

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM
THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

VOLUME VI. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1890. NUMBER 13.

JUST TAKE A DROP.

A DROP? One drop of wine or beer?
It isn't much to take.
If it would only stay a drop
It would no trouble make.

One drop if that indeed were all
I'd ever wish to drink,
Surely it would, could not cause
My soul in woe to sink.

But here's the trouble; one small drop
Quick to another leads;
Then to a third, and on and on
The appetite each feeds.

The first drop cries, "'Tis not enough;"
The second, "Give me more;"
The third says, "I must have a glass;
My thirst is sharp and sore."

Each one tastes better; each one makes
Me thirstier than I was.
And so a drunkard I become.—
That first wee drop the cause.

There's only one thing I can do,
Before the first to stop,
And say, "I'll not a drunkard be,
So I'll not touch a drop."

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

CIS-KE-TUP'S WAR BONNET.

When A-te-ka first went to teach the Pawnees in 1843, Cis-ke-tup was the youngest chief who was permitted to speak in the councils of his people.

He belonged to the Schedee band, and was a man of magnificent proportions: tall, erect, broad-shouldered, wide-chested and wearing a face which bespoke good nature and kindness.

He had recently taken for his wife Aro-ta-wur-ry, daughter of Us-sa-wuk-y, a chief, not by heredity, but constituted chief by Major Dougherty, a former agent of the Pawnees.

Us-sa-wuk-y was fierce, cruel and tyrannical, but his daughter Aro-ta-wur-ry was a sweet, amiable little lady—a very becoming appendage to the young chief Cis-ke-tup.

A few weeks after her arrival among the Pawnees, A-te-ka was invited by the family of the superintendent of farms, who lived

near the villages that were located on Willow River near where it debouched into the Loup Fork, to visit them and thus have an opportunity to become better acquainted with the people whom she had come to serve.

One day during that visit Cis-ke-tup gave them a call, accompanied by his wife Aro-ta-wur-ry.

The bride was elegantly dressed in a sea-green flannel sacque and skirt with scarlet leggings, wearing a string of large glass beads that harmonized pleasingly with the dress, while her wealth of glossy black hair hung in a heavy braid upon her shoulders tied with a scarlet ribband.

Cis-ke-tup was attired as became a young chief during the honey-moon, but his cap was his chief attraction.

It was the skin of a wild cat with the flesh side turned out, the legs and tail gathered and fastened by a kind of ribband behind, the fur rolled out for a border and the outside trimmed with knots and ends of green, yellow, red and blue ribbands.

A-te-ka was curious about the cap, and very impolitely talked about it before her guests, and at last asked permission to take it in her hands; but with solemn dignity Cis-ke-tup refused to lift the cap from his head.

During the call, A-te-ka had occasion to throw over her shoulders a shawl, with a deep red centre, having a border of bright colors.

This attracted Cis-ke-tup, and he asked the privilege of taking it.

A-te-ka proposed an exchange—he should take the shawl, while she received the cap to examine.

Cis-ke-tup hesitated.

That he much desired to handle the shawl was evident, but a troubled look came into his face when he thought of giving up his cap into the hands of a white woman.

At last he arose, gave each his hand in sign of his friendship, drew his blanket under his left arm with a peculiar grace that none but an Indian knows, and drawing himself up to

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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Price:—10 cents a year.

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Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

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.

The school was well represented at the entertainment given by the young ladies of Metzger, Tuesday evening.

"I am so much pleased with the little paper and so much interested in the education of the Indians that I have the HELPER follow me around wherever I go." E. K. S.

Harvey Townsend is at the Government school, Albuquerque, New Mexico. He says they have a hundred and eighty pupils. He speaks of General Morgan's visit there and says he complimented the school highly. They are about to organize a debating society and are to have electric lights leading to the town.

The Fair to be given by the King's Daughters will come off some evening during the second week in December. Ye boys who have to ask for money by request blanks at the end of the month had better ask for a little to buy some of the pretty things that the girls are making, and thus help along the missionary cause.

In a recent letter from Josie Vetter who is employed in an Indian school at Netawaka, Kan., she says, "When I am sitting thinking of my happy days spent at Carlisle and of all of you I don't like to be disturbed but some way or other some little girl finds me and it's always, 'Josie please do so and so, or please show me this.'" She says further on, "I get the HELPER every week and when I get through reading it I give a big sigh and say I wish it was a little larger."

A letter from Frank Dorian to a friend at the school gives two important items of news. In the first place he (Frank Dorian) is married. He says, "I got married on Nov. 6, to Lizzie Rock." For work he finds plenty of corn-husking to do. He closes his letter with the sad intelligence that the father of David Roubidoux, died suddenly. He says "everybody for miles around attended the funeral. He was a very good man, was liked by all his friends far and near."

David's friends at Carlisle extend to him their heartfelt sympathy in this his great trial.

Talbot on the Right Road.

