

THE INDIAN HELPER

A WEEKLY LETTER

—FROM THE—
Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa.

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GOOD-BYE '97, WITH ITS HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Christmas and the holidays over, now what? Business! We must get down to business, again.

We have had a good rest from routine duties. The various departments except the academic, went straight along throughout the week as though there were no holidays, but the reins were not held so tightly by the master drivers. Moments of recreation were allowed.

There was good skating and a general jollification throughout the entire week, for the school period of each day was given the students to use as they desired.

A few who had earned extra time by working extra hours were given whole days.

There were sociables and entertainments during the evening, Christmas trees and festivities in the town to which some of the students were invited, so that all in all the week was full of enjoyments long to be remembered.

The Details.

The work shops closed down at 4 o'clock on Christmas eve, and from the hour of four, till away on into the night Madame Bustle and Mister Flurry were darting here and there and everywhere, always out of breath, always with a restless eye and frightened gaze as though fearful some big secret would be divulged if the greatest care were not taken.

Why such excitement?

They were getting ready for Santa Claus.

And he came!

Scarcely had Nox drawn her curtain of darkness over the earth till the approach of Old Saint Nic was heralded in the vicinity of the girls' quarters.

As though dropped from the clouds, the following letter appeared upon the Bulletin Board, and created almost as great a consternation as the hand writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast.

Santa Claus' Annual Letter to his Beloved Girls of the Great Carlisle Indian School.

Greeting!

Tuck your blankets well over your heads for I bring with me a breath of the North Pole, which may freeze your noses. My goodies are heavy. Fasten your largest stocking to the foot of your bed or on the door. Sleep in peace till the hour of four, when the bell will resound for your wakening. Let your sweet voices break the night's stillness as the waves of song waft from the front balcony, cheering me as I speed homeward.

The little girls were now assured that the

many letters they had sent to the dear old man had reached him safely, and who knew but that all their requests would blossom into happy realities.

Did they obey his kindly injunctions?

The readers of the HELPER would have thought so if they could have witnessed the scores of white-robed figures trooping into their rooms about eight o'clock, and crawling under the covers where they lay quiet as mice, while squeezing their eyes shut, and trying to sleep.

The jingle of merry bells was soon heard in the direction of the smoke stack.

Over the snow came two Santas bounding, jolly, handsome and carrying heaps of presents.

At the halls of the boys' literary societies, whose bare walls had made Santa Claus resolve to give them a helpful suggestion in the form of a picture or two, they stopped.

In this the Susans begged to share a part, and between them they agreed upon two handsome carbon photographs of Capt. Pratt.

Never were boys more surprised. One president failed to find his voice and the other could not find the words he wanted to express the gratification of the society, but it was just as well for the Santas were too busy to wait or to wish for long speeches in return for gifts.

Their next call was upon our "school father" without whose help they would scarcely have been able to give so liberally to the boys and girls.

The finest bound set of Quo Vadis in all Philadelphia, tied with the colors of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society and bearing the hearty good wishes of the season to the Captain, dropped from their sacks.

In turn the jolly old men bore away a beautifully framed picture of Lucy Stone with compliments of Mrs. Pratt to the Susans.

Bright eyes that would not close in sleep while peeping through cracks and crevices made the Santas a little shy for a time, and they flew off—no one knows where till near the midnight hour, then divested of bells and with padded feet they glided through the halls carrying hundreds of packages of sweetmeats so large that even the biggest stockings failed to open wide enough to receive them.

Notes like the following were tacked above many stockings:

"Merry Christmas Santas. Hope you will live long and prosper."

(Continued on 4th 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, 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.

Joseph Adams has a position at Haskell.

Annie Morton's run to Steelton for a few days did her much good. They must have good things to eat over that way, and the Man-on-the-band-stand knows who the cook is, too.

"What is giblet sauce?" asked several who saw the name on their Christmas menus. The dictionary says giblets are the heart, liver and gizzard of a fowl. Now we can guess the rest, can't we?

The harness-makers shipped a very nice set of light buggy harness to Mrs. Grinnell, Pasadena, California, a Christmas present from her to her husband, Dr. Grinnell. Some here at Carlisle remember Dr. Grinnell and family when they were a part of us, years ago.

The friends of Edna Dean Proctor will be glad to learn that she is recovering from a fall she sustained in September last, when her knee was injured. She is beginning to walk a little, and writes hopeful letters full of good cheer and encouragement.

