

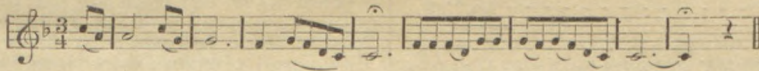
# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XI.

—FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1895.—

NO. 12



In the first years of Carlisle, when our students were mostly non-English speaking and directly from camp, frequently the lonely hours of night were made mournful by wierd sounds from a crude Indian flute. The above represents the tune played, the same strains being repeated again and again. The player generally a young man of medicine and war-dance experiences, may not have been homesick, but he allowed his mind to roam where his body for the time being could not. This is the sort of music we never hear now-a-days, the cornet, trombone, clarinet, violin, etc., having taken its place. The band drove camp music out, never more to return.



Within a short distance of the school is the Conedoquinet Creek—in summer a beautiful place for fishing and bathing, and in winter when the ice is good, a famous skating resort. The picture shows the Indian students and teachers on the ice during the holidays last year, as photographed by John Leslie, Puyallup tribe.



# 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 A YEAR.

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

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

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.

We see by letter from Erie, Pa., that William  
Lonewolf is lecturing.

*The Indian Helper* - - - - - 10 cents.  
*The Souvenir of our School with*  
60 views - - - - - 25 "

Total - - - - - 35 cents.

But for THIRTY CENTS both the HELPER  
for a year and the Souvenir which contains  
60 views of the school will be sent to any ad-  
dress in the United States or Canada.

*Tim:* How's your pulse?

*Major:* O, I'm mad all over.

*Tim:* What's the matter now?

*Major:* It is so mean in a fellow to leave  
the bath tub all begrimed with his soapy,  
sticky wash water. Too lazy to clean it! I  
was in a hurry, too, but had to spend half my  
time washing out that fellow's filth, before  
I'd get in the tub.

*Tim:* There are lots of such people, too  
selfish and filthy to live with decent folks.  
Who was it? Let's tar and feather him.

Dr. Montezuma has left Carlisle for larger  
fields of labor. He hangs out his shingle in  
the great city of Chicago, to try his luck in the  
heart of what is called civilization. This was  
too much of an Indian reservation for him,  
and he was right. Were it not for the Ouling  
System inaugurated by Carlisle we would  
stagnate, but through such means we have  
the opportunity of giving our pupils a wider  
range of experience and education than at  
most any institution of learning in the coun-  
try. Dr. Montezuma has left behind him a  
large community of friends who wish for him  
every possible success in his new and perhaps  
perilous undertaking. But he is a man of  
pluck and will succeed. He promised to keep  
us informed of his whereabouts and we hope  
he will not forget. We shall greatly miss the  
Doctor, of whom we have been so proud on  
account of his being an Apache Indian; miss  
him socially, professionally, in the Sunday  
School, in the public gathering where he al-  
ways had a ready and helpful word, miss him  
more than can be told, but we believe he has  
made a wise move for his own good.

We have had so many entertainments this  
year and they have all been so good, what can  
we say about the delightful evening given by  
the young ladies of the Susan Longstreth Lit-  
erary Society last Friday night? It was of  
high literary merit, wasn't it? Yes, above  
the average mind present, taking in consid-  
eration the large number of students in the  
lower grades. The platform was beautifully  
although inexpensively decorated, with the  
flag of our Union draped in all sorts of pretty  
loops. The saintly face of Susan Longstreth  
in the beautiful pastel so cherished by the  
Society and the school occupied a conspicuous  
place in the back-ground high enough for her  
to look down approvingly upon all that was  
being enacted to the honor of the girls she  
loved so well. The opening address by the  
President, Miss Leila Cornelius, was to the  
point and well received. Representations of  
women and children from various lands, in  
real costumes of the lands they each rep-  
resented formed the chief part of the program.  
Julia Williams spoke for Siam, Sarah Nelson  
for China, Adelia Lowe for Ceylon, Lydia  
Smith for India, Lottie Horn for Japan,  
Louisa Geisdorf for Armenia, Melinda Metox-  
en for Iceland, and Mary Miller was the typ-  
ical American girl. The costumes were not  
make-believe, but were the real dresses (some  
quite expensive) brought from foreign lands.  
Most of them belonged to Miss Ackerman.  
Music and tableaux were interspersed. The  
Icelandic melody will never be forgotten, so  
charming was it in its weird but musical  
strains. The last and closing scene of the en-  
tainment was the Queen of the Golden Corn,  
with twenty attendants. The picturesque  
dress of the performers (inexpensive but  
bright colored and draped artistically about  
the figures), the rhythm of movement as each  
stepped to the low sounding notes of the  
piano or swung gracefully into various pos-  
tures and attitudes before the queen on the  
throne, produced a spectacular effect that was  
very taking. Annie Lockwood was the queen  
and every one thought she made a beautiful  
and queenly queen. Could Edna Dean Pro-  
ctor have heard her Corn poem sung and re-  
cited in connection with the ears of golden  
corn in the swaying hands of those real  
American maidens her heart would have been  
proud of her American emblem. The full ad-  
dresses of great historical value and a fuller  
description of the evening will appear in the  
January *Red Man*. The HELPER can spare  
no more space.

