

The Red Man and Helper.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper.
Vol. I, Number Forty-two

BOOKS.

O, LIVING voices of the long dead Past!
The pure and Heaven-born wisdom of
the Sage
Is poured in bounteous streams upon the
page;
The wit whose glow and sparkle doth outlast
The sudden flash that kindles into flame.
Ye are the true and living SOULS of men.
And by your magic power we own again
The spell that binds us to each hallowed name.
In you behold the true Promethean fire,
Which like a flaming torch, from age to age,
The hand of Genius from your altar-pyre.
Hath kindled in the breast of Seer and Sage.
Through you the secrets of the earth and skies
Are opened wide to our admiring eyes.
SARAH J. PETTINOS.

PROFESSOR BAKELESS TAKES A TRIP AMONG NOTED INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

He Sees Howard Gansworth at Princeton.

People who stay at home too long are likely to stagnate. Hence, an occasional pilgrimage becomes a necessity. After a day in Philadelphia, one is sufficiently stirred from his lethargy to crave a little more of the rush of the world.

Sunday, May the fifth, however, must be spent with Howard among the classic shades of Princeton, the venerable, to prepare one for further flights.

Howard, as everyone knows, is now a senior, and soon to be an alumnus of one of our great universities. These hours spent with him were full of interest and stimulation.

Greatness is in the air and the atmosphere is full of suggestions of the past and its deeds.

Great names meet one everywhere. A visit to the tomb of the famous Johnathan Edwards, followed by a most forceful and eloquent sermon by President Patton in the beautiful college chapel, made a fitting beginning for this delightful day.

A long walk through the fields and groves about the quiet little town on Sunday afternoon left one with a perfect picture of the Princeton landscape with its wealth of rural homes, shady walks, and winding paths fringed with flowers—a picturesque country under perfect cultivation.

We forget, amid these restful and inspiring scenes and associations, all about Indians, Indian education, and Indian problems.

We simply drink in the delights and pleasures of these ideal conditions for the student and scholar.

For the hour we lose sight of the fact that in the pleasant, well-informed, courteous companion of our walk we have this INDIAN PROBLEM by us still, but simplified, solved, verified.

The result:

It is not a problem, it never was a problem. Each individual, red or white, is only a man, ready to take into his own being the highest and best in God's great universe, if allowed to do so under right conditions.

The attainments of a Newton, a Shakespeare, a Shaftesbury are the possibilities of the lowliest.

A Gansworth has blazed the way through the forest of doubt and uncertainty to the sun-crowned summit of attainment.

ANY lowly Indian boy, (or girl) in some chosen field can follow this path IF HE WILL.

Ah, reader, there is the difference between you and Howard Gansworth.

A visit to the library of the University, a magnificent collection, well kept under most approved modern management, with many rare treasures of science, art and literature; to the museums; and some of the many memorial buildings only filled one with a yearning to visit again, to stay indefinitely and study under such delightful conditions.

One fain would wish that more young men, Indians, too, had the taste, the inclinations, the courage, the GRIT, the ambition, the tenacity to undertake the struggle of four years of hard, grinding toil, under such uplifting conditions that they might, by the training, the better appreciate life and its privileges, and do its sacred work.

But other duties lie beyond, and we must be again on the wing.

A brief visit to the Baron de Hirsch Industrial School in New York City gave an idea of what that noble man has made possible for the children of those Hebrews who have been driven by persecution from Russia and other European countries. The building is a beautiful one, well equipped for teaching the elements of manual crafts with some academic training. The work in the hands of bright, enthusiastic, well-trained men, carpenters, plumbers, and machinists, was being ably done.

The pupils, alert, interested, active, showed conclusively, that training of head, hand and heart will bring out the man more quickly than the old book training of a century ago.

The Baroness de Hirsch School for girls was next visited. This is unique in that it is both a home for working girls and a place of industrial training in which domestic science, sewing, dress-making, and other arts relating to home-making are taught. Evidence of excellent and up-to-date management everywhere. The instruction in sewing and cooking is unusually complete and thorough.