Notice how we find time to get a little skating in along with work and studies? Have you ever noticed how we ALWAYS will do what we WILL do? So "Haven't time" is generally a very lame excuse. It would be more truthful to say: "I would rather do something else."

How does this sound, when we want to hear GOOD reports about our country girls?

"_____ has a bright intelligence, above medium, is studious, has read a number of good books since she came here, but is deficient, utterly, in moral perception of the necessity of speaking the TRUTH."

One evening some of our Indian boys were lingering late on the ice, up to the very moment when they were to join their company, and march to Assembly Hall. Finally one of the lads spoke up: "Isn't it about time for us to fall in?" Dryly quoth another, "Time enough to fall in when the ice breaks." But without waiting for the ice to break, strange to say, the fellows all proceeded to "fall in."

Like most institutions of learning, Carlisle must have a School Song. The three Literary Societies of this school have been discussing the question of writing a School Song and have concluded to extend the following invitation and offer:

"The pupils of the Carlisle Indian School, including the graduates, are cordially invited to take part in a SONG CONTEST. The three societies combined will offer a prize of ten dollars to the best written song. The song must not contain more than two verses of eight lines each and a chorus of not less than four or more than eight lines. This song must be finished and handed to the judges by the fifteenth day of February, 1898. The judges appointed are Miss Luckenbach, Mr. Thompson, and Miss Burgess.

By order of the committee. On Monday afternoon, the class of '98 held a reception in the Girls' Society Hall, in honor of one of its esteemed members—Corbett Lawyer, who was obliged to leave us on account of ill health. The table was generously laid, Edward Peterson, president of the class acting as toast-master. The teacher, Miss Cutter, and several of the members were called upon to add to the entertainment of the class by speaking, singing or playing instrumental solos, between courses. The class gave a quiet yell and dispersed sorrowfully.

CLASS REPORTER. For every evening this week we have had a rare treat in the way of seeing the beauties and wonders of the world. Next to visiting great cities and places of interest is to have these things brought to us. The Arts, Architecture and brilliant life of England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Rome and Paris, the Italian Lakes, Venice, beautiful Florence, Windsor Castle, and more have been thrown upon canvas through the skillful manipulation of the Stereopticon by Dr. H. C. Cray, while his wife Mrs. Kate Cray eloquently described the pictures.

Last Saturday evening's meeting was the most interesting of the year, for wasn't it the first? After a few remarks by Captain, the band played, and Captain called up several of those who are attending higher institutions of learning. Howard Gansworth, of Princeton University, Alex. Upshaw, of Bloomsburg Normal School, Thomas Marshall, of Dickinson College, Edith Smith, Louisa Geisdorff and Estaine Dupeltquestangue, of West Chester responded. The meeting was longer than usual, but interesting, throughout.

Louise Provost, Mary Morris, Alice Baker, Celia Metoxen, Alice Sheffield, Julia Hand, Lydia Gardner, Jane Mark and Howice Seonia came in from their country homes for the holidays, while Ollie Choteau, Minnie Colomb, Dollie Wheelock, Amelia Killsbull, Annie Morton, Sarah Williams, Lillie Complainville, Lucinda Hill and Margaret LaMere went out to visit friends.

The HELPER of last issue was numbered 12, when it should have been 11. We will number this issue also 12, so that our subscribers will get the full number—52, making the year.

The HELPER Missed: "We enjoy this paper so much that we miss it when there is no HELPER issued even for a week," says a "Constant Reader" of Allentown, Pa.

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

Hawley Pierce went home to New York State for the holidays.

Mr. De Forrest, of Chicago, was a visitor at the school on Monday.

Mr. Howard Gansworth, '94, left for Princeton on Wednesday morning.

Sixty-five books were read through by the girls during the vacation week.

The Bachelors had a tree of their own on Christmas, and it was a fine one.

Skating on the creek is below par since we have a better place near at hand.

Mr. Frank Cayou spent Saturday and Sunday in Chambersburg, with friends.

Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome shoes often pinch the feet.

Willard Gansworth and Fred Tibbetts begin '98 by joining the printers' class.

Basket-ball was indulged in by some of the boys during the evenings of holiday week.

Mrs. Chas. Cook, has recently arrived from Perris, California, and will teach in No. 10.

