

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XV

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1899.

NUMBER 5.

For the INDIAN HELPER.]

THANKSGIVING.

FOR life—and life is more than meat;
For health of body, more than raiment;
For skilful hands and willing feet;
For love of work and not of payment—
For these, O Lord of all, we raise
Our thankful hearts in prayer and praise!

For Conscience, lighting all our sky;
For Duty, sweeter far than pleasure;
For strength to live, and grace to die,
And joy in service beyond measure—
For all that makes man's life divine—
Shepherd of souls, the praise be thine!

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN

WHAT HAVE INDIANS TO BE THANKFUL FOR?

Before the HELPER shall reach its readers another time, the nation will have celebrated Thanksgiving Day.

The President of the United States issued a proclamation setting apart Thursday, November 30th as a general thanksgiving day, —a time to give thanks for the bountiful blessings we have received as a people.

The Governors of the various States did the same thing, and set apart the same day; and so next Thursday will be a State and national holiday, and a day of feasting and pleasure as well as thanksgiving.

But how about the Indians on their reservations?

Do they belong to the nation? Do they belong to the State?

If they are citizens there is no question about it; they come under the same proclamations as all other citizens.

But if they are not citizens, then what are they?

Some call the Indians wards of the Government, and the Man-on-the-band-stand does not blame the spirited Indian students and those who have passed out as graduates or non-graduates for resenting the same.

But no young Indian will be called a ward of the Government when he demonstrates to

the world that he is able to take care of himself, without ANY support save what he gets by the sweat of his own brow.

This view of Pueblo Indian women trudging along, under the weight of heavy burdens and with solemn, bowed heads covered with blankets, shutting out the light of day and of education, tells a sad story.



Pueblo Women—Seen on the Sante Fe Route,
New Mexico.

The writer has seen Indian women carrying loads of hay, under which ordinary people would stagger, making veritable horses of themselves; and for a woman to get such a great load upon her back, she would pass a strap over her head and lie down on her back upon the load; then with an almost superhuman effort throw herself upon her feet, toppling with the weight until she got her balance; and as the moving object passed out of sight, one could see an animate load of hay with two moccasined feet, but no women.

There are hundreds of Indian women still in darkness and carrying just such loads.

They know no better. And what have THEY to be thankful for?

The Indian girls of this period are learning better ways. When they become women they will not have to walk in the footsteps of the creatures in the picture.

They are learning how to carry loads of responsibility, (not of hay,) in a way that is

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 per year

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
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.

People who say: "Let people think what they will, I care little what they think," are generally the ones who care most what people think. The fact is, we are obliged to care what people think whether we think we care or not.

It will take 70 turkeys or about 700 pounds to give the student body a Thanksgiving feast, but a feast they must have for they deserve it. As a body of students they have been faithful and earnest in study and work, and good in conduct.

There are six more days before the close of the contest for the \$25 prize. Three or four of the contestants are running so closely together in numbers that the race is becoming exceedingly interesting. We expect some long lists this week. All names reaching us before midnight of Thursday the 30th will be counted.

The concert by the Band in the Opera House, on Wednesday evening was pronounced to be the best they have ever given. The Band is improving daily. William Paris Chambers' cornet solos were highly appreciated. He is one of the great cornet artists of the world, and the privilege to hear him was a great one. The Band had rehearsed with him but twice, and yet accompanied his difficult selections without a hitch.

A few who wished to help some one on the contest have sent in names and said "Add to any list you wish." We cannot show partiality, hence have added the names to no list. There is time yet for any one wishing to help. Send even ONE name, and say to whom we shall give the credit. One name may win the prize, numbers are running so closely. Those having over fifty are: Miss Mary Shields, Carlisle; Irving F. Merrill, Moore Station, Pa.; Jacob Rhule, Pittsburg, Pa.; George Muscoe, here; Howard Gansworth, Princeton University, N. J.; Palageia Tutikoff, Emigsville, Pa.; Bertha Fritz, Oak Lane, Philadelphia.

A visitor asked of a printer not long since: "Why do you learn the printer's trade? There is not one reservation in a hundred where you can follow that trade." The printer simply smiled at the visitor who had not yet learned that Carlisle is not educating Indians specially for reservation life. The one good thing about the printer's trade is that very fact. To follow the business at which they are able to make a living, the boys MUST leave the reservation and stand by the side of MEN.

The Red Man has taken upon its editorial staff the well-known writer, Elaine Goodale Eastman, whose experiences as Supervisor of Indian Schools in South Dakota, and life among the Indians in their camps will add a value to the contents of the paper that will be highly appreciated. The Red Man will hereafter be issued regularly on the fifteenth of the month, and will contain reading matter that every person in the land who is interested in Indian affairs cannot well do without. The best thought of the best writers upon the Indian question, and accurate information official and otherwise, concerning current events among Indians will be given. Fifty cents a year. Address, Red Man, Carlisle, Pa.