A few hours in the New York Trade School which had already closed its sessions for the year (though the work of the classes for the year was still on exhibition) gave one many hints as to the practical value of this training. The stories told of the sacrifices and self-denial of many of the young men who join the night classes to get the training, show how eager the average young man is to be trained and to stand well in his chosen line. Many of the students go out from the school into the trades and occupations of the city to become in a few years the intelligent leaders of their respective crafts.

Carpentry, plumbing, forging, machine work, painting, frescoing, brick-laying, and many other trades are taught, and thoroughly, too, by intelligent well-trained, experienced mechanics who have the faculty of teaching fully developed.

The Hebrew Technical Institute was visited and the work of department after department studied. The various instructors were enthusiastic and earnest, and pupils intent on very practical work.

The features of this work that are unique are the blending of the work of the manual training school courses with the trade school work in a three years' course. Every phase of the work was intensely practical and instructive.

"Copy! Copy!"—Yes; Here is that nameless printer's boy. The M. O. T. B. S. is in ill humor this morning. Indulgent reader, we shall have to postpone our chat about work in Brooklyn, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Dorchester, Cambridge, and Boston till later. O. H. B.

THE WISE FOX AND THE FOOLISH FOX.

The following fable, writes Mr. Charles E. Jared, of San Jose, California, is accredited by the Mohave Indians to one of their medicine men. Homer Kelton, a full-blood Mohave pupil at the Ft. Mohave Indian School, wrote it at Mr. Jared's request for an Indian story, and thinking it might be of interest to the readers of the REDMAN AND HELPER he forwarded the story to us which reads thus:

Once there was a very wise old fox who lived with his wife in the thick woods. They were nearly out of food, so the old fox told his wife to get him some dinner as he was going out to hunt.

The wife prepared a very nice dinner. She cooked some corn and a chicken—the last one she had. Then as soon as dinner was over, the old fox trotted off into the woods.

He was happy, although there was no more food at home, for he felt sure of getting something before long. He went straight to a patch of arrow-weed where many rabbits, snakes and deer lived.

On reaching his hunting ground, the old fox hid under a bush and waited for something to appear. Pretty soon he saw some rabbits on the edge of the thick brush. He waited a long time for them to come out. But instead of coming out, they finally went further in where he could not see them. The brush was so thick that he could not follow to see where they went.

Any other fox would have given up getting these rabbits; but this old fox was not to be beaten so easily. He knew one way that was sure to succeed when everything else failed.

He looked around until he found two stones. With these he started a fire by striking them together. He then set the arrow-weed on fire in ten places around the outside. Then he ran and jumped over the fire, and climbed over the bush until he was in the center of the patch. He knew that all the animals would stay there just as though they were in a cage, for they were all afraid of fire.

When the fox got to the center of the patch, he stopped and sang this song three times:

The earth will save the fox.
The fire will cook his meat:
The earth will save the fox.
And he'll go happy home.

Just as the fox finished singing, the earth opened and he sank out of sight. All of the arrow-weed thicket burned up and in it were roasted a great many rabbits, snakes, and three deer.

As soon as the fire was out, the fox popped up out of the ground. He gathered up some of the rabbits and started home. He said to himself:

"I shall get my wife to help me carry the rest home."

On his way home he met another fox who was looking for something to eat; and as they were very good friends he offered to divide the rabbits. But, on being told how they were captured, the hungry fox said:

"No, I will try to get some for myself in the same way, if you will teach me the song."

"I shall be very glad to teach you," said the wise fox. So he sang the song over and over until the other fox had learned it. Then he trotted off home with his rabbits.

The hungry fox also started off at a brisk gait eager to try this new way of getting food.

He soon found a thick patch of arrow-weed where he knew many rabbits lived. He made a fire just as his friend, the wise fox, had done. Then he set fire to the arrow-weed in ten places around the outside. He then jumped into the center of the patch as quickly as possible.

But when he looked around and saw the smoke rising in a thick cloud on all sides; and when he heard the crackling of the fire which sounded very much like the popping of guns, he became very much frightened. He thought he would sing his song very quickly and sink down into the ground where he could not see the smoke nor hear the crackling of the fire.

