

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XIV.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1898.

NUMBER 10

GIVE yourself a better life,
Fed from deeper Springs,
Fed from the eternal Fount,
Soul and source of things;
Give to friend and child and wife
All the gifts you may;

But—

Give yourself a better life
Now on Christmas Day,
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.

—Sam Walter Foss.
in Christian Endeavor World

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south, let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and good will to man!

Hark! joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us!

The dark night is ending and the dawn has begun,

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

—John G. Whittier

O, welcome to the glad New Year,
The fair, young king is here—is here;
We heard his footfall on the snow;
We knew that he was coming when
We heard the winds in field, and glen,
Their clarion bugles blow.

FROM NEAR WHERE SANTA CLAUS LIVES.

Among our acquaintances there is no one living nearer to where our imagination leads us to believe is the abode of Santa Claus, than does our Indian friend, Mr. Edward Marsden, whose home is in Alaska, which in most minds seems to be in the region of the north pole.

Isn't there where Santa Claus lives?

Hence his letter for the *HELPER* comes in most appropriately for the Christmas number.

In July last, Mr. Marsden arrived at his home in Metlakatla, after a number of years in the East at college and attending Theological Seminary and Law School.

He says:

There was an unusual stir at our house

when our boat arrived at home about the middle of last July. The members of our family all gathered together to welcome and congratulate the long absent student.

What a joyous welcome they gave, and what a pleasant time we had that day.

In due time I had my load unpacked.

The objects of interest to my family and friends were my piano, "baby" organ, cornet, auto-harp, ocarinos, 500 books, type writer, small printing press, cameras, medical and emergency case, photographs, and so forth.

My first duty after a few days was to attend to the affairs of my own house and family. Our house was not in a very comfortable condition, but in a few weeks I had fitted up a good sitting room, four bed rooms, papered and painted, a library, added a photographic room, and had painted the whole house.

On Sundays, I had charge of the Sunday School and taught a Bible class of young men. Then we had preaching and prayer services, and all these kept me occupied.

About the latter part of the summer, I was counsel for plaintiff in a litigation before the U. S. Commissioner from Wrangel. The case was about some real property which the plaintiff had inherited from his uncle, and of which he was unlawfully deprived by his uncle's wife. The court room was crowded with spectators, and an Indian attorney was something very rare in this country. We argued some length, and after examinations and cross examinations were done, the decision was rendered in our favor.

What I want to impress upon the minds of our people is, that any young man of whatever birth and nationality, when he has finished the proscribed course of training in school, **AND NOT UNTIL THEN**, can be of useful service to his family, people and country.

The world will not trust us fully when we only go half way in our preparation.

Let us therefore **HOLD ON** to the end of the entire course, if we mean to do something here on earth, and it is so much to our honor if we drop down dead before it is completed.

EDWARD MARSDEN,
SAXMAN, ALASKA, December 8, 1898.

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 per year

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

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing.

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.

Master Harcourt Burns' papa renews his little sons' subscription and sends Christmas greetings to the family to friends at Carlisle.

The news from Washington in the papers as we go to press, is to the effect that we have a new Secretary of the Interior—Honorable Ethen Allen Hitchcock, of Missouri.

1000 cases of grip in Harrisburg; hundreds in Carlisle. We must be watchful of drafts and wet feet.

The Man-on-the-band-stand saw one little boy's Christmas present before Santa Claus carried it to him. It was the cutest of little printing presses for our friend Master Brewster Gallop, who comes once in a while from New Jersey to visit his aunt Mrs. Thompson.

Carve your Christmas turkey right! Don't know how? Can't learn younger. One thing, don't haggle! Do not cut meat off in great chunks. KEEP THE FORK IN ONE POSITION across the breastbone of the fowl until it is all sliced off ready to serve.

The young ladies of our school, who look with pride down at their pretty shoes with thin soles will be sorry when the order is made that all girls shall put away fine shoes and wear only the heavy-soled, such as they call "clod-hoppers." Yet the goose-headed girls, who will not wear over-shoes without watching, may bring about just such a disagreeable rule.

