

# The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1887. NUMBER 14.

## WORK WHILE YOU WORK.

Work while you work,  
And play while you play;  
That is the way  
To be cheerful and gay.  
All that you do,  
Do with your might;  
Things done by halves  
Are never done right.  
One thing at once,  
And that done well,  
Is a very good rule,  
As many can tell.  
Moments are useless,  
Trifled away;  
Work while you work,  
And play while you play.

—[Selected.]

## A PAWNEE MEDICINE-DANCE.

"Here we are Auntie; already for the Pawnee medicine," cried the same half dozen little folks spoken of by Aunt Martha last week. They were on their way home from school and could not go by the house without hearing the promised story.

"Have you all had good lessons?" asked dear old Auntie as she looked over her spectacles.

"Yes, every one of us."

"Then you deserve a story. Just sit down and I will do my best."

"Good! Good! Here is a stool for you Mary," said Johnnie as he seated himself on the floor by his sister's side, while all the others stood or knelt around Aunt Martha's chair.

"How many of you remember the picture of the Indian lodge that I showed you last week?"

"I do! I do!" and every hand went up as quickly as if they had been in school and the teacher had asked a question they knew well how to answer.

"The dances are held inside of those lodges," continued Auntie, "and the medicine I was invited to attend came at night."

"Did you go alone?"

"No, two of the Agency ladies and my brother went with me to the dance. The Indian doctor who invited us, told us to come early, so when we heard the old Indian crier from the top of the lodge call out in a loud voice, and saw the people running to get in the medicine lodge we walked very fast and worked our way through the crowd of Indian men, who were standing in and about the long entry."

"Were the Indian men polite when they saw you coming, and did they stand aside and let you pass easily?"

"Some of them were polite, my dears, but others of them I am sorry to say looked angrily at us and would not move."

"Didn't that make you feel badly, Auntie?"

"Yes, a little, but as we were invited, we felt that we had a right there, so we shoved by the angry looking men and found inside of the lodge soft cushions reserved for us, and a kind old Indian told us where to sit."

"Were they nice clean cushions, Auntie?"

"Oh, no, my pets, the cushions looked too dirty to sit upon, but there was nothing else to do. We felt obliged to sit on them when the Indians had been so kind as to reserve them for us."

"Of course, you had to. But what next, Auntie?"

"I wish I could picture the inside of that lodge as I saw it. There was a bright fire burning in the center, and from fifteen to twenty horrid looking creatures seated in a half-circle back from the fire about six feet. The glare of the red light on their painted forms made them look like demons."

"What were they, Auntie?"

"The dancers, dear! The Indian doctors!"

"Why did they look so horridly?"

"Because they made themselves look so by painting their faces and naked bodies in bright colors. On their heads some of them wore the heads of animals. One of the doctors had small white feathers all over the top of his head, and others wore the ears and tails and horns of wild beasts. Some had bears' claws around their necks, while deer hoofs and elk

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# The Indian Helper.

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

The November *Morning Star* which will be printed next week is an interesting number.

"Success is good medicine," says a lady principal of one of the leading public schools of Philadelphia.

Glad to see a young man refuse to take money from a gentleman whom he had been showing around the grounds the other day. There is manliness in that.

Minnie Yellow Bear, in a letter this week, says she is still busy at work in the Arapahoe School Laundry, Darlington, I. T. The girls in that school are mostly small.

Annie Menaul wrote to a friend at Carlisle, this week from Laguna, New Mexico. She says she is house-keeping for her mother, and helping Mrs. Menaul teach a day school. She often thinks of her Carlisle friends and sometimes feels lonely there.

In a letter from Thomas Kester, now at Pawnee Agency, I. T., we see that in the boarding-school there, the government is employing as helpers, returned students from Haskell Institute, Chilocco, and Carlisle. Thomas is teaching, and Abram Platt is employed as carpenter. They get along well, he says.

Boys and girls! Wouldn't you like to have a little paper called *Our Forest Children*, printed at an Indian School, away up in Canada, by Rev. E. F. Wilson, Principal of the Shingwauk Home? It is only ten cents a year, and Dr. Given is getting up a club. Give him your name and ten cents and let us keep up a brotherly feeling between the two schools.

## "Remember, December."

On a Saturday eve in September  
We were cautioned to try and remember

Our tongues to restrain

And from Indian refrain,

So we'd have a good time in December.

So my dear boys and girls, every member  
Of this school through the month of November

And old Xmas month, too,

Try your duty to do,

Don't forget; but "Remember! December!"

