

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XV.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1899.

NUMBER 7

THE CHILD HEART

THE heart of a child,
Like the heart of a flower,
Has a smile for the sun
And a tear for the shower;
Oh, innocent hours
With wonder beguiled—
Oh, heart like a flower's
Is the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of a bird,
With raptures of music
Is flooded and stirred;
Oh, songs without words,
Oh, melodies wild—
Oh, heart like a bird's
Is the heart of a child!

The heart of a child,
Like the heart of the spring,
Is full of the hope
Of what summer shall bring;
Oh, glory of things
In a world undefiled—
Oh, the heart like the spring's
Is the heart of a child!

—Arthur Austin-Jackson, in *London Speaker*.

BLANKET INDIANS NOT MUCH FOR STYLE.

Some blanket Indians with their agent, were stopping at a hotel in Washington, not very recently.

The Indians were representative men, but for some reason or other it was their first trip to the National Capital. They belonged to a conservative tribe who have been quietly attending to business at home without having to send delegates to the Great Father as often as some tribes seem to have to, hence these particular chiefs had never seen much of the outside world and had never before eaten at a hotel.

At dinner the menu was handed to the Indians, who, of course, not being able to make out the name of various dishes, was obliged to rely upon their interpreter. Each chose what he wanted.

The waiter then went to the window where orders are called off to the cook.

He then went back, walked very deliberately to where the glasses were kept, selected

one for each, wiped the glass, filled it with water and set it by the plate of each Indian.

Then he stood around apparently indifferent as to whether the Indians had any thin to eat or not. Everybody was eating, but the Indians had nothing. Of course their dinner was in the process of cooking, but they did not see any evidence of it.

They began to be impatient.

"Why don't we have something to eat?" one asked of the interpreter.

"The white people are making fun of us. We do not want to sit here and starve while the white people fill themselves and laugh at us."

"That fellow came and asked what we wanted to eat. We told him. He went and talked into that window. He gives us nothing."

At this the dignified old chief arose, wrapped his blanket about him and with compressed lips and head up stalked out of the room. In a moment the other befeathered and painted warriors followed, and they all went down the street to a grocery store where they bought something to eat and got it when they asked for it.

This is a true story told the writer by the interpreter himself.

"THE MOUTH OF HELL"

It is total abstinence or death—at least with most Indians, says Progress, that bright newsy little paper printed at the Regina Industrial School, Canada, to the boys.

If a boy tampers with the wine cup, he is lost.

A bar-tender said, in the tone of an oracle:

"Your educated Indian boys are only educated rascals. I can't tell them from ordinary customers."

Shun the Bar Room, boys. It's no place for you.

To many it is the mouth of Hell

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.

The school and the Indians in general have lost a good friend in the death of Abram R. Vail, a Friend, well known to many of that Society in Bucks County. He was a resident of Quakertown, N. J., and has long been a patron of the Carlisle Outing.

The handsomest calendars we have seen this year are those issued by the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, for which our genial townsman John B. Bratton is the agent. The Man-on-the-band stand was the recipient of one of these, and a number of the heads of departments at the school received the same, for which all are indeed thankful.

The Thanksgiving dinner at the Teachers' Club was a most Noble effort. Everything that goes to make up a turkey dinner and Thanksgiving feast was served in the best of style, and the room was decorated very tastefully. The teachers and all who partook are grateful to Miss Noble, Mrs. Rumsport and Mr. Kensler for the bountiful repast, and happy occasion.

The Swift entertainments on Friday and Saturday nights were very much enjoyed. All sorts of polliwogs and things were greatly magnified and thrown upon the screen. No one hereafter will want to have unclean teeth in his or her mouth. Boo! Those microbes—little disease breeding snakes that people carry in their mouths because they are too careless to clean their teeth! Let us be CLEAN and keep healthy!

Mr. Glen S. Warner, first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his football team, has gone to his home in Springville, New York. Coach Warner has done wonders with our team, and not only as a coach, but as a gentleman of high character has he the respect, admiration and love of the two teams, as well as of all who know him at the school. Mr. Warner is engaged for next year. Mrs. Warner accompanied her husband. The social circles at our school will miss these cheery young people, and will be glad to have them return to us next fall.

Superintendent Frank Terry, of the Ft. Belknap School, Montana, visited us this week, and renewed acquaintanceship with old students. On Wednesday evening he held an informal reception with the Crow Agency, Grand Junction and Puyallup boys and girls he knew. He has been superintendent of all these schools. In a little address he said in part that when a pupil in school has a teacher and the teacher goes away another coming to take his place, and in a few months that one leaves, the pupil is apt to think that he will never see those teachers again, and the teachers will never think of him again. It is not so. Mr. Terry assured the boys and girls present that he had not forgotten them and their record had been watched. He was pleased when he learned that they had come to Carlisle. There was education in the trip alone, and to come where there are such advantages as is here offered was a great opportunity. His remarks were well received, and his frank, open manner while here has insured him a warm welcome if he ever comes this way again.