The Man-on-the-band-stand is amazed sometimes to hear girls with excellent intelligence about most things, "Quack," "quack," like a small-headed goose, about not taking cold when they go on the wet walks without over-shoes. Science says: Shoe-soles damp through make coughs, colds, consumption. Quack, quack, quack, says: "I never take cold."

Some months ago, one of the so-called bachelors on his way to his room was asked where he was going, and answered, Down to Middlesex Park; and so the bachelors' quarters, on account of being at the northernmost end of the grounds and away from the other quarters have been called ever since. The members of

this fraternity of single-blessedness gave a party on last Friday evening, between the hours of 7 and 8 to their gentlemen and lady friends. So punctilious regarding hours were they, that they had all their alarm clocks set to go off on the minute, and the guests went off at the self-same minute, and that without much ceremony. The suite of apartments was brilliantly lighted, which was in keeping with the brilliancy of ye hosts. Refreshments were of the highest order, and the time to go came all too soon for the guests who formed the happy company.

How was the band concert last Saturday night? We will let the town papers speak:

Those who attended the Indian School Band concert on Saturday evening are congratulating themselves for having embraced the opportunity. The reputation of the band before its enlargement, is so well and favorably known that comment is unnecessary. Suffice it to say, since Director Wheelock has increased its membership, it now ranks among the first in this section of American soil. Their playing Saturday evening was superb. The execution of the instruments was masterly, and to comment favorably on any particular number would be unfair. The whole concert was a grand success.—[Evening Sentinel.

The Indian Band concert on Saturday night was attended by a number of Carlisle and proved highly entertaining throughout. It reflected much credit on its able leader, Prof. Dennison Wheelock, and also upon the members for their excellent playing.—[Daily Herald.

Mr. Oliver D. Schock, of the Agricultural Department in the State Department at Harrisburg, who is personally known to Major Pratt sends Christmas greetings to the Indian boys and girls at Carlisle, and earnest wishes that they may realize a New Year that will bring them much happiness and great intellectual growth. His attention was called to the needs of our library by a paragraph in the HELPER, which he speaks of as our "little but interesting paper" and with his compliments he sends two reports of the Agricultural Department, for which our librarian is very grateful.

The printing office was honored by a visit from little Edmund Wheelock, who wanted more of everything he saw. More! More! More! was his cry. We did not show him a type louse. He will have to ask Miss Etta Wilson what the little animal is like. She had a good view of one the other day. It takes an expert to show this pest of the printing-office off to advantage, and Miss Wilson was greatly favored to be present when an expert had the time to give the exhibition.

Our aged and much esteemed friend, Mr. John Collins, of Philadelphia, keeps up his interest in the welfare of the Indians to a remarkable degree. He has sent a Christmas donation to the HELPER, which he says he reads with much satisfaction. A calendar from him, on each leaf of which are most useful mottoes and quotations will hang where all the printers may read and be benefitted. We doubt whether there is a student in the school who can write as clear and beautiful a hand as our friend, and he is nearly 85 years of age.

Fog.

Poor ice for skating.

The days are growing longer.

245 pupils have been vaccinated.

NO HELPER NEXT WEEK!!!

Miss Barr says the hospital is full of grip pupils.

The picture in red on last page looms up well under a glass.

Miss Nana and Miss Richenda Pratt will spend Christmas at Steelton.

The balance of the much needed academic supplies is at last arriving, slowly.

What teacher was looking for her glasses and had them on her nose all the while?

Nearly all the teachers will spend their Christmas holidays among friends at a distance.

It is well to repeat it: There will be no HELPER printed next week. We shall be glad if you miss it.

Miss Ericson is under the weather and the Sloyd department closed on Tuesday until after the holidays.

Miss Bender, formerly of our school faculty, but now teaching near Philadelphia, is expected next week.

