

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1896.

NO. 12

## HELP THE NEEDY.

**A** MERRY CHRISTMAS! far and wide  
Rings out this wish on every hand,  
A greeting glad this Christmas tide,  
Re-echoing through the land.

You'll find your joys grow none the less,  
Or Christmas be less glad and gay  
Because you strive to aid distress,  
And drive back care and want away.

But ere this wish fulfilled can be  
There's work for each of us to do;  
Look round! What misery we see,  
What pain and anguish to subdue.

Our happiness, you know, depends  
On other's happiness as well;  
The duty of each one extends  
To all beneath misfortune's spell.

A Merry Christmas then you'll find  
This Christmas to you all will be;  
A blessing springs from actions kind,  
And happiness from charity.

Then day before Christmas is Good-Child-Day!  
How sweetly together the children all play,  
With never a quarrel and never a slight,  
While everything seems to go about right!  
The day before Christmas is Good-Child-Day—  
I wonder why it should happen that way?

## CHRISTMAS.

Before this issue of the HELPER reaches all of its subscribers, another Christmas will have been celebrated in all the Christian nations of the earth.

The Man-on-the-band-stand can now hear the shouts of:

"I wish you a Merry Christmas," resounding through the different quarters at our school, and in every house in the land where people dwell and have taught their children that Christmas should be merry.

The treasures of Santa Claus will be eagerly examined and presents galore unwrapped mid shouts of laughter and great joy.

O, no! No shouts at the Indian school, except among the wee tots. It is not the Indian way to shout. Many of our readers would be surprised at the quiet dignity of the Indian boys and girls as their presents are handed to them from the tree or from a well piled table, but

the joy is there. It is of the inexpressible kind—felt but not heard.

Christmas is the birthday of Christ.

"The Sunday School Times" says:

"In Christ's coming was the real birth of every true Christian that was ever born.

"Christmas is the birthday of every hero, of every martyr for truth, of every reformer of wrongs, of every sympathizer with earth's woes, of every prophet of earth's possibilities; for on this day he who has been the impulse for truth, the strength against wrong, the fountain of sympathy, and the inspiration of prophecy, was born into the world.

"It is your birthday, and mine, in just so far as there has been anything great or true or good—anything Christ-like—born into our lives."

Then it is the time to be happy.

Let us rejoice, and let us be more happy in our giving than in our receiving.

## FROM THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS?

The land of Sitka, so far north, must be near the home of Santa Claus, hence the following bit of personal experience and observation from our Indian friend who went through the Sitka School, afterward through Marietta College and is now a member of class '98 Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, is especially appropriate for our Christmas number:

### Sitka and the Sitka School.

Sitka is situated about mid-way on the western side of Baranoff Island, and is 350 miles north of the southern extremity of Southeastern Alaska.

When the Russians, during the administration of Alexander Baranoff, the noted Governor, transferred the seat of government from the west to this place, about 1791, they called it New Archangel, and was so named until 1867 when it was officially changed to its present name.

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# 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.

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Miss Marianna 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.

On the Christmas-time, the Christmas-time!  
'Tis the happiest time to me,  
And the Christmas-bells are the bells that chime  
In the merriest harmony.

A Happy New Year to you.

Francis Corbett has found work at Ft. Sill, and says he is getting along well.

"I can no more afford to be without the HELPER than can the HELPER to be without me," says a prominent jeweler on Main street.

"It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself."

—CHARLES DICKENS.

James Van Wert, class '95, has been transferred from the Indian School at Hoyt, Kansas to the position of clerk at the Wittenberg Boarding School, Wisconsin.

Clarinda Charles writes that her mother died two hours before she arrived, and they are sad and lonely without her. Clarinda now has the responsibility of the home.

Miss Irene Campbell has joined Miss Patton's lace class. Mrs. Campbell has been quite sick this month, but at this writing is improving. —["The Guide," Ft. Washakie, Wyo.]

Albert Bishop class '92, who is a teacher in the Indian School at Wittenberg, Wis., went to Chicago specially to see our team play football with the University of Wisconsin.

