

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. X.

—FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1895.—

NO. 14

ENTER 1895.

The Poets Sing Out the Old and Welcome the New Year.



N New Year's Day, before the coals,
We sit and wonder why
We made so many blunders in
The year that's just gone by.

We look back on our many calls
On fickle F 8's hard blows,
And fondly hope that this year's joys
Will outweigh last year's woes.

And yet if it should happen that
By Time's be 9 decree,
The same old troubles should come back
To test both you and me,

Remember that, in this queer world,
For every 5 who tries
His level best, and is content,
There's sure to be a prize.

—[Adapted from "Life."]

CHRISTMAS AT THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

Some of the little Indian girls and boys were up nearly all night on Christmas night, so great was their excitement and intense their anxiety lest they should fail to see the Santa of whom they had heard and read so much.

Half of those who did quiet down sufficiently to slumber, the Man-on-the-band-stand suspects propped one eye open.

At four o'clock in the morning the trees in the girls' assembly room were opened to view.

The 200 merry girls, upon entering, saw branches laden with gifts, and the floor was literally piled with bundles, while pretty or-

naments glittered in the bright electric light. How did the trees get there? Did they grow in one night? Who brought all the presents? Seven large basket-fulls came over from the large boys' quarters in exchange for five from the girls to the boys.

The boys had the pennies with which to buy little gifts for their young lady friends, but the girls possessed the deft fingers with which to make little fancy articles for their brothers and cousins(?).

Three baskets were sent from the small boys' quarters.

There was a Santa Claus and an Assistant Santa in the girls' quarters to hand around the presents the giving of which occurred between four and five o'clock in the morning.

Not a girl was late that morning, no, not one.

No girl chose rather to sleep than to eat, that morning.

All sorts of conjectures were afloat as to the Santas.

The air was full of whispers, such as:

"Who is it?"

"Who can it be?"

But when Minnie Finley and Emma Seawitsa were missed from the room it was settled in the minds of all that they were not taking a morning snooze.

The girls did not get all the presents although they had the largest exhibition.

At the large boys' quarters, the gifts were given out on Christmas eve, when many hearts there were made happy by remembrances. Those whose names were not called, although nearly grown men, could not help showing a little disappointment in their faces, and the Man-on-the-band-stand was correspondingly unhappy about it.

The little boys had a grand treat.

The friends of the small boy every where

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

THE INDIAN HELPER

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT THE—

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.,

BY INDIAN BOYS.

—THE INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, out
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.

Dr. Connett, Alaskan Missionary, made a
flying visit, here, one night last week, and took
with him next day Mary Moon who had been
visiting her sister Susie at the school. She
goes to Miss Hadley, at Wilmington, Ohio.

We are sorry to learn of the illness of Miss
Susie Metoxen at the Lemhi Agency Board-
ing school, Idaho, where she has been a helper
in the Indian work since her graduation last
year. We hope for her speedy recovery.

Mr. John Gansworth left for his home in
New York State on Thursday night after the
sociable. He seemed to enjoy every moment
of his stay with us and expressed himself up-
on many occasions as well pleased with the
school that is giving his children such excel-
lent advantages.

Don't admit that you are making no pro-
gress, for it makes you out such a FOOL.
Whose fault can it be if we do not progress,
when the Lord Almighty has given us the or-
dinary faculties of mind? No matter HOW
MANY people there are pulling us back and
down, if we do not progress it is our OWN
FAULT. If we can't master the drawbacks
we are weak, but don't let us speak of it.

By the *Morning Democrat*, of Albuquerque,
we see that the Albuquerque Government In-
dian school, where Miss Fisher, formerly of us,
is Principal teacher, celebrated Christmas by
very pleasant exercises. They had with them
our Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Standing,
who is making an extended tour through the
Indian country this winter, gathering up help-
ful points on the subject of Indian education.

The Carlisle school and the Indian in gen-
eral lose a valuable friend in the death of Dr.
Jas. E. Rhoads, which occurred suddenly yes-
terday morning at Bryn Mawr. The dis-
patches say he was waiting at the station for
a train and fell dead from heart disease. We
shall always carry in fond remembrance his
benevolent face full of strength and en-
couragement, which occasionally shone in
upon us.

Married.

WHEELOCK—LACHAPELLE—On Christ-
mas day, at 12 o'clock, noon, Mr. Dennison
Wheelock, of Oneida, Wisconsin, to Miss
Louise La Chapelle, of White Earth, Minn.
at the residence of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt.

As the hour approached, guests began to
file into the house until the rooms and halls
were full to overflowing. The band played
Mendelssohn's wedding march in soft rich
tones as the bridal party walked from the
parlor into the spacious library, where the
ceremony occurred. The contracting parties
took their places on the handsome rug over
which hung the wedding bell. The brides-
maids were Misses Ida LaChapelle, Laura Long
and Susie McDougal, and the grooms men
Dr. Montezuma, Jas. Wheelock and William
Leighton, while Ida Wheelock took the part
of flower girl. The bride was handsomely
and becomingly dressed.

