

THE INDIAN HELPER

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~~ FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS ~~  
=====

VOLUME IV CARLISLE, PA.  
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1888 NO. 4  
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GRASP THE NETTLE.

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"Grasp the nettle with both hands,  
And it shall not sting,"  
Take this bit of wisdom, dear,  
Into everything.  
If the lesson's long and hard,  
At it with your might!  
Do not let it conquer you  
While you've strength to fight.

Foolish people stand and fret,  
Wonder what to do,  
Bear their trouble twenty times -  
Such a silly crew!  
Get the trial over, dear,  
Never frown and pout!  
With a brave and steady look  
Put the foe to rout  
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CONRAD DIDN'T "GIVE UP THE SHIP."

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ROSEBUD AGENCY, D.T. Aug. 28, 1888.  
DEAR SCHOOL GRANDFATHER:

I guess you don't care much to hear from me but I thought it was my duty to let you and the kind friends of mine at school know I am still alive and at my duties the best I know how.

I think it is hard for a man to start out, in the world with no help. I sometimes feel like I could go out and hide my face and cry because many and many a chance didn't learn, but when I think about the things which I learned at Carlisle, the good talks I used to hear, then I can control myself and start again.

The first week I came home, I took two days' rest, then I went to the Agent for work, but he said that he had no work for me, but I could wait about two months for work in the yard, but I did not wait at all. I went out and looked for work for a week but I didn't "give up the ship," as the boys and girls say at the school.

Well, at last I found work and so I went to work and earned \$3.00 for a week's work; and

another party hired me for \$1.00 a day but I only made \$2.50, on account of having rain so much.

Well, I went home then and make hay for brother awhile and fix up around our house then I returned to the Agency, then Uncle Louis Roubideaux offered me \$1.00 a day, so I went out about 25 miles from the Agency and made hay for him, but again we had bad luck as it was raining for two days therefore I only cut 6 tons of hay.

This is a lonesome place and I don't think you would like it here over a week if you should come. Well, the first bell of the church has rung, therefore I will tell you a little about I pretty nearly went away.

About a week ago Mr. Chase and his school band boys came after children. Well, one of my cousins was playing in the band and he asked me if I could play in the band. I told him that I used to play in the band

and the leader asked me to play with the boys and I said, "all right," so I went and played, "Sweet By and By," then "Clinton Quick Step," then "Sweet Home."

After I have done with them they ask me if I was playing by music or hear, and I told them I could play by music, so they played three other pieces, but I "get there all the same with my both feet."

Then you ought to see them shake hands with me and asked me where I learn how to play, just as I say that one of them called out, "at Carlisle," and one said, "no wonder he played right out he is in first-class band."

Now the last bell is ringing so good-bye. I am sorry I did not write as long letter as I ought. I hope I will see Capt. inside of two weeks, then I could come back soon.

I am truly,  
CONRAD ROUBIDEAUX.

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AT the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called THE RED MAN, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indiana matters and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

For 1, 2, and 3 subscribers for THE RED MAN we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.

Address. THE RED MAN, Carlisle, Pa.

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The Indian Helper.

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PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA. BY THE INDIAN PRINTER 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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Price: - 10 cents a year.

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Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

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The INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

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A grand dish with some of the wild Apaches at their homes is Fricassee cat.

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Only five 2-cent stamps for the INDTAN HELTER a whole year. We should have 100,000 subscribers at that rate.

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A little boy - Ross Robison, of Bedford, sent a club of forty-two names for the INDIAN HELPER. He is a real little man of business.

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The Wild West show is at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, Phila. The Civilized East Show is at the Indian Training School, Carlisle.

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We hear that Susie Noneck, who went home this summer on account of ill health, died a few days ago. Emma Hand wrote the news. Emma often thinks of Carlisle and would like to come back. Katie White Bird is married and has a child.

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The last from Capt. Pratt was a letter to Mrs. Pratt, written on Friday, 3rd, from Crow Creek, Dak. On that day after a warm council in which most of the chiefs as at Standing Rock spoke against the act, one or two young men, in spite of the opposition walked to the front and signed. These men were followed by others and the signing was kept up until midnight. Many more were expected to sign the next day.

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Mr. and Mrs. Michener, of Colora, Md. visited the school last Thursday. The Micheners have long been farm patrons of the school, and now have Nicolossa with them in family. Their reports of Nicolossa are certainly encouraging. She can wash, iron, cook steak broil fish and prepare other eatables as nicely as any one could, and her bread is most excellent. She has the whole management of the breadbaking for the family and never has to be told when to put it to rise. She also bakes pies and cakes. Nicolossa likes her home and begs to stay. She is proud of her accomplishments, and has a right to be.