**The Chicago Trip—Game with the Wisconsin University.**

For the benefit of all concerned, we will give verbatim a description of the Chicago trip as related by one of the party.

"Taking the band and football team there were 45 of us in all. We arrived in Chicago at 8 A. M. on last Friday morning, and were met at the station by J. A. Fleming, Chairman of the Press Club Committee, who had a large English coach drawn by six horses awaiting us. At the Press Club rooms we met a large number of Press representatives. The Palmer House was our headquarters while in the city. After breakfast we visited the Board of Trade and Stock Exchange. At the latter place the band rendered several selections. After supper we went to the auditorium where the band again played. The same evening they

serenaded the Calumet Club, and afterwards were received by the Hamilton Club where music, speeches, etc., were indulged in.

All retired at a seasonable hour and enjoyed a late breakfast on Saturday morning. A short visit was made to the great Chicago Athletic Club whose house was thrown open to us. On every hand we were generously received. Light practice in the afternoon completed our work previous to the game.

## The Game.

The game was played in the Coliseum beginning at eight o'clock, Saturday night, before a very large audience, comprising many of the best citizens of Chicago. It consisted of two 35-minute halves and was hotly contested, resulting in a victory for us—18 to 8. Never was fairer and more thorough officiating done. Mr. Wrenn, (Harvard) who officiated as referee, and Mr. Gould, (Amherst) who acted as umpire deserve great praise for their just decisions at critical moments. The game was free from all objectionable features, the only wrangle being between a couple of the members of the Wisconsin team. No one was hurt.

On Sunday we went to Church and rested, leaving for home at 11:30 P. M., having sleepers as far as Harrisburg, where we arrived on Tuesday morning. Taking it all in all it was the most enjoyable trip ever experienced."

Remember, there will be no HELPER next week. This is a custom we have followed for years. Each subscriber will get his or her full quota (52 for the year) and none will be defrauded. The printing office work will continue as brisk as usual, but there will be breathing spells, perhaps, for a few individuals, and the Man-on-the-band-stand needs extra time once a year in which to rub his head and collect his thoughts. Job work and "Red Man" work must continue.

Just enough snow for Santa Claus and his sleigh full of presents drawn by frisky reindeer, to skip over the housetops, in his hunt for the chimneys where good little girls and boys live! Some sensible people will not allow their children to be told such untruths. And is it right? Why wouldn't this be a good question for the debating societies: Resolved, That Santa Claus is a myth, and that children should not be taught to believe in him.

Who can do the following problem? "A man had \$100 and wished to purchase 100 animals—cows at \$10 a head, hogs a \$3 a head and sheep at 50 cents per head. How many of each did he buy?" This was given in a country school by the Trustee, and after three days effort was finally solved by an Indian—Jos. Schuyler, who received the prize for the first pupil securing the proper answer.

Don't forget to say "Thank you" for the little gift you might receive. Somebody has remembered you and thought lovingly of you, and that is worth a great deal more than the mere value of the gift.

Mr. Ramsey, of the Electric Light Company, of Carlisle, has placed a new electric iron in the laundry for experiment, which is fine de siecle. What a saving of time, coal and energy there would be if all the irons were attached to electric wires!

Handwritten note: The Chicago Trip - Game with the Wisconsin University.



Just a little snow.

Skating is spoiled.

No HELPER next week.

A Merry Christmas to everybody.

Christmas jobs made night work for the printers.

Robert Hamilton has gone to his home in Montana.

Christmas greens came from the lower farm, this year.

Santa Claus does not like steam radiators as well as chimneys.

It will take 167 chickens and 20 turkeys to make our Christmas dinner.

The snow shovels were out for the first this season, on Wednesday morning.

The new dress of kalsomine on the dining-hall gives the room a cheerful aspect.

Mr. Louis Hoffman, of Brooklyn, is visiting his half-sister, Miss Hill, of the faculty.

Harrisburg has been an objective point in the last week or two for Christmas shopping.

A number of teachers and others will spend their Christmas among friends at a distance.

Capt. Bemus Pierce, of the football team, will spend the holidays at his home in New York State.