The ceremony was very solemn and pretty,
Rev. Dr. Norcross, of the Second Presbyter-
ian Church, officiating.

After congratulations all repaired to the
lunch rooms and enjoyed a social chat while
partaking of cake and more substantial food.
At two o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock
boarded the train for Niagara Falls, amid
showers of rice and old shoes. On their re-
turn the Invincibles gave a reception in the
gymnasium which was another enjoyable oc-
casion. The twain are now settled in their
pretty rooms over the dining-hall and it is
said are enjoying life, as life should be

It is sad to be called upon to record a death
in the midst of festivities. On last Saturday
morning, Mr. Woods Walker, of Carlisle who
for fourteen years has served as instructor in
the tinning business at our school was stricken
with death at his home in the town. He was as
well as usual, which does not mean in the best
of health, for he has been troubled with asth-
ma for some time, but on Saturday he was
about starting for the school to go to work as
usual when he was seized with a severe attack
and died in a few moments. Mr. Walker was
born in 1836 in Carlisle, at an early age was
indentured to a tinsmith on East Main Street.
He served his apprenticeship creditably and
then remained in the employ of the propri-
etor. At one time he was in partnership with
S. R. Claudy, father of Mr. Claudy of the
printing office force, and has been sole pro-
prietor of a large tin shop in the town. He
was a hard working, industrious man, and
will be greatly missed by his comrades in the
shops and by the faculty and pupils of the
school. The tin shop force attended the fun-
eral in a body, and his brother instructors
served as pall-bearers.

From a letter from Mrs. Campbell, of the
Sisseton Government Indian School, South
Dakota, we see that Santa Claus visited them
too. They were kindly remembered by good
friends who sent boxes: Her pupils gave the
same Cantata ours did here last year under
her leadership. In her own words "The chil-
dren sang—well, I am modest, but their
singing was very much praised and I was not
ashamed of them." We know they must
have sung well to at all satisfy Mrs. Camp-
bell's critical ear.

Sleigh-bells.

Skating has been fine.

Sleighbirds was never better.

Snow birds are on the hunt.

If you wish to make NO emphatic make it N-O-W.

The school Y. M. C. A. is increasing in membership quite rapidly.

Scieni Nori, Class '94, has come in from a farm until another place offers.

Miss Livezey of Philadelphia has been a guest of Miss Nana Pratt during the holidays.

Mr. Masten, chief of the culinary department of our school, has left for other fields of labor.

A wedding, birth and death all in one week is almost too much for the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Thos. Hall, Frank Penn, Little Sioux and Joseph Flying, Cheyennes, were admitted to the school, this week.

Miss Susie McDougall spent a very happy little vacation at Miss Bowersox' home about a hundred miles distant.

The prettiest game we have ever witnessed was that of basket ball played by a score of boys at the sociable on Thursday night.

Miss Richenda Pratt spent the holiday vacation at home from Miss Weem's school near Baltimore.

It is said that the Susan Longstreth Literary Society has challenged the Invincibles for a public debate and the latter has accepted.

What's that we see away out in New Mexico? Miss Fisher on a bicycle? 'hat's right. The Man-on-the-band-stand wishes he had one.

Miss Hench took the girls to walk several times during the holidays and among other places of interest visited were the shoe factories of town.

On Wednesday night, Prof. Durell, of Dickinson College, gave a masterly lecture on the sun, presenting various phases by the use of the calcium light.

It was not Miss Bourassa who took the cake, but her friends who wanted to help her eat it. She was kindly remembered by her country home friends.

Mr. Kraybill, of Halstead, Kansas, who is a student of Harvard, ran down to spend a part of his holiday vacation at our school, a guest of Miss Hamilton.

Mattie Oocuma, of the cooking class, made her first light biscuit one day this week, and they were a decided success if the tooth of the Man-on-the-band-stand is any judge.

Misses Elizabeth Norcross, Elizabeth Bates and Lucy Baird of Bryn Mawr College called yesterday to subscribe for the little letter. They seem much interested in the school and its work.

After Miss Miles had superintended the picking and cleaning of 80 turkeys for Christmas she went to the University Extension lecture in town, and do we wonder at her statement that she saw Indian girls and turkeys more than the great men of Revolutionary times?

Mr. J. B. Given, of Lehigh University, is spending his holiday vacation at the school. Mr Given is one of those men who is never idle and at present is helping in the office.

Edward McFadden, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio, was among the callers of the week. The Man-on-the-band-stand does not like such hasty calls from old time friends as he and his brother were obliged to make this week.

The annual holiday sociable was held as usual in the gymnasium on Thursday night. Refreshments of candy, nuts and fruit were passed. Nothing seems to give more all-around pleasure to our students than the sociables.

That was a nice Christmas box the King's Daughters sent to Mr. and Mrs. Dagenett at Crow Creek School, S. D. It was a free-will offering, of dolls and pretty things, and no doubt will greatly please the little children of the plains.

