

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

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RING out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow,—
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true,

O year that is going, take with you
Some evil that dwells in my heart.
Take selfishness, willfulness, pride:
The sharp word that slips
From these too hasty lips,
I would cast, with the old year, aside.

O year that is coming, bring with you,
Some virtue of which I have need.
More patience to bear,
And more kindness to share,
And more love that is true love indeed.

In this new year
Let every heart God's higher comfort share!
Climbing to all holier heights above—
Hiding dark hate beneath the wings of Love!
And in despite of storm and stress and strife,
Living the larger and the lovelier life!

CHRISTMAS AT THE INDIAN SCHOOL.

On Monday morning, following Christmas Tim received this message over the telegraph-wires:

"Meet me at Carlisle station, 4:30 this evening.—MAJOR."

So, as the time neared, a tall, shapely looking young man might have been seen walking at a hurried pace down Garrison Avenue, into North street and down Pitt to the station on West High.

The train drew up as he arrived on the scene, and there stood Major on the lowest step of the rear car, ready to jump as soon as down brakes stopped the train.

"Hello, Hello! How are you? How's Bucks County?" cried Tim as he made a mad rush for his friend's valise and a shake of his hand.

"Bucks County is all right. I had a fine time. How are the folks at the school?" inquired Major, as the two started out High street toward the Garrison. "But I tell you what, there is no better place on the face of

the earth to go to have a good Christmas time than to a fellow's farm home. Why, old boy, look at me! I've gained ten pounds the way I feel, and I have eaten enough turkey to make me gobble for a month."

"Don't talk!" said Tim. "Turkey! Why we were enveloped in turkey, and besides we had all the good things of the season. I believe our Christmas dinner was just as good as yours."

"I should not wonder, for Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge can't be beaten when it comes to cooking; Miss Miles—I never saw the like of her in looking out for the comfort and happiness of all at the table. Then there is Mr. Kensler who does the buying. He gets the best the market can afford. Don't I remember the Thanksgiving dinner? That was a daisy dinner, the best we ever had, eh, Tim?"

"Yep, except this Christmas dinner which was just as good. The tables looked very pretty, and the flag decorations made everything so cheery. The Merry Christmas in large letters high on the north wall to welcome us as we entered made us feel good. But tell me, what did you do in Bucks County?"

"Never mind Bucks County. I've told you about that. I had the best time in the world, but what I want to know is ALL about your doings at the school," said Major as he walked sort of side ways in his earnest manner of looking his friend in the face.

"Let's see! When did you leave?" inquired Tim throwing his eyes up in the effort to recall the day.

"Friday night after school, don't you remember? I took the six o'clock train, and I want you to begin your story with Saturday morning."

"O, yes; well, nothing much out of the usual happened on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday except that there were lots of passes given out, and the town stores had many calls from the boys and girls of the Indian school. Every one who came back from town those days was laden down with packages. Some even went to Harrisburg to do their buying."

"What was done the night before Christmas?"

"All was excitement and bustle on Christmas eve. It was hard to get the little folks to bed early, but not until the school was apparently dead in sleep did the real work of the teachers and officers begin. Of course I was not al-

(Continued on LOCAL or 3rd 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, and EDITED by The man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian

PRICE:—10 CENTS A YEAR.

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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.

The ties are going down rapidly on this end of the trolley. Cars are running regularly to Diffely's Point.

"Single wraps" cried the mailer of the HELPERS. They did not come in from the wrapping table as fast as he could handle them. So turning around as droll as could be he said "Well, give me some married wraps, then."

The band has new and substantial music racks, made by the carpenters. One of the members calls his a snow shovel, which they resemble somewhat, but they are an improvement over the other tumble-down iron stands.

The school as a whole and individuals making up the whole are very grateful to kind friends who contributed towards their Christmas pleasures, and the small boys especially wish to return thanks for remembrance showered in upon them, without which they could not have had as Merry a Christmas as they did.

The following officers for the ensuing term have been elected by the Susan Longstreth Society: President, Louisa Giesdorff; Vice President, Alice Parker; Recording Secretary, Annie Lockwood; Corresponding Secretary, Ida Wheelock; Treasurer, Carrie Cornelius; Marshal, Annie Gesis; Reporter, Mary Miller; Critic, Leita Cornelius.