Everything is cleaned up for Christmas. Even Mother Earth has put on her robe of white in anticipation of the occasion.

"You owe me a gingersnap." "Well, YOU owe ME a doughnut." Such are some of the side remarks as Christmas approaches.

The Carlisle team is called by some of the Chicago papers the All-American team, which is a better name than Indian, isn't it?

The guardhouse roof has been repaired and has received a fresh coat of paint. The place is now ready for occupancy, but we hope it will always be empty.

We are pleased to be able to say that Jack Standing is again up after a serious illness, during which for a time his parents and friends were very anxious.

If Santa Claus is a myth, is the Man-on-the-band-stand also a myth? O, no. The Man-on-the-band-stand is just the NEWS personified, and everybody knows that.

Teachers' Meeting was held Friday after school last week. After the regular lesson on "Ocean Currents and Effect on Climate," "The Reading course for Indian Employees," was discussed.

At the opening exercise of school this week Miss Bailey gave the "Siege of Lucknow," Miss Forster—"How to see a picture"; Mrs. Berry sang "En Chemin" by Augusta Holmes and a selection from "The Merry Monarch"; Miss Bourassa spoke of Rosa Bonheur's work.

That was a jolly crowd who hung around the telephone last Saturday night till near the mid-night hour waiting for the foot-ball news from Chicago. Crokinole was played to while away the time, and jokes were cracked between bells. The 'phone was connected with Chicago direct, and Mr. Thompson's voice, over 800 miles away could be heard as distinctly as if he had been at the far end of the room. He readily distinguished the different voices of the party who conversed with him at this end of the line. Wonderful! Wonderful!

No HELPER next week.

On Saturday morning Miss Cummins gave the set at her table a great surprise. She arose earlier than usual and made some corn-pone, which was proclaimed by all who ate of it most delicious. The praise was so pronounced that others had to be favored with raffles, and it is decided that the author of the little treat has missed her calling.

Carlisle is gathering in her grandchildren. Seventeen years ago Ralph Ironaglefeather and Julia Goodvoice of the Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, entered Carlisle as pupils. They were married at the expiration of their school term and have since lived in Dakota. Now their little daughter, Lydia Biddle Ironaglefeather has come to us for her education. She is named for a Carlisle lady.

Christmas time, while one of great joy, should not be abused. Let us exercise some self-control and not enjoy ourselves so hard that we make ourselves ill. Of course, this is the week when our friends give us candies, apples, oranges, nuts, etc., but that is no reason we should make gormands of our selves. Spin the good things along for several days!

A peep into the sloyd department is always inspiring. To see children so interested in sawing and hammering, and filing and measuring, and giving finishing touches with oil or varnish, does the Man-on-the-band-stand good, to say nothing of the inestimable benefit it is to the pupils under instruction. If sloyd were introduced into every Indian School in the country, it would add new life to Indian education.

Tramps are getting a little too plentiful. On Saturday last Bruce Patterson was on his wheel about a mile from town and was held up by two men who stole from his pockets a dollar, and a few cents. They also cut his tire so that he was obliged to walk home. Had Bruce been a little larger, and showed a little of his Apache blood, righteously aroused, he might have made the tramps a little "tired."

We were taken a little trip to Germany, through the aid of the stereopticon, last Thursday night. Mrs. E. S. Brinton, who has travelled extensively, was the lecturer of the evening. The pictures were fine. We know now about Buda-Pest and the peasant life in the Harz mountains, and many of us did not know anything of those scenes before. Mrs. Brinton being a popular nurse during the war the lecture was attended by the G. A. R. of Carlisle, in a body.

A stereopticon trip to Ceylon was the treat on Tuesday evening. The lecturer, Rev. G. W. Leitch, gave vivid descriptions of the scenes presented. One feature of the entertainment was the singing by the school of "Sweet by-and-by," illustrated on the canvas with the words artistically arranged around the pictures. The closing hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," illustrated in the same way, was sung with spirit. A collection was taken up for the missionary work in that far away land. This was new for that audience as the pupils' money is generally in bank, but there were enough pennies floating around to make a wholesome jingle in the hats. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.



