

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIV.

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NUMBER 7.

## MORE PRACTICAL THAN POETIC.

**W**HEN money is so hard to get,  
Be careful how you spend it,  
And if you have a little saved,  
Look out to whom you lend it;  
For rogues are plenty, now a days,  
Who, honest labor scorning,  
Prefer to get from other folks,  
So take a timely warning.

—Ex.

## THANKSGIVING NOTES.

The day was much pleasanter than we had hoped for after reading in Wednesday's paper the accounts of storms and blizzards that were raging all around. There was a cold, raw wind, but no weather bad enough to interfere with out-door sports.

The first sound in the early morning was the punt of a football.

The air was full of snow for a few minutes, but not enough fell to cover the ground.

At the nine o'clock service Dr. Wile and Major Pratt conducted the responsive reading. The latter made a brief address calling attention to our many blessings for which we had reason to be thankful, and the former, in one of his most happy moods, told a number of very taking anecdotes. While several may have gone reluctantly from their play to the service, the same no doubt left the hall as reluctantly, for the occasion was most enjoyable to all.

The band with its fifty members and big horns nearly filled the Assembly Hall balcony, and they rendered appropriate and pleasing music.

Both teachers' and students' dinners were all that could be desired. Roast turkey done to the finest kind of a turn—68 of them, were what the students feasted upon, with everything good that goes with such a dinner, even to the pumpkin-pie, celery and cranberry-sauce. Miss Noble and Mrs. Rumsport laid themselves out on the teachers' dinner, with its turkey stuffed with oysters, cream of celery,

Waldorf salad' mince pie and other tempting desserts.

The platform trimmings in Assembly Hall were strikingly arranged showing off the farm productions to good advantage. There was one stock of corn so tall that Dr. Wile said he stopped to examine it to see if it were not spliced, and he used it for an illustration or symbol of the abundant harvest all over the land this year, for which we should be thankful.

Miss Noble had the teachers' dining hall tastefully trimmed with wheat sheaves, vegetables and fruit.

After the service three short games of football were played on the athletic field with nearly the entire school looking on. The first game was between Companies A and D, resulting in a score of 6-0 in favor of Company A. Then there was a most interesting tussle between the small boys, the smallest in the school, impersonating Yale and Harvard. Harry Seonia was the Captain of the Yale team who beat the Harvard boys, captained by Abram Henry, the smallest boy in the school, by a score of 6-0. They had the points of the game well in hand and could give signals and kick goal like professionals. The last but not least interesting game was between the Band and Company B, resulting in a score of 10 0 in favor of the Band, exemplifying that the Band boys are not all blow, but can get down to business when necessary.

## WHY INDIANS DIE.

The weather may be warm enough for a few days even at this season for a shop-worker to run from his room to the shop without a coat; then suddenly the mercury will drop several degrees, and you will see the same boy without his coat, running from the warm shop to quarters. It is the same old story, and the Osage Journal states it thus mildly: This winter as last, Indians will contract colds that will result in the usual number of deaths. All due to their utter indifference of dress, weather and shelter.

"I never catch cold," said a giddy little

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.

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*Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.*

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.

Mr. Chester Cornelius, who should be of class '90, Carlisle, but who left us for a higher course in Eastman Business College just before graduating, is now holding a clerical position at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, Oklahoma, and was among our Thanksgiving visitors. He brought from Washington, where he is remaining for a few days in charge of some Cheyenne and Arapahoe chiefs, 13 Kickapoo boys and girls, who had been escorted there by an agent whose business held him in Washington. We shall remember Mr. Cornelius' neat and pointed address at the Thanksgiving service. Among several illustrations the one which made the deepest impression was a story of an Indian chief who had gone to a fort near the agency to examine the smokeless powder. The old chief was wonderfully impressed by the guns which shot without smoke, and the way he told of it was inimitable, but was something like this: "One gun, he shoot 'em, heap smoke. (Here the Indian threw out his arms in the form of a circle as if to show a large volume of smoke.) O her gun, he just same Heap shoot 'em, no smoke;—pst, heap push" The force of the illustration was so striking that the entire audience broke out in a hearty laugh. Mr. Cornelius advised that when our pupils go out from the school, they work without so much show and smoke, but—pst—heap push and accomplish something.