Mr. Potter, for a time a teacher with us, but  
latterly Superintendent of the Cherokee  
School, North Carolina, has been transferred  
to the Chemawa School, Salem, Oregon, where  
he now is. By recent letter we note that he is  
busy organizing and systematizing the work-  
ings of the school to meet his own ideas. He  
contemplates purchasing instruments for a  
band, and says at the close "Everything looks  
clear and the ship is moving steadily." He  
is rejoicing over a recent decision in his favor  
of a claim settlement in Oklahoma, which has  
been pending for six years, and which makes  
him several thousand dollars better off than  
he was before.

Carve your Christmas turkey right!



London fog!  
Merry Christmas.  
Happy New Year.  
Welcome Santa Claus.  
No HELPER next week.  
No money for evergreens this Christmas.  
Wait for the trolley; we'll all take a ride.  
Some of the boys are sighing for a Christmas snow.

Sarah Jacobs has gone to Downingtown for the holidays.

All the skaters are wishing for good ice Holiday week.

Souvenir free for 10 subscription and 2 cents extra for postage.

The supply of text books for the year has only just arrived.

The trolley men are actually at work on the road near the bakery.

The baths and halls of the gymnasium and annex are being painted.

The new reading-room and library have been thrown open for use.

Eighteen pupils were promoted this week, ranging from Rooms 4 to 9.

If you get a crooked HELPER and want another, ask and ye shall receive.

Quite a number were out from town at the entertainment last Friday night.

Mrs Pratt who has been a shut-in for ten days with neuralgia, is again herself.

Annette Suisson and Naomi Kohten arrived this week from San Carlos, Arizona.

The coldest day of the season was last Friday, the mercury showing one above 0.

The Misses Hench of Harrisburg, Lt. W. W. Galbraith and W. A. Kramer, Esq., were visitors on Tuesday.

The outside walls of the gymnasium and Society Hall are having the uniform wash of gray put on.

Some large porkers were butchered at the school farm recently. Five of them averaged 567 pounds each.

Mary Miller and Leander Gansworth gave recitations at the Y. M. C. A. musicale in town last Saturday evening.

Tuesday evening, Miss Cochran had as her guests her aunt Mrs. Barr and cousin Mrs. Thompson and daughter.

A new class has been formed for special lessons from Miss Barbour, elocutionist, in articulation. Pupils are selected from 7, 8, and 9 only.

Miss Kessetta Roosevelt, who has been her own woman in the East for the past ten years, independent of the school, is now visiting with us.

The first "touchdown" since the foot-ball season closed was when Mr. Claudy's chair gave way, yesterday, and he was landed on the floor.

Do we shut up shop next week? Oh, no! We double down to *Red Man* composition and to job work. Only the Man-on-the-band-stand takes a little breathing spell while sharpening his pencils ready for the work of '96.

Don't forget! No HELPER next week.

A new floor in the assembly room at the large boys' quarters is a much needed improvement.

The nimble fingers of the girls who have been making fancy work for Christmas will soon have a rest.

The book-case is finished for the Academic Library and the books are cataloguing. Prof. Bakeless has received a handsome oak case for the card catalogue.

Each Society should have a reporter especially to furnish an item or two for the HELPER, if they would let the world know that they are up to the times.

The tune on first page has been thoroughly whistled by the printers this week, until even the Man-on-the-band-stand could whistle it had he any puckering strings to his lips.

Capt. Bemus Pierce has been selected by the *Yale Alumni Weekly* for a substitute on the "All-American" Football eleven, which speaks well for the reputation he has made this year.

Oh, oh, oh! Who is the Jonah among the Susans? John Leslie broke his camera while taking the Society picture. It MAY have been John's fault, for a little nervousness under the circumstances would be quite natural.

As has been our custom for many years we print no HELPER next week, it being holiday week. No subscriber will fail, however, to get his or her full number—52 papers for the year.

On Tuesday, Miss Quinn addressed the school at the opening exercises, taking for her subject "The President's Reception." Miss Carter discussed John G. Whittier and his celebrated poem—Snow Bound.

Remember if you only get a tooth-pick for a present SOME body thought of you, and it is worth a "Thank you." Don't expect any presents, and then if Santa Claus should remember you, be grateful for the remembrance and SAY so.