Mr. Jas. Wheelock, '96, is out on a tour with the Dickinson College orchestra and glee club.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns, of Wilmington, Del., with their son Harcourt are visiting Mrs. Given.

The old year went out with considerable racket at the Indian School. That was a night for the boys.

Mr. Alexander Upshaw, '97, now of the Bloomsburg Normal, came to Carlisle for his Christmas vacation.

Mrs. Margaret Adley, who caters for the Governor's Mansion, Harrisburg, catered for the banquet this evening.

Dr. Eli Huber, Professor of English Bible at Gettysburg College preached to the school on Sunday afternoon.

In a game of basketball Saturday afternoon, between the Juniors and Seniors, the latter won by a score of 8 to 10.

Messrs. Dennison Wheelock and James Flannery assisted in the Second Presbyterian Sunday School entertainment.

Most of the teachers were absent holiday week, with friends at a distance, and returned refreshed for the New Year's work.

Foreman Gansworth of the printing-office took notes for the Man-on-the-band-stand last week, in the absence of his chief clerk.

Miss Cutter was with her sisters in New York City during the holidays and took in some of the wonders of the great metropolis.

The pupils' Christmas dinner of turkey and concomitants was thoroughly enjoyed. The large dining hall was decorated, even the turkeys as they came in on the spacious platters were trimmed in green. Mr. Dandridge knows how, and there is no mistake about it.

Each morning and afternoon of holiday week, Miss Shaffner gathered her girls in their assembly room for an hour for talks upon: "The care of the person"; "What is the duty of a hostess?" "What constitutes a hospitable home"; "How to wait upon a table"; "Table manners," etc.

Ask Mr. Burns who was the little boys' Santa. He knows. He was the best and jolliest Santa the small boys have had for many a day.

Misses Edith Smith, '97, Louisa Geisdorff, '96, and Estaine Dupeltquestangue of the West Chester Normal were guests of the school last week.

Miss Richenda Pratt, of Wilson College, Chambersburg, spent her holiday vacation here at home, and enjoyed the good skating along with the rest of us.

The ware-house man, Sergeant Murdock of Co. D. has artistic talent, judging from a pencil sketch of the antics of the skaters on the new pond, recently made by him.

The usual candy, nuts, apples, and oranges were given out at the Annual Sociable held on Friday evening of holiday week. This is a very enjoyable feature of Christmas week.

Mr. Eugene Smith, Oneida, from the Hampton Normal Institute, Va., paid us a 4 days' visit last week, and expressed himself as being well pleased with what he saw and heard.

The girls' Santa Claus caught fire Christmas morning while working around the tree. It created some excitement, but his burning locks were soon extinguished and the good time went on.

The most enjoyable gift that Santa Claus ever brought the Carlisle Indian School was that given this year—a new skating pond, which was made by flooding the meadow between the buildings and the pike.

The foot-ball banquet this evening is to be the most brilliant event of the kind ever held at the school. The company of 150 will be select, comprising a few of our faculty, special friends and benefactors of football interests, and the advisory committee and football team of Dickinson College with their ladies.

On Wednesday evening, Dr. Tracy delivered his lecture on "The Mississippi of Intemperance," in Assembly Hall. It is a question whether some of the pictures of high life and drunkenness are beneficial to the young. His comparisons were impressive, however, and the lecture all in all was much enjoyed.

At the annual New Year's sociable, about 50 girls appeared dressed to represent various characters in history and literature. Among the best were those in the costumes of various nationalities, some of whom were true to life in every detail. Where were the boys who were expected to appear in like array?

Miss Katie Grindrod, '89, now a professional nurse of Philadelphia, was here for the holidays, renewing old acquaintanceship and taking a much needed rest. It is very entertaining to hear Miss Grindrod tell of her experiences in the wealthy families of Chestnut Hill. She enjoys her work, and from the calls she has must be an excellent nurse.

On Monday evening after the lecture all the graduates of Carlisle met in Miss Cutter's room for the purpose of having a re-union and a good time. All the classes were represented excepting classes '89, '92 and '93. A member of class '89 was here, but on account of duties had to leave in the morning. After a social chat, refreshments were served, games played and stories told. At a seasonable hour all went away with the most kindly feeling for their hostess.

And the busiest man in all the world that night stowed them carefully away in his great pocket to read at leisure.

The Santas gone, excitement was rife without restraint.

Up early?

