

# The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL  
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

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NUMBER 19.

## GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY DWIGHT WELDON.

There's none so poor in all the world  
But Christmas comes to bless;  
There's no home utterly forgot,  
Though gloomy with distress.  
Through every cloudy sky that lowers  
There sometimes must be rifts,  
And every coming season brings  
God's blessed Christmas gifts!

The sky so mercifully blue,  
The air so pure and bright,  
The forests and the hills and streams,  
The sunshine's golden light;  
The moon to guide our stumbling feet  
Its blade of silver lifts,  
The sowing and the harvest—these,  
God's blessed Christmas gifts!

And health, and life, and friends, and hope,  
And joy, and home, and peace,  
Rare presents of beneficence  
Whose measures never cease;  
And promise stands, we shall receive,  
When life's last fetter lifts,  
In one un-ending Christmas day,  
God's blessed Christmas gifts!

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Christmas is coming!  
It is the gladdest, happiest time of the whole  
year.

Any child ten years old who has not looked  
forward to the twenty-fifth of December  
with unutterable anticipations of delight, has  
lost half a life.

For what would this life be without the  
story of Christ!

The Babe in the manger at Bethlehem is  
the babe of the ages.

By song and story, by gifts, and sports,  
keep the day holy!

The spirit of giving now holds full sway.

Everyone feels its influence, and everyone  
gives what he can, if it is only a hearty,

"Merry Christmas!"

Isn't this giving?

Of course it is.

Most people would rather have such a greet-  
ing from one whose interest shows itself in  
his very manner than a costly present given  
grudgingly, and from a sense of duty.

The spirit of giving is what keeps the world  
sweet.—[*Teachers Institute.*]

Christ was not born in the first year of the  
Christian era, as one would naturally suppose  
from the modern method of writing dates.

A. D., 1888 means literally the 1888th year  
of our Lord, the letters A. D. being the abbrevi-  
ated form of *Anno Domini*.

But 1888 really is the 1892nd year since the na-  
tivity, for Christ was born on Christmas Day  
in the year 4 B. C.

This sounds like a self-contradiction, and it  
arises from confusion in chronology impossi-  
ble to reconcile, owing to the fact that it was  
not until the sixth century after Christ's  
birth that the Christian era came into use as  
a basis for reckoning.

The majority of people trouble themselves  
very little about these things, but they should  
be known to all, both young and old.

To the inhabitants of Christian countries,  
Christmas is a time of mirth and jollity. As  
God on the first Christmas Day gave to men  
the greatest gift possible—a Redeemer—so  
men and women and children give to each  
other presents on each return of the joyful  
season. It is a time of generosity of the open-  
ing of the heart, of charity to the poor, and  
of benefactions to the unfortunate.

It is the great festival of the calendar.

—[*Sunshine.*]

Christmas used to be a time for revelries  
which were carried to excess. When fully  
celebrated, the Christmas holidays continued  
from December 24 to January 2, and even  
longer.

It may be interesting to state that the very  
popular individual known as Kriss-Kingle  
owes that name to a corruption of the Ger-  
man term *Christ-Kind-in* or infant Christ



# The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER 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.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

No HELPER next week.

Health is too costly a blessing to be fooled away.

Honesty is the best policy, but policy is not always the best honesty.

Better begin the world without a dime than end it without a dollar.

"Yes it's school enough for me," sighed a tired teacher after a hot day's work.—[Ex.]

Seorahna sent ten cents for the HELPER this week. He is living near Pineville. He says he is well and going to school.

Whoever would keep informed on the Indian Question in all its length and breadth should subscribe for the *Red Man*. It furnishes monthly, information that can be obtained nowhere else.

We are pleased to hear so soon again from Isadore Labadie, who misses the HELPER very much. She says, "I have been waiting for four weeks for my HELPER but haven't got any of them. I am lost without it. If you send them to the Agency, I never will get them, for we do not go there but once a month and may be not then.

Now if you please send them to Baxter Springs.

I have not seen any of the returned pupils since I wrote before. I saw Frank Aveline the other day pass by our house but never have seen him to speak. I suppose you have school in the new building now. I can almost picture it out in my mind. The scholars can study so much harder now because they are in such a nice building. I know I could if I were there.

The printers want a little holiday, too, and so we print no HELPER next week.

Henry Martin has gone to College at Oxford Georgia. It is a Methodist institution.