A letter from Talbot Goday, one of the party of Apaches who recently returned to their people at Mt. Vernon Barracks, Alabama, says:

We are all very well except Agnew, who is very sick. I like the looks of this place very well. Burdette, Lucy and I are all living in the same house. We are fixing it up the best we can. I went to the carpenter-shop and made a table for us the other day. I want to do all I can for the people. I expect to get work at my trade (carpenter). They are building several houses here and I expect to help build them.

Frank W. Twiss, of Pine Ridge agency, one of the first pupils of this school, writes for the Pipe, requesting that it be sent to his address in South Dakota. He says he enjoys reading the little paper, and, as the necessary ten cents is enclosed, there is no reason why he should not have it.—[Pipe of Peace.

Frank took a three or four year's course at Carlisle before going to Genoa, and was supporting himself at the Agency by working at the trade learned at Carlisle, when last heard from.

Rumor comes around the corners that several are trying for the DOLLAR which is to be given for the best little story written by a Carlisle boy or girl about home life. Remember the story must not contain more than a thousand words and may be shorter if desired. The dollar will be given on Christmas day so the story should be handed in two or three days before Christmas. This is an easy way to make a DOLLAR. Let a hundred boys and girls try. Yes, your teacher may correct the writing. It is the STORY we are after.

A-te-ka, who gives another delightful story on the first page, is the veteran Indian worker Mrs. Platt, now of Tabor, Iowa, formerly a helper at Carlisle. Her stories are not fiction but true accounts of actual experiences, hence much enjoyed by our readers. "A-te-ka" is the Pawnee word for "grandma," a title of great respect. Favor us again, soon, dear A-te-ka.

A very interesting letter just received from our good friend Rev. J. J. Enmegahowh native Missionary at White Earth Agency Minn., is full of kindly words for Carlisle. His great heart, is with us in our work. A part of the letter may be printed in the next number of the *Red Man*, and will be read with interest.

Jeremiah Hubbard, who for many years has been a worker among the Indians at the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, called at the school on his way west after having been on a trip through the East. The Quapaw agency boys and girls were delighted to see their honored friend, whom they esteem as a father.

Jeremiah Hubbard says he knows upwards of sixty returned Carlisle students and he only knows one who has turned out badly.

Oh!

Snow?

No! No!

But it tried to.

Did you enjoy the holiday?

Those who employed the time well, did.

The November RED MAN is off and mailed.

Another Y. M. C. A. entertainment, tonight.

Miss Hunt took Thanksgiving dinner at Metzger.

Miss Ely is confined to her room with a severe cold.

The swell dinner Thanksgiving day was at the Teachers' club.

The new base of the flag-staff is an improvement over the old one.

Miss Merritt dined yesterday with Mrs. General Gibson, of Carlisle.

A sociable at the Captain's for the teachers and officers at the school was much enjoyed.

The club from Helena, Mont. and the kind words accompanying it were gratefully received.

The vegetable trimmings in the chapel, on Thanksgiving day were arranged very prettily by the ladies.

Miss Dittes, at the chapel exercises on Thanksgiving day, recited a very pretty hymn.

Miss Annie Moore is enjoying a visit from her aunt Mrs. T. P. Moore, and cousin Daisy from Holton, Kansas.

The cisterns are receiving another cleaning—getting ready for the winter rains, so we can have good wholesome drinking water next summer.

General and Mrs. Morgan are just finishing up an extended tour among the Indian Schools of the West and expected to be at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, on Thanksgiving day.

The exhibition which came off last Saturday night was not as good as usual, although there were some well rendered recitations and two or three pretty scenes. The choir sang well, but we missed the whole school singing.

The Patriotic Sons of America, from Lebanon, this State, who had a parade in town yesterday, visited our grounds and gave several spirited tunes from the band which led the line of march.

Miss Paull and Siceni honored their birthday anniversary last Friday evening by a little tea-party in which Ulysses Paisano, George Buck, Bertie Kennerly, Paul Shattuck, and Joseph Martinez participated and had a delightful time.

Mr. S. M. Sayford, of Newton, Mass., who under the auspices of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association visits schools and colleges, has been carrying on a few meetings at our school during the week.

HELPER one day late on account of Thanksgiving.

Mary Green writes an urgent request to return to Carlisle.

Sarah Smith comes to the front with ten subscriptions.

Mrs. N. E. Smith, of Mound City, Kansas, sister of Miss Ely has been with us.

All enjoyed the pretty anthem sung by the choir at the Thanksgiving service.

At this writing (Thanksgiving evening) Stacy Matlack is very comfortable.

The school was well represented at the Second Church supper last Thursday night.

Miss Kelker, of Harrisburg spent Thanksgiving day at the school, guest of Miss Moore.

The large boys' quarters' office boys took dinner with Mr. Campbell, Thanksgiving day.

Capt. Pratt and family, and Dr. Dixon and family, were guests at the club yesterday for dinner.

