

# THE INDIAN HELPER

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

VOL. XV.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1899.

NUMBER 9

## Christmas Carol

By ELAINE GOODALE. (Aged 12 Years.)

**B**URN, Christmas lights, burn chaste and clear—  
Stream out against the frosty sky  
From windows warm with Christmas cheer.  
And rosy tapers flaming high:  
All sparkling, glowing greetings send  
From lip of love and heart of friend,  
And bear to those who grieve alone  
Glad tidings, sent to every one!

**P**EAL, Christmas bells, peal loud and deep—  
Ring out a happy Christmas chime:  
Till aching eyes forget to weep,  
And cold hearts glow with love divine!  
In heavenly music die away,  
With rippling laughter glad and gay.  
Till rich and full the dark night swells  
With Christmas lights and Christmas bell!

## A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

### PERVERSION OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

It is probably useless to lift a voice against the commercial perversion of the Christmas spirit.

The bewildering bustle and maddening crush in the great city stores give to certain people a thrill of pleasure, which they fancy is the Christmas feeling.

To see everybody emptying pocketbooks in order to make expensive presents which they can ill afford is in reality a sad sight.

The Christmas gifts which are the tokens of love are among the pleasantest things of the whole year, either to give or to receive.

But when one attempts to find some logical and ethical connection between the anniversary of Jesus' birth and the monstrosities in advertising, the overwork of employees, and

the colossal waste which accompany the "holiday trade," one wonders that so few religious leaders speak out against the folly and the tyranny of the abuse.—[Standard.

### REAL LESSON OF CHRISTMAS.

"Too often in our Christmas religious observances is this thought almost entirely lost sight of, or not sufficiently emphasized," says Edward Bok.

"There can be no love for God which is untended with love for man.

The final test of a Christian life is not the worship of God, but always the love of man for man.

If the message of him whose birth we celebrate at Christmas teaches us one thing above all others, it is not that we shall try to do for



# 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.

## NO HELPER NEXT WEEK.

It was Mrs. Bakeless' mother, Mrs. Harvey, who was ill last week and to whose bedside the Professor and wife were summoned by wire. She improved and the Professor returned in a day or two.

As has been our custom for many years we will not print any HELPER during the holidays. The office will be kept busy on other work, and only the PEN of the Man-on-the-band-stand takes a rest, to sharpen up for another year's note taking.

At last Sunday afternoon service, the choir rendered "Behold in Matchless Splendor," by Stone, and Miss Senseney sang most beautifully, "A Little Babe in Manger Low." The music was commented upon after service. The chapel was decorated in scarlet geraniums and holly, the service being partially Christmas, as several expect to be absent on Christmas day.

A letter from James Johnson of the football team to his teacher, Miss Wood, tells of his having passed Des Moines, Iowa, and all were well. They are expecting a happy time. They met Dr. Carlos Montezuma, Chicago's Apache physician, who is with them on their journey. Johnson saw his sisters in Chicago.

An eight and one-half pound daughter was born last night to Mr. and Mrs. Will Tobin. All doing well. Dr. Rickey and his good wife are wonderfully proud of the little great grand-daughter. She has already received the name "Eurene Warren," from her grandmother and mother.—[Clarinda Iowa Herald.

This is Ida Warren, class '94.

When a student is on the debate and leaves preparation till the last minute it is safe to say that said student cannot be very well prepared, and he is apt to make of himself or herself a bore to those who listen. If the speaker tries her best it shows in her speech and action, and the effort is appreciated, no matter how poor the result, but the leave-it-till-the-last-minute speakers are the ones that are distressing to hear.

1900! Think of it!

On Wednesday a stranger visited the school who was on his way from London to Unalaska—a nice little trip of seven or eight thousand miles. He spent last winter at Dawson City, and gave interesting points regarding that land of promise and gold. Among other things he said in conversation was that there were 24,000 people in Dawson last winter and work for only about 12,000.

To a number of western subscribers we have sent sample copies of the Red Man for December, hoping that they will read, see and be conquered in the interest of the publication, and subscribe. For one to take the HELPER and not the Red Man, he loses a great amount of general information that is valuable. Those who take the Red Man and not the HELPER miss many of the little everyday doings at the school interesting to know about. For 55 cents, the two papers may be had, and then the story is complete. If taken singly, Red Man 50 cents, HELPER, 10 cents.

On Saturday evening, the football team and three substitutes started for San Francisco, to play the University of California. Before this edition of the HELPER makes its appearance they will be practicing kicking goal, punting and performing other manoeuvres of the field, in the city of the Golden Gate.