We learn through a friendly letter of a pleasing incident which occurred last week in Brownsburg, Pa., in the vicinity of which a number of our boys have been living. At a parlor meeting at Robert K. Tomlinsons, it being the last for some of the boys of a number of such meetings which have been given the Indians and others for singing and social chat, "Hugh Lieder and Peter Cadot each expressed in simple but heartfelt language their warm appreciation of the kindness and fellowship shown them, and said that in their far western homes or wherever they might be these meetings would ever be in their memories as a help and comfort to them. The hostess responded in a few well-chosen words, thanking them in turn and counselling each to say NO to whatever temptation they might meet."

Employees have been instructed to look carefully after the clothing of students, to see that they are properly protected from the weather. A boy with no vest who allows his coat to fly open, places himself in danger and should be told to button his coat. A West Point Cadet who is seen with coat open, is arrested or punished, and it would be a good rule here in cold and changeable weather.

The wedding announcement of Presley Houk to Margaret Eleanor Abbott at the Holy Trinity Mission, Cut Bank, Montana, on Monday December 4th, is before us. Presley's many friends of the east will rejoice at this good news and will shower him with congratulations if they get the chance. Presley was a printer when at Carlisle.

Mrs. Craft and daughter Mabel after an extended visit at the school with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, have gone to their home in Jersey City. Mrs. Thompson, who is Mrs. Craft's daughter has been very ill with acute eye trouble, but is now improving and is expected home before long.

Our teachers have enjoyed the Cumberland County Teachers' Institute this year more than ever before. They take turns in going and double up their classes. Some of the speakers and instructors are of a high order and the evening entertainments have been excellent.

We are now within one of having a thousand on our school roll—999.

Mrs. Sawyer spent Thanksgiving with Miss Forster at the home of the latter in Harrisburg.

Mrs. Senseney of Chambersburg, was a guest of her daughter, at the school, Thanksgiving.

Major Pratt is at the Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, receiving treatment for rheumatism.

Mrs. Pratt and granddaughter, Miss Mary Stevick, of Denver, have returned from Philadelphia.

The school has had a round of visitors this week on account of the Teachers' Institute being held in town.

Dr. Mosser, of the M. E. Church, who has been our pastor for a month, gave a very excellent Thanksgiving talk.

Mr. George Connors, the trainer, has gone to Chicago for his wife, and will return shortly to be with us for some time.

The small boys' football team defeated the ex-small boys, from the large boys' quarters last Saturday by a score of 18-0.

Several new students from Maine have arrived. They with a few others that came before, form the Maine part of the school.

Miss Annie Morton, '98, of the clerical force of Miss Ely's office, has been on the sick list for a few days, with a bad throat, but is out again.

Isaac Seneca has been elected captain of the football team of 1900. This is a great honor, and the Man-on-the-band-stand extends congratulations.

The pond has been made ready for skating. Now all we have to do is to wait for freezing weather, and it is almost here, judging from the cold breath from the north these last few days.

Among the Thanksgiving guests was Master Hobart Cook who came to visit his mother. Hobart has changed wonderfully since we last saw him. He is attending school near Philadelphia.

Mrs. DeLoss spent a very happy little vacation with her mother and son in Washington, D. C. Although not as well as she hoped to be, she enjoyed the outing and says she had a good time.

Rev. Dr. Norcross, of the Second Presbyterian Church, Carlisle, will officiate as chaplain for the school, this month. He preached his first sermon last Sunday.

Have you 157 on your wrapper? That means that this issue is Vol. 15 number 7, and it is time to renew if you desire not to miss any papers. Prompt renewal will insure against delay and error.

Mr. Thompson, Captain Wheelock, Frank Hudson, Artie Miller, and Hawley Pierce were guests of Dr. Bainbridge, for dinner when in New York City. The dinner was served in the famous Peter Cooper house.

The students' Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and side dishes, was much enjoyed. The dining-hall was appropriately trimmed and made cheery and comfortable. Miss Miles, Mrs. Ewbanks and their helpers spared no pains in making the occasion a memorable one.

Mr. Weber, made a business trip to Reading, one day this week.

Mrs. F. E. Spangler, daughter of Commodore Elliott, of Hagerstown, and Mrs. Woodward of West High Street were interested and interesting visitors, yesterday.

Miss Mary J. Hilton with her country Sunday School class visited the school on Wednesday. There are those in the near vicinity of the school who rarely if ever have been inside our grounds.

Dr. Eastman writes from Santee, South Dakota, where on returning from a council with others, one pitch-dark and rainy night he narrowly escaped falling into a ditch fifteen feet deep. One of the party did go in and was stunned by the fall.

Ralph Armstrong, '98, who when he left for the west was paid the principal due him from our school bank, has written instructions to divide the interest money that has accrued upon his savings while at school, between the three literary societies—a very graceful act.

An Inter-Society Oratorical Contest, tonight! Judge Henderson and Professors McIntire and Sellers of Dickinson College will officiate as judges, and Mr. Standing, Beitzel and Miss Burgess will act as prize-committee. A prize of six dollars is offered the best all around speaker, and four dollars the second best.

