

The Red Man and Helper.

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RAMONA.

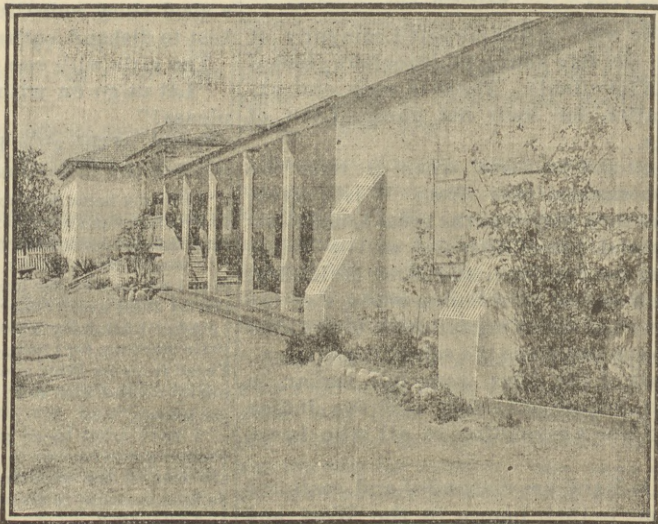
On him there lay the sorrows of a race—
The homeless, hunted man;
Till woman, sharing his unhonored place,
Redeemed it from the ban.

Distrusted, wronged, and hopeless of redress,
What recompense is there?
Her love, outweighing shame and bitterness,
And stronger than despair!

Ramona! of a heart like thine possessed,
The veriest clod hath wings;
And the poor Indian, beggared and oppressed,
Envieth is he of kings!

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

HOME OF
RAMONA
Through the
Kindness of
The Chautauquan.



IN RAMONA'S COUNTRY.

By Jessie W. Cook.

In the minds of many travelers Southern California is still Ramona's country, and one likes to plan trips taking in places mentioned in that romantic story, for the book is so vivid in its coloring that one finds, at every turn, something to make it seem more real and true.

It was my fortune to happen, three years ago, upon the scenes of the last sad chapters of Alessandro's life, and in such a way that I have felt ever since as if I had known the characters myself, although in truth they are but types, and the romance is made up of many incidents from the lives of many Indians.

Business called me to San Jacinto, and you will remember that it was here Ramona and Alessandro came with their little one, after having been deprived of their land at San Pasquale.

San Jacinto is a sunny little town that seems dreaming away time at the foot of the mountain whose name it shares.

It was a September day; the air quivering with heat, and scarcely a soul astir, anywhere. It was hard to believe that such a fierce snow squall and bitter wind could sweep down upon it as Mrs. Jackson described.

Even in January, when I saw it at another time, I stood among blooming sweet violets in a flower-filled garden, but then San Jacinto peak wore a crown of glistening snow, and though it was beautiful in the rosy glow of sunset, I saw where the storm that pelted poor Ramona might have come from.

My September visit, however, led me out two or three miles to the Indian village of Saboba, where Ramona and Alessandro lived for a time in the little adobe house with its tule thatch. The people of Saboba owe to Helen Hunt Jackson their undisturbed possession of the never failing water springs and fertile fields. She aroused "public opinion", and never rested till she had funds to pay the lawyers, and made the bit of land absolutely theirs.

The white man will perhaps get even with her in the course of time, for whiskey is slowly but surely cutting down the population.

This was not all of my visit, for next morning, just after sunrise, I was standing on the steps of the homey little hotel, ready to step into a light carriage behind two strong and willing horses, for a drive of forty miles up over the mountains.

Interested onlookers were ready to give all the necessary advice, and when my driver appeared a gentleman who sat opposite me at the breakfast table volunteered

a congratulation.

"You've got a famous driver," he said; "he's good and steady, and he'll take you up in fine shape, but he isn't much of a hand to talk. You'll have to ask a good many questions if you want to find out anything."

The weather beaten face of the driver showed no change of expression, though he had heard the words, and I had a few moments in which to wonder whether he was a Vermont farmer or a mountaineer from Tennessee, the type is so much the same and their use of the "President's American" so very like.

I soon understood the remarks of my acquaintance at the hotel, for Mr. McKim was an inveterate talker, and an interesting one as well. He told me of his early life in New England, his experiences in the civil war, and in the border life of Southern California.

These last gave me an insight into the life of the people as it must have been when Mrs. Jackson visited that neighborhood and found the materials for her story.

Such a drive as that was! I shall never forget it.

Winding along the skirts of the mountain at first, over sandy roads, cactus and chaparral marked the change from cultivated to wild, and from irrigated to waterless land.

Cottonwood tree and live oaks showed the nearness of the river, but only their roots knew where the water was. It was invisible to the eye.

