

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XII

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1897.

No. 13

NEW YEAR CHIMES.

CLASH! clash! peal the bells;
New Year life their welcome tells,
Wealth of sunny days to be,
Sing the joy-bells gleefully;
"Golden hours and days we give,
Hours and days in which to live
In the ways of truth and right."
So the bells ring forth with might,
Heralding a future bright;
Clash! clash! peal the bells.

ECHOES FROM CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAY SOUNDINGS.

Only one day in the year does the Man-on-the-band-stand really enjoy getting up early, and that is on Christmas morning.

Even then his Indian boys and girls at Carlisle beat him by about 2 hours.

As early as three o'clock last Friday morning, a small stir began to arouse the old man's peaceful slumbers.

Hundreds of boys and girls were heard chattering as they extracted the contents of their stockings and hurriedly dressed to go down to the various assembly rooms.

By four o'clock the girls were all out on the balconies, and joined in singing merry Christmas carols. In that still morning air the effect was very impressive.

In the girls' quarters, Santa Claus had left a handsome tree, filled to overflowing with gifts.

Our readers must remember that these were not gifts from the United States Government. The Carlisle school, with its blessings, is one continuous gift much appreciated, but these little remembrances were from friend to friend.

Santa's agent, dressed in imitation of the photographs of his chief, distributed presents till he (or was it she?) was tired.

There were other assistants, and the Man-on-the-band-stand looked on with satisfaction at the scene which brought so much pleasure to the recipients of gifts.

In the small boys' quarters there was another large and beautiful tree, as full of

presents as it could hold and the floor and tables around were piled besides.

The candy canes received by the officers did not give them the air of dudes, but helped to make merry the scene. Santa had another agent here to help distribute the gifts.

In the large boys' quarters benches and tables were piled with presents, but there was no tree. There was a great deal of happiness, however, both expressed and unexpressed.

The Man-on-the-band-stand saw no disappointed faces, as every one was remembered once or twice by some kind friend.

The exchange of presents between the boys' and girls' quarters the day before was made by the basketful in anticipation of the Merry Christmas to come.

After breakfast messengers were flying here and there to teachers' and officers' rooms, where tables were well laden before the sun was two hours high.

Pleasures After the Morning Hours.

Skating and coasting added to the pleasures of Christmas Day. The weather was perfect, the air crisp and full of ozone, the sun brilliant and inspiring.

Not the least of the enjoyments were the dinners—the pupils' dinner, the hospital dinner and the teachers' dinner.

Roast turkey, chicken and accompaniments were served in good style.

Mrs. Rumsport as cook did her best for the teachers, while Mr. and Mrs. Dandridge served the pupils' dinner acceptably, and the hospital cooks were not out-done save by the small capacities of their feeders.

The Menus for teachers' dinner were printed by Jessan in French, and great was the fun among the "only English speaking" guests. Appropriate quotations in English followed each course. Menus for pupils were printed in blue on small cards and bore the imprint "Parker"

The Stockings.

Santa Claus began his rounds in the sleep-

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.

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

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
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.

The Susan Longstreth Literary Society was held in Assembly Hall on Wednesday evening of last week instead of in their regular society room, and the entire school was in attendance. They had the platform prettily decorated and the walls were hung with the portraits of eminent women, so many of whom grace the walls of their little hall. Miss Edith Smith occupied an upholstered chair on the platform and was the presiding officer. Miss Olive Muler at her side was the recording secretary. The society carried on what they claimed to be a regular meeting, roll call and all, with a rather more elaborate program than they perhaps carry out at every meeting. A striking feature of the evening was a dialogue in which Margaret LaMere took conspicuous part as Mrs. Buttermilk, and Mary Moon was her son John. In the same, Mauida Jamison acted well the part of telegraph operator and ticket agent of a country station. The discussion of the question, "Resolved, That a Limited Monarchy is better than a Free Republic," was well sustained, Minnie Findley and Sarah Smith, affirmatives, Cynthia Webster and Sarah Williams, negatives. Dr. Daniel, Mrs. Spray and Howard Gansworth acted as judges and decided in favor of the negative side. There was good instrumental and vocal music, Mabel Buck, Edith Pierce and Julia Jonas presiding at the piano, Maggie Trombly and Linnie Thompson favoring the audience with vocal solos in pleasing style. Julia Williams presented the reporter's notes, Melissa Green a soliloquy, Mary Muler two recitations and Alice Parker the Society Prophecy. With one or two exceptions where a semi-boastful attitude was exhibited and where there was lack of energy and purpose in voice, the entertainment was high-toned and very enjoyable.