#### A FIRST VIST TO THE SCHOOL ROOMS.

School began as arranged, on Monday, and the Man-on-the-band-stand knows that our pupils in the country as well as those who have gone to their homes want to see exactly where the different classes are in the quart ers.

As you enter the gymnasium the first little room to the right is occupied by Miss Cutter's class, and the one opposite by Miss Lowe's.

As you go into the gymnasium proper you see three divisions separated by tent cloth.

The cloth does not reach all the way across the large room, so the south half of the gymnasium is used as a hall way for pupils and others to pass in and out.

The front division is occupied by Miss Cook's class, the second by Miss Seabrook's and the third by Miss Phillips.

They have desks and blackboards and every thing seems quite school-like, much better school accommodations than thousands of children have.

In the Small Boys' Quarters the large assembly room is provided with desks. There the pupils sit und study, and pass out to small rooms to recite.

Four rooms on the first floor at the end of the building next to Mr. Campbell's house are used as class-rooms.

The northeast corner room is where Miss Lizzie Bender teaches. The room opposite is occupied by Miss Crane. The room south of this by Miss Paul and the one on the opposite side of the hall by Miss Shears. Next to this on the south is the book-room.

Miss Bessie Patterson's class has the chapel all to themselves.

Miss Fisher, Assistant Principal, goes around from room to room where most needed, and that is in many places. Prof. Woodruff, Principal, superintends both teachers and pupils all keeps the school machinery greased and in running order. And thus our first week of school began.

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Amelia Haswell, who is now in Maryland living in a good family writes that she is happy and getting along well. "When I first came here I did not like, but now I like very much," she says. "I feed the chickens, and feed the calf, and hunt the eggs aud wash the dishes and Sophie Metoxen wipes the dishes sometimes. Sometimes we go to see Katie Metoxen and we go down in apple tree and pick the apples. Sometimes I go to milk with Sophie. Sophie and I have nice times. I want to know if the little girls remember what we did in the back yard. We eat something and we got sick in the night. It was Dot Day make eat, and that was Dot make us sick. Good bye.

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Crazy Head knows the knife sharpening trade to perfection.

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Wednesday was little Irene's birthday, and she was four years old.

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The new school-building is going on nicely-joists being laid on the second floor.

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Poor John (horse) is dead and in his grave. What a pity! He was a faithful beast.

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Annie Morton, Mary Hickman, Dot Day, and Abel darned the holes in 156 stockings in about two hours

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It is intended that Mr. Campbell shall go to Philadelphia on the 15th to meet the incoming pupils from farms.

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Capt. Pierce, of San Carlos Agency, Arizona, with a party of gentlemen from Gettysburg, visited the school on Wednesday.

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On Monday Miss Lilly Hartzler and brother, Harrisburg, the former a student of Mr. Moody's school Northfield, Mass. called.

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The repairs on the Parker farm-house are about completed. A new roof and fresh paint have added much to its appearance.

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Kish Hawkins not wishing to fall behind in our school news, renewed his subscription this week. Kish is on a farm and doing well.

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Rev. Dr. Brown expects to start for Kansas today. May he have a safe journey and soon come back to us is the wish of his brother, on the band-stand.

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The carpenter boys have made a lot of nice blackboards for use in the temporary schoolrooms. The blackboards in the new building are to be real slate.

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On Tuesday morning Mrs. Allen left for her home in St. Louis. It is the regret of her many friends at the school that she could not remain longer with us.

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William Springer has completed the fine set of double-harness on which he has been working, and has the same sate. This is a bargain; being exceedingly well made.

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Mr. Edward McFadden left for Harrisburg Friday evening, after a pleasant summer's duties with us. Mr. McFadden is of class '91, Amherst College, and will go to Amherst this week.

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No wonder we have been happy all the week. On Monday we found the names of lots of new subscribers on the desk and there was a fine bouquet of flowers from a friend. For all of these favors we are exceedingly thankful.

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One evening this week as the small boys were romping together having a good time and making rather more noise than usual, the Man-on-the-band-stand heard this curious remark from a passerby, "Really the little In dians are nearly as savage as white young sters.

#### SCHOOL TALK.

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"Did you catch the spirit tonight, Wat?" said Alf to his friend as they came from the chapel, Saturday evening, after English Speaking meeting.

"What spirit? The \*school\* spirit?"

"Yes! Didn't Prof. Woodruff give us a splendid talk? Do you know, I feel as though I could sit down now and study a whole year. I never before was so full of the notion to study and make a man of myself. I mean to amount to something yet before I die with old age, and I am going to begin at once.

"So do I want to amount to something," said Wat, "but I wish we could begin school right away in the new school house."

"Why? What difference does that make?,"

"Well," said Wat, scratching his head. "I think it will make a big difference. The teachers will not have as many things to work with in the present quarters - not so many blackboards, you know, and some how I don't believe we will make much headway for a while. When we get into the new building, though, I am going to pitch in and study hard."