A person was overheard recently telling about certain useful but useless Christmas presents that some people received. For instance he said a man in Africa received snow shoes; one in the Greeley expedition received a straw hat. A man in South America received a fur coat, and one in Iceland a linen duster.—From one of the pupils.

Ye chief officers in the HELPER office received handsome calendars from the Thomas W. Price Company Poila. The Columbia Bicycle Calendar is a handy tablet for which we are thankful, and the inmates of the Boston Reformatory puts out a very creditable calendar one of which was sent to the Man-on-the-band-stand.

Chas. Dagenett, '91, who has been at Atlanta in charge of the Indian exhibit for a time, writes that he has been at more pleasant places Christmas time than in Dixie. He says: "The extent to which the noise in honor of the day is carried on is simply heathenish. If it stopped at cannon-crackers and fire works it would be very quiet comparatively. Tin cans, horns, rattle-machines, cow bells, yellow dogs, lungs-without-brains, etc., everything that has an unpleasant sound is brought into use." Charlie thinks the exhibition has been a splendid affair and merits much better patronage than it has received.

The brilliant arc lights on the school grounds lengthen our days apparently. While many an institution child is kept in the house these long winter evenings to play through the halls, slam doors and almost tear down the play room, our boys are out on the campus with foot-ball, shinny stick, bicycle, marbles or what ever they desire in the way of innocent amusement. Out in the fresh air, having a good time until bed-time! or, if weather does not permit, in one of the largest gymnasiums in the land, running, walking, exercising on the rings and bars, and what not?

The old year was truly blown out this time. It seemed to be with great effort, for the gale began on Monday night. Hereabouts we thought the roofs and houses were going to be carried along with the old year into oblivion. On Tuesday night the band and the lungs of small boys blew in not overly melodious strains, to say nothing of the immense fire crackers and Roman candles which were blown off. At a little after mid-night the surplus steam from lungs and powder from anvils simmered down and all was quiet till morning, greatly to the relief of many.

Some people are so constituted that they CANNOT HELP keeping step to march music no matter how fast or how slow it is played. In watching the pupils march out of the Assembly Hall it is pleasant to see them march, but very annoying when some one who seems to have no time in their make-up marching out of step. It is very easy to accommodate one's step to the music. It is not the fault of the music generally, when marching is bad.

The finest Christmas tree on the grounds, in fact the finest that the Man-on-the-band-stand ever saw was one placed in Mr. Weber's parlor for little Albert. Every boy and girl at the school should see it. The miniature farm, farm houses, playing fountain, windmill in motion, the fence around it, all made by Mr. Weber's own hands form a realistic picture requiring a vast amount of skill to produce.

Boxes from the country played a conspicuous part in our Christmas pleasures. One of the happiest persons in the world is an Indian boy thus remembered by his friends, and if he never says so, the delight pictured in his countenance as he carries his box from the office is sufficient to tell it all.

Capt. Bemus Pierce of the foot-ball team has returned from a holiday visit home.

The days are getting longer.

Gorgeous moonlight nights!

Caleb Sickles has entered the printing office.

A new boiler has been placed in the small boys' bath room.

The holiday rain came down hard but it was "just the kind that was needed."

Miss Richenda Pratt is home from her Philadelphia school for the holidays.

Misses Ely and Burgess were Christmas dinner guests of Master John Edwin Bakeless.

Capt. and Mrs. Pratt ate Christmas dinner with their son Mr. Mason Pratt and family at Steelton.

Miss Lida Standing came home from Shippenburg where she is attending Normal, for a holiday visit.

Miss Rosa Bourassa, '90, was the only grown up person here whom Santa Claus remembered with a Christmas tree.

The HELPER on behalf of the school thanks an unknown friend for a package of handkerchiefs for little girls.

Mrs. Lincoln, matron of the Thomas Orphan Asylum, New York, was a visitor for a day this week.

Miss Nellie Robertson, '90, who is attending the West Chester Normal, has had a happy holiday vacation at the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson gave an informal reception to the officers of the battalion on New Year's eve. They watched the old year out.

Elige Crow and Joseph Saunook visited the Hampton Normal Institute, Virginia, during the holidays, and claim to have had a very pleasant time.

