

Clara Sawyer

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1887. NUMBER 13.

DO THY LITTLE; DO IT WELL.

Do thy little; do it well;
 Do what right and reason tell;
 Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
 Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
 Dreariness and drudgery;
 They whom Christ apostles made,
 "Gathered fragments" when he bade.

Do thy little. God hath made
 Million leaves for forest shade;
 Smallest stars their glory bring;
 God employeth everything.

Do thy little; and when thou
 Feelest on thy pallid brow
 Ere has fled the vital breath,
 Cold and damp the sweat of death,

Then the little thou hast done,
 Little battles thou has won,
 Little masteries achieved,
 Little wants with care relieved,

Little words in love expressed,
 Little wrongs at once confessed,
 Little favors kindly done,
 Little toils thou did'st not shun,
 Little graces meekly worn,
 Little slights with patience borne,

These shall crown the pillowed head,
 Holy light upon thee shed;
 These are treasures that shall rise
 Far beyond the smiling skies.

—Union Signal.

PAWNEE MEDICINE AND AN INDIAN LODGE.

By Aunt Martha.

"What is an Indian medicine, Aunt Martha?" asked one of a party of little boys and girls who had come to Auntie's house to pay a visit, all of whom were very fond of starting the old lady on her Indian stories.

Aunt Martha, who had lived among the Pawnees some five years when quite a young girl, was just as fond of telling stories in

which she could weave her own experiences, as her little hearers were fond of listening.

"Indian medicine!" she repeated, lifting her eyes from her knitting as she spoke. "It is not medicine that you take with a spoon. It does not come in bottles nor is it found in sugar-coated pills. Nothing of the kind, my dears."

"Then what is it?" asked the little questioner.

"It is more *name* than anything else."

"Name! How can a name be medicine?"

"There are men among the Indians who pretend to do wonderful things. They are called doctors and they make the other Indians think they have great power given them by Indian gods."

"Is it true?"

"No; the Indian doctors are just as ignorant as the other Indians, but they have great influence in the tribe, and are more in the way of their real progress than anything else. They really keep the tribe back. They make the people afraid of them. This *power* is what they call medicine."

"Then what do they mean when they say they are making medicine?"

"Oh, they dance and have queer doings at such times."

"Tell us about the dance. Do! Do!" chimed in a half-dozen voices.

"I am sorry to see my little friends so very much interested in the heathenish customs of these ignorant people. I would rather tell you about the better Indians who have come out of their dark ways and are leading good lives. I have here a picture," continued Aunt Martha, "and I wonder if you can tell me what it is."

"It is a hay stack," said one.

"No; it is a little hill," said another.

"Oh, I know," said a third, "It is a volcano; don't you see the smoke coming out of the top?"

"It is not a hay stack, and it is not a hill, neither is it a volcano, but it is a picture of the kind of house in which the Pawnees used

Continued on Fourth Page.

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

Price:—10 cents a year.

(Five cents extra for every change of address after once in the galley.)

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.

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

The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

Ch! Ch! Ch! Toot! Toot! What is all that noise? Why, don't you know that the printers have at last a three-horse power steam engine? It works like a charm. No more do we have to see a boy's leg go up and down 60,800 times every week to get off the INDIAN HELPER. The engine runs the large *Morning Star* press, too, and works it beautifully. Yes. We now have *steam print* at the Indian school, and we sincerely thank the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, or the whole Indian Department at Washington for the same.

When a man rushes out of bank, jumps into his buggy, gives his horse a smart cut, and then discovers that the animal is tied, as one of our business gentlemen was observed to do one day this week in town, it is safe to say—well—it is pay-day at the Indian School.

Peter Powlas, of Oneida, Wisconsin, a recently returned student from Carlisle, has been employed as teacher at the Union school house. He is a very worthy young man.
—[*De Pere News, Wis.*]

A letter from Miss Fletcher, now at Winnebago Agency, says that Eli Sheridan, Thomas Mitchell, Bertram Mitchell and Noah Lovejoy are all doing well, at their homes on the Omaha reservation.

The *Word Carrier* published at Santee Agency, Nebraska, and the United States Government do not seem to be on good terms.