A party of pupils from Northern Wisconsin arrived Wednesday under escort of Mr. J. P. Morgan.

Miss Bender returned, Saturday, from a few days' visit at her home near Philadelphia.

Those who did nothing but loll around and wish for things they had not, did not enjoy yesterday.

For dinner on Thanksgiving day the pupils had 600 lbs. of roasted ducks and chickens, with accompanying vegetables.

Harrison Red Wolf, Maggie Guardapee and Laura Shoots-the-lodge, have gone to their homes in the west.

Rev. Dr. Deitz, of the German Reformed Church of Pittsburg was among the distinguished callers during the week.

Paul Shattuck is another victim of the fiendish foot-ball game. Yesterday morning while playing, his collar bone was broken.

Our Jamestown friends have responded with a club of one hundred and fifty-five. We have special reason for giving thanks, these Thanksgiving times.

One of the most serious accidents that has ever happened at our school occurred last Saturday afternoon during the foot-ball game on the Dickinson College athletic grounds between a college team and one composed of our Indian boys. The game had only begun when in the rush Stacy Matlack fell, was trampled upon and received what the doctors call a comminuted fracture of the tibia. In plain English the large bone of the leg was broken in two places. One break is transverse and about 3½ inches above the ankle; the other is oblique and about the middle of the bone. He has suffered intensely at times, but everything possible is being done to make him comfortable. That Stacy is a man of strong constitution is greatly in his favor, and he will no doubt be out on crutches before long and will in time completely recover the use of his leg.

(From First Page.)

his full height told eloquently the story of that cap.

The wild cat had been killed and skinned with care and its skin dressed so soft and nice and white that he might have a covering for his head when he went to war.

It had been shaped and ornamented for that purpose and the High Priest among his people had blessed it and endowed it with such power that he could go out to war wearing it, sure of returning, for no arrow could touch him when that was on his head.

Should the common people handle the cap and especially should a white woman touch it, the charm would be broken.

And then if Cis-ke-tup wore it before his enemy he might be killed; and with a decisive, "Ugh," he sat down.

The shawl was given him to turn and admire as long as he chose, and Cis-ke-tup and A-te-ka parted good friends—a friendship that lasted as long as Cis-ke-tup lived.

A-TE-KA.

KANSU.

The Dakota Indians originally gambled with plumstones, called by them "kanta su" (plum seed) and shortened to "kansu".

When spotted cards introduced by white men, took the place of plumstones these cards were named "Minihuha kansu" (paper plum seeds) which was again shortened to "kansu."

When the Indians were required to present tickets in order to draw government rations, then because these tickets were composed of card-board and of about the same size as gambling cards they also received the name "kansu".

Lastly, not only government ration tickets but tickets in general are called "kansu" (plum seeds).—[Word Carrier.

Our good friend, Mr. Eugene Weiner, of the New York Philharmonic Club, was one of the first to call at the office of The American Musician to welcome me back to New York. I found him quite enthusiastic over the musical talent displayed by the young American Indian boys and girls of the Industrial School in Carlisle, Pa., where the Philharmonic Club recently gave a concert. He was agreeably surprised to discover that they not only understood our modern musical scale, but sang in correct harmony. The Indians, in turn, were delighted at the musical treat provided for them by the Philharmonic

Club. There are nearly 700 inmates of this great educational institution under the direction of Capt. R. H. Pratt, and the effect of their education into the ways of civilized life, made practical by the knowledge of useful trades, cannot but be beneficial upon the tribes from which they are selected, and to which they return in the double role of religious and industrial instructors to their uncivilized brethren.—[The American Musician.

NO WONDER THEY CAN RIDE.

Most Indians, especially the Comanches are very skilful horseback riders.

It is said that Comanche mothers tie their young children, almost babies, to half wild, bare-back mustangs, and they soon learn to look upon the horse's back as their home.

The women are not far behind the men as riders, and they sit astride.

Enigma.

I am made of 15 letters:

My 3, 2, 6 is to steal.

My 4, 1, 7, 12 is a kind of fish.

My 14, 5, 8, 9 the part of a body on which one wears a collar.

My 15, 10, 11, 14, 12 is what millers do with wheat.

My 13 is the most damaging letter of the alphabet when used alone too much.

My whole is what most Indian boys enjoy more than any other exercise.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Football.

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. The paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian 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** will receive one premium offered to standing clubs for the 12th month. Address **THE RED MAN** Carlisle, Pa.

STANDING OFFER.—For Five new subscribers to the **INDIAN HELPER**, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 17 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4x6 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 Pueblo 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 Navajo as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand (boudoir) will also be given for **TEN** subscribers. (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 12x16 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

For **FIFTEEN**, the new combination picture 8x10 showing all our buildings.

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

For **TWO** Subscribers and a One-cent stamp, we send the printed copy of the Apache contrast. For **ONE** Subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo contrast.

Persons sending clubs must send names at once.