no serious consequences are likely to result.—[Laramie Republican.

We are glad to state that word from Laramie assures us that Master Herbert is getting along all right.—"The Indian Guide," Shoshone Agency, Wyoming.

To think of little Herbert as a 'Varsity student is almost more than the Man-on-the-band stand can undertake.

A Williamsville, N. Y. subscriber, says in a letter asking change of address: "We see a great many Indians from the reservation here, but they do not look like our wide-awake boys in Carlisle." Boys, do we ALL deserve such a compliment?



I SEE

That Mrs. Wheelock has a piano.

That Dick Pratt has the rheumatism in his heel.

That the 'Y's' have a meeting to-morrow evening at Miss Pratt's.

That half the boys can't keep step to good music if played in a little quicker time than their long, slow legs ordinarily move. Can't do it! It is easy to say, "I can if I want to," but they can not.

That the monthly school exhibition which occurred Wednesday evening was too late for a report this week.

That Miss Kate Grindrod, '89, met the Carlisle contingency at Broad Street, Saturday, and all her friends were delighted to see her looking so well. She is full of business, she says. People will get sick, and good nurses find plenty to do.

That a young Indian who went to his western home this summer expecting to return, has a chance now to take a place for good pay, if he knew enough to fill it. He does not know enough, and besides, his conduct at Carlisle was only fair. He lacked interest in his work and studies, and now he is suffering the consequences. If he only had a paper from Carlisle saying that his conduct was good and that he worked well, he certainly would get the place, but he can't get such a paper from Carlisle, and I see he does not secure the place. Carlisle will not say the conduct of a boy is good when it is only fair, and Carlisle will not say a boy works well, when he doesn't.

That Linas Pierce on his way to Philadelphia went to sleep in the car, and no doubt, dreamed about the line up. When he awoke he forgot he had put the window down, and wishing to see something quickly outside, pierced the glass with his head. No wonder his name is Linas Pierce and it speaks well for the clearness of the P. R. R. plate glass.

That remarks something like these were made about the University Team, as the Saturday morning papers were opened and the Carlisleers were speeding over the rail 40 miles an hour. "Humph! I think the University players have funny names as well as Indians," "Hare! May be he will not have any hair left when the game is over." "Weeks! Ha! Ha! Seven days! Hope he will be strong when he gets through." "Minds! One mind is enough for most anybody, but it will take all he has to beat us!" "McCracken! Wonder if he will be crackin' bones." "O, here is Jack's son. Jack better come himself if he wants to beat." "Hedges! Our boys will throw him over the hedges, and here is Overfield. We will see how fast he gets over the field." "Boyle! We might roast him, but we do not want to boil anybody." "Outland! That is outlandish!"

Storm doors!

Do not send us Canadian dimes!

The sea is painted water-color, of course.

Bachelor's Hall is getting a kalsomining.

Mr. Man-with-a-cunning toe is not so bad.

Mrs. Bakeless and John Edwin have gone to Milroy.

Dr. Seabrook was among those who attended Saturday's game and met many friends among the Carlisleans.

Several subscriptions this week were received from persons over 80 years of age, who like to read the HELPER.

Mrs. Rumsport's daughter, Mrs. Lindsay, of Huntingdon, has been visiting the school for a few days, a guest of her mother.

Capt. Pratt has gone to New York State to visit a number of the tribes there on reservations, at the earnest invitation of the Indians.

Mr. Standing and Mr. Gardner have returned from Nashville, Tenn., and on their way back visited the Hampton Normal School, Va.

Miss Miles, Zenia Tibbetts and Pasquella Anderson are delegates from the King's Daughters to attend the Y. W. C. A. convention at Wilkesbarre. They left yesterday.

Francis Corbett, who is at the Ft. Sill Indian School, Oklahoma, trying his skill as Assistant Disciplinarian, closes a business letter with a desire to be remembered by his Carlisle friends.

The hospital has received a package of short stories tied together by loving hands, and several books from Mrs. McKean, of Cambridge. Miss Barr says the shut-ins have enjoyed them greatly.

Master Harcourt Burns of Wilmington, with his papa and mamma, was in the crowd of 15,000 on Franklin Field, last Saturday, and what's more, he wore the Indian School colors—red and old gold.

Alfonso Eolista, Apache student, got his permission to attend the game, through a long distance telephone, from his country home, speaking direct to Capt. Pratt. Who says the Apache is not business?