There have been a number of papers handed in, in regard to the question, "Is it right for the Government to stop the teaching of the Indian languages in Indian schools?" Denison Wheelock had the best article and therefore won the prize of *one dollar*. His paper will be printed in our next HELPER. There were none taking the side that the Government is not right. Extracts from the Indian boys' speeches of Friday evening covering both sides of the question will be printed in the December *Morning Star*. We regret that we haven't space in the November number for them.

The catch which holds the chase in place on our Universal press broke last Thursday night, letting the whole INDIAN HELPER form fall between the platen and bed of the press, while running at full speed. The consequence was that the heavy iron chase in which the type was locked snapped in two, four important pieces of the press were broken and lots of pi made, all in a minute. It wasn't pot-pie that time, but wash-basin pi. It is all set up now, however, and we trust the press can be fixed without a great deal of expense.

The public debate given by the Indian Union Club, last Friday evening, was a success in every particular. The boys entered into the spirit of the question, "*Resolved*, That all Indian education be taught only in English," and discussed it vigorously. If the Man-on-the-hand-stand had any criticism to make it would be only in regard to the manner of delivery. If the boys spoke in a more natural tone of voice, instead of such a strained effort to ape the stump-speech orator it would perhaps be better for them. The principal speakers were Levi Levering and Percy Zedoka, on the affirmative; Frank Jaunies and Harry Raven, on the negative. Both sides advanced good argument. After the debate was open to the house, a number of the boys spoke, the best of which were Paul Boynton, on the affirmative, and Kish Hawkins, on the negative.



We live to learn to learn to live.

Hope the boys do not play marbles for keeps.

When will the Girls' Literary Society give us a public entertainment?

Another grand good talk, Saturday night, at English-speaking meeting.

Kate I. Kinshone and Eunice Sose, the little Apache babies, are beauties.

The boys are still buying books occasionally for personal use in the way of study and solid reading.

The boys of one of the tables complain that the knives and forks are very badly washed. Girls! Girls! That doesn't sound well.

Compositions are the order of the day, now, twice a month in school. There is no better work in the world to help the mind grow.

The new gymnasium tin roof is having the regulation red and orange stripes put on by the Indian painter boys. It shows up well.

Our good friend Rev. Jesse Young is going to take the whole Carlisle school on a trip through Switzerland and Europe, to-night.

The girls have a very small beginning for a library. They need just as good a one as the boys have. Keep up your reading, girls, of what you have, and books will come in, surely.

Ring the chapel-bell a little longer, in the morning, for rising, please; the old man does not always hear it, and he isn't deaf, either. Don't give it more than one or two taps at the close of study-hour.

Comanche, Capt. Pratt's handsome young horse, born and brought up at the Carlisle school, took the ladies to ride, on Saturday for the first, and he behaved very nicely. He doesn't quite like a covered bridge, but will soon get civilized up to all such things.

In No. 10 school-room, a pane of glass was entirely broken out. Beneath it was one with a little bit gone. A boy was sent over to put in the missing pane, instead of which he replaced the one with the little piece out and never saw the other though just above. What an observing youth!

Carlisle's beloved friend Miss Susan Longstreth and her sister Mrs. Longstreth, both of Philadelphia, paid the school a very acceptable visit, Monday and Tuesday. Miss Longstreth presented the large boys and girls with a lot of pretty pictures for room decorations, for which they feel very grateful.

The out-side fence is getting its fall coat of white-wash, Indian boys doing the work.

That was tip-top cake Elizabeth Blackmoon made for tea at the Givens' one day last week.

Christine Showtemutsy, Persis Bighair, John Davis and Frank Turewy, came in from the country this week.

The boys return thanks to Rev. Dr. Brown for five very acceptable Christian papers, which come regularly to the reading-room.

The racks for holding the chapel singing-books are once more in their old places on the backs of the seats instead of under. That's good.

The little girl who said the other day while playing, "Why, I can walk a hundred miles," told a big, wrong story. The Man-on-the-band-stand is greatly shocked when he hears nice little girls or boys tell wrong stories.

Mr. Abram Vail, of Quakertown, N. J., in whose family Persis Bighair has lived and made an excellent record, brought Persis home on Tuesday and spent the night with us. Mr. Vail is one of New Jersey's prominent nurserymen.

Miss Crane was wishing to drill three of her Apache girls for exhibition. Two came; the third did not put in an appearance, and when the teacher asked where she was, one of them said, "She's too slow," then pointing to her tongue said, "This no good! Don't go!"