It was necessary for them to arrive there two or three days before the game, as six days' travel would naturally soften their muscles and throw them out of condition. Disciplinarian Thompson, Coach Warner, and Dr. Carlos Montezuma went with the team. The manly boys looked exceedingly happy as they were comfortably quartered in a special sleeper, on the side track at the Junction. They go all the way to the Pacific Coast and return in the same car. On their return they expect to visit the Government Indian schools at Phoenix, Arizona, Grand Junction, Colorado, and the Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, Perris, California, Albuquerque and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

There will be more education in this trip for the boys than a number of weeks school could possibly give them. They will lose very little time from their classes, and as all their expenses were guaranteed by the challenging team on the Pacific Coast, they will lose no money.

If the first two numbers on your wrapper this week read 15 the HELPER has reached Volume XV and if the 15 is followed by a 9 and the number appears 159, do not read it one hundred and fifty nine, but Volume 15, Number 9, which is the number of this issue, hence time to renew, if you wish to not miss any numbers and to insure against delay and error.

Major Wm. Ennis of the United States Regular Artillery, recruiting officer in Harrisburg, in company with Mrs. Ennis and their daughter were interested visitors at the school on Wednesday. The Major has enlisted a number of our older boys who wished to go into the regular army and who have been sent to different companies in the cavalry, artillery and infantry in Manila, Porto Rico, and Cuba. Major Ennis has just been relieved from duty as recruiting officer and ordered to join his regiment in Honolulu.



The Band now practices Saturday afternoons. "Oh, for a cold wave!" sigh the boys and girls.

The school rooms are beginning to decorate in green.

The small boy watcheth the ice, but it is still too thin.

Santa Claus is keeping everybody on the jump.

Remember there will be no HELPER printed next week.

Hugh Leider has enlisted in the army, and has started for Manila.

Miss Richenda Pratt is home from Wilson on her Christmas vacation.

There is a new graphophone on the carpet, and much enjoyment is expected.

We now have 311 pupils in country homes and 701 at the school, 1012 in all.

Nearly everybody was out to see the eclipse on Saturday night and it was a very pretty one.

No subscriber will lose by not receiving the HELPER next week; his time will be extended a week.

Ollie Choteau, "printeress," spent Wednesday in Harrisburg, in close interview with Santa Claus.

Dr. Norcross' excellent Sunday afternoon sermons take hold of his Indian School audience.

Mrs. Craft, mother of Mrs. Thompson, and her grandson Brewster Gallup, of Jersey City, are with us.

There will be something going on every evening during the holidays to entertain and instruct our 700.

Mrs. Chauncey Ives, of Chambersburg, with Mrs. Willoughby, of Albany, N.Y., visited the school Saturday.

Wesley Cornelius, the brother of Lillian and Louise, arrived from Oneida, Wisconsin, this week and entered as a pupil.

Miss Bowersox' pupils greatly pleased those who heard their songs and recitations at study hour, Wednesday evening.

Mr. Norman's eleven-year old daughter, Hattie, fractured her right leg while at play. Dr. Fickle was the attending physician.

Interesting programs were carried out in the various school-rooms last Thursday night in memory of the death of George Washington.

Hobart Cook is spending a part of his vacation here with his mother. Mrs. Cook and son will go to Connecticut for the holidays.

That was a curious phenomenon in which the moon was the center on Sunday night. Three beautiful lunar bows in the shape of rings!

Major and Mrs. Pratt have returned from Philadelphia, the former looking rested, but his lameness has not entirely disappeared, yet he is improving.

Mr. John Given, student in an academy near Chicago is spending the Christmas holidays with his mother—Mrs. Given, manager of small boys' department.

On Wednesday evening the pupils of Miss Barclay's class (No. 10) held a very interesting debate in assembly hall before their class and a few visitors.

Miss Peter and Miss Robertson attend the Invincible society to-night, Miss Senseney and Miss Smith the Standards, and Miss Seonia and Miss Paull the Susans.

"Some of your 'Injuns' are getting out," said a little visitor in alarm to the matron in charge, after the breaking of ranks and there was a general out-pour from the assembly room.

A number of the teachers are planning to spend their holidays away from the school among friends. Miss Wood and Miss Stewart will go to New York to see the sights of the metropolis.

Mr. A. M. Higgins, of Terre Haute, Indiana, son of Rev. Higgins, who visited the school several years ago, and who was Major's friend when they were boys together, was here on Wednesday.

Fifty-two weeks make a year, so 52 numbers of the HELPER make a volume. Notwithstanding the fact that you will get no HELPER next week, you will get the 52 numbers for the year's subscription, just the same.