The printer who made up the form of a leading daily after the Columbia Indian game, in New York, Thanksgiving Day, got an article about the game mixed with a Thanksgiving robbery, and made the last line read that "The Indians were in prime physical condition and tore through a second story window by means of a ladder."

Miss Palagia Tuticoff, of Emigsville, Pa., one of our students from Alaska, has carried off the twenty-five dollars offered to the person securing the largest number of names before Thanksgiving. Her list was the longest, numbering 587. Howard Gansworth, of Princeton University, stood next with a list numbering 429. Miss Shields, of Carlisle, next with a list of 418. There were others with lists numbering two and three hundred, and less. In all the HELPER subscription list was increased 2584. We sympathize with those who worked and did not secure the prize, but feel that we paid a liberal commission, so that the entire time was not lost. We allowed two cents on every name secured. We thank all for their kindly efforts on behalf of the little paper and feel certain that they have achieved a good for the Indians that cannot be estimated. The paper goes into the hands of over two thousand people who never have seen it before, possibly, and it is estimated that for every subscriber of a newspaper there are 3 readers. We shall hope that the 6000 new readers brought to us by the increase will become more interested in the rising Indian hereafter than in the Wild West freak so often paraded before the public as the real Indian.

The Indian is demonstrating daily that he is not a freak but is a MAN, and it is the mission of the HELPER to help him by circulating this truth throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Isaac Seneca
1900 Capt.

END OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

The Thanksgiving Day game on Manhattan Field with the Columbia University, which earlier in the season had defeated Yale, was a success in every particular. The Indians won by a score of 45 to 0.

The season has been one of marked success for us. We have played nine games and lost but two—Harvard and Princeton. The first game lost was with Harvard, the recognized strongest team in the United States to-day. Two of our most important men were out of condition. The Indian team was the only one that scored against Harvard this year.

Full and free comments by the public press from the best authority on football have been clipped for the coming Red Man—out the fifteenth. These clippings make interesting reading for people who are not football enthusiasts as well as for those who are lovers of the game.

The following from the New York Evening Telegram is a fair sample of the complimentary things said of our boys as gentlemen:

Everybody remarked about the exemplary conduct of the students from the Carlisle School while they were stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They were extremely modest about their victory over the Columbia boys at Manhattan Field. There was no bluster and no swaggering about the corridors. They behaved themselves in a quiet, orderly manner. Not one of the thirty members who were here with the football team went near the barroom. Their general good behavior was commented upon while they were patrons of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

IT WAS NO JOKE TO THOSE INDIANS.

Those of us who saw the great magician Maro, a few weeks ago, walk down in our audience and before our very eyes, when we were watching him closely, take handfuls of silver dollars from the noses and ears of our boys and from the braids of hair of our girls, will read with a degree of pleasure of the amazement of the Indians told about in this clipping from the Haskell Leader:

A few years ago a troop of showmen were traveling in the western part of Oregon.

At one of the towns where they stopped, a number of Indians paid them a visit.

An old chief had a dog with him, which was constantly at his side.

One of the troop, who practiced sleight of hand, stooped down and patted the dog on the back, saying, "good dog," "good doggy," at the same time slipping his hand along the

dog's back and over his tail, when he displayed a hand full of coin which apparently he had taken from the dog's anatomy.

He repeated the deception a number of times, and offered the Indians a fabulous sum for the dog.

They looked on with wonder and amazement, but refused all inducements to sell.

Soon after they took the dog down to the river and, after failing to secure the money in the same manner, killed the dog and dissected him, hoping to secure all the treasure at once, but, failing as before, they pronounced the white man an evil spirit.

AN INDIAN'S BROKEN ENGLISH.

It is occasionally a little hard to tell just how a person does feel when one receives an answer like the following. This is verbatim, and similar ones are not uncommon:

Doctor—Well, John, how do you feel?

John.—O! I feel all right this time. From my heart up this side to my head it hurts, down my leg to my feet it is very sick and my heart and my head it very hurts.—Northern Light. (Alaska)

CANDY VERSUS CRACKER.

An Indian father at Ross Fork, Idaho, knows better what is good for little folks than some white people do. He once said to the missionary. "Cracker he all right, candy he not much good: papposes he eat um, he cry, crackers he eat, he pretty good."—[Progress.

A LONG TAIL-SWITCH.

With its forepaws on South Africa and the Soudan, and its tail in China, the British lion, says a critic, will have hard work keeping off the mosquitoes.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters.

My 13, 8, 7 is a bird.

My 4, 1, 6, 15, 14 is where our boys and girls like to go when they have money.

My 10, 11, 12, 2 is one way of making goal.

My 9, 13, 11, 5, 3 is something through which Indian women of some tribes have their rations thrown to them.

My whole began to sing immediately after Thanksgiving Day, and was as hungry as ever.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEKS ENIGMA: The feathers.