Mrs. Mary Davis and daughter Gertrude, of Mrs. Pratt's domestic household, will spend the holidays in Harrisburg with friends.

Some of the boys heard that the girls were going to be assassinated, and were up in arms about it, when, low and behold, it was "vaccinated" they were to be.

Rarely ever in wet weather is a small boy seen out without his overshoes. We often wonder how many times a day Mrs. Given asks: "Are your over-shoes on?"

The Christmas-buying by our pupils in town, is giving to our reading rooms a good supply of the best reading matter, owing to the periodical system now prevalent among the merchants.

Two large and handsome pictures showing the scenery along the Pennsylvania Railroad, decorate the walls of the students' dining hall, a gift of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

There will be entertainment for all next week. The evenings have been arranged for. In addition to stereopticon, and literary society events, there will be a sociable, and other pleasures.

Those delegated to visit the societies tonight are Miss Peter and Miss Robertson, the Invincibles; Miss Senseney and Miss Smith, the Standards; Miss Seonia and Miss Paull, the Susans.

The art teacher while thinking of Christmas presents, perhaps, or some other important thing: "Has any of the children a rubber with a pencil on it?" which is in keeping with "Who belongs to this?"

In Miss Weekley's room, No. 9, the students are preparing to discuss the question: Resolved, That the Nicaragua canal should be built and controlled by the United States. The morning class will take the negative and the afternoon the affirmative, of the question.

The skaters are pining for freezing weather. Christmas trees via trolley and wagon have arrived.

Mr. Standing made a flying trip to Philadelphia last Saturday on business for the school.

Strange how Santa Claus always remembers that we like the real old fashioned Christmas tree better than any other way of getting presents.

The Indian "Preps" and Students of Dickinson are glorying in that the "Exams" are over, and that they passed. In some things they stood well up.

Subscribers will observe that the faculty and officers of our school are well read, and that they are far from being dull; in fact they are brilliant.

Are the printers going to take a rest next week if they don't print a HELPER? By no means. We will be mailing the December Red Man through the holidays.

As has been our custom since we began, there will be no HELPER published during the holidays. No subscriber will be the loser, as all will get their full number—52, in the year's subscription.

What evidence have we that some of our boys would make good soldiers? They never look back, as the heels of their boots show after they have put on fresh polish.

Miss Nana's and Richenda's 18 year old Decker which has done such good service was exchanged yesterday for a fine Stieff Baby Grand. Now for good music!

Dr. Diven has ordered that there shall be no scrubbing of porches or sloppy cleaning and hard work that is not absolutely necessary during this grip and vaccination period.

Steel engravings, portraits of prominent scientists, literary men, artists and statesmen are being put up around the gallery of the library—a pleasing and instructive decoration.

Mr. Holland, formerly of the Land Division of the Indian Office, now Supervisor of Indian Schools, vice Thos. P. Smith, resigned, was among the visitors of the week, on his way to his western field of duty.