But, Alas! He could not think of the first word of his song. Then he tried to get out of his trap, but now there was a solid wall of high flames all around him. He kept running around trying to find a way of escape until at last he dropped down choked with smoke and overcome with heat. So this poor fox was burned with the other animals that were in the thicket.
CHAS. E. JARED.

TOADS.

As several of the classes are making a careful study of toads and frogs, just now, there may be information in the following from an exchange that will be appreciated:

Toads, like frogs, lay their eggs in the water, but unlike those of the frogs these eggs are laid in long strings or ropes which are nearly always tangled and wound round the water plants or sticks on the bottom of the pond, on the edge of the shore.

When the eggs are freshly laid and the water is clear, these egg-ropes look like glass tubes with a string of black beads inside.

This tube is of jelly, like the frog egg-masses.

After a rain, the black mud or sand on the bottom of the pond or stream rises up and sticks to the jelly rope and covers it over.

Tree toads and salamanders lay their eggs in masses or singly in the water, but not in strings.

In warm weather, the toad-egg hatches out in two or three days.

The eggs should not be placed in the sun, but in a jar of water in a warm place.

You can watch them and see how quickly the eggs change, until the little "pollywogs" and tadpoles hatch out, and swim away like the young ones of the frog.

They live on the tiny plants that grow on the stones and mud at the bottom of the pond, and every week some of these, with the mud and little stones, should be placed at the bottom of a glass jar or little pool where the little eggs and tadpoles are to be watched, and the jar or tub must be filled with fresh water from the pond.

The toad tadpoles are blacker than those of the frog.

As the tadpole grows larger, the tail grows shorter until at last the legs of the toad appear, the head changes and so does the body; it grows lighter in color and when its tail is nearly gone, it will crawl out on a stick or stone upon the land, and in a little while a very small toad goes hopping off and begins to snap up flies, and the grubs that it lives on kill the green leaves of the plants in our garden.

The toad is truly a friend of man in the garden.

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Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post-Office, for if you have not paid for it some one else has.

THE INFIRMITY OF THE SITUATION.

We ourselves have known for many years just where Hampton Institute stood on race elevation, but could not speak of it because it was not plainly declared. Now its views, expectations and policy are nailed to their mast, and we may comment.

The Hampton "Southern Workman" for May, has gathered contributions on the Indian question, partly inane attacks on our Carlisle method, and then arbitrates the situation thus:

"There is no patent method of uplifting a race. Civilization never has come and never will come to a people in a day or in a year or in a hundred years." *Southern Workman, May, 1901, page 239.*

This is the biggest plaster to cover and encourage failure coming within our knowledge. Every unfertile school superintendent and missionary working in the Indian masses and demanding that as masses only will he permit them to be lifted up, will at once wave their banners and cry, "Hear! Hear!"

To every Indian who would become Christian and civilized (if not civilized then not Christian, for Christianity is civilization), Hampton Institute, unspiring every effort of Church and State says you cannot reach the goal inside of three generations. Oh, the despair of such hopelessness.

Carlos Montezuma, born a savage Apache, now a practicing physician in the city of Chicago, a respected and honorable citizen of that city; Chauncey Yellowrobe, born and almost raised a savage Sioux, for years successfully serving in the schools as disciplinarian, now of the Fort Shaw, Mont. school; Vincent Natilsh, born and partly raised a savage Apache, now successfully employed as a skilled assistant in the engineering department of the elevated roads of New York City; Richard Heyl, born a savage Apache in Arizona, now a trusted citizen and competent machinist in the employ of the Pennsylvania R. R. at Camden, N. J. to you and hundreds born in savagery like you, now skilled teachers, editors, farmers, merchants, mechanics, nurses, housewives, soldiers, sailors, etc., etc., Hampton Institute asserting on every hill-top and in every center that it is a great leader in working for the uplift of your race, says you cannot be civilized in "a hundred years." What do you think of it?

A learned New York professor was demonstrating to his class the limitations of the steam engine, and how it would be impossible to make use of it as a motor

for crossing the ocean, because no vessel could carry coal enough to last the voyage, but even as he talked a steamboat entered the harbor, having safely crossed the Atlantic with steam as the propelling power.