An Inter-Society Debate upon the question, "Resolved, That the Reservation System fails to make useful, independent citizens of Indians," was held in Assembly Hall last Friday night between the Standards and Invincibles. Judge E. W. Biddle, of Carlisle, presided, and the distinguished judges were Hon. R. M. Henderson, ex judge and member of the Carlisle bar, Rev. Alexander McMillan, of St.

John's Episcopal Church and Rev. A. N. Hagerty of the First Presbyterian Church of Carlisle. It was a most interesting occasion from start to finish. Robert DePoe opened the question, was followed by Frank Cajune on the negative. Then Edward Peterson spoke second on the affirmative followed by Brigman Cornelius on the negative. Frank O. Jones was the third speaker on the affirmative and was followed by Alexander Upshaw in a stirring speech on the negative. The negative then had a closing speech of four minutes and the affirmative closed the debate. Mr. John M. Rhey took down the speeches in short hand which will be reproduced in the coming "Red Man." The Judges decided in favor of the affirmative which was the Standard side. The best orators of the evening were Robert DePoe and Alex Upshaw, while all the other speakers did themselves proud. There were a number of guests from town who expressed themselves as surprised and greatly pleased at the ability displayed.

Did you never see the Projectoscope? Then the Man-on-the-band-stand would advise you to see one the very first opportunity. It is a wonderful and costly machine which has been exhibited in only large cities—Edison's last and greatest invention. On last Wednesday afternoon Assembly Hall was darkened down, and living pictures were thrown upon canvas. We could hardly believe that we were not looking at the real scene. As the mounted police of New York came galloping down the street, more than one in the audience half-jumped to get out of the way of the horses, for didn't it look as though they were going to run right over us?

The celebrated steamer St. Louis sailed by, and the very smoke from the stacks curled in great rings as the waves rolled and splashed in astonishing naturalness.

What could have been more perfect than the McKinley Parade in New York? Why we were right in it. Our band behind the scenes made the music, but the marching of the men and the moving to and fro of the people on the street were reproductions of the moving reality. The morning bath, wherein a little colored baby received a good washing by its mother was very funny and perfect as could be. The Bucking Broncho, and Lone Fisherman who fell into the water; the Newark Fire Department out in full force; the rescue of a girl and boy from the flames before our very eyes; well, it is all too wonderful to tell about. You will have to go see it!

Mrs. L. DeRussey Berry, who, thus far this year has served as vocal instructor at the school, has taken up her residence in Carlisle, at Miss Egolf's, where she will give private instructions. Mrs. Berry has a remarkably fine, rich voice which shows excellent cultivation under true masters of the art of singing. Mrs. Berry's friends at the school wish her every success.

Nothing is more thoroughly enjoyed at Christmas time by our boys and girls than the Christmas boxes received from farm fathers and mothers, and more than the usual number of such boxes came this year, showing that the happy relations between employers and employed in the outing system continue to exist.

Welcome '97.

It was not a green Christmas, after all.

The days are getting perceptibly longer.

Mrs. Sawyer visited friends in Norwalk, Conn., Christmas.

Mr. Snyder went to his home in Lock Haven to spend Christmas.

Miss Bowersox went to her home at Middleburg for her Christmas.

Miss Cutter spent the holidays with her sisters in Albany N. Y.

Miss Forster enjoyed a quiet Christmas at her home in Harrisburg.

Miss Senseney, of Chambersburg, is the newly appointed vocal instructor.

Mrs. Rumsport spent a few days with her family in the western part of the state.

The band furnished good music at the Standard-Invincible debate last Friday night.