Mr. Standing and Mr. Gardner have gone to Atlanta to close out and pack the Carlisle Indian School exhibit and to arrange for the return of the articles.

Dr. Montezuma has left a very good desk in the hands of Mr. Standing to be sold. It may be seen in the parlor of Bachelor's hall. It is in very good condition and a useful article of furniture.

Messrs. C. Whitethunder, T. Buchanan, A. Hill, E. Lambert and A. Hamilton were entertained on New Year's evening by their Sunday School teacher Mrs. Ege at her home in Carlisle.

The school mother returns thanks to those of her daughters in the country who kindly remembered her at Christmas but modestly refrained from attaching their names to the pretty gifts.

There being no school during holiday week, shop visitations were in order. The girls were escorted by their teachers and seemed to enjoy the peep into the workings of the school they seldom see.

Mr. Flannery's cornet solo at the close of the Christmas service will linger long in the memory of all those who heard the beautiful rendition. He has a certainty of execution and expression delightful to listen to.

On Christmas night Miss Luckenbach gave a jolly party to her Sunday School class and others in the large boys' assembly room. Lively games which made everybody laugh were the striking feature of the evening.

It is suggested that "Henderson's Way" will be a good name for the new route leading from the pike to the school through Judge Henderson's property.

Miss Nettie Fremont, '95, who is attending Swarthmore College, spent her holiday vacation with us. Miss Nettie, in her examination previous to the holidays took first grade in three of her studies, second grade in two and third grade in two.

Miss Hamilton gave a very enjoyable party to her pupil teachers, ex-graduates and others in the young ladies' society room on the night after Christmas. It was a cobweb party. Music, games, refreshments, etc., contributed toward making a very happy occasion.

For a good idea of how the Carlisle school looks buy one of the Souvenirs containing sixty views. They are 25 cents cash post paid, or FREE for ten subscriptions and a two-cent stamp extra for postage. For THIRTY cents the HELPER for a year and the Souvenir will be sent.

Johnnie Given has gone to Bloomsburg, to attend the Normal school at that place. Wonder why Mrs. Given doesn't keep him on the reservation? Johnnie will get lonesome and perhaps homesick for a time, but he knows what is for his own good, and is man enough to stand it. This is his first outing from home.

(From 1st page.)

lowed in the girls' quarters myself, but I was told by a good friend," said Tim with a wink, "that there was great fun over there. Half the night was spent in trimming trees and decorating the rooms, and in arranging the presents convenient for handling."

"Who had trees?"

"The little girls and the small boys. The first was in the girls' play-room, and the small boys' was in their assembly room."

"How did the large girls manage, for they have always had such a beautiful tree?"

"The decorations were made in the shape of an arbor, and the presents placed underneath on tables. The room was very pretty."

"And the large boys?"

"Well there was a great time about them. If Carlisle teaches us anything, it is to help along the Christmas cheer by giving to each other. We don't sit stiffly back and wait for the Government to buy us Christmas presents, and then growl if we don't get enough. We give to each other, and that is half the merriment of a Carlisle Christmas, but it was discovered after the exchange of great basketfuls of presents which passed between the quarters, that there were about a hundred large boys who were entirely left out. They were the new pupils, don't you know, who have not many cousins (?) yet among the girls," said Tim with a smile.

"That was awful. They must have had a sorry Christmas, poor fellows."

"No they didn't. The teachers and officers who were working over the packages could not stand it to see them go without, when all the others were receiving, so they clubbed together. One said, 'I'll give five dollars;' another said, 'I'll give five.' Some gave two,

others one, until enough was raised to buy each boy something, and something nice, too. No little foolish toy, but something useful and a little better than usual."

"Who did the buying?"

"A committee was despatched to town and the purchases made. It took a long time to tie up the packages in white paper and write names on all, but it was done, and long after midnight those who worked over the presents, the trees and the decorations, crawled off tired enough to their beds."

"When were the presents given out?" inquired Major.

"When? Why next morning long before day light. The girls were up and running through the halls before four o'clock. They were simply irrepressible."

"Whew! What a big world!"

"That's all right," said Tim half blushing, "If you make fun of me I'll stop short."