"For as he thinketh in his heart so is he."

CURRENT COMMENT.

From an esteemed source comes the denial of a yarn affecting an alleged graduate of the Indian School at Carlisle. The narrative for a wonder does not asperse the character of its subject nor reflect upon the government institution which, under Lieutenant Colonel R. H. Pratt's wise guidance for more than two decades, has been engaged in the work of leading the Indian from barbarism into the light of civilization. In this respect the story that a son of Sitting Bull, having won distinction in scholarship, the classics and athletics at Carlisle, is at present engaged in the useful occupation of blacking boots in this city, differs from the general run of fables which are concocted by imaginative persons who see in the red man, especially one who has been given the torch of knowledge, a promising subject for their nimble wit. Usually the "Carlisle graduate," or educated Indian, is represented as a hopeless degenerate, gone back to the blackness of savagery with blood-thirsty instincts simply sharpened by his contact with civilization.

Persons informed on the methods maintained under the judicious supervision of Colonel Pratt will see that the latter's statement that earning a living at blacking boots is entirely respectable, conforms to his well-known views in the desirability of inculcating sentiments of honest industry in the savage breast, which is the "Carlisle idea." But that a son of Sitting Bull, graduate of Carlisle, is not so employed in this city may be fairly assumed from the fact that Sitting Bull never had a son, nor was there ever a student at Carlisle representing himself as kin to the redoubtable Sioux chief. Also that Carlisle being not even a high school, the statement which credits the bootblack "graduate" with taking honors in classics must be set down alongside the rest of the illuminated features of this latest exploitation of the government's educational and industrial plant.

But the faker must fake, and poor Lo offers a shining mark for the talents of the experts.—[Phila. Times.]

ANOTHER FALSEHOOD.

The following letter answers inquiries we have received concerning a certain wealthy Navahoe Indian who was "written up" recently by the New York Sun:

NAVAHOE AGENCY, FT. DEFIANCE, ARIZONA, May 8, 1901. LT. COL. R. H. PRATT, CARLISLE, PA.

SIR:—Your letter dated April 4, and making inquiries concerning a Navahoe, White Bear, who is reported by the New York Sun to have died and left some wealth for the purpose of founding a medical dispensary for his people, is received. In answer to your inquiries as to the truth of such a statement, I can safely say there is no truth in it. There are no wealthy Navahoës. It is not a characteristic of these Indians to give anything for charity's sake—so combining the two facts, I very readily conclude it is a falsehood from the beginning.

Very Respectfully,
G. W. HAZLETT,
U. S. Indian Agent.

The program of the graduating exercises of the Phoenix School, Arizona, is quite elaborate and shows excellent amateur work in the Art Preservative. That institution graduates four students this year.



MISS ESTELLE REEL, SUPERINTENDENT OF INDIAN SCHOOLS.

MISS REEL HAD A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

The May Chiloece Beacon gives this startling news regarding the Superintendent of Indian Schools, Miss Estelle Reel:

She had a thrilling experience on her way from the Osage country two days before her arrival here. It was during the heavy rains, and the rivers were swollen. In fording a stream the horses got beyond their depth, lost their footing and were swept down by the current. The carriage was overturned, Miss Reel barely escaped entanglement in the wreck. Happily she could swim, and this gave her confidence. After floating for some distance down the stream she managed to grasp an overhanging tree. Though suffering with cold she succeeded in keeping her head above water till rescuers arrived. After a walk of half a mile she reached a farm house where she found shelter and care. Fortunately she seemed none the worse for this adventure which might easily have had tragic termination.

INDIAN SERVICE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

The notification from the Indian office to Agents and Superintendents issued May 1st, contains news regarding the Summer School prospects which will interest the general reader. The document says in part:

"You are hereby notified that, aside from the meeting of the Department of Indian Education at Detroit, Michigan, there will be a Congress of Indian Educators at Buffalo, N. Y., and summer schools at Hampton, Va., Pine Ridge, Washington, S. D., and Puyallup Agency, Wash. It is the desire of the Indian Bureau that Agents and Superintendents urge their teachers to attend, in order that they may keep abreast of the educational methods of the day and thus raise the standard of the schools.

