

The Indian Helper.

Ande Suirely

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

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER 20.

LOOK UP!

There is hope in the world for you and me;
There is joy in a thousand things that be;
There is fruit to gather from every tree—

Look up! Look up!

There is care and struggle in every life;
With temper and sorrow the world is rife;
But no strength cometh without the strife;

Look up! Look up!

There's a place in the land for you to fill;
There is work to do with an iron will:—
The river comes from the tiny rill;—

Look up! Look up!

There are bridges to cross, and the way is long,
But a purpose in life will make you strong!
Keep e'er on your lips a cheerful song!

Look up! Look up!

Suppose we think little about number one;
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt any one "just for the joke;"
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer—
How sure we shall be for a Happy New Year!

—[St. Nicholas.

OUR CHRISTMAS?

One of the merriest.

There was everything to make it so.

A holiday.

Perfect weather.

Quantities of presents.

Lots of candy, cakes, nuts and apples.

An immense dinner.

And a big supper.

Santa Claus came late in the evening.

The kind old gentleman was not expected
this year.

So the small boys did not hang up their
stockings.

Before they went to sleep, though, they re-
ceived a letter from Santa Claus.

Miss Patterson called them out in the hall
and read the letter.

The 66 little fellows all dressed in long
night shirts crowded around their mother to

hear the joyous news, from dear old Santa.
And as they danced with delight, were a fun-
ny sight that night.

Santa told all the small boys to put their hats
in the transoms above the doors. He said
that they must then go back to bed and go to
sleep.

As soon as they had heard all they scamp-
ered to their rooms.

In no time, every transom contained two or
three hats. And the boys? Why, of course
they were sound asleep in five minutes and
snoring away at a great rate.

No, no. They could not cheat Santa Claus.

He knew when they were really asleep, and
not until every eye was shut tight for the
night did he venture down the chimney.

Nuts and candy is what he put in most of
the hats, and plenty, too.

But would you believe it? Some of the
boys were up so early that they ate all they
found in their hats before daylight.

And they didn't get sick, either.

The curious way and the odd places the
girls hung their stockings made the Man-on-
the-band-stand double over with laughter,
and even old Santa Claus had to smile.

Just think of a stocking hung on a broom
stick standing propped against a chair in the
middle of the floor. But every one of the 166
daughters in those quarters found something
away down in the toe of her stocking that
beautiful Christmas morning, and were made
happy by it. Not one ugly face in all the
quarters, did the Man-on-the-band-stand see,
even though some of the remembrances were
small.

The Christmas dinner?

Why, the girls and boys can never get done
thanking Mrs. Lutkins, Miss Noble, Dr. Given,
Miss Cutter and Miss Aspell who helped to
pile the good things on the table.

Turkey?

Yes, indeed, and all the things that go a-
long with a turkey dinner.

The Christmas supper—cake, ice-cream, nuts,
and apples—was another feast.

Continued on Fourth Page.

The Indian Helper.

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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.

THE GIRLS' LITERARY IN THE NEW CHAPEL.

It came New Year's Night.

Every boy and girl, man, woman and child, black, red and white, who last Tuesday night listened to the sweet songs, the well rendered recitations; who beheld the bewitching pipe-drill, the pretty postures, the exquisite statuary, the unique and charming art-gallery must say without reserve that the scenic effect, the whole *get-up* of the occasion was the most impressive and indeed the very best that has ever been given by the pupils of any class or society of our school.

The Girls' Literary Society deserves great credit, and they received as much as it was possible to give at the time with prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.

The address of Welcome delivered by the Society's President, Eva Johnson, was most appropriate and well spoken.

May Paisano stood in a lovely garden, at the entrance of a gate in which was standing her pet dog, as she said her "Seven times one."

How sweet was the echo song, by the society! As the distant sound was heard the audience became breathless, which quietness was only exceeded when the first tramp, tramp, and singing of the approaching society was heard, immediately after the audience had gathered. They marched, and sang as they marched back and forth between the seats until all were in position. And, boys, did you notice that they put down the left foot at the right time in the music?

The Quartette deserves special mention. The four voices of Lily Wind, Clara Faber, Katie Girod, and Anna Thomas blended sweetly.

In the statuary, Lydia Flint represented "Liberty Enlightening the World". The representation was perfect as she stood so majestically holding the red torch in air. She

was motionless as the statue itself, and the audience broke out in rapturous applause.