A number of the Indian girls were remembered by Miss Sharpe, with wedding cake. As was formerly announced, Miss Sharpe, was married on Thanksgiving evening to Mr. Culbertson, of Chambersburg. Several from the school were invited to the reception. Miss McCook was one of the bridal party. The bride looked her prettiest and happiest, so it is said by those who saw her, and the large number of handsome presents that were piled in her honor were an interesting study.

An old soldier in subscribing for the HELPER says that he used to fight Indians on the plains along with Buffalo Bill, "but now, God bless them, all is over, and we take each other by the hand."

MARRIED: Mr Paul Lovejoy and Miss Amelia Tyndall, on Nov. 10th at Omaha Agency, Nebr. by Rev. W. A. Galt: These young people, members of the Omaha tribe are both well educated and have had some experience in making their own living as employees. Having had their preparation for life's duties we expect good things from them.

Messrs. Frank Tyndall, Noah and Paul Lovejoy have just finished painting the Presbyterian Church at Omaha Agency.—W. A. Galt.

A dullard often times would rather pay a fine than to get his lesson in school, if he only could, especially if his hard-working father and mother provides him with money. So a dullard in the societies would rather pay a fine than to attend the meetings. When he is made to pay a fine if absent from roll-call and at the same time is made to attend, he may learn that the new ruling is not a farce. When the girls are absent they are not only sent for, but are obliged to pay the small fine imposed by the society in addition.

When Chester Cornelius had finished speaking on Thanksgiving Day, and was walking to his seat in the audience from which he had been called, Major Pratt exclaimed: That is worth nineteen years of hard work. And later, the Man-on-the-band-stand was pleased to hear Chester say to some one that he had read the INDIAN HELPER ever since he left Carlisle, and that it had helped him more than he could tell. Such little thoughtful expressions of appreciation and gratitude from a sincere heart are to us like drafts of nectar to a care-worn traveller.

The Juvenile football team played its last and first game of the season on Thanksgiving Day with the Carlisle High School team at the Dickinson athletic field. Under the training of Captain Hudson of the first team the Juveniles developed very good team work in a very few days, through which they proved too strong for the High School eleven, defeating them by a score of 40 0. The line up: Edwin Moore, left end; Lewis Webster, left tackle; James Johnson, left guard; Edgar Rickard, center; Joel Cornelius, right guard; John Lemieux, right tackle; Edward Peters, right end; Robert Emmett, quarter-back; Caleb Sickles, left half-back; Louis McDonald, full-back; Frank Beaver, right half-back; Frank Thomas, Richard Hendricks, Peter Alexander and Vincent Nahtailish, substitutes.

Boys, you have friends! Some of the members of the different committees wish it understood that they never said that the girls carry on their society in better form than the boys as was stated last week in the HELPER. There are those who have visited all the societies who say that the boys are better in parliamentary practice than the girls, and that the boys in their debates show more originality and a wider range of thought than the girls. Then too, some of the committees say about the boys, that they are more modest, and do not think they know so much. The Man-on-the-band-stand sees good, honest effort in all the societies, and he does not like too much rivalry, but steady earnestness of purpose to grow intellectually and in originality of thought, is what he wants to see.

Button up your coat!  
Colds are still in the air.  
Put on your over-shoes!  
The bleachers look cold.

Which are you a pessimist or a 'possumist?  
Mrs. Bakeless and Master John are visiting  
in Milroy.

Miss Lida Standing has been teaching for a  
few days as substitute.

James Miller has entered the printing-office  
and is learning to set type.

The deepest snow of the season came Mon-  
day night, about eight inches.

Miss Cochran has been confined to her room  
for a few days with a hard cold.

Major Pratt spent Monday in Washington  
attending to Government business.

Miss Forster spent Thanksgiving in Harris-  
burg, among friends and relatives.

Mr. Mason Pratt and family of Steelton  
were over for the family dinner on Thanks-  
giving.

The athletic field has on a robe of white,  
underneath which the grass is taking new  
courage.

Fred Smith, Miss Sarah Smith's brother  
from the Educational Home, Philadelphia,  
has entered our school.