The Department of Indian Education will meet at Detroit, Michigan, July 8-12, 1901, and the sessions will be devoted to round-table discussions, practical work, and in attending the meetings of the National Educational Association.

In view of the value to the school service of these meetings, it has been decided to detail such of the agency and school employees as can be spared from their work and desire to attend (except employees of day schools who have vacation during July and August) to such of the local summer schools as they may choose, and to the meetings of the department of Indian Education and the Congress of Indian Educators, under the regular pay of their respective positions.

The U. S. Government has prohibited sea otter hunting from any boats except open canoes, and then only by natives. No schooners are permitted to hunt. What the natives will do is a hard question, but for three years, about all they have gotten from hunting has been board while on the trips.—[The Orphanage News-Letter, Kodiak, Alaska.]

THE BAND CONCERT APPRECIATED.

That wide-awake and enterprising daily of town—The Evening Volunteer, has this to say of the Band Concert last Saturday night. We don't know as we can agree to the proposition concerning her "Royal Majesty," whom they take to be the Man-on-the-band-stand, for while Conductor Ettinger is a Man-on-the-band-stand when he is there, THE M. O. T. B. S. has but to soar to the pinnacle of the stand, and sit and dream and enjoy the sweet strains, as he observes from a higher point than usual, what is going on. The Volunteer says in part:

Notwithstanding the rather unpropitious condition of the elements, another large audience assembled at the Indian School campus on Saturday evening to hear the second public rehearsal of the Indian Band. Another most meritorious program was rendered with professional finish and precision. Conductor Ettinger is surely the Man-on-the-band-stand now, his marvellous accomplishments with the Band beyond all question entitling him to that appellation. (Her royal majesty will kindly retire. Nuff sed.)

The opening number overture "Le Domino Noir," Auber, received its full share of attention on the part of players and audience. Bennett's waltz, "Visions of Paradise" was a very pretty selection and by a novel medley "Black Brigade," Beyer. A very well played number was Wallace's "Fantasia" from "Maritana." Conductor Ettinger interspersed a judicious number of catchy encores including the popular "Salome."

The piece de resistance, was "The Musical Critic's Dream," E. Asa Dix. This selection must be heard to be appreciated. The very unique interweaving of "Annie Roney" throughout one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," Mozart's "Gloria in G," Beethoven's "Pathetic Sonata," Rossini's "Cujas Animam" from "Stabat Mater," Haydn's "Andante" and Wagner's "Tannhauser March" indicates great fluency on the part of the author and it received a most conscientious interpretation at the hands of the Band. The dream as pictured was a just reward to the critic who censured an organist for improvising a very acceptable organ selection from the theme embodied in the "Dream."

Athletics.

Last week Wednesday, our team was defeated on our grounds by Gettysburg, by the score of 9 to 3. The Indians played a good game in the field, but they could not hit Plank the Gettysburg pitcher, while LeRoy was hit pretty freely in two innings.

The Indians went to Gettysburg last Saturday and the game resulted in a tie, the score being 5 to 5 after ten innings, when our boys had to leave to catch the train home. The game was well played throughout and our team is beginning to show considerable improvement.

The excellent treatment received at Gettysburg was highly appreciated.

Score by innings.

	R.	H.	E.
Gettysburg.....	0	0	1 0 0 0 2 2 0—5 9 4
Indians.....	0	0	1 0 0 0 3 1 0—5 9 2

Batteries—Gettysburg, Winters and White; Indians, Pratt and Pierce.

On Saturday afternoon we are to have a baseball game and a dual track meet with Mercersburg Academy. The Mercersburg track team won the championship at the interscholastic sports at Princeton two weeks ago, and is undoubtedly the strongest school team in the country.

Our boys will make a hard fight for the banner and the contest should be very interesting. The whole of Mercersburg school will root to Carlisle on a special train to "come" for their teams. Our Band will furnish music, and admission to the whole afternoon's sport will be 25 cents. The baseball game will be called at 1 P.M.

On Wednesday afternoon our team met Susquehanna College on our grounds, and we won by a score of 21 to 0.