Another letter from Constant Bread, San Carlos Agency, New Mexico, says that Jose Nadilgodey is getting fat, and is married. Constant reads and studies some in the evenings and is keeping up pretty well in his English.

In a letter from Spenceport, N. Y., addressed to INDIAN HELPER, a fifty cent postal order was enclosed but not a word to tell where to send the paper. Will the parties sending the money kindly inform us where to address the paper.

A little boy living near Philadelphia, and a subscriber to the INDIAN HELPER says, "I haven't any money to buy Christmas presents but I will try to get some by working and trapping musk-rats. "We wish the little fellow, success."

We have received from the Indian School at Sitka, Alaska, a club of fifty names for our paper. Thanks brothers and sisters. We will try and give you all the news and progress of our school, feeling glad that you show an interest in our work.

The *North Star*, published at Sitka Alaska, is full of useful information in regard to the Mission schools and the habits and customs of the Indians in that far-away land. Terms are fifty cents a year for a single copy with reduced rates for clubs. Address all business correspondence to William. A. Kelly, Sitka, Alaska.

We have a sample of corn from Laura Doanmoe's farm in Indian Territory, which shows what that far away land will produce and it goes ahead of some Pennsylvania corn. When the Indians learn to work and save money and improve their land, what wonderful farms they will have, for many tribes have the best of land to cultivate.

Look at the successful business men in the world! Ask them if they used to strut around with kid gloves on and brass watch chains when they were boys! The man who is giving \$5,000,000 to establish a grand Industrial Institution in Philadelphia doesn't even now wear a showy watch chain. When he was a young man he didn't spend his money on showy neck-ties and kid gloves, either. Say! Save!



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Big sociable next week. Yum! Yum!

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The Shortest day of the year, my friends.

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*The Red Man* was two or three days behind time this month, owing to unavoidable delay.

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Miss Aspell taught Miss Shears' school for two days, and taught as though it were a pleasure.

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It has been trying to snow. Wish it would make out, for how can Santa Claus come if there is no snow?

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I tell you we have had a good time this week tying spruce. Yes! Boys and girls together, and they were real gentlemen and ladies.

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Cecelia Londrosh was unanimously elected to the position of Secretary of the Sunday School in the place of J. B. Given, resigned.

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Misses Shears, Seabrook, Phillips, Bessie Patterson and Cook will spend the holidays among friends away from the school.

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Samuel Townsend is home for the Holidays. He likes his College life thus far at Marietta, Ohio. The boys are kind and President Eaton is like a father to him.

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Our subscribers will receive fifty-two numbers this year of the *HELPER* the same as usual but there will be one week of time lost in printing no *HELPER* next week.

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Now we are in the new Bakery. It is much better than the old one, and the boys are making very good bread in the new oven, but who knows? If the school continues to grow we will have to make the bakery two stories.

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Teachers' Institute in town this week has brought a number of visitors to our school. Our teachers have attended some of its sessions and have enjoyed the lectures given in the evening. Prof. Woodruff, our principal, addressed the Institute one day.

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Will Carleton? Yes, he is grand. One of America's most popular poets, and he has been to see us. His talk to our pupils was grand too. So full of good common sense. The poem, "Picnic Sam," went directly to the hearts of his hearers.

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Rev. Dr. George E. Reed, of Hartford, Conn., has been to see us. There is some talk of his becoming the new President of Dickinson College. Dr. Reed is a man of fine presence, and what he said to our pupils will long be remembered. Shall we ever forget the story of the clam-shell, and the useful lesson it taught? Judge and Mrs. Sadler and other visitors from town were with the Doctor.

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REMEMBER! No *HELPER* next week.

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Oh! Oh! Richard has a little new brother. It came to the Hospital last Saturday. A jolly nice little fellow, and My! how he can cry! Mrs. Laura Doanmoe is the mother. We are glad to have a new baby, for Eunice is getting almost too big to carry, but we shall not love Eunice any the less.

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There was a regular game of foot-ball played Saturday and only one boy came off with a sprained ankle. The Man-on-the-band-stand calls that a lucky game. He doesn't think he would like to indulge in such rough play, but if the boys enjoy it he wants to see them go ahead and learn.

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Yamie Leeds, our mailer, reports that for a few weeks he has taken more names off the *INDIAN HELPER* subscription list than he has put new ones on. The Man-on-the-band-stand feels low spirited when he hears such news. If every subscriber would ask a friend to subscribe or would make a present of the paper to just one friend how Yamie and the M. O. T. B. S. would smile.

