

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1894.—

NO. 13.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WAKE, awake, O sluggard heart;
O foes, be friends, forget your smart;
O cold hearth, glow; laugh, lonely place;
O'erflow, O earth, with every grace;
Sing, sing again this blessed morn,
A Saviour, Christ the Lord is born!

SING A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Stockings full of toys,
Just the thing to please us,
Little girls and boys.

Now they all are emptied;
Lots for me and you.
Wasn't that a pretty thing
For Santa Claus to do?

—{Frank Leslie.

DEAR OLD YEAR.

DEAR Old Year, before you go,
In your ear I'd whisper low
Something I would have you know.

Never to my failings blind,
You've been tender, gentle, kind,
Faithful, with a steady mind.

And I've found you always true,
All the time I've been with you,
When you're gone what shall I do?

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is probably the only festival of the Church that receives almost universal recognition. "From Greenland's icy mountains, to India's coral strands" wherever the Christian religion has been preached, Christmas is the gala day of the year.

And yet this great festival of the Christian year is bound up with customs and observances which are but a survival of superstition and heathenish rites.

Should we blame the Indian, then, for adhering so strongly to his superstitions?

The use of evergreens, for instance, is one of the civilized superstitions.

The Romans ornamented their temples with them during the feast of Saturn, while ivy was universally used by them in the orgies attending the honor of Bacchus.

The ancient Druids hung green branches and mistletoe over their doors as a propitiation to woodland-sprites.

It is to the children that Christmas is dearest, says the *Summary*.

Next after them it is most loved by those who have never lost the childish heart, those greatly to be envied ones who still feel "Christmas in their bones" as the holidays come around and rejoice in the joy of others more keenly than in their own happiness, for the true meaning of Christmas is lost as soon as the element of selfishness finds a place in the celebration.

Even the children soon learn this, and they are defrauded if this lesson is not early tenderly brought home to them.

They must not be deprived of the joys of giving, and they will not be slow to learn that their merrymaking is sweeter and gayer for the thought that by sending happiness into the homes of the needy they have made themselves one with the spirit of the Founder of the feast day, whose whole life was one continuous gift.

The sweet solemnity of the thought will not cloud the mirth.

It will, if it is rightly taught and apprehended, be the brimming drop in the cup of happiness of old and young.

NO "INDIAN HELPER" PUBLISHED DURING HOLIDAY WEEK.

For SIXTEEN CENTS and a one cent stamp extra to pay postage, a TWENTY-CENT PHOTOGRAPH and THE INDIAN HELPER for a year FREE will be sent to any address in the United States and Canada.

For FIVE subscriptions to the HELPER a choice from an interesting set of twenty-cent photographs will be sent FREE. Send for a list of Interesting Photographs which we give as premium for subscriptions.

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, and 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.

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.

Indians don't make all the mistakes. A kindly subscriber wishes to renew her "inscription."

Any one wishing an extra copy of the picture sent out this week may have it by sending a new subscription, or by enclosing two 2-cent stamps, in a letter.

To be careless about damp feet often means cold, sneeze, cough, pneumonia, consumption, DEATH. To be too lazy to run up stairs again for our overshoes when we have forgotten them, may cost us our life.

The only way for the Indian to get redress for the white man's taking his lands is to fill himself with the white man's ammunition—knowledge, science, industry, as the Japanese are doing, and beat him out with his own weapons.

Elmer Simon said in his Harrisburg speech, last week, that "the reservation is like a bog of stagnant water without an outlet, into which streams washing the surrounding country continually flow, while the hot suns evaporating process daily increases its impurity, and the Red Man is daily sinking lower and lower into the depths of this pool of degradation. As long as such a system exists the Red Man will never rise."

"I hope the Man-on-the-band-stand will continue to be as cheerful and vigorous as in the past," says an interested subscriber in Massachusetts who has taken our little weekly letter for several years, and we accept the wish as a Christmas greeting.

For a well-selected summary of all Indian news take *The Red Man*, an 8 page paper published irregularly at the school, 12 numbers making a volume, or what is known as a year. It is set up and printed by Indian boys and girls. It contains 32 columns of reading matter, (boiled down public opinion on the Indian) and propagates the Carlisle idea in its editorial columns. 50 cents a year. Address RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa.

If your paper is a little late this week, do not scold, for we are taking much pains and going to considerable expense to give each of our 10,000 subscribers a Christmas present, the printing of which took three times as long as it takes to print the HELPER, and required paper which cost four times as much, while the ink is of ten times the value used on the HELPER, to say nothing of the more than eight times the usual time for mailing and of the 80 quires of extra wrapping paper.