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Continued From First Page.

Sitka is the capital of Alaska and is inhabited by the American, Russian and native races. Its population varies somewhat according to the seasons of the year; but the number of permanent residents is 1,500, the natives forming two-thirds of the same.

It may seem strange to you that the capital of a country which is thirteen times larger than the State of Pennsylvania is only about one sixth or one fifth the size of Carlisle. But Sitka is very important in the whole Alaskan civilization, and its size does not in any way detract its importance and influence in that land.

Let us imagine that our ship has fastened her lines at the wharf and that we are to take a walk in this noted town.

The first building that greets our eyes is an old ware-house. Here we see plenty of boxes of goods and groceries from the States for the stores in town, and also for shipment farther west. On our right as we go on, on the principal street, we see a row of native women selling various kinds of curios.

These curios are their own make, and so generally each one has her own prices which as a rule cannot be changed under any circumstances.

The next buildings that we come to are the court-house and jail and the District Government building. On a hill at the foot of which these buildings are standing stood the Baran-off Castle which was destroyed by fire four years ago. This Castle was built in 1813.

We look across the public campus on our left and we see the Governor's residence, the Marine Barracks and other buildings; and farther beyond these buildings is the native section of Sitka which extends to about one third of a mile.

Walking on we next come to a number of stores, saloons, hotels, a U. S. Post Office, the Greek Catholic Church, a printing office, saw-mill, public school, etc. Thus Sitka contains some of those elements which are to be found in the large cities of the East.

Towards the end of the walk we come to the Sitka Industrial School which is situated half a mile from the steamship landing. This institution was founded by the generous help of good friends in the East, through Dr. Sheldon Jackson, about the year 1878, and since then it has become a vital force in the Alaskan civilization.

The School consists of a dozen buildings, including two large dormitories, and these are used for various purposes. It is managed by a Superintendent and teachers, and the inmates to-day do not exceed a hundred in number. It has accomodation for two hundred

pupils; but the financial stringencies of the times have somewhat disabled this institution, and so only a certain number of pupils is allowed to enter it.

In the Boys' Department the industries taught are principally carpentry, shoe-making, coopering and blacksmithing; and in the Girls' Department, sewing, cooking, washing and ironing, and other domestic affairs.

It is a Christian school, and one of its main objects is to make the Alaskans Christian. It has many disadvantages; but we are not without some hope that the time will soon come when that institution turns out graduates who are in equal standing with those of the Eastern schools.

On the grounds of this School stands the Sheldon-Jackson Museum. It has a very large collection of curios from the different parts of Alaska, and a scientist and scholar may well spend a profitable day or week in this Museum.

I remember the time when some of us first went to the Sitka School to secure an English education, and that was in 1888, how we were obliged to make the best of what we had there.

We had to go out in the forests to cut down trees, make them into rafts and haul them by water to the School for fuel.

This was no small job, and the boys of that School are still doing it today.

If the School had a sufficient fund this would not be so.

For one thing we had at that time in connection with the School some domestic animals, and these consisted of two long-eared stubborn mules, a consumptive cow and a long-haired rheumatic hog. I do not know how these animals came to be possessed by that institution. Probably they were gifts from some friends here in the States.

A few days before Christmas the cow breathed her last. She died an untimely death, and, much to our grief, this was soon followed by the departure also, on New Year's Day, of the long-haired hog.

These domestic animals went to their rest; but the mules survived, and when I went back to that country, last summer, I did not see them. I imagine they have also quitted this life, and I do not know whether they did it naturally or artificially.

When you consider the circumstances under which the Sitka School, and other schools of the north are laboring—their isolated conditions, hardships and limited spheres, you ought to be very thankful that you are at Carlisle.

EDWARD MARSDEN.

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#### Christmas Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

My 3, 9, 10, 2 is the gentle whisper of the early sun-beams.

My 14, 11, 13, 4 was once a guide to men.

My 1, 13, 8, 5 is a name that has been particularly honored.

My 6, 7, 9, 12, 2 is to sound in harmony.

My whole is the great and loving wish we now have for all.

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ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Christmas time.