The other pieces—"Looking out at Sea,"—Cecelia Londrosch and Anna Marmon; "The Archer—Mary Natsawa; "Ruth", of the Bible—Zippa Metoxen; and "The Water Carrier,"—Anna Thomas, we could have looked at all night.

The Art Gallery?

The audience was again held spell bound with surprise and delight, when the curtain arose on a room-full of living pictures. Lilly Cornelius, Bettie Wind, Hattie Porcupine, Susie Bond, Janette Rice, Annie Morton and Belinda Archiquette stood in the frames and were as "pretty as pictures". Indeed we thought they were pictures until Topsy appeared with dust brush in hand.

Even pictures had to laugh at Topsy, she was so funny.

Clara Faber, it was, and a more perfect imitation of a real little negro girl full of tricks cannot be imagined.

Hope was the artist, and if she has any of those pictures for sale no doubt she can get a good price.

Girls, your old friend could go on, and on, and on until his little paper would be more than filled telling how pleased every one was and how well you did your parts, but we have said enough to show that you have carried off the prize of "THE BEST."

Now hold it.

The girls are very grateful for the kindly assistance given the night of the entertainment by Mr. Given, Henry Kendall, Otto Zotom Geo. Means and others, and are under great obligations to Miss Nana Pratt, for suggestion and help from the beginning.

Almost a Fire.

There might have been a mob, Sunday evening before Christmas had not our Commandeer been on hand.

While he was in the act of speaking to the school, screams of children were heard in the distance. It was the little girls, and their cries meant that the girls' quarters were on fire and they were frightened. Every boy and girl of the five hundred present fixed himself and herself in the attitude of springing and running for the door.

The loud command "Halt," was most admirably obeyed. An officer was quietly dispatched to discover the cause of the alarm. He returned, called out Company A. In meantime, Mr. Mason Pratt was on the spot doing active service alone.

The large boys who soon reached there, kept cool headed and the flames were out even before "Uncle Sam" our fire engine was ready to pump. It is thought that a girl must have gone to the closet some time in the evening for an article of clothing and held the lamp where it made a spark. The closet was completely charred. In three minutes more the whole room would have been in flames.

The same evening a lamp exploded in the dining-hall, which caused great excitement, but little damage.

A story from A-te-ka, next week.

Miss Nana Pratt is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

We have a new farmer on the Parker farm Mr. Pollinger.

Miss Marie Worthington is visiting friends in Washington, D. C.,

Mrs. Laura has named her baby Etahdleuh after the baby's father.

Several pupils on farms came in for a few days during the holidays.

Samuel Ahatone and William Jannies of the Lincoln Institution were here for a few days.

Our morning foreman, Ben Thomas, is a little under the weather. Too much Christmas, perhaps.

Several of our pupils had the pleasure of eating Christmas dinner with friends in the country.

The sociable at the Standings Saturday night was another enjoyable evening during the holidays.

The cisterns have all been cleaned. "Uncle Sam," our able fire engine did the work of pumping out the water.

Miss Shears arrived Wednesday evening. She was detained in New York on account of the illness of her sister.

Dr. Rittenhouse had the honor of preaching the first sermon within the walls of the new chapel, last Sunday afternoon.

A sociable at Capt. and Mrs. Pratt's the evening after Christmas for the teachers and officers of the school was much enjoyed.

A number of newsy letters have been received from Mr. Campbell, some of which will be given in next issue of the HELPER.

The Man-on-the-band-stand DID get a present and a nice one; too. The statement on the outside of the HELPER is not correct. His little Peoria printer remembered him, with a handsome fruit-dish.

Miss Bessie Patterson spent the holidays at her home in Washington. Miss L. A. Bender visited friends in Baltimore, and Miss Seabrook took a short cut home, to Emmittsburg, Md. via Philadelphia and Baltimore.

A Card.

I return many thanks to the ladies and gentlemen for the grand Christmas presents given to me. Hoping them all a happy new year, I am,
GEORGE FOULKE.

Henry Kendall spent his holiday vacation with us.

Miss Marion Pratt spent the holidays at home.

Miss Woodruff, daughter of our Principal, visited the school Sunday before Christmas.

Bruce Patterson says "Wha—Wha—Wha—When again Christmas come?"