To those who are not acquainted with the subject, the Man-on-the-band-stand has to say it is an excellent likeness.

Are you glad to have the picture?

Then please drop a line and say so, and in the letter if the Man-on-the-band-stand finds five little 2-cent stamps and the address of a person to whom he may send his paper, (preferably to some place where it does not now go,) he will feel amply repaid for the extra time and expense it required to thus favor his readers.

Mary Moon, of Alaska, has been living with Miss Hadley, in Wilmington, Ohio, while going to school. She has now come to Carlisle to visit her sister Susie Moon, who entered this year, coming from the Pacific coast. The sisters have not seen each other for a long time and will spend the holidays happily together. Miss Hadley accompanied Mary and is with us.

The Fourth Regiment band entertains the public and the school with an open air concert on Saturdays at 1 p. m. Prof. Schanadore will soon have a band second to none in the State, composed of Indian boys from 8 to 16 years of age.—[Bryson City, N. C., *Times*.

Prof. Schanadore is of Class '89, Carlisle graduate.

To give the printers a little breathing spell, we follow our usual custom of not printing a HELPER during the Holiday week. Subscribers do not lose, however, for each will receive the full number of fifty-two making the year.

The concert given in Harrisburg last Friday night by the band and choir elicited some very complimentary notices in Harrisburg *Star and Independent* and the *Telegraph*. Elmer Simon's opening address will be printed in the coming *Red Man*.

Alexander Parkhurst has received the happy news from Oneida, Wisconsin, that he has a new little cousin, Mattie Rosy Wells. Mrs. Wells has named the baby after Miss Barr whom she assisted in the hospital while a pupil with us.

Thomas Black Bear, class '94, is teaching his younger Indian brothers and sisters in the Porcupine District School, Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.

For the home of the Man-on-the-band-stand get John Leslie's last photograph of it. It is one of the prettiest spots on the grounds and he has given the picture a beautiful setting. Ten cents cash will secure it; 11 cents by mail. Or for sixteen cents and one cent extra for postage, the little $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ photograph will be sent and the INDIAN HELPER to any address for a year.

No.

HELPER

Next week!

A Merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year

To all the readers of the HELPER!

Post-masters are busy.

Santa Claus is coming.

Christmas vacation is near.

Going to hang up your stocking?

The expressman is happy.

The mail carriers are perspiring.

Christmas dinner! Make ready!

Let it be Christ-mas, but not Christ-less-mas.

Christmas shopping in Harrisburg is in fashion.

Oh, how the money flies!

Miss Quinn is in Kansas, attending to business and making holiday visits.

Miss Lida Standing is home on her Christmas vacation from the Shippensburg Normal.

Miss Hill has gone to St. Louis, where she will spend Christmas week with her father and brothers.

Let us not abuse our freedom during the coming week, and make ourselves more sorry than happy.

We are printing the Christmas Service, which will be carried out in the morning of Christmas day.

The cooking class is turning out some dainty dishes which make the Man-on-the-band stand's mouth water.

The carpenters have made a fine piece of work for the printers in the shape of a heavy top table for "dead matter."

The tying of spruce seems to be the kind of work enjoyed by our young people. They are having lots of fun at it this week.

The hospital corps is proud of the fact that out of the nearly three hundred girls at the school there is not one on the sick list.

It was asked by one of the teachers what shallow water meant, the word coming up in class. "Thin water," was the ready response.

The Man-on-the-band-stand hears nearly every day: "How I do wish it would either snow or freeze up into good skating for the holidays."

Several of the teachers will take advantage of the holiday vacation and go away for a few days, but the Man-on-the-band-stand will remain at his post and take notes of all that transpires.

Several of the pupils have been invited by their country home fathers and mothers to pay them a holiday visit and a few have taken advantage of the kindness, and expect happy times.

On last Friday evening, Miss Emma Johnson was elected President; Miss Edith Smith, Vice-President; Miss Susie McDougal, Secretary; Miss Alice Parker, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Laura Long, Treasurer; Miss Florence Walton, Marshal; Miss Mary Beaulieu, Reporter and Miss Burgess, Critic of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society for the ensuing term.

Dr. Hailman, Superintendent of Indian Schools, arrives upon the scene as we go to press. Dr. Hailman is an ever welcome guest at Carlisle, always enthusing us with his advanced educational views.