Rivers in California do not like the dry season, so they turn over, and put their sandy beds between them and the sun; I used to imagine I could hear them chuckling to themselves, away under ground, when strangers tried to find the "rivers that are down on the maps."

From mesquite trees and creosote bushes the first fringe of the forest grew to manzanita and iron wood and many low growing trees unfamiliar to eastern eyes, then tall pines began to mingle with the growth, and it seemed we were realizing the line of vegetation of many climates as we ascended the steepening mountain.

and before we reached our destination we had come upon many wild flowers of eastern woods, from the pink wild rose to the golden rod, and had seen many familiar trees.

Now and then a sharp turn gave a backward look over the valley, spreading and widening as it sloped towards San Bernardino. The road wound back and forth, doubling on itself at times in its effort to reach the top, until at one point the driver stopped on the edge of a sheer cliff, and told me to look down and count the roads running parallel below us—one, two, three, four, yes, five!

"They are all one road," he said, "the same we have been traveling over! I always know the place to look by that broken pine yonder," and he leveled his whip at a dead tree across the chasm that had evidently been struck by lightning.

It was along there that I began to be troubled by an occasional fleeting thought of the consequences should we be so unfortunate as to meet a team.

Smooth rock towered high above the narrow road on one side, and almost perpendicular walls of precipice were on the other reaching hundreds of feet down. Mr. McKim treated my fears as absurd.

"Why," he said, "we've got such a light vehicle we could just unhook the horses and back to a place wide enough to pass easy!"

Fortunately we were not put to the test. We met conveyances of all sorts, some drawn by four horses, but always at a blessedly wide place in the road.

The drive had been so full of interest for itself, that all thought of Ramona had been driven from my mind, until we began to pass great pine trees, the trunks peppered with smooth, round holes up their tall length to the lower branches. The sight recalled a description I had read in "Ramona" of just such trees, the holes being made by wood peckers which store acorns in that way for their winter supplies.

I asked Mr. McKim if he knew anything of the characters of the book, when

well-worn road that binds together the straggling ends of Cahuilla village.

Neat, adobe houses stood here and there all supplemented by brush houses built for the summer, and as all the work of the household was done under these temporary shelters, the adobe buildings were spotlessly clean.

The teacher of the government day school gave me a cordial welcome, and with the true grace of hospitality made me feel at home in a few moments, although I had come upon her a stranger and unannounced.

Under her wise direction next day I met many of the simple, kindly people, who have tried, like Alessandro, to "find a place that the white people will not want." From the almost circular valley sheltered canyons branch out, which make fertile garden spots where corn and vegetables and fruits are raised.

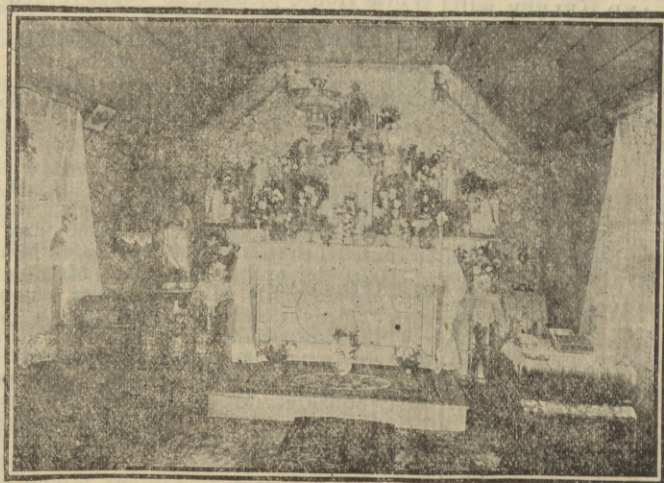
The women weave beautiful baskets, which bring them a small revenue, and, in the season, young and old go down to the large ranches near San Jacinto, and even so far as San Bernardino, to pick grapes, and to pick, cut and dry apricots and peaches and pears which are shipped east in such quantities.

A stone's throw from the school house is a most curious mass of oddly shaped boulders, and near them a tiny lake of warm sulphur water.

The lake is a fine bathing place, and at one end great, flat stones serve for wash boards, and the Indian women have an ideal laundry made by mother nature.

Between us and the boulders, as we paused in our walk to look at them, there passed an Indian woman whom I remarked because of her graceful and dignified bearing. My hostess told me she was called Ramona, and that she had been photographed many times and her pictures sold in the towns around as the original of Mrs. Jackson's Ramona.

Then, in response to my eager interest, was pointed out a sharply rounded mountain top, away to the edge of the village



INTERIOR OF RAMONA'S CHAPEL.

Through the
Kindness of
The Chautauquan.

he pointed to the stump of an immense tree, cut down long ago, and said:

"A shanty used to stand by that stump and I used to see the man there that they call Jim Farrar in the book, many a time. He's the one that shot the Indian Alessandro."