Luke Phillips, Librarian at the Large Boys' Quarters, reports 286 books now on hand. Remember, last week the number was 253.

The Large Boys' Quarters are receiving their uniform wash of drab. We are glad the Small Boys' Quarters are not to be washed this winter. We like to look on the nice new brick.

Eliza Cewakista and Lois Prettyscalp, now at the Hoopes' Downingtown, sent their monthly review lessons to their teacher here for inspection and she finds they contain very creditable work.

Mr. Robert A. McFadden sent a club of twenty-five subscribers for the INDIAN HELPER. The Man-on-the-band-stand likes that kind of substantial friendship. The McFadden brothers enjoy their life at Amherst College exceedingly.

We wish Saturday night's earnest talk by Capt. Pratt could ring in our ears forever and help us to right-doing all through life. Let us show our appreciation of the good advice by being Quick in our work; by Keeping pure minds; by Being gentlemanly and womanly in our behavior.

When Miss Ely entered the chapel Saturday night after a month's absence from the school, the boys and girls gave her a hearty welcome by an enthusiastic clapping of hands. When she arose and bowed they gave her another. This must have been very gratifying to their money mother.

An open-air concert by the band Saturday night was enjoyed by all. They are well fitted-out now with new instruments purchased by the boys themselves. Charles Wheelock's bass-horn measures twenty-feet in length and requires good lungs to fill it which he does with little effort.

We expect a lively discussion this evening The I. U. Debating Club debate publicly, this evening in the chapel, the question, *Resolved*, "That all Indian education be taught only in English." Soon after this debate we will award the prize offered a few weeks ago for the best article sent us on the same subject.

Capt. Pratt received a muscalonge, Wednesday evening, measuring four feet in length and weighing 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. It was caught in Chatauqua Lake by Mr. L. Mason, of Jamestown, N. Y., and sent as a present. The happy party who were invited in to help eat it proved themselves masters of the situation, and join in a hearty "thank you" to Mr. Mason for the delicious treat.

Snow in Dakota.

Miss Wilson's sister is with her.

Two of the boys are doing well at stenography.

Joel Tyndall is making tables for the boys' rooms.

Choir singing Saturday evening was simply beautiful.

Henry Standing Bear is the quickest mail-boy we ever had.

We hear for the first time that Harriet Mary was married this summer.

Mr. Standing says that our little steam engine is the best Indian helper WE ever had.

The Man-on-the-band-stand heard a lady say, "The girls don't read much." Is it true, girls?

Frank Everett, who is in Bucks county on a farm husks 45 shocks of corn a day, or 25 a half day, with ease.

Miss Wood, of Mr. Bryan's Indian School, Albuquerque, New Mexico, paid us a pleasant visit, Monday and Tuesday.

President Cleveland has issued a proclamation setting apart Thursday, Nov. 24, as the Nation's Thanksgiving day.

Oh! but the boys' assembly-room looks nice. They have displayed good taste in selecting pictures, and the border is *fine*.

If the girls would take an interest and seem to *want* a reading-room and papers to read perhaps they would get them. Who knows?

Charlie Wheelock is morning engineer and John Miller is afternoon engineer at the printing office. They are learning to set type between times.

The girls would like to visit the boys, quarters to see how nicely the boys have their papers filed. Will some one be kind enough to take them?

The Library has had a gift through our Y. M. C. A., of the Memoir of Edwin Bainbridge, which was presented to them by Mr. George Williams, of London.

Are you beginning to save up your pennies for Christmas? Loved parents and friends have hearts that can be made very happy by little presents. Don't forget them.

Heavy storms on the Atlantic this week.

The *Herald* says this is Indian summer. And it must be so.

The November *Morning Star* will contain an interesting letter from Miss Fletcher.

The new lamps in the chapel are a great improvement over the old "blindlers."

Details for girls' work were changed, Tuesday morning, being the first of the month.

Miss Seabrook is home for a couple of days and will attend Teachers' Institute at Gettysburg while there.

Mrs. Woodward departed Tuesday morning for her home in Washington, D. C., and does not expect to return.