Mr. P. L. Drum, formerly a teacher with us, was one of the Pennsylvania University Ushers last Saturday, at the great game. He is a law student of the University, and was glad to meet his friends and students of Carlisle.

Mr. Snyder had the pleasure of shining Mr. Marshall's shoes on Monday, immediately after dinner, before all the boys. It was the fulfillment of a promise he made, if the Indians scored against the Pennsylvania University, on Saturday.

"How do you like So-and-So's playing?" "Well, she is at the bangy stage" replied one of our musicians. "Not accurate?" "No." "Well," said the Man-on-the-band-stand, "she cannot be one of Mrs. Sawyer's pupils, for they never bang the piano."

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gardner, and son, Mr. Lindsay Gardner, all of Baltimore, were guests of Miss Senseney on Wednesday night. Mr. Gardner is General Superintendent of the Car Service Association, and Mrs. Gardner is Miss Senseney's aunt. They remained over to see the school exhibition.

Sometimes defeat means success.

Mrs. Gardner, wife of our carpenter, was around with friends from a distance, on rainy Monday.

"The Indian is gradually abolishing himself," says Leslie's Weekly, "but the Negro cannot be digested or assimilated."

George Balenti is another of the good little orderlies who go directly where they are sent and straight back, double quick time.

We have received a club of ten from some kind friend in Wisconsin to whom we should like to send the Souvenir as premium, but no name was signed to the letter.

Capt. Pratt, Mrs. Pratt, Miss Burgess, Miss Senseney, Miss Barclay, Miss Seonia, Miss Simmons, Mr. Snyder, Mr. St. Cyr, and the Wheelock Bros. took in the game Saturday.

Miss Barr received the sad news, this week, of the death of her mother, Mrs. James Barr, at Prince Edward's Island, and her many friends at the school are touched with sympathy for her.

Boys, if you must kick, kick hard against grumbling and fault finding, and give the grumbler and fault finder who squanders your valuable time in listening to his tale of woe to understand that you aren't that kind of a fellow, if he is.—[Chemawa American.]

Miss Emma Johnson compliments us at the close of a business letter by saying, "I would like very much to take a peep at you in your new quarters." The friends and schoolmates of Miss Emma are always glad to hear from her. She is now living at Baxter Springs, Kansas.

Since Capt. Pratt's examination for promotion, many of his friends persist in calling him Major. He wishes the Man-on-the-band-stand to say that he has only taken the civil service examination for his probable promotion some distance off, and is now on the eligible list.

Brown at New York, tomorrow. The games so far stand—Oct. 2, Dickinson at Carlisle: Dickinson 0, Indians 36; Oct. 9, Bloomsburg Normal at Bloomsburg: Normal 0, Indians 26; Oct. 16, Princeton at Princeton: Princeton 18, Indians 0; Oct. 23, Yale at New York: Yale 24, Indians 9; Oct. 30, Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg: Penna. College 0, Indians 82; Nov. 6, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia: U. of P. 20, Indians 10.

On the way back from Philadelphia last Saturday night, when a little way out of the city Victor Seneca put his head out of the car window and was hit by something which cut a great gash in his head causing concussion of the brain, from the effects of which he died the next day. Victor came in 1895 and had reached the third grade. He was a good, quiet, steady young man of 18 years, well esteemed by his classmates and all with whom he associated. The sad accident cast an abiding gloom over the school. On Monday night his teacher, Miss Carter, and brother Isaac Seneca, went with the remains to Versailles, N. Y., the home of the deceased. Nancy Seneca, class '97, who is a student at the Medico Chirurgical Institute of Philadelphia, was summoned to the death bed of her brother whom she had seen and talked with but a few hours before in Philadelphia. It was a great shock to her.

the game as well as any man alive, and have skill, pluck, and endurance to put them in line with the best. With these fine things they have another equally fine, and with which they have possibly not yet been sufficiently credited. They have self-restraint, and can stand punishment, or even defeat, with equanimity.

There has been with many an uneasy kind of feeling that in these fierce contests Indian savagery might burst out and make things unpleasant in more ways than one for their opponents. But the Carlisle team has been thoroughly tested, and no such tendency has appeared. It plays the game for all it is worth, but it never loses its head, and is invariably as safe and dependable as any college team that could be named. Incidentally, this is a high tribute to the institution from which it comes; it shows that Carlisle has succeeded in civilizing these wards of the nation in other ways than book-learning.