Many of the girls were regularly dressed by one o'clock, and impatiently waited for the time set for the beginning of the festivities of the great day.

Before four o'clock, a small party of girls sang Christmas Carols.

At four o'clock the entire 300 tumbled through the windows, onto the 2nd story balcony, and broke the stillness of the wee hours by a burst of song, that brought the sleepers in other buildings to a consciousness that there was real Christmas joy in our little corner of the world.

Back into the hall and into the assembly-room, which had by magic hands been transformed into a bower of loveliness!

Spruce woven into emblems decorated every appropriate spot, while long ropes of green twined around supporting pillars, festooned across corners, draped in with flags and encircled pictures.

Bright colors adorned the lights and smiled "A Merry Christmas" above the doors.

A great tree laden with gifts and ornaments, was banked against the north wall, while hundreds of burning candles converted the scene into fairyland, witnessed for the first time by many of the new girls.

Presents from teachers, classmates, sisters, adopted country parents, brothers and those not brothers, not even so near as cousins, filled tables and ran over onto the floor.

Santa forgot no one.

In the Small Boys' Quarters.

Christmas!

How the word sends the blood bounding and tingling through the small boy's body, to the very finger tips and clear down into his shoes.

The small INDIAN boy is no exception, and for weeks the Carlisle small boys' minds had been full of bright anticipations.

The store-room and the coming and going of the schoolmother had been closely watched, while speculations as to what could be the contents of this box or that bundle ran high.

On Christmas eve, the boys were sent early to bed, that they might make ready for the early visit of Santa Claus.

At nine o'clock, lights were out, and all were supposed to be asleep.

At half past four, the rising call was heard, and in a moment as if the work of some great electrical machine had exercised its magic power the rooms were emptied and the halls were filled with white-robed figures flitting hither and thither, wishing each other a "Merry Christmas."

Promptly at five o'clock, Santa Claus—round, fat and jolly—came bounding into the Small Boys' Quarters and found all of his children eager and expectant, waiting in the assembly-room, the arrival of the dear, old man.

With stamping of feet, and jingling of bells, and a cheery "Good-morning my lads," he greeted the boys.

The assembly-room never looked prettier, the decorations all having been arranged by the older boys.

The beautiful tree stood in the centre of the room, and when the myriads of tapers were lit, the scene was enchanting.

On either side of the tree were long tables, one loaded down with presents, the other with bars of pop-corn, and a candy cane for each boy.

Some of the presents afforded much amusement, each corporal receiving a tin horn, each sergeant a pop-gun; the two lieutenants, a small toy clown; and the company captain, a bazoo.

As Santa distributed the presents, he imparted advice to the boys which caused much merriment.

Many of the gifts were useful—boxes of stationary, neckties, gloves, handkerchiefs, collars and cuff buttons, with books in great variety.

Some of the boys received from their sisters most toothsome looking boxes of cake, cans of fruit and jelly, prepared by them in their country homes.

It was not all RECEIVING on the part of the boys. They GAVE most liberally to their friends some sending gifts to the dear ones, away off in their western homes.

One of the most valuable of their gifts, was a very beautiful edition of Longfellow's works, elaborately illustrated in six large volumes.

This was the small boys' gift to their school-mother.

It was a complete surprise to her, and although the boys had been arranging for it for weeks, not one had whispered a word confidentially.

Let no one charge boys with not being able to keep a secret.

The delightful day was at last over, and not a boy but voted Christmas of '97, as one of the merriest and most happy of his life.

The Large Boys' Christmas.

Large and manly though they be, our full-grown boys have hearts that enjoy Christmas and all that it brings.

The battalion formed at five o'clock on Christmas morning in the large boys' quarters assembly room, which was neatly but not elaborately decorated with evergreen.

On the walls were these mottoes:

"Be merry I advise: and may we still be wise"

"Glory to God in the highest."

While Santa had not been seen he must have been around, for basketful upon basketful of mysterious packages had been piled upon the tables and benches of the assembly room.

Santa Claus forgot nobody, and many evidently had other friends than Santa.

No one received a greater surprise than Mr. Thompson. When he entered his office after calling the boys he was overwhelmed with surprise to find at his desk a beautiful office chair of oak, ink-stand, and a new waste paper basket.

Investigation showed that the officers and non-commissioned officers had thus remembered the Disciplinarian. To say that Mr. Thompson is grateful does not fully express his appreciation.