Misses Quinn and Cummins were with friends in Washington during the holiday vacation.

There was scarcely enough snow at Christmas for sleighing yet a few sleighs and bells (?) were out.

Miss McCook, of Philadelphia, is helping temporarily with the correspondence work of the main office.

Several of our boys and girls spent Christmas at their former country homes, having been invited to do so.

Misses Cochran, Weekly, Peter and Merriam spent a happy and profitable week in New York City, during the holidays.

Perhaps the Susans would like to know who turns the "crank" that grinds out the so-called smart jokes in the Standard Pan rama?

The home letters this week bubble over with Christmas and the doings of the holiday vacation. The pupils all seem glad to get back to school.

Miss Sallie Fitory, of Lancaster, was a guest of Miss Nellie Robertson, during the holidays, and was much pleased with what she saw at Carlisle.

Miss Ethel Shrigley, daughter of the Superintendent of Williamson School, near Philadelphia, has been visiting Miss Shaffner and our school.

A person who believes a mean thing about another without taking any trouble to find out the truth is just as mean as the mean person who tells the mean thing.

Miss Fannie A. Allis, graduate of Smith and now Preceptress of the College from which Miss Shaffner graduated—Lebanon Valley—was a guest of the latter on New Years Day.

In the carpenter shop there is on display some fine models of workmanship from the Williamson school which would satisfy the best judges that the training received at Williamson is of a superior kind.

Emma Seowitsa has returned very ill from Andover, Mass., where she has been living for a time in the family of Rev. Robert MacFadden. Miss Barr was sent to bring her, and while away saw for a few minutes Susie Farewell who is at a hospital in Manchester, N. H. Susie looks well and is doing well.

Dr. Eastman, Field Secretary of the Indian Department of the International Young Men's Christian Association, and his brother Rev. John Eastman, of Flandreau, North Dakota, were visitors on Sunday. Dr. Eastman conducted the evening service, giving an impressive talk on the importance of having the light of God's word ever present with us and in front of us that we may not stumble and fall in the dark. These two remarkable Indian brothers are living examples of what the Indians may become by pluck and perseverance. Rev. John Eastman spoke and prayed in his native tongue—the Sioux, interpreted by his brother, the Doctor.

The band played the old year out in good style last Thursday night, while the Callithumpians who marched around the grounds, and filled in the intervals by hammering vigorously on tin pans nearly played themselves and the school out; but, "boys will be boys," and more than one of ye older folk stood shivering and half-dressed behind window blinds peeping out upon the scene, enjoying the enjoyment of the enjoyers.

Mrs. Morton, who has been assisting with the clerical work of the main office for the past few months, left for her home in Baltimore, on Thursday last. Mrs. Morton made many good friends in her stay with us, and she has an abiding place in her heart for many at the school, especially the Indian boys and girls in whom she became much interested.

The talks before the school at opening exercises this week have been as follows: "Samuel Plimpson and the Plimpson Marks on British Vessels," Prof. Bakeless; "New York Capitol at Albany," Miss Cutter; "Cleopatra's Needle," Miss Weekley; "Lessons from Egyptian History," Capt. Pratt; "Wanamaker's New Store in New York City," Miss Cochran.

The Invincible Literary Society through the columns of the HELPER hereby challenges the Susan Long-treth Literary Society for an impromptu debate, with the conditions that said debate shall take place on or before April 30, 1897, and that the question shall be presented by some disinterested person, five minutes prior to the time set for the debate.

Mr. Spray spent his holidays visiting pupils in country homes. He goes again to inspect the schools in the country which our Indian boys and girls attend, and in his absence Miss Elizabeth Renniger, of Northumberland, will act as substitute.

Wesley Crow and Henry Lossey, Hampton students, were visitors during the holidays. The former is a brother of Elige Crow. The two claim to have enjoyed themselves very much while here, but they think our weather is a little cool.

Who are the readers and searchers for knowledge at our school? See the figures, and judge! During the month of December the Reference Librarian reports 45 volumes taken out by the large boys; 123 volumes by the small boys; 53 by the girls.