Colonel Walter C. Marmon, of Laguna, New Mexico, is dead, and the Laguna Indians have lost a most valuable friend. Colonel Marmon was well known to several at Carlisle, and the news was received with a shock. He has nieces and nephews attending our school. Colonel Marmon was a man well known in New Mexico, and has a large circle of friends. He was an Ohio man, and a soldier of prominence in the Civil War. In 1868, he went to New Mexico on a surveying expedition, and in time married a daughter of one of the officers of the Laguna Pueblo. He has been honored with the office of the Governor of the Pueblo several times, and was one of the chief instruments in the splendid progress the Pueblos have made.

On Tuesday evening, Rev. F. W. Merrill, of Oneida, Wisconsin, the Episcopalian Missionary there, who is doing all he can for those people, entertained us with some excellent views of the Oneida reservation. Some of the homes thrown upon the screen showed progress, and would compare with the average western homes. But there is one thing about the Indian home among Indians. The writer has visited the Oneidas several times, and was struck as she was driving along from the railroad point to the reservation, at the change in the appearance of the country the moment the line was crossed. On the "Caucasian" side there was thrift, business push and enterprise in the very atmosphere, and the farms looked clean and were well kept, roads and bridges were good. On the Indian side of the line, while there were some very nice homes and a few as good as any we saw anywhere, the general aspect was rather discouraging. There was a slowness in the air, a lack of the life that shows INDIVIDUAL prosperity. It was a community of one kind of people held down to their own peculiar notions. Nearly all travelers notice this, and the settlers in the near vicinity of the reservation speak of it freely. Now, what is lacking?

Sharpen your carving knives.

Sewing bees seem to be in fashion.

Miss Miller spent Sunday in Philadelphia.

Walter Marmon is learning to be a typesetter.

Drop in and see the enthusiastic little sloyd workers!

Miss Ely has purchased a new Smith Premier typewriter.

Glad to see some of our ladies sensibly adopting the short, rainy day skirt.

Marbles are now the rage among the small boys. It began with hickory nuts.

Mr. L. W. Gardner, of Baltimore, was a guest of Miss Senseney, on Saturday.

Miss Inga Ericson, of Chicago, has joined the clerical force in Major Pratt's office.

The Juniors have written some very entertaining Indian legends as a school exercise.

Mr. Warner witnessed the Dartmouth-Columbia game in New York, last Saturday.

Mr. Beitzel is taking a part of his annual leave, and visited Gettysburg among other places.

Our first and second football teams attended the Syracuse-Dickinson game on Wednesday in a body.

Mrs. DeLoss has gone to Washington for a few days, and will see her little son and other relatives.

The reception given by the Susans in the Gymnasium last Saturday evening was an enjoyable affair.

Mr. Snyder will have the business management of the game tomorrow, in the absence of Mr. Thompson.

We are glad to see our typo, Myron Moses, out and around again, after a few days' experience of hospital life.

Maro, on Monday night, was all that was anticipated, and rarely have our students spent a more enjoyable evening.

French History talks still continue at the opening exercises of school, with one day devoted to a resume of the news of the week.

The man who thinks that "the only good Indian is a dead one," should become acquainted with Mr. Wright, the Choctaw Evangelist.

The Glee Club boys "did themselves proud" in their singing at the Band Concert on Wednesday evening. Great credit is due Prof. Bland for the way he has brought out their voices.

"My mother who is in her 81st year reads your most interesting little paper aloud to the family every week," says a Middletown subscriber.

Nina Carlisle has found a pleasant home, she says, on the banks of the Delaware River. She seems to enjoy her work, her school and life in general.

Rev. Wright's rendition of "The Holy City" on Sunday afternoon was beautiful, and made a lasting impression.

Mr. Samuel Bentz of Carlisle and friend from Newville were among the interested visitors on Thursday afternoon.

Our neighbor's turkeys are making morning calls these days, no doubt looking into thanksgiving prospects.

The Syracuse University team who defeated Dickinson on Wednesday visited our school before going into battle.

Major and Mrs. Pratt spent Thursday night in Mercersburg where the Major addressed an audience on the Indians.

Miss Richenda H. Pratt's Wilson College friends—Misses Kemp, Cope and Roberts—came home with her to spend Sunday.

It is understood that the Band and Company C will meet in a football contest, on Thanksgiving Day. They were the winning teams last Saturday.

Invincibles, to-night: Mrs. Cook and Miss Wood; Standards, Miss Campbell and some one in Mrs. Dorsett's place; Susans, Misses Cochran and Weekley.

General L. A. Dodd, of Baltimore, a prominent soldier in the civil war was here Monday, renewing old acquaintances of the town. He is a friend of Major Pratt.

Company B and Company C met each other in football Saturday morning, the latter winning by a score of 10-5. In the afternoon the Band beat Company A by a score of 10-0.

Stick the fork astride the breast bone of the turkey to be carved, and do not remove it till the bird is cut up. Cut all around it—first the wings and legs off, then begin to slice.