Misses Shaffner and Campbell spent Wednesday in Harrisburg interviewing Santa Claus. They were accompanied by Grace Red Eagle, Annie Morton, Frances Fritz and Lillie Payne who went along to help "scare up" old Santa, some of the girls said.

Mr. Kennerly, of Kipp, Montana, father of Agnes and Jerome, has just been to the school on his annual visit. He has taken both children home with him this time. We shall miss them both, and what we will do without Jerome, so long our baby, we do not know.

The student who uses tobacco and reports "NO" is very easily spotted. The Man-on-the-band-stand rejoices over the young man who having yielded to the longing desire is MAN enough to say, as one did last week, "YES" and take the consequences. Tell the truth if it HURTS, is an old motto of Carlisle.

The newly elected officers for the Standards are: President, Robert Hamilton; Vice-President, Leander Gansworth; Recording Secretary, Frank Hudson; Corresponding Secretary, Samuel Gruett; Treasurer, Frank Jones; Reporter, Elmer Simon; Sergeant-at-Arms, Corbett Lawyer; Assistant Critic, Thomas Marshall; Critic, Professor Kinnear.



## A CHRISTMAS QUESTION.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

DEAR father, what does Christmas mean,  
And why do all the girls and boys,  
On that day of all the year,  
Received so many nuts and toys?

"I know there is no Santa Claus  
For who, I wonder could crawl down  
The narrow chimney, and bring gifts  
To half the children in our town?"

"Why do our friends and parents buy  
Such lovely things for Christmas day,  
As if they loved us better than—  
Tell me the reason why I pray?"

"Well, I will tell you, little one:  
When Christ was born, with rapture, then  
A heavenly host sung 'peace on earth,'  
And ended with 'good will to men.'

"And so, when Christmas Day comes round,  
We think of our dear Master's birth:  
We mark the day with gifts, to teach  
Good will to men and peace on earth.

"Be grateful, then, be good and kind,  
If you've received a book or toy:  
Let Christmas teach you 'peace, good will:'  
Good will is God's will, darling boy."

—[EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.]

## 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.

Last year, the above appeared in the columns of the HELPER. The following from an interested friend of the Indian whose name we refrain from giving, as the correspondence was private, was received a few days after Christmas. Let each reader look up the subject and decide for himself. Carlisle does not, as many do who have the care of youthful minds, say to her students, Believe as we say. Carlisle's motto has always been, Look, read, study and decide for yourself! The former is the easier way of teaching. The latter the broadest but the safest in every particular.

Our correspondent says:

I would like to take the liberty of saying that I think in the words about Christmas in THE INDIAN HELPER, there is a mistake in the teaching. The Pagans did have their

feasts, and ornamented with foliage, but we who are taught in the Episcopal church—the daughter of the Church of England, the church that for many years was alone in the Christmas dressing, were taught: "Yea, the fir trees rejoiced at thee," and such texts, not any superstition, nothing to occur from it, nothing supernatural, a mere matter of showing our rejoicing.

You say "This great festival of the Christian year is bound up with customs and observances which are but a survival of superstition and heathenish rites."

If we cannot show our joy as Christians because the heathens did it in that way, shall we feast when they did it?

Is eating our American bird heathenish?

Dear Miss Susan Longstreth once read me a letter from a Friend's agency, describing the Indians keeping Christmas, a Christmas tree, etc.

I said, "Why, Miss Susan, you are teaching the Indians to keep Christmas."

"Yes, dear," she answered in her sweet way, "we find it makes such a good impression on them, help them to understand."

I met a gentleman a few years ago—a prominent member of the Society of Friends and a teacher in the Sunday School in the Twelfth Street meeting.

He said:

"I see you have Sunday School experience, will you tell me why our Sunday School is disappointing? I know you have not found it so."

"Yes," I answered. "Children want more than you give them. Our Christian year, with its feast and festivals, the life our Lord brought them each year, truly, 'from the cradle to the grave,' the lives of the Apostles, not to worship them but to show how they glorified their Lord and Master by their lives and deaths, and our beautiful, attractive year, closing with the memory of not only the saints of the Old Testament, but coming down to our dearly loved saintly ones who have gone before, all, all this, makes it so easy to teach, interest and make an impression on young minds."

"Yes," he answered. "I see; it is so."

Bishop Coxe's well known Christmas carol says to those who would keep the festival of Christ's Nativity:

"Go ye to the forest  
Where the myrtles grow,  
Where the pine and holly  
Bend beneath the snow;  
Gather them for Jesus,  
Lay them on his shrine;  
Make his temple glorious  
With the box and pine."

## Enigma.

I am made of 10 letters.

My 8, 6, 4 is a portion of land.

My 10, 9, 7, 8 is what Indian boys can do just as well as others.

My 1, 2, 5, 9, 3 is the number of legs some milk stools have.

My whole is going to be a grand Christmas present for the Indian School, if present indications be true.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Come in time.