How nice to go in the girls' assembly room and find the girls reading! They now get four daily papers and a number of weeklies and monthlies. Mr. Campbell has promised to fix conveniences for filing, and the girls will be very thankful when the arrangement is complete.

The Man-on-the-band-stand just roared with laughter when he saw his chief clerk rush for the door yesterday morning and three printers after her, as fast as they could run. The steam-engine had an "un-understandable" fit, and made a fearful noise. Charles Wheelock was cool headed and soon stopped the cause of danger.

The school was favored with a visit from Jos. P. Drewett, of Westmoreland, England, who was sent by the Society of Friends to this country as a delegate to attend the Peace Conference, held at Richmond, Indiana, recently. Mr. Drewett was greatly interested in all that he saw here and feels that he shall remember the Carlisle school as one of the bright spots in his visit to this country.



*Continued from the First Page.*

teeth formed part of their ornaments. Some of them held eagles' wings before the eyes to keep the heat of the fire from their faces."

"Do women go to the medicine dance?"

"There were two or three favored Indian women crouched away in and nearly out of sight behind the dancers. The women as a usual thing are not allowed to attend the Medicine dance, but the lodge was packed with men wrapped in blankets. They all stood up. I never saw so many human beings packed so closely in such a small place. It was hot in there, too, and the air was stifling with bad odors and smoke. I felt as though I could not breathe. You know I told you last week that there were no windows in these lodges, and of course no air could possibly get through the door way. Once I thought I must leave that place, quickly, or I should faint.

"Did you go out?"

"No indeed, I could not go out."

"I don't see how there was room enough to dance, if the lodge was so crowded."

"Don't you remember I told you that the dancers sat back from the fire about six feet?"

"Yes."

"On the hard ground between them and the fire is where they danced."

"How did they begin?" asked Charlie.

"Well, after while, the drum began to beat, and the doctor who always dances first, began to sing his song. Each doctor has a song of his own, and nobody is allowed to sing it except in the dance, then all the other doctors help. After while he arose and began to dance. He didn't look like a man, but more like the evil one, pictures of which you have all seen. He threw his body first one side and the other. After looking up awhile he bowed his head quite low and stamped, very hard with his right foot, and jumped up and down on his left foot saying, "Ugh! Ugh! like a pig sometimes grunts, you know. He made his eyes look wild and held in his right hand a tomahawk, high above his head. All the while he was dancing, the other doctors sang as loudly as they could, and the drum with two or three men beating sounded a heavy Thud, Thud. Altogether the noise was nearly enough to split ones head open.

"When the first man sat down they rested a moment, then the next doctor began to sing an entirely different tune. When he got up to dance he had a horse-tail tied behind him and he tried to imitate a frightened wild horse, while the others sang as loudly and hideously as before, and the drum sounded just as ugly. One man danced like a wolf, another like a bear, still another like a buffalo, but the prettiest of all was one who danced in imitation of a deer. He was really quite graceful.

"We got very tired looking upon the beastly scene, but there we had to sit and see every one of those twenty doctors go through with his own dance. How often and often I wished I was out of that place, but it was of no use to wish. I never went to but that one medicine dance, and never wish to see another. It

is wrong. It is wicked for men to make such beasts of themselves. God never wanted men to follow after the ways of animals. But He gave man a spirit to do better and higher things."

"Some people think that the Medicine is the Indians religion and that we ought to respect it, at least, have no right to interfere with it; don't they Auntie?"

"Yes, some people think and talk that way about it, but I tell you my little friends, there is nothing much worse for the Indians than the Medicine Dance. Nothing that keeps them so full of superstition and wrong beliefs. These old doctors drag in the educated boys whenever they can and make them believe that they will die if they don't help them and believe in them."

"Well I should not think educated boys would be influenced by such ignorant people."

"Ah! They who have only a *little* education are the ones that the Indian doctors get after and fill with fear. Those who remain away from the tribe a long time, get their heads so full of business ways that if they ever do go back they see so much to do that they have no time to be pulled around by the nose by ignorant medicine men. But! See here! It is five o'clock! You must trot home, my pets. Your mammas will not know where you are. I have kept you too long. Good-bye! Come and see me again."

"We will, Auntie, and we hope you will have another story ready, when we do come." And so they ran up the street laughing and chatting and playing as only real happy children do, but that night they all had frightful dreams and we do not wonder at it.

**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 4½x6½ 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 of shops, representing boys at work, school-rooms and views of the grounds, worth from 20 to 60 cents a piece, 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.