Miss Alice Lambert entertained her younger sister Mabel, from the Lincoln Institute, Phila., during the holidays. Miss Mabel is attending one of the graded public schools of Philadelphia, and is much interested in her studies. She says she came East to learn something and she means to stay till she does.

A little Prof. Bakeless, Jr., has come to live with Professor and Mrs. Bakeless. He is almost a Christmas present, having been born but three days after Christmas. Miss Wind, one of our graduates of the Methodist Hospital Philadelphia, has him in charge and is proud of her little hero, "who," she says, "is as good as can be."

Miss Luckenbach passed a most sorrowful holiday season this year. Her sister Mrs. Dr. Rondthaler, of Indianapolis, died suddenly. Miss Luckenbach was summoned by wire. Dr. Rondthaler Paster of Tabernacle Church, Indianapolis, is a long time friend of the school. He has the heart-felt sympathy of many friends here.

Mr. Robert McFadden dropped in upon us suddenly yesterday, mixing his adieux with how-do-you-do's in such fashion that we scarcely knew which from which. He is looking well, and was on his way to Mt. Joy to lecture last evening. We hope that some time in the future he may leave his studies and duties at Andover, long enough to give a talk before our school.

On the first day of skating before the ice had become very strong a large number congregated in one spot to have their pictures taken. The ice gave away and dozens went into the water at a point where it was ten or fifteen feet deep. It is a miracle that none was drowned. Annie Gesis narrowly escaped. Miss Paul and Miss Barr were among the teachers who went in and were rescued with great effort. We have learned our lesson.

The Daily *Leader* of town exactly hits our purpose, in keeping the HELPER small when it says:

This week's INDIAN HELPER is now out containing as usual a large amount of news in a small space, so that the reader may avail himself of any important news of the school without having to read over pages of chaff, as is found in the case of large papers.

(Continued from the First Page.)

seem to be many and the Man-on-the-band stand suspects that at this school they have one friend who went down deep into her own pocket, not for pennies but for hard earned dollars in order that none of her charge should be disappointed.

One pleasing feature with them was candy canes which greatly rejoiced the hearts of the little play-dudes, who used them more for mouth-pieces, afterward, than for walking sticks or ornamental eye-pushers.

Each was given a bag containing candy, peanuts and an orange, without which it would be a sorry Christmas to the small boy and girl.

But —

This recital is too long already for the columns of the Weekly Letter.

Full mention of other most enjoyable features—the lovely singing of carols by the choir at dawn of day which carried us out of dream land to the realization of a Christmas morn, and the anthems and other appropriate selections at the morning service; the service itself which was led by Rev. Dr. Wile of the First Lutheran Church of Carlisle; the decorations of chapel and dining hall; the big dinner of turkey, chicken and other good things, to say nothing of the wedding which was an entirely new way for us to celebrate, all must be left out, or told of elsewhere.

MISTAKES THAT ARE NATURAL.

Progress tells of some amusing errors made by their Indian pupils in Regina, N. W. T.

One of the teachers after explaining that compose meant to make up, asked that a sentence be made containing the word compose, and the natural result was:

"I compose the bed this morning."

Another was told that crisis meant change and he forthwith made a sentence read:

"I crisis my clothes this morning."

One of our own pupils sends Christmas greetings to her home friends in these words:

"I hope they well succeed indepentend life and innocent pleasure for them."

While another says: "I send my best whisks to you all."

In speaking of the sociable, one boy writes:

"We had our monthly conversable last Thursday evening."

These are no more amusing, however, than the story that is told of an American who was visiting England, and was seated at table next a genial and talkative woman, who seemed thirsting to hear all his thrilling experiences.

"And now about wigwams," she said, anxiously, at one point of the narrative with which he was endeavoring to entertain her, "Are they so very venomous, or have I read exaggerated reports?"

A LITTLE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

One of our "gentlemanly officers" was instructing some of the members of his company upon their duties to a superior officer, especially to their school mother upon entering the room.

"If on a social call, of course it will not be necessary to salute, but if on business, always rise and salute in a respectful manner," said he.

"H—h—how can a fellow tell," stammered one of the smallest of the crowd "whether sh—she is on business or social?"

The Man-on-the-band-stand was too busy with Santa Claus just at the moment to note the reply of the officer, but he must have been puzzled.

A SUBSCRIBER WITH A HUMOROUS TURN.

Who is the careless Indian boy, Who misdirects my paper? Two days late it comes to me. This is a pretty caper! Trenton, I left long months ago, And have since lived in Salem. How could he make such great mistakes? Does he belong to Balaam? Box 15, Salem N. J. Is printed on the margin Yet Trenton on the wrapper's writ, The postage cost enlargin' Well I'll forgive him this one time If n'er again he'll do it; I was a printer de'il myself And ne'er had cause to rue it.

Always specify the photograph you wish for the subscriptions sent in as there are several offered for the same number of subscriptions. Send for a list of premiums and take a choice!

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

A small boy may ride my 6, 3, 7.

If we 3, 1, 2 we shall receive.

A cup may be made of my 4, 2, 6.

And the Indian boys and girls at Carlisle love my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 more than almost anything else.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Holidays.

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