The "Press" says:

The Indians were defeated, but there was glory in their downfall. They had given Pennsylvania the greatest fight of the year.

The Indians played straight, old-fashioned football most of the time. That is to say, they did not parley with fancy and new-fangled tricks.

Pennsylvania had to hammer out her points by the stress of muscle and shock. The cunning toe of Hudson and the stonewall defense of his comrades did the scoring for the dusky-skinned and black-haired foemen and they earned gloriously all that they achieved.

The score was 5-4, and the verdict against Pennsylvania. At the Carlisle School, the pupils are allowed to speak only English. When this field goal had been kicked, a member of the band shouted to the team:—

"Ttreht httertahdtmh htrtdo htrter frfr rht-hafgrdk warfrftadwoaly rfdow rf."

The outbreak was really pardonable.

And after much fierce fighting this was the way the first half ended, 10-8, in favor of the Indians. Life is a series of sensations, or episodes. Whether these are comedy or tragedy depends upon the point of view. To 15,000 people this was a very sorrowful and untoward time. And it was hard for them to believe what they had seen. To a little company of red-shirted, sturdy men of swarthy features, a brass band gone clean mad, and a bevy of girls who fairly wept in many strange and broken phrases, this was a season of wonderful and inexplicable joy.

The "Times" says:

Little Hudson is to-day the hero at once of Carlisle and of the foot-ball world, for yesterday in one of the prettiest games of foot-ball played on Franklin Field since the Harvard game last year the eagle-eyed Indian quarterback kicked two goals from the field and made 10 points for the dusky warriors against the 20 scored by the Red and Blue. Pennsylvania won as every one, even the Indians themselves, expected, but it will be Hudson's drop kicking that will go down in the annals of football and be remembered long after the other points of the game are forgotten.

Had not they scored more points against Penn than any team since the Harvard game at Cambridge two years ago and had not Penn been held down to four touch-downs?

The "Record" says:

It was a hard fought battle, and both teams played good football. The Indians surprised their best friends by their good work.

It is the universal verdict of all who witnessed the contest that Hudson is the prettiest and surest goal kicker playing football to-day.

The red and blue is everywhere, but the red men are not as blue as they might have been.

Metoxen—he's harder to stop than a whole team of oxen.

Bemus Pierce is another Rhinehart, only that he is not so brutal.

Almost any college team could make room for Hudson, Metoxen and Bemus Pierce.

Hobson—"What was the score?"

Wigwam—"Pennsylvania's."

"What do you mean?"

"It was only Pennsy that had a score."

"I thought the Indians made some points."

"Well, they only had half a score."

The "Inquirer" says:

Well! well! well! who'd a thought it?

It was to be 30, 36, yes even 40-0 and it was 20-10. Hudson's foot did it.

In a variety of particulars it was a wonderful game. Franklin Field has rarely held within its confines a crowd which had more occasion to run the whole gamut of emotions than that of yesterday.

Under the circumstances the game the Indians were playing, and almost invariably do play against the elevens of the "Big Four," was marvelous.

It was not a win for the Indians, but it was more than a victory.

It takes a powerful team to beat such a game as the Indians played yesterday.

On the whole it was a pretty game. The kicking, a few long runs and the Indians' fierce tackling made it so. The Redmen tackled like fiends. It was the strongest defense the Quakers have encountered this year and this fact doubtless had considerable to do with taking some of the starch out of their attack.

The half ended, and the second half was twenty-one minutes old when Pennsylvania at last secured the lead that she maintained.

The Ledger says:

The Indians, after giving Princeton, Yale and Pennsylvania each in turn the hardest games they have yet had, deserve great credit for the record thus far made. Yale and Harvard claim a team can only play two hard games a season: the Indians have already played three, with two more scheduled for them, thus showing the fallacy of such a claim.

The Indians further deserve credit for playing a clean, gentlemanly game on Saturday.

It is true the Indians tackle hard and at times fiercely, but on Saturday they showed no evident intention of hurting the men they brought down.

They showed wonderful pluck and aggressiveness, which won for them the admiration of all the spectators.

What added to the effectiveness of the Indians' game was that they did very little fumbling and made few blunders for their opponents to profit by.