"Naw! Go on! Can't you take a joke?"

"A little after four o'clock a company of girls came out on the balcony of the girls' quarters and sang a Christmas carol which sounded singularly pretty in the stillness of that early morning hour," continued Tim.

"Then the assembly room for the large girls and the play-room for the small girls were thrown open, and such a time! The little girls were enthusiastic in their 'O.my's,' 'Ah's' and exclamations of surprise and delight, and the large girls, (our young ladies I should say) were just as delighted, but showed it in a more dignified way, of course. But you can imagine the noise and confusion and merry making as the names were called by two funny looking Santa Clauses and the officers who volunteered to distribute the presents. The dolls were almost eaten up by the little girls in their frantic delight, especially over those with real hair and those which would go to sleep."

"I suppose the same thing was going on the other quarters?"

"No, the boys observed better hours. It was nearly five o'clock when the little boys filed into their assembly room to behold their beautiful tree brilliantly lighted glittering in fanciful trimmings, and their little countenances beaming with pleasure were a study. They did not shout. The 'Oh's!' and 'Ah's' and natural outbursts of the average white child were not heard, but the unspeakable wonder of it all shone out through their eyes and mouths wide open."

"Did they, too, have a Santa Claus?"

"Yes, indeed. I wish I had time to tell you his funny speech which made everybody laugh. When names were called and the packages unwrapped disclosing toys and horns which were tooted, then pandemonium began here, but the small boys had been exceedingly orderly and gentlemanly up to that moment. Each little boy received a candy cane, which greatly pleased him. Once a peanut shell dropped between two boys and they could not resist the sport of using their canes for shinny sticks, with most disastrous results as you can imagine. Capt Upshaw of Company E received the largest cane, it being about three feet long. That was, no doubt, the sweetest joke he had ever had played on him."

"Well, did Santa visit the large boys' quarters?"

"Oh, no. We are too dignified for that you know. Our presents were handed to us by the officers. Every boy and girl in the school had a present of some kind, and some who have many friends received more than one."

"That's nice. What did you get?"

"Never mind what I got," said Tim. "But I must tell you. All this was done before daylight, and just about breakfast time a band of little singers from Nos. 13 and 14 went around and sang two of the prettiest little carols you ever heard. They went on Captain's porch first, then to Mr. Standing's and after that to the Administration Building hall where the Chief Clerk of the Man-on-the-band-stand and others live, you know?"

"What happened after breakfast?"

"About nine o'clock the regular Christmas service occurred."

"Is that so? Who addressed the school?"

"Rev. Mr. Wile, and he gave one of the best and most timely talks he ever delivered before us."

"Then came dinner which you have told about, but what did you do in the afternoon," continued Major, still eager to know it all,

"Oh, after dinner, most everyone was too full for utterance and we were allowed to do about as we pleased. Some pleased to catch up in their sleep, but some kept up their merriment all day long. In the evening there was a joint prayer meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and the King's Daughters in the new Y. M. C. A. hall."

"By the next morning you were all pretty well used up, I should judge."

"Yes, a little tired, but work went on as usual. The shops were in full blast at the regular hour. The schools were not in session, however, so we had a half-holiday. There was no skating, as bad luck would have it, but there was good wheeling. Some put in their time walking, and others took advantage of the good time to read, while still others simply loafed their half-days away."

"That's what makes me indignant, doesn't it you?" said Major.

"I must say I don't like loafers. A fellow who has no care to read, no desire to exercise, simply stands lazily around with his hands in pockets waiting for time to pass shows a very shallow brain, but we haven't many loafers here. Most of us have learned to put in our time to pretty good advantage, don't you think so?"

"I don't know but I agree with you," replied Major. "What did you do Thursday and Friday evening?"

"There were several Sunday School entertainments in town to which our pupils were invited. On Friday evening the societies held good meetings all around, and on Saturday night was the annual sociable when the Christmas candies, apples and oranges are handed out by the generous paper bagfuls. This is always the jolly occasion of the year when friend meets friend, and cousin meets cousin, and brother meets brother to thank for the presents received and to chat and have a good time. When nine o'clock came the good nights were said and Christmas for 1895 was over."

And the two having reached their quarters parted to get ready for supper.