Last week's Carlisle Gazette had a good  
account of the school. The Gazette is a weekly,  
clean, clear, and newsy.

The teachers have been attending Cumber-  
land County Institute, in town, this week, a  
few at a time, and their schools have been  
taught by substitutes.

Robert Bruce, who came from the Ft. Shaw  
school, promises to become prominent as a  
soloist on the Euphonium. He charmed all  
his hearers Saturday night.

Mr. Cornelius left for Washington on Satur-  
day, but he may come back again, bringing  
the Cheyenne and Arapahoe chiefs with him  
before they leave for the West.

The printing office was the recipient, this  
week, of a beautiful half-tone picture of the  
Court of Honor, Philadelphia Peace Jubilee,  
compliments of the Windsor Hotel.

The weather that followed the first snow on  
Saturday was the kind that makes our New  
England teachers happy. The air had a crisp-  
ness and the snow a squeak they enjoy.

Mr. Cornelius visited the Susan Longstreth  
Literary Society after his talk to the Invin-  
cibles on Friday evening, and was called upon  
for a speech, to which he responded most  
happily.

The Girard College boys through Harry S.  
Terry extend congratulations to the Carlisle  
Indian boys for their success this year in foot-  
ball, especially for defeating the Illinois Uni-  
versity in the last game.

All the new instruments of the band are  
here but two, and some are very strange look-  
ing things, yet are handsome as well as the  
very best, and with proper blowing they bring  
forth sweet sounds. In a very few weeks we  
expect the band to quite surpass itself. Al-  
ready the boys make music that is pleasing  
to listen to, but practice, practice, practice is  
going to rub off some rough edges.

Miss E. Hazelton Wilson of Washington,  
D. C., is visiting her sister Miss Wilson of the  
girls' quarters force.

Mrs. Butler's son and daughter Jarvis and  
Miss Bessie left for Philadelphia on Sunday,  
and began school on Monday. They will have  
happy recollections of their first visit to Car-  
lisle for a long time to come.

To-night the Misses Cutter and Lucken-  
bach will visit the Invincibles, Misses Eric-  
son and Shaffner the Standards, and Misses  
Forster and Miles the Susans, unless a change  
has been made. The Man-on-the-band stand  
believes he saw the two last named at the  
Susans last week. Perhaps there was a trade  
on account of the indisposition of some of  
the committees.

We are pained to have to record the death  
of one of our number, an Apache boy,  
Naneco Antonio who came to us from the  
Ft. Lewis school, in Colorado. He died of  
Tubercular Meningitis, and was buried by  
Roman Catholic rite, on Sunday last, Rev.  
Ganss, of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, offi-  
ciating. He gave a very impressive talk at  
the service.

✓ Frank Mt. Pleasant won the prize at the  
sociable on Saturday night for carrying four  
potatoes one at a time on a teaspoon across the  
gymnasium and depositing them in a small  
ring, sooner than any of several others who  
tried. A splendid game of basket-ball was  
played the same evening. The sociable alto-  
gether was enjoyed, as are always these  
monthly meetings of friends, cousins, sisters  
and other fellows' sisters.

We are informed that the pupils' dinner on  
Thanksgiving was under the sole supervision  
of Miss Miles, who made out the Menu and  
personally directed every detail. The baker  
boys with William Colombe in the lead roast-  
ed the turkeys, and deserve great credit for  
the toothsome-ness of the roast. To Mr. and  
Mrs. Dandridge and boys of the culinary de-  
partment, to the dining-room girls, and to all  
who had a hand in it, the feasters are thankful  
for the splendid dinner.

The young man from Porto Rico has arrived.  
He is about 16, speaks very little English, but  
is fast making friends among the California  
and New Mexico boys who speak Spanish.  
He will soon learn English. In his first inter-  
view with Major Pratt he volunteered this in-  
formation: "Me Boston; Me Concord; Me  
come Carlisle." When he saw it snowing  
this week he thought it was ice cream, such  
as he had been treated to in Boston, coming  
down from the clouds, "but this no sweet."  
His name is Juan Sultano, now an Americano.