Miss Rote's Christmas and New Year's Dinners—well—they cannot be described.

Mr. Edward McFadden came down from Amherst for a holiday chat with friends.

Mrs. Dr. Fruit, of Jerseytown, an old school-mate of Misses Rote and Burgess, spent a few days at the school.

A splendid chance to keep step with the right foot (which is the left foot,) as we march out of our new chapel.

Our pupils attending different Sunday schools in town were kindly invited to participate in their several holiday festivals.

Yamie Leeds and Charlie Dagnett made a holiday visit to all the printing offices in town and they also went through the paper mills at Mt. Holly.

Frank Lock, Librarian, wishes to thank the printers for the nice catalogue printed in our office. He says there will be one for every room. The boys find them very convenient.

Eight Sioux boys and girls have arrived from Pine Ridge Agency since the last issue of the HELPER. Among them were Frank Conroy, Phillips B. White and Lucy Day, old pupils.

Dollie Gould is in Clear Water, Idaho. She often thinks of her dear old school—Carlisle, and wishes to be remembered to the Man-on-the-band-stand. She reads the INDIAN HELPER and enjoys its news.

Miss Coats who taught with us some five years ago, and is now teaching at Warren, this State, ran in for a friendly call between trains as she was passing through town. Her friends both among pupils and teachers were much pleased to see her. Miss Coats thinks she never saw so many changes for the better in any institution as have come about in this school since she was here.

It was not fire! The chapel bell rang, the dining room bell, a tea-bell or two pealed out as loud a sound as they could in the middle of the night, but there was no fire. Every body thought it was fire and ran to the windows only to find it was the Old Year ringing itself out. The chapel bell got so wild that it stood on its head and could not be moved either way after the minute hand passed the twelve o'clock notch. The full brass band, however, made up what the Chapel bell lacked. The boys blew as we never heard them before, and the music never sounded better.

(Continued from First Page.)

Presents between boys and girls: little remembrances made by themselves, or bought with their own savings, were passed back and forth.

Every one received a present except the Man-on-the-band-stand.

It is all right, though—as he has said many times before, as long as his Indian boy and girl friends are happy, he is supremely happy. And he does not remember a Christmas when every one seemed to have a better time than this Christmas of 1888.

THE HOLIDAY SOCIABLE.

"We had a good time, but, oh, so short," thought some of the pupils as they marched to quarters after a most delightful three hours social, last Thursday night.

Mr. Goodyear and the boys procured a number of evergreen trees from the mountains, fastened them on blocks and placed them in different parts of the gymnasium.

The brilliant light made a charming effect and the promenaders almost thought they were walking in a lovely park by moon-light.

The band was out in its full uniform.

There were games as usual.

Chatting and frolicking, and merry-making had full sway.

Not until all were busy with oranges, apples, candy and nuts did comparative quiet reign.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that sociables are good as long as the girls and boys behave as ladylike and gentlemanly as they did Thursday evening.

Not one thing occurred to mar the pleasure of the evening.

Let us have them often this winter and enjoy them.

THE-MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND'S NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Good to Paste in One's Hat to Read Every Day.

Energy is a good thing, determination is better, but true character stands at the head of all.

It is no excuse for a person to say that he was tempted.

Make up your mind every morning that whatever else the day brings you it is going to ask you to do things you ought not to, and

will be full of chances to say "No." Lay in a good stock of "No's," and practice using them if you are inclined to say "Yes" easily.

The world knows no victory to be compared with the victory over our own passions and failings

To thyself be true

And it will follow, as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to anyone.

Enigma.

I am made of fourteen letters.

My 14, 13, 12, 5 is the part of one's face that sticks out the farthest.

My 10, 7, 8 is what we nearly all like to do when dinner time comes, especially on pot-pie day.

My 12, 4, 11, 3, 1 is what our small boys can beat the large boys doing about a house.

My 6, 10, 9, 5, 2 is the first name of a very tall boy who used to go to school here.

My whole is the name of a very small Indian boy who the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks enjoyed Christmas more than any other boy or any girl or man or woman at this Carlisle School.

Conundrum.

Why is a specimen of hand-writing, like a dead pig?

Because it is done with the pen.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMAS:
Christmas. Tying Spruce.

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.

AT 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 Offer for the HELPER.

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.