On Saturday, a picked Carlisle eleven played a game of foot-ball with a scrub Indian team, on our grounds. Our little boys won by a score of 22 to 0, over which they are quite proud.

Mr. John Gansworth, of Sanborn, N. Y., father of Howard, class '94, now of Dickinson College, and of Leander, Willard and Alberta, is here for the Holidays, on a visit to his children, all of whom are delighted.

One of the new girls wished to know whether to scrub with a broom or a brush, and asks: "Do we have to lie down to scrub?" Another wanted to know where she would "spill the water."

Mr. Standing is still in the Indian field and reports some discouraging features in connection with educational work for the Indians. Discouraging, but not insurmountable if proper measures were brought to bear.

Clark Gregg, Harrie Miller, Jonas Metoxen, Albert Hensley, Joseph Blackbear, Rufus Ricker and William Johnson were the happy committee detailed to get evergreens from the mountains last Saturday, for Christmas decorations.

The band has not played so beautifully this year as at the noon hour on last Saturday. The organization has labored under many difficulties this year in having much new material to work with, but it is getting up to its old standard of expression and absence of harshness.

The twelve officers from the girls' quarters went the round of inspection on Sunday morning and are profuse in their praise of the order found in the boys' rooms. They accidentally heard, however, that some of the boys were so anxious to appear well on this special occasion that they were seen scrubbing as late as nine o'clock on Saturday night, which is as much to their credit as was the spotless floor next morning.

That was a hairbreadth escape the other evening when the driver went to the side of the carriage to assist some ladies in getting out, and the horse started for the stable. The occupants, Misses Shaffner and Campbell were wedged in with packages and could do nothing but await their fate. When the team reached the carpenter-shop, however, Mr. Gardner and a couple of boys succeeded in stopping the horse. A good driver NEVER runs risks even to assist the ladies.

Wedding invitations are on the float. Mr. Dennison Wheelock and Miss Louisa La-Chapelle, student of the school, are to be married at high noon on Christmas day, at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt; and then come double envelopes containing invitations from Mr. Henry M. Hudelson, former teacher, who is to marry on the 26th, Miss Frances Gray, at Ogden, Indiana. May joy be the lot of all concerned, is the wish of hosts of friends as well as the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Good-bye '94.

Welcome '95.

HAPPY INDIAN BOYS.

"Ah! Indians hate work, do they?"

The whole United States may pass through the Carlisle Indian School outing office and read the report of patrons who have had Indian boys and girls with them on farms for longer or shorter periods—some for only a summer and others for two or three years, and if the Indian is afraid of work the investigators will be obliged to admit that those reports fail to show it.

The Indian youth is just as proud of good workmanship and of muscle made of hard work as is the average white boy or girl.

While many a white boy is whining because he has the stable to clean out or a pile of wood to cut or a fence to white wash when he wants to be at foot-ball, the Indian boy goes uncomplainingly at his task and works with a will. There are exceptions of course.

The Indian boy never whines, however.

When he does not want to do a certain thing he lets you know the fact in undeniable terms, but he always listens to reasons and abides by the best judgment.

The Man-on-the-band-stand was passing one of the long buildings which was receiving a coat of drab from the brushes of two Indian workers, recently.

The following conversation was overheard, which speaks for itself in portraying the spirit in which most of our work is done:

"Hello, old man; you are gaining on me." called boy No. 1, in jocular tone.

"Indeed I am."

"Well I am getting on, too," said the first boy, breathing rapidly.

"I'll get to the end before *you* do."

"Don't be to sure about that. I'm going to hurry."

"You had *better* hurry, if you are going to beat *me*, and as the Man-on-the-band-stand lengthened the distance from the interesting place of work, splash, splash went the brushes to the tune of the "High School Cadets March," which both boys joined in whistling between dips.

AN INDIAN BOY'S IDEA OF A WITCH.

"I suppose you know what a witch *is*," said the teacher, coming to the word in a written exercise.

"Yes, I think I do," modestly replied the boy who was standing by the teacher's desk.

"Well, what *is* it?"

"A witch?" he asked as if trying to get hold of the right word to explain.

"Yes, what is a witch?"

"Why I think a witch is an old maid, isn't it?" said he with timidity not put on for the occasion.

"Old maid!" exclaimed the teacher horrified. "Then am *I* a witch?"

"No, not exactly," the boy replied, but I—

"That will do. You may take your seat."

HOW MEAN!