Helen Hill Taylor, Miss Hill's little cousin from Chicago, is here. She is getting acquainted with the little folks on the grounds and tenders ten of them a party to-night.

ing-ooms, and among the chimney corners soon after midnight. Into at least 400 stockings in the girls' quarters and boys' quarters did he pour sweet-meats, nuts and apples.

"Are you not pampering and spoiling those Indian children?" some self-appointed censors, may ask.

We do not view it in that light. Christmas comes but once a year, at which time a little treat of candy and nuts helps to make the time lively as it should be. We as a school are continually doing charitable works for those in distress. Carlisle has contributed for the relief of starving Indians, Russians and Armenians. The King's Daughters Circles are constantly aiding people outside of the school, and why do we not in turn deserve good gifts?

While there are thousands of children in the land who have no stockings to hang up, we can not help them all; but, boys and girls, neither should we forget them. Where opportunity offers to help the needy or those in distress let us do even as the good Government and our friends do continually for us—give good gifts, judiciously.

And, so, in the words of an eminent writer, "there lies in each one's hands a great privilege on Christmas Day beyond all other days. Whether by word of good cheer, of hope and encouragement, whether by kindly greeting or gentle act of courtesy, or whether by gifts or merry-making, by the simplest things we do as well as by the greatest, the privilege and the power are ours of making another feel all the joy that is one's own."

Trees, Not Indian.

John Edwin Bakeless, now two years old, saw his first Christmas tree this year, and great interest was manifested in seeing him see it. Coaly, which came from Grandpa Harvey, was perhaps the most enjoyable present among many with which his tree was laden.

Albert Weber's tree was the finest on the grounds. Mr. Weber's genius was displayed in the many little contrivances he had built to complete a picture, pleasing to the many who called to see it. There was a veritable little farm and garden, with house, barn, orchard, cattle, green grass, flowing fountains and pond of water containing gold fish, street lamps lighted by alcohol, laid out walks and drives, and the entire area fenced in with a neatly painted picket fence. The tree in the back ground covered with gifts and tinsel made the picture all that could be desired, and Albert should have been a very happy little three-year-old. He was, as far as could be judged from outward appearances.

The Man-on-the-band-stand had a tree entirely to himself. On it were gifts especially for his chief clerk and her companion. In fact, it was a great, big, generous joke, and one much appreciated.

DAYS GONE BY.

Could the readers of the HELPER have been little mice in corners on Christmas day and heard the talk among Carlisle's thousands of students at their homes in the Indian country or out in the world where they are occupying good positions, the same readers no doubt would have been gratified at the pleasant things that were being said about the happy Christmas days gone by. Scores of letters have been received showing that many retain a grateful remembrance of their student days at Carlisle.

The Early Morning.

The first bell heard on Christmas morning was that upon St. Patrick's Church on Pomfret Street, its deep, rich tones sounding up and down the valley in the moonlight stillness. It is said to be the finest bell in the Valley.

Then followed weaker tones and bells innumerable in tintinnabulary echoes and re-echoes until the air was filled with ringing music proclaiming that Christmas had come.

GOOD-BYE '96.

The old year has passed away, and the New Year is just begun.

If in the year that has gone we suffered some disappointments and griefs; if bright hopes we had at its opening vanished before its close, we should still have courage to try again.

We can make the New Year a successful one for us, if we WILL; and the way to do it is to begin it with good intentions, pure hearts and right motives.

THE BEST WAY TO CIVILIZE.

Many of the so-called Indians of the Indian Territory and elsewhere, have scarcely a trace of Indian blood in their veins. Inter-marriage with the whites has progressed to that extent in the past three quarters of a century that the pure blood Indians are growing rapidly less in number as the years advance.

Enigma.

I am made of 20 letters.
My 7, 9, 8 is what all bad boys do.
My 16, 13, 14 is a vessel for liquors.
My 20, 12, 4, 7, 5, 2, 10 is a girl's name.
My 11, 18, 19, 3 is an entrance to a house.
My 1, 17, 18, 19, 15, 8 is to select.
My 6, 12, 14 is what we all do.
My whole is a great help to the Indian.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER TO LAST ENIGMA: Merry Christmas.