Mr. J. Banks Ralston of Dickinson Law School was called upon to take charge of the boys, in the absence of Disciplinarian Thompson. Mr. Ralston, having been assistant-disciplinarian for some time, understands the ways of doing things.

Sarah Jacobs says that the Indian girls near where she is living in the country have started to country school and that they like their little white friends very much. "The children are very kind to us and we are kind to them, too."

Miss Inga Ericson, who has been in Major Pratt's office for a month, received her old appointment in Chicago at an advanced salary, and left last week, taking in Washington on her way. Miss Ericson has won many friends at the school in her brief stay.

The Man-on-the-band-stand heard Santa Claus whisper that he was going to be careful about giving this year to certain people who forget to say "Thank you." Some felt it last year, but did not express themselves to the giver. Take special pains to say "Thank you," even for a little brass pin.

Our flutist, Ernest Robitaille, who has been attending Dickinson law school since the term opened was called west by a tempting position among the Indians in Minnesota, the particulars of which we have not at this writing. He left on Wednesday evening, and will be missed by a large circle of friends made during his short stay at Carlisle.

Will Carleton, the great poet and reader, honored our editorial sanctum with a call on Friday last when he was going the rounds of the school. He was at home among the editors and printers, for he is an editor himself. He knew Mrs. Eastman and had read her poems and books, so there was a marked mutual sympathy between the two engaged in conversation, which was interesting to observe.



him as a person, but that we shall seek to do for one another.

That is knowing Jesus and clearly understanding him.

And wherever this true conception of his life and teaching is reached, there we find men and women thrilled with the passion for giving.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The friendless, the poor, the outcast, the waif on the streets; those who have sinned and seem shut out from God and from man—all begin to feel strange thrills of hope and renewed aspiration as they are taken up and enfolded in the richness and fullness of divine love as it comes to them through human love or attention on Christmas Day.

That is knowing Christmas in its highest and noblest sense; in its truest conception; knowing it in that spirit from which we derive the surest happiness."

#### NAHME.

Nahme, meaning "little sister," is the name of a little Comanche Indian girl, four years old, now at the U. S. government school for Comanche Indian children, near Fort Sill, Oklahoma Territory. Her peculiar history is somewhat as follows:

Her parents being superstitious in regard to the birth of twins, she was accordingly thrown away and left to die. A white man passing some bushes, heard the cry of a new born babe. He knew that twins had been born in an Indian family, and realized that this cry meant that an Indian baby had been thrown away to die. He asked another Indian woman to care for the child, providing the milk on which it was to be fed. Thus little Nahma was cared for until the death of this Indian woman. Then, as her parents had thrown her away, she was brought to this Indian School and placed in charge of the superintendent. There she is at present; though under school age, she has been permitted to remain, seeming happy and contented in her present home.

It is desirable that she should now grow up apart from the associations of the wild Indian life. As she is only four years old, we may hope that she may now receive early Christian teaching and refining influences.

The above is copied from an Indian School paper of recent date. The little girl, Nahme Tanequa, is now at Haskell and has been for more than a year. She is now about seven years of age, is getting along well in school, is very affectionate, and happy all the time. —[Haskell Leader, Lawrence, Kansas.



The way some of the Indians on the Sante Fe Route to California are probably spending Christmas.

There are friends of the Indian who love the picturesque side of his life more than the practical side, and when such people come here and see us down to business, doing practical, every-day work, and dressed as people of common sense ought to dress, they are apt to remark:

"You have robbed the native of the forest of his picturesqueness. It is too bad."

In the scene above is the picturesque Indian—the ethnological Indian. Do you like him?

The Man-on-the-band-stand wonders how those people who love the picturesque Indian would like to be set back in an instant to the days when THEY were picturesque and more savage than we have ever heard of Native Americans being.

We have never heard of Indians making a custom of drinking blood from the skulls of their victims, as is recorded in history that the savage ancestors of the Anglo-Saxon did.

Reader would you like to be robbed of your civilization?

Our red brethren who have arrived at a standard of excellence in literature, art and science, or have risen to the commoner plane of the business people of the world, no more desire the picturesque side of life to the exclusion of the practical, than do their more favored brethren, who are but a few more generations removed from a more gory and savage past than anything that the American Indian can boast of.

#### Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 6, 9, 7 is a small pony.

My 4, 5, 10, 11 is what we do with berries in season.

My 8, 3, 2, 4 is one way to get over a ditch.

My 1, 9, 10, 11 is the name of many a boy.

My whole is what the little girls asked for more than anything else in their letters to Santa Claus.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Skating.