In speaking of another's conduct should we not use the utmost care to tell the exact truth?

It was reported that a certain Carlisle graduate was drinking at his home, in the west.

While we should not have been surprised had such been the case, having been turned out when a mere boy to fight his way in a land running with beer and whiskey, and where the ignoble white man stands at every corner beckoning to "come take a drink," yet who can doubt the sincerity of the following statement from the boy's own pen?

"I have lived in a border town where saloons were open to Indians and whites alike, and I have not touched the vile stuff."

Then the boy cites as references, (as if his statements might be doubted) certain prominent men of the place, making it very easy for us to ascertain whether or not he was telling the truth of himself.

He adds:

"While I may not have always been a credit to Carlisle, I have tried hard not to be a discredit," and we believe the boy rather than the stories of the slanderer whose chief aim is to tear down character.

CHIEF WETAN.

When the above named chief of the Assinaboines was here with several Gros Ventres and others from his own tribe in the North West, he attended a meeting in the chapel at which he spoke:

During his remarks which were interpreted, he said:

"When the President wanted us to send children to this school I sent some. I came East to see the President but could not see him; then I came from Washington to this school to see the children here, and I like this better than if I had seen the President. I am pleased with the children learning trades, and I am pleased with their food and when I go home I shall tell all about it."

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 2, 3, 9, 8 is the most important part of the body.

My 11, 4, 10 is timid.

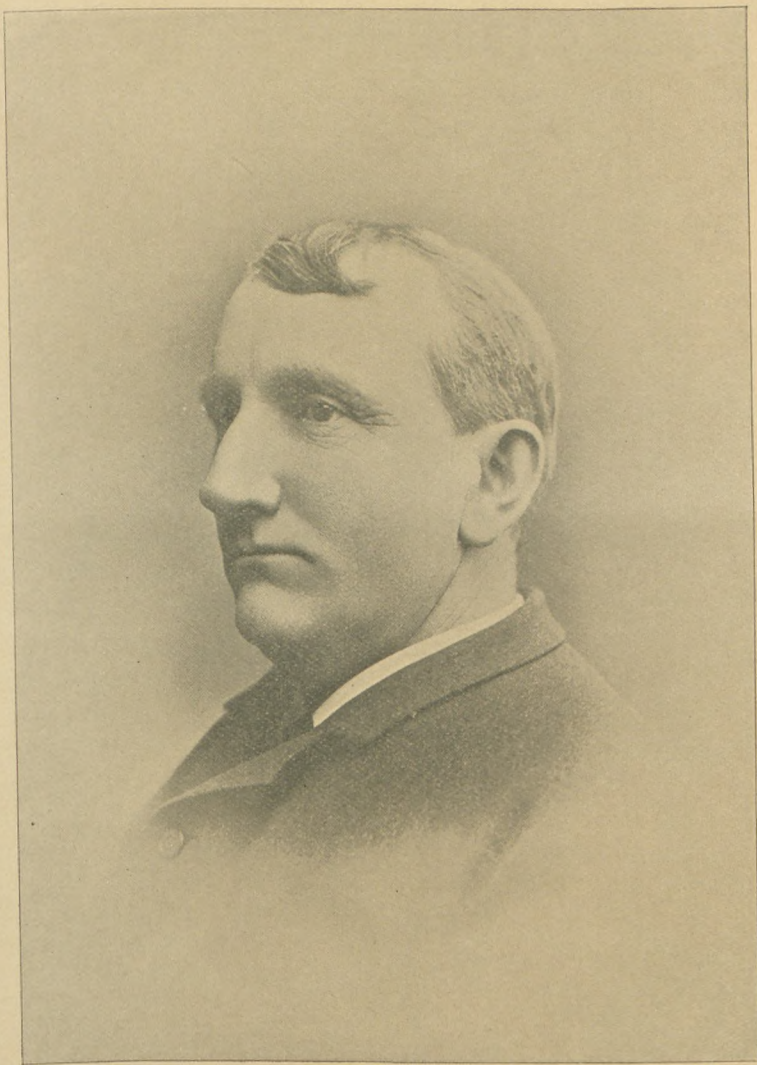
My 1, 5, 7, 6 is work.

My whole is what the Government has given our teachers next week.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Entertainment's.

Red 2

A Merry Christmas &
A Happy New Year.



INDIAN SCHOOL,
CARLISLE, PA.

R. H. Pratt

Capt. 10th. Cav'y., Supt.

00 merry girls,
es laden with gifts, and the floor was

sma