Mr. Cornelius' talk in the Invincible Society  
last Friday night was thoroughly appreciated.  
Chester was the first President of the Invin-  
cibles, and he told of some of the difficulties  
through which they had to pass. The society  
had no such comfortable, well-lighted hall  
then, and everything had to be learned. He  
spoke in tender memory of the lamented  
Howard Logan, who was at that time an  
active member and one of the brightest young  
men the school ever had as a student. He  
complimented the society on the advance it  
had made, and closed with some excellent  
advice.

Indian girl to her friend who told her she ought not to be sitting out on the step on such a damp day without an extra wrap.

"Yes," said the friend. "So-and-so made the same remark about six weeks ago and where is she now?"

"In her grave," replied the giddy girl, with a toss of the head, "but that is no sign that I will take cold, get pneumonia and die. I never took cold in my life."

"All right," said the friend as she turned in disgust and went into the house.

Disgusted because there was a girl among us who had so little sense.

"Boo! This is a cold day," said a young fellow to his companion.

"I should say so! A big change since last night. Why, yesterday it was so warm that I took off my undershirt."

"Took off your undershirt! Why, man, you are crazy! You put it on again this morning, of course."

"No, it has gone to the wash, and I haven't got another yet."

"Don't you know that is the very worst thing you could do?"

"No! It never hurts me. I am tough."

"Yes. Tough!" smiled his companion. "I have seen whole families of just such tough citizens as you are and they go one after the other to fill the little grave yards."

"I don't care. I am ready to go any time."

"Humph! That is the way they all talk, but when they get into the hospital with a raging fever and so sick that they wished they COULD die, they sing a different tune. It is then too late, and they have to suffer the tortures of a long, slow death."

"Where is your overcoat?" asked one of two boys who were working their way to town through a snow squall and a stiff, raw wind from the east.

"In my room."

"Had you not better go back and get it? I'll wait for you."

"Naw! What's the use? I never take cold."

"There it is again! You know P. J. used to say that. And you know how strong he was; but now he is wearing a PINE overcoat, down under the ground."

The Man-on-the-band-stand is glad that there are SOME Indians here, who take care of themselves.

Col. Roosevelt, Governor-elect of New York, went through the Americo-Spanish war. It

was a hard and perilous campaign, in a country full of deadly air and poisonous water.

He was in the thickest of the fight.

Others got sick and died—thousands of them.

Colonel Roosevelt was not sick a day, so it is said.

He has returned able to endure as much mental and physical hardship as two ordinary men.

Why is this?

Why did he not get sick?

Is he so "tough"?

Not especially so.

But he has a good stock of common sense.

He knew how to take care of himself while caring for others, and while absorbed in fighting for his country.

He knew that he could do his best work for his country if he had a strong, well body.

Colonel Roosevelt understands the laws of hygiene, and evidently lived up to them the best he knew and the best that circumstances would allow, while in Cuba.

No doubt he protected himself from the weather when it was possible to do so.

He knew that it was almost sure death to drink some of the water down there without boiling it first.

He knew that after certain kinds of exposure and wet marching he must do certain common sense things.

He knew that to eat some of the food that was tempting and to drink certain whiskeys and wines would injure his health, and prevent him from doing his best work, so he did not eat and drink those things.

He knew that if he did not take as good care of himself as he did of his horse, he would die or be brought back to New York a physical wreck.

It is said that thousands upon thousands of soldiers died who need not have died had they used a little common sense about themselves.

They thought they were "tough" and could stand anything.

COMMON SENSE! COMMON SENSE! COMMON SENSE! is the medicine needed to keep ourselves well.

We have some Roosevelt boys who know enough to put on overshoes when they are obliged to go out in slush and snow, and to button up their coats over their chests in going out in a cold, raw wind.

We have some Roosevelt girls who never have to be told to put on their wraps in going from sewing-room, dining-hall and laundry to quarters when the air outside is colder than it is inside.

We have Roosevelt boys and girls who do not neglect the little essentials to good health, and they will grow up to be strong men and women, ready for football, or for the sturdy avocations of life that require sound bodies and minds.

Some who are not very strong now will grow stronger and have better health by taking care of themselves, while others who consider themselves "tough" will keep the nurses busy, and before their time will find resting places underneath the sod.