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Last Friday night's exhibition was ten times better than the one before. The speakers had their pieces learned better and every thing went off like a charm. We expect something very nice when the Girls' Literary Society gives its entertainment in the grand chapel of the new school building. We hear it is to come off soon.

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Quite a pleasant excitement was produced in the printing-office and shops on Saturday afternoon by a visit of about fifty of the girls. Indeed one of the printers was so confused that he almost made "pi" of his work and another was heard to say that he could not do anything, but who could when a lot of pretty girls was looking on.

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In the shops the boys suspended work and proceeded to explain the mysteries of their trade to their visitors. We do not know who derived the most pleasure from the visit, but we say, "Come again."

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Carl Leider arrived last Saturday night from the Crow Agency, Montana, bringing with him four girls and fifteen boys as bright and healthy a lot of children as has come from the west lately. Carl says he found things at home away ahead of what he left them five years ago when he entered Carlisle. The Indians are making progress as farmers and are getting the comforts of life about them. He found his friends with cattle and horses and plenty and enough to eat. Carl says that the Catholic school there is by far ahead of any other school on the reserve. They are putting up new buildings and they keep their Institution full of pupils.



### A CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

The Man-on-the-band-stand hardly thinks that Santa Claus will listen to such a letter as this written evidently by a little white boy:

"Dear Santa Claus," wrote little Will, in letters truly shocking, "I've been a good boy, so please fill a heapin' up this stocking. I want a drum to make pa sick and drive my mother crazy; I want a doggie I can kick, so he will not get lazy. I want a powder gun to shoot right at my sister Annie, and a big trumpet I can toot just awfu' loud at granny. I want a truffle big fa'se face to scare in fits our baby. I want a pony I can race round the parlor, maybe. I want a little hatchet, too, so I can do some choppin' upon our grand piano new when mamma goes a shoppin'. I want a nice hard rubber ball to smash all into flinders, the great big mirror in the hall, and lots and lots of winders. And candy that'll make me sick so ma all night will hold me, and make pa get the doctor quick and never try to sco'd me. And Santa Claus, if pa says I am naughty, it's a story. Just say if he whips me I'll die and go to kingdom glory."

### FROM A LITTLE GIRL IN THE COUNTRY.

#### How She is Making a Woman of Herself.

DEAR FRIEND:—

I am done washing the supper dishes so I thought I would write a letter to you and send ten cents for the HELPER another year. It is very interesting.

I go to school in the afternoons. I like it very much. And I try to improve my time. I like my teacher very much.

On Thursdays our school lets out at three o'clock. These who learn to draw and paint and take music lessons stay till 5 o'clock. I will tell you what I do here.

I milk two cows in the evening and sometimes three. We have twelve cows.

I make two beds, sweep, dust, strain the milk, help to get the meals, make the fires in the mornings' help to wash and iron, gather

the eggs, carry wood in and get the kindling, wash dishes, churn, scrub, and other little things.

In the evenings I study my lessons. But my eyes trouble me so much they get red and pain.

Well, to-day we picked twelve turkeys for to sell. I must close my letter, So good by.

Your little friend.

### Enigmas.

I am made of 9 letters.

My 6, 2, 4, 3, 5, 6 is what water will quench.

My 3, 8, 6, 9 are very destructive little animals.

My 1, 8, 6 is a house pet.

My 9, 7, 8, 5, 2 is to dash to pieces.

My whole will soon be here.

My 1 is in tie but not in ball.

My 2 is in cry but not in call.

My 3 is in sit but not in walk.

My 4 is in knit but not in talk.

My 5 is in ring but not in noise.

My 6 is in string but not in toys.

My 7 is in pen but not in ink.

My 8 is in wren but not in wink.

My 9 is in up but not in down.

My 10 is in cup but not in frown.

My 11 cannot be found in birds

But at the end of two little words

Which if you'll try and guess in time

You'll see when done with this short

rhyme

Where our boys and girls like to be at night.

When Christmas nearly comes to sight.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLE: Time.

**STANDING OFFER.**—For **FIVE** new subscribers to the **INDIAN HELPER**, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For **TEN**, Two **PHOTOGRAPHS**, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For **FIFTEEN**, we offer a **GROUP OF THE WHOLE SCHOOL** on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.

**A**T the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Red Man**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Red Man** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Order for the **HELPER**.

Address, **THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.**