Mr. Standing has been spending a very enjoyable fortnight in the town of Gettysburg, looking up interesting old records and getting accurate information about the famous battle.

Mrs. Thompson is reported as dangerously ill, in Albany, N. Y., where she has been visiting. Mr. Thompson left for Albany on Tuesday, as soon as he received the startling information.

We play Oberlin College to-morrow on our own athletic field, and an interesting and close game is expected. Hundreds of people from towns around are expected, and special rates on trains have been arranged.

Miss Mary P. Jayne, who is working among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, Oklahoma, has a good word now and then to say of some of the returned boys and girls who are home from schools outside of the reservation.

Some of the needed rain arrived on Wednesday night. Water is so scarce throughout this eastern country that many paper mills have had to shut down or run on half time, and paper has taken a jump.

Does it cost ten cents worth of time to save two cents worth of paper or string? Then time may be better spent. Common sense is necessary even in such things as saving. But let us ever keep in mind that "Willful WASTE brings woeful want."

Rev. Frank Hall Wright, the Choctaw Evangelist, and friend, Rev. Dr. Harsha, of New York City, were with us on Sunday, on their way to Texas, where they will engage in evangelistic work. Mr. Wright preached another of his magnetic sermons bringing the desire to the hearts of many, to do and to be better.

less torturous, less like a beast of burden. The light of education cheers and comforts them as they move along through life.

They are having better opportunities than their mothers had, and we believe they are truly thankful for the same.

All with sufficient intelligence to contemplate the vital questions pertaining to their own welfare, are beginning to realize that the "night" for the Indian "is far spent and the day is at hand" for them to "cast off the works of darkness and to put on the armour of light;" and they are DOING this as fast as opportunity affords, and as fast as the hindrances (which seem to loom up where a way opens for the Indian to get OUT) can be overcome.

They are taking on this armour of light through the civilized home and family.

They are taking it on through the schools of the country, in which today hundreds of Carlisle students are studying by the side of white boys and girls, and playing with them in their games.

The Indians have many things to be thankful for, and above all they have reason to be thankful for the GRAND opportunities that are opening up for them to escape the darkness that some people are laboring uselessly, to dispel by the keyhole process.

SHE REPORTED.

One of the little Indian girls of the Regina Indian School, says Progress, was left in the kitchen with instructions to report as soon as the kettle was boiling.

In a little while she came running into her mistress saying:

"Finished smoking big tea-pot."

Schedule for Football.

Sept. 23, Gettysburg at Carlisle; won, 21-0
Sept. 30, Susquehanna at Carlisle; won, 56-0
Oct. 14, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; WON, 16-5.
Oct. 21, Dickinson at Carlisle; won 16-5.
Oct. 28, Harvard at Cambridge: lost, 22-10.
Nov. 4, Hamilton at Utica; won, 32-0.
Nov. 11, Princeton at New York; lost 12-0
Nov. 25, Oberlin University at Carlisle.
Nov. 30, Columbia at New York.

25 TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!!! The person sending us the most subscriptions before Thanksgiving Day, 1899, will receive in cash the sum of twenty-five dollars. There are certain easy rules and restrictions which must be followed. Send for them at once if you are going to enter the contest.

A FEW CONUNDRUMS GOOD FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

What two letters express the most agreeable people in the world? U and I.

What did a blind man take at a Thanksgiving dinner which restored his sight? A cup and saucer (saw, sir.)

What is the best key to a good dinner? Turkey.

Where would the devil go to get a new tail? Where they re-tail bad spirits.

When can you carry water in a sieve? When it is ice.

What is the hardest conundrum? Life, because all have to give it up.

What two beaus can every lady have near at hand? El-bows.

What is more moist than a young lady with a waterfall on her head, a cataract in her eye, a little lake on each cheek, high-tied shoes, and a crick in her back? A young lady with a notion (an ocean) in her head.

Why are icy pavements like music? If you don't C sharp you will B flat.

If you were to throw a white stone into the Red Sea, what would it become? Wet.

How many apples were eaten in the Garden of Eden? Eve ATE, and Adam, TOO, and the devil WON—Eleven in all.

In what does Miss Ely take her Thanksgiving olives? In cider— (side her.)

Why can Satan never be civil? Because the Imp o'Darkness can never be Imp o'Light.

What is Hobson's choice? Mrs. Hobson.

NO PLACE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

An Indian girl sadly writes as follows:

The reserve is no place for girls. It is full of temptations. How much would I give now to go out of it, to wander away from it, to somewhere I don't know where. Dear knows how much I regret coming to the reserve. —(Progress.

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 12, 10, 6 is made of water.

My 9, 3, 14 is what every boy cannot help being.

My 1, 8, 13, 11, 4 is what a boat may do.

My 9, 2, 5 is what small girls do some times when dolly's head gets broken.

My 7, 3 is what Indians are called.

My whole is what will soon be over at the Carlisle Indian school for this year!

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Thanksgiving dinner.