A dirty thought written upon paper and sent to a friend is sure to come back to you in some way and make you *ashamed*.

Don't carry off the horse-block to town even if there are two pretty creatures on the carriage seat back of you, and you feel a little anxious.

The *Eagle*, published by Gates and Company, New Brunswick, N. J., is on hand again. The whole sheet is 4 x 5½ inches, and is very cute.

"How is all our forks at home?" wrote a careless pupil in a home letter. Another says "We are getting along quite suspiciously at Carlisle."

Bessie Dixon economizes by making first-rate jelly out of appleskins which many people would throw away. Girls, such things we must learn.

Unclean thoughts will make us do and say unclean things. Let us kill the THOUGHT, and we will be spared the *shame* of such doings or sayings.

Those little leaf-gatherers seem to have great fun at their work. When the Man-on-the-band-stand was a little boy he used to do just such work and he liked it, too.

That boy who jerked the mouth of our hard-working mule, should have a bit in his own mouth, for a while, and his teacher ought to jerk it hard to let him see how it feels.

Carlos Montezuma, our young Apache friend, who is now attending the Chicago Medical College, was present at the American Missionary Association, held at Portland, Maine, recently, and made a telling address in favor of his race.

Continued from the First Page.

to live, and I don't know but a good many of them live in just such houses now."

"House! Is that a house?" asked two or three at once.

"It answers the purpose of a house. They are called lodges and although so large and heavy they are entirely made by the women of the tribe.

"What are they made of, and how are they made?"

"First they plant four heavy posts across the tops of which large logs are laid. Then heavy poles, the ends of which are stuck in the ground forming a large circle, are leaned against these logs. The poles are covered quite heavily with brush and sod and swamp grass and mud until it looks as you see it in the picture."

"It must be a strong house," thought the little ones.

"Why so?" asked Aunt Martha, who loved to make little folks give reasons for their thoughts.

"Because," said one, "don't you see eight men sitting on the roof? It must be strong or it would fall through."

"Yes," replied Auntie, "the houses are strong, and the Indians have a great habit of sitting on the tops of the lodges, and looking around the country. They wrap themselves in blankets and robes and sit by the hour. What they think about no one knows. I don't believe they think much of any thing, for they have no education and never learned to think."

How many people will such a lodge hold?" asked a bright little fellow.

"They usually hold from twenty to thirty people very comfortably."

"How do they get in? I see no door."

"There is no door, but an entry about ten feet long, as you see in the picture. You see it is very low. That tall man's head touches the top."

"It looks dark in there."

"It is dark. At the entrance of the lodge there are skins and blankets hung to keep the cold out."

"Are there no windows?"

"Not a window. No light can get in there except through the small hole at the top, out of which the smoke goes."

"Do they have a fire?"

"Yes, in the centre of each lodge there is a round hole about four inches deep and four feet across. In that hole the fire is kept burning when they want it."

"They have no stoves then?"

"No, over the fire is usually suspended a kettle of boiling meat, and they cook other things right in the ashes."

"Make bread?"

"Yes, since they began to use flour, they make a kind of bread and bake it in the ashes, but sometimes they fry it in grease melted in a pan over the fire."

"Is it good, Auntie?"

"I can't say. I have seen such dirty things thrown in the ashes, and have noticed time and again men spit in the ashes near to where I thought the bread was baking. Then the Indian women are not careful to wash their hands before they go at mixing the bread. So you see my dear children, I did not feel much hungry when they offered me that bread to eat. I have been told that it generally is good and sweet."

"I should like to know about the dance."

"So should I"

"And I," said another, and before Auntie had time to say more, every tot in the room was swinging his or her hands and calling out "Dance! Dance! Yes, Dance! Auntie, tell us about the dance," but Auntie disappointed them by saying, "Not now, my dears, but next time you come to see me I will tell you all about the Pawnee Medicine dance."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Cambridge.

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 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ 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.

For a longer list of subscribers we have many other interesting pictures which will be sent on request.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Morning Star**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This 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.

Sample copies sent free.

Address, **MORNING STAR, CARLISLE, PA.**

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Star** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER