

THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL XV.

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NUMBER 8

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE the fields are bare,
A shiver of frost is in the air;
The wind blows keen across the wold,
Gone is the autumn's glimmer of gold;
But lo! a red rose opens wide
In the glowing light of the ingleside—
A rose whose fragrance, sweet and far,
Is shed at the beaming of Bethlehem's star;
And once again the angels sing
That Love is heaven and Christ is king.

At Christmas-tide the children go
With dancing footsteps over the snow;
At Christmas-tide the world is bright
With the sudden splendor that thrilled the night,
And made the dawn a shining way,
When first earth wakened to Christmasday.
Ah! hide your faces, curls and rude,
For none have a heart to share your mood;
At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land
And none are left to grieve alone.
For love is heaven and claims its own.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED.

One of the most impressive lectures we have heard for some time was delivered before the school on Monday night by C. E. Wilde, of New York City. Mr. Wilde is a successful merchant of the great Metropolis, and lectures as a side issue. He calls his talks Views of moral and political questions from a business man's standpoint.

He comes to us with forty years' experience in the commercial world of New York.

When a boy he left his country home without a dollar in his pocket.

He applied to A. T. Stewart, and when once established in Mr. Stewart's employ, he resolved that he would some day stand next to him.

He was told that only five out of each hundred boys who came to New York to enter a business career, succeeded.

The Wilde boy, (Note he was not a wild Indian,) replied:

"Then I will be one of the FIVE."

There were 1800 ahead of him in the line, but he persevered until he reached his goal.

He is sixty-four years of age, but says he is the youngest man in the country. He showed



The picture above will be recognized as an excellent likeness of our late beloved Chaplain, Rev. H. B. Wile, of the Lutheran Church, Carlisle.

every evidence of youth and vigor, and did not require the aid of glasses to read.

He says his eyes have been his education and his ears his university.

He illustrated the foundation of character by a description of a visit to the Cathedral of Cologne. When he first saw the structure which has stood for 900 years and will remain another thousand, Yankee-like, he carefully examined the inside walls to discover a crack. But none could be found. His guide then showed him the reason.

They went down almost endless stairs, and when he saw the FOUNDATION of the building, he knew why there were no cracks in its walls.

And so CHARACTER is the foundation of a man.

The lecture was full of splendid helps, and

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

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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.

There is only one good substitute for wisdom, and that is real thick silence.

From an exchange we see that Wilson Charles, now in Bucks County living in a country home has been doing some great football playing.

We judge by a handsome card received recently from our former foreman Leander Gansworth, '96, who is now in the Booneville, N. Y. Herald office, that he has joined the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Note! This is Vol. XV No. 8. The first two numbers on your wrapper refer to the volume, and the last one or two to the number. Have you 158 on your wrapper? Then it is time to renew, if you do not wish to miss any papers. A prompt renewal will also insure against delay and error.

Let every card order be accompanied by the cash in advance. Fred Tibbetts has printed dozens of orders in the past two weeks and is ready for more. One can hardly tell his print from engraving, and his cards are of the latest weight, form and size, while the script used is the latest plate. Ten cents for 25 cards; 12 cents by mail.

Mrs. Kemp, wife of our instructor of harness making, died on Monday. She has been a very sick woman for a number of months, and having undergone a critical operation was at the Todd Hospital, in town, where she passed away. The funeral services were held yesterday. A handsome floral offering was the gift of the shop instructors at the school, in sympathy with the bereaved husband.

The Red Man for December, is mailing today. The first page, as usual is devoted to editorial matter, the leading articles—"Indian Children in Public Schools," "Sense and Sentimentality," being specially readable and to the point. On the second page there appear a poem on "Song of the Carlisle Indians," by Elaine Goodale Eastman, and a story by her husband, Dr. Charles Eastman, on "The Making of a Prophet." The 5th

and 6th pages contain Major Pratt's stirring, 20th Annual Report. These with interesting clippings from exchanges, touching upon Indian doings in general, a local column or two and a spicy football page giving snatches of the best that has been written about our team, in the leading papers of the day, make an issue of unusual interest. The subscription price of the Red Man is fifty cents a year, or five cents for a single copy. For a limited period, any one sending us ten subscriptions at one time may retain one dollar. The paper will be published regularly on the fifteenth of the month.

Just ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago to-day, the following letter was sent to the President of the United States, and the country mourned the loss of its best beloved citizen.

Mount Vernon, Dec. 15, 1799.

Sir—It is with inexpressible grief that I have to announce to you the death of the great and good General Washington. He died last evening between 10 and 11 o'clock, after a short illness of about 24 hours. His disorder was inflammatory sore throat, which proceeded from a cold, of which he made but little complaint on Friday. On Saturday morning about 3 o'clock he became ill. Doctor Craick attended him in the morning, and Dr. Dick of Alexandria, and Dr. Brown of Port Tobacco, were soon after called in. Every medical assistance was offered, but without the desired effect. His last scene corresponded with the whole tenor of his life. Not a groan or complaint escaped him, in extreme distress. With perfect resignation, and a full possession of his reason he closed his well spent life.

I have the honour to be &c

TOBIAS LEER.

A handsomely printed card containing the above and other interesting data was received by the HELPER, compliments of William A. Kelker, Harrisburg, Pa.

Oh, no. The football season does not seem to be over with us. The team is invited to play a game with the University of California on Christmas, and leaves for Berkeley early Monday morning. The boys will have a grand trip. The University of California is the champion team of the West and as we do not fall far short of being the champions of the East, the last game of the season in which our boys will take part will be a test between East and West for championship. The University teams of the East will watch with interest the relative strength of the two teams, and will be able to judge accordingly.

A ludicrous mistake was made by the Philadelphia Press on Wednesday. They published a little account of Nancy Senéca, '97, who is at the Medico-Chirurgical hospital taking a course in nursing, and with it a picture of a woman, who the same day disappeared from her home with several thousand dollars she had saved. Nancy's picture was placed with the latter story.

Frank Conroy, of South Dakota, who was a student at Carlisle many years ago, speaks to us to day through his children whose photograph he sent to the Major. Four little ones—Julia, Harry, Walter, and Lena resemble their papa very much and are bright cunning looking little children. Frank says he is a cattle man, and we judge from the general tenor of his letter that he is doing well.

"I feel that if I did not renew my subscription to the HELPER I should lose a great friend. It is a delight to read of the progress made by the Indian," says an encouraging Philadelphia subscriber.

B. u. y. c.

On the school roll—1011

Mr. Beitzel has a new stand-up desk in his office.

Mr. Kemp's son arrived from Baltimore on Wednesday.

Whose Christmas are you going to help make merry?

Miss Richenda Pratt was home from Wilson for Sunday.

White paper and bright colored package ribbon seem to be in demand.

It is said that the bakers are turning out some excellent bread these days.

The skating pond just now looks more inviting for swimming than for skating.

Mrs. Pratt went to Philadelphia on Wednesday. Major Pratt is still under treatment.

Any one who thinks it a BURDEN to give should not be blessed with the opportunity.

The spring game of marbles is being played at Carlisle in winter, so mild is our weather.

The orchestra did work that pleased the multitude last Friday night at the oratorical contest.

Miss Campbell went to Harrisburg on Tuesday for her annual interview with Santa Claus.

It is a pleasure to be within hearing distance of Robitaille's flute practice. His very soul is in it.

Miss Sarah Pratt of Steelton is visiting her little cousin Mary Stevick, of Denver, at the school.

Which of the ladies forgot to put on her collar for breakfast, the next morning after the lecture "Men Wanted"?

The Y. M. C. A. bell rings with the regularity of the revolution of the earth that brings around Wednesday evenings.

The large cistern between the girls' and teachers' quarters has been thoroughly cleaned and made ready for the winter rains which will supply us with excellent drinking water next summer.

Some of the football Seniors are attending school all day on account of the California trip which will take them from their classes for a few days.

A new machine for ironing collars and cuffs was tried this week at the laundry, and proved very satisfactory. It is a simple machine, and Emma Johnson, the first to try it, proved quite expert in a few minutes.

The Hospital ward-stand recently received at the Todd Hospital, Carlisle, was a gift of employees of the Indian School, Dr. Diven kindly transacting all business in regard to purchase of same. The nurse says it is something they have very much needed, and greatly appreciate the gift.

We are fast learning not to think so much about what we are going to get, Christmas as what are we going to give to some one. Little hand-made gifts, in which the thoughts of the giver are portrayed in every stitch or other effort are the ones most valued. A costly gift sometimes carries with it unpleasant obligations.

Hobart Cook stands first in his class in Arithmetic and second in French, in school near Philadelphia.

Among the visitors of the week were Dr. O. T. Corson, of Columbus, Ohio, and Prof. F. Barton, of Shippensburg.

Professor Bakeless presided at the contest last Friday night, and at the close gave some very inspiring words to those who had done well, but had not secured the prize.

Professors Downs and Sellers of Dickinson College and John Wetzel, Esq., of Carlisle, honored the oratorical contest last Friday night by accepting the invitation to act as judges.

Yesterday, Prof. and Mrs. Bakeless were summoned by wire to go at once to Mrs. Bakeless' parents' home at Milroy. All here are anxious to learn the trouble.

Miss Forster and Miss Miles will attend the Invincibles to-night; Miss Cutter and Miss Luckenbach, the Standards; Mrs. DeLoss and Miss Miller the Susans.

It is the delight of Edmund Wheelock's heart to visit John Bakeless and play with his playthings. When "Gingin" Eastman and Albert Weber are with them they form a happy little quartette of players.

Professor Morrow, of Harrisburg, has great reason to be proud of his Mandolin Club consisting of Indian girls. The large company made its first appearance last Friday evening charming the audience into repeated encores.

We will print a limited number of the portrait of Rev. Dr. Wile, on enamelled paper, for preservation. It will be almost as good as a photograph. Those wishing one please apply, and we will give them out free of cost as long as they last. By mail, two cents.

A nice little list of subscribers from the Perris school California, has been received and appreciated. Miss Morongo says: "We enjoy reading your little paper very much, especially about our former school-mates the Perris girls and boys."

Mr. Glen S. Warner, our football coach, arrived from his home in Springville, N. Y., on Wednesday, to give the boys a little training this week in preparation for the California game. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Warner and Mr. Connors will accompany the team to the Pacific Coast.

The boys and girls are buying a large number of handsome books for Christmas presents. No more satisfactory gift could be given than a book, and Professor Bakeless has terms from the dealers that enable many of limited means to purchase at much less price than can be secured in the regular way.

At the inter society oratorical contest, last Friday evening, the speakers acquitted themselves with credit. The Standards came off victorious, and John Garrick, of the same society won the first prize of \$6.00; Fannie Harris won the second of \$4.00 and a third prize of \$3.00 was awarded to James Johnson, Invincible. The speakers besides those mentioned were Frank Beale, Standard, John Warren, Invincible, and Martha Owl, Susan. All gave evidence of care in preparation, but some fell short by mispronunciation of words and faulty delivery.

California

many of the strong headings were illustrated with very interesting personal experiences and stories of others.

Independence, Honesty, Moral Courage, Fight against the Saloon, Dare to do Right, Protect the American Sabbath, A new Statesmanship with broad and liberal views, Patriotic Liberty Loving Young Men Wanted, Educated Young Men, The Men Who Think, etc., were some of the leading topics.



Wolpi Pueblo.
Sante Fe Route to California.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear old Santa Claus was so pleased with some letters he received from his good little Indian girls that he showed them to the Man-on-the-band-stand, and this is what some of them asked for:

"A sleepy doll, set of dishes, ring, handkerchief, ribbons, jumpingjack, story book."

"Pair of skates and a sleeping-doll, and a ring, too, and some candy."

"I would like too those thing, Christmas plasant."

"I would like pin, picture-book, doll papers, side-combs, rubbers, pea-nuts, and Christmas tree."

"I want a big doll and skates."

"I want a big sleepe dolly, and a big bed for my dolly, little dishes, little piano, little trunk, little table."

"I want a hair ribbons, and I want a pumpa-door comb. I want little skates, I wear No. 9."

"We are going to try to be good girls, and I want a set of dishes, and some slippers for my dolly's feet, I like you, Santa Claus, very much because you bring happy Christmas. You are a good old man, I want a sewing basket for my needles and pins."

A DISGUSTING NUISANCE,

Again there is complaint about the spitting on the walks. We do not do it so much since the Swift lecture. Out of the more than 600 students now here, there are probably not

fifty who would do such a filthy thing as to spit upon the walk. The intelligent students know the DANGER there is in the habit. They know that in some places the law is so strict that a man seen so spit on the pavement in a town is arrested. Now let those of us who know the danger and are annoyed at the filth ARREST those who do the filthy thing. That catarrhal sputa we see sometimes on the walk has in it the seeds of disease and consumption. The disgusting sputa dries and is blown in the air, and we breathe it in our lungs and catch the same disease or worse, for if our throat and lungs are weak those little microbes laugh and say to themselves: "Here is a good field for us to work," and the person dies of consumption. DO NOT SPIT UPON THE WALK or anywhere in sight or out of sight either, in a place that endangers the health and lives of others. Spit upon the ground and there is not quite so much danger.

SAYINGS OF THE CHOCTAW EVANGELIST, REV. F. H. WRIGHT.

In Mr. Wright's sermons before our student body a few weeks ago he let drop these sayings:

Sin makes us ashamed, gives us a guilty conscience, which makes cowards of us.

Every evil thing done and evil thought will be brought into judgment.

Secret sins will out.

The sins that are common today are covetousness and thieving.

A man who will lie will steal.

Do not think you can go on stealing and lying and not be discovered. That cannot be.

A common sin is adultery, which is a loathsome sin that God hates. David thus sinned. We cannot cover up our sins. David was punished.

If there is a person with a secret sin, it will be his ruin.

The man who has two minds cannot be a Christian.

A Christian needs manliness, courage, self-control, love, brotherly-kindness.

Enigma.

I am made of 7 letters.

My 7, 6, 3, 4 is a bothersome insect.

My 2, 5, 1, 1 is what Hobson does not like to do now-a-days.

My whole is what the boys and girls at our school just now would rather have than almost anything else.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: The Stone Crusher.