"Pshaw! I don't see any use of waiting. A person who is always waiting for something to be different than it is now never finds things just right for him, and he never makes as much advance as the one who is

always ready to pitch in, no matter how things are. Make the best of the things at your command and swing ahead! That is the way I have heard is the best way, and that is the way I am going to do if I can."

"Is that the spirit you caught tonight from the Professor's talk?"

"Yes, it is," said Al. "I am going to pitch in right away Monday morning and waste no more time waiting for things to come around some other way. If things are not just as comfortable as they will be after while I shall do the best I can anyhow. I have the regular school fever now. I caught it last night. I feel it working in my bones, and can hardly wait till Monday morning comes."

"I want to study and get ahead, too," said lazy Wat, yawning as he spoke, "but a part of my class are out on farms and they will not be here until after the middle of the month. They always set our classes back when they come in, I have heard my teacher say so and I see no use in studying hard and then having to wait for those fellows to catch up to us."

"Nonsense!" said Alf, now growing warm because of the indifference of his friend. "Some folks are always making excuses. We can get on just as fast without the farm boys as with

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them, and I don't believe - we shall have to drop back one bit when they come in. I didn't think you were a fellow to hunt up excuses like that, my friend."

"I am not," said Wat, now firing up at the insinuation of his friend. "I hate excuses just as much as you do. But I don't think we can study as hard as if we were in the real school building."

"We can too," said Alf, earnestly, "and I am going to try to study hard and get ahead of my class."

"Yes, I tried that once," said Wat with a slight sneer, but a teacher put her foot down on that little scheme.

"Why so?"

"I don't know," said Wat, "but she did, and I never tried it again."

"Did you always know the lessons she gave?" inquired honest

"Sometimes I missed a question," said Wat, half ashamed to own it.

"Well," said Alf, laughing, "I guess that is the secret of your teacher not liking you to study ahead of the class, and you know yourself you had no right to study ahead if you could not answer every question in the lesson she gave you, and that perfectly."

Wat knew it was no use getting mad at his friend telling the truth and so he gave his finger a snap and said, "I never thought of that, I declare."

"It is true, anyhow," continued Alf. "What I am going to do is this: I am going to get perfectly the lessons my teacher gives me-**EVERY LESSON**- then if I have time, I shall study ahead and get more."

"All right, old chum; if you can do that I can too. I am glad you gave me that hit on excuses. I don't believe I will make an excuse again for one while, I just wish you would knock me down, if I do, Alf."

"I shan't do that, of course, but it is true of people who make excuses for themselves that they never amount to anything."

Here the bugle blew for taps and the boys separated for the night.

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GOSPEL HYMNS AT A SUN DANCE.

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Leonard Tyler who was once pupil of Carlisle and for a year or two has been attending the Haskell Institute Lawrence, Kansas is now at his home at the Cheyenne Agency Indian Territory. A recent letter from him says that he was sent there from Lawrence by the state Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of Kansas to work among his people. He has had uphill work. He has succeeded in interesting a few

of his tribe to follow him in his religious work. At two Sun Dances he and the few who go with him held prayer meetings and sang feel fear of any body. We prayed for our poor red brethren who cut themselves while making medicine and almost died of thirst.

We could almost hear His voice speaking to us "Go on, I am with thee always." Hundreds of Indians stood around and never knew what we meant."

Sam Noble assisted Leonard at some of his meetings.

He met Precy Kable and John D. Miles, who gave him encouraging words of cheer.

Inspector Thomas has been to Cheyenne Agency and Leonard gave him the names of about a hundred returned Carlisle pupils who were ready to have their lands in severalty and go to work. The Inspector hoped to give them a little start in the way of farming implements.

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Word Building.

I am a dog, a dog of low degree;  
There is, I'm told, no noble blood in me.  
So, settle that much in your mind, my boy,  
Then puzzle out the name that I enjoy.  
To aid you in your labors, let me say,  
Add \*e\*, and every sickness flies away;  
Turn \*e\* to \*l\*, and then at once you'll see  
What the waves do when winds blow: fresh and free.  
If you remove them both, and add a \*few\*  
It brings a bell of eventide to view;  
Or if, instead, you do append an \*ate\*,  
A clergyman appears as sure as fate.  
If you would turn me into cheese, add \*d\*,  
If you would shorten me, 'tis done with \*t\*,  
If you're a horseman, \*b\* will help you guide  
The gallant quadruped which you bestride.  
More I could say, no doubt, but I refrain,  
I've said enough to make my secret plain.

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STANDING OFFER: - For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 1/2 X 6 1/2 inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after, or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents a piece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP of the whole school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.

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