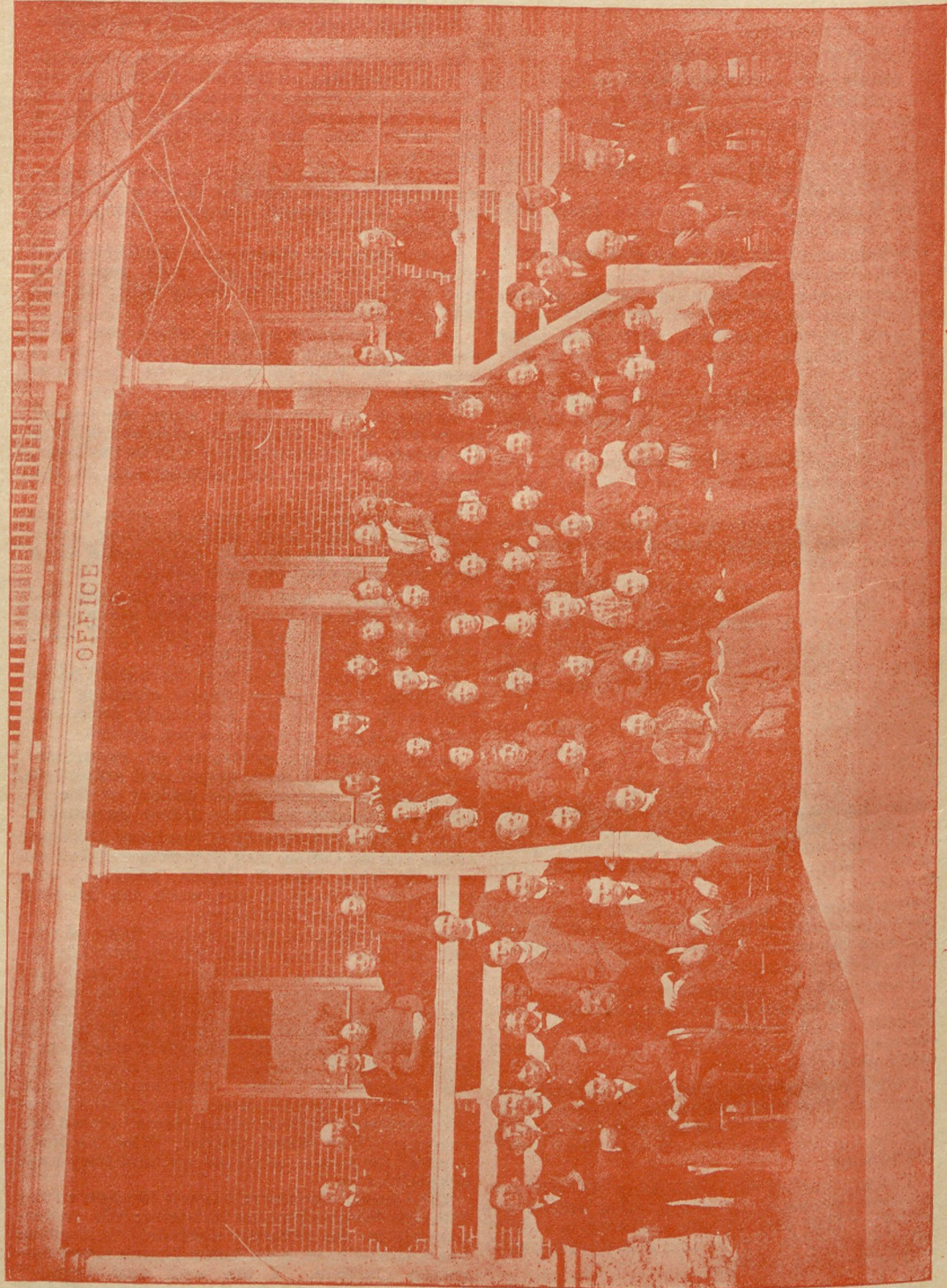
Last entertainment was another "feast of reason and flow of soul" indulged in monthly by picked performers. The stage trimmings and drapery represented the regions from where Santa Claus is supposed to hail, and there was enough cotton-snow and ice to almost freeze one to look at it. The effect was pretty, however, and that was what was aimed at by the committee. The entertainment was fraught with Christmas sentiment, and a beautiful tableau, "The Guiding Stars" closed the evening. The Band played, "The Nation's Guard" for pupils to go out by, and they kept beautiful step.

Who used to be LITTLE Lewis Reuben writes from his far-away home in Idaho: "It is impossible for me to forget Carlisle. All these years that I have been home I have never forgotten Carlisle. I am well and happy." Lewis must be a big boy by this time. It will be remembered that some boy stepped on Lewis' foot when he was here, and made a sore in which scrofula showed, and his leg had to be amputated. He had many friends who sympathized with him in his great affliction.

Merry Christmas



Happy New Year



FACULTY AND OFFICERS OF OUR SCHOOL.