He could not tell me much more, however, beyond stories of "Jim Farrar's" reputation as a frontiersman of the recognized type, gambling, drinking, carousing, as the times allowed and favored.

Suddenly realizing that we were going to the very Indian village to which Ramona fled for help when Alessandro was killed, I looked with double interest at the grassy valley, when late in the afternoon we drove out of the woods into the

lands. It looked bare, and forbidding, and difficult of access, and its steep front was streaked with whitish soil somewhat in the shape of a cross.

"That is the place where Alessandro built his refuge," continued my informant. "And he was, as the story says, not quite right in his mind. The incident of his having a horse in his possession that was not his own, and his being shot down in cold blood is true."

During the two days of my stay in the peaceful little valley the atmosphere of the romance hung about it for me, and busied my thoughts on the drive back to the more commonplace life of civilization, but it was reserved for a third visit to

Continued on last page.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTEREST OF THE RISING INDIAN.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
IN ADVANCE.Address all Business Correspondence:
Miss M. Burgess, Supt of Printing,
Carlisle, Pa.Entered as Second Class Mail Matter in the Post-
Office, Carlisle, Pa.Do not hesitate to take this paper from the
Post Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else has.

MARRIED—A HAPPY UNION.

Our readers have observed with the first glance at the heading this week that "The Red Man" and "The Indian Helper" have wedded their interests, and hereafter, no monthly "The Red Man" nor weekly "The Indian Helper" will be published, but the combined sheet will be a 4 column folio with pages the same standard size as the late Red Man, to be called "THE RED MAN AND HELPER."

This paper will be published every Friday, and its subscription price will be TWENTY-FIVE cents a year.

All who have paid for the Helper at the old rate—ten cents—will be furnished the new paper up to the full extent of time for which they have paid, and those who have credit on The Red Man will receive the same every week instead of once a month as formerly, and for as long a time as they have paid.

Those who are on both Red Man and Helper subscription lists will be given the longest credit.

If this arrangement is not entirely satisfactory to our subscribers please inform us and we shall be glad to make any amends suggested.

It shall be our aim to retain the Helper "Weekly Letter" feature for our thousands of students and others interested in the school and cause, to give a good portion of space to news from the field and elsewhere, and to get accurate data from Washington.

The Man-on-the-band-stand has by no means taken a back seat, but has secured a new and higher stool from which to view the everyday doings at the school, and it may be depended upon that he will see everything that goes on whether he publishes it or not. His particular domain in the RED MAN AND HELPER will be the third page, although he is liable to overstep his bounds and to crowd his reading matter onto other pages when allowed.

We trust that the change will be appreciated by our readers, and that they will soon recognize the fact that the best of the two papers is condensed in one.

A recent advocate of "Improvement, not Transformation," is afraid that the friends of the Indian are spoiling him by trying to make him over into a white man. He suggests that each man should make the most of what nature has given him; and insists that he likes the Indian for what is Indian in him.

Among the traits which this writer regards as distinctively Indian, he enumerates a fine physique, contempt of danger and hardship, manly independence, race pride, and dignified reserve. Certainly no one seeks to eradicate these strong and generally admirable qualities, all of which, (including pride of race, which is scarcely to be counted as a virtue,) are equally characteristic of a high type of Anglo-Saxon manhood.

Is it not singular how people will harp upon this old string of "race characteristics," ignoring the fact that the essential traits of manhood are common to all manly men, and failing to realize that it is the individual, not the race genius, that we should seek to foster and develop through education. If a man have a natural gift for oratory, or for art, or the leadership

of men, or for mechanics, or medicine, it is admittedly the part of wisdom to develop this gift into a distinct vocation. As for the primary qualities with which our author credits the unspoiled Indian—physical prowess, courage and self-respect—are they not the rightful foundation for every boy's education? Pride and reserve, on the other hand, are usually impossible to eradicate, and will bear judicious pruning without injury.

There are two sides to this question of education. Education means individual development; it also means preparation for life. The Indian youth has the same right as the youth of any other nationality to the fullest possible development of any inborn talent that he may possess. For that matter, if his individuality be strong, it will assert itself in almost any environment, and thrive upon any reasonable system of education.

But the Indian has also a right to a practical preparation for the actual conditions which he has to meet—the conditions of the modern world. He has a right to insist that his teachers shall not be hampered by any notions of race limitations or traditional ideas respecting the "typical Indian." He must be fitted, in short, to compete with the Anglo-Saxon, unimpeded by idle sentiment about the preservation of a "race type," which, in so far as it ever existed at all, was the product of a lost environment.

EXIT THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

After two or three centuries of civilization the American Indian has made up his mind he wants to move, and is petitioning Congress to send him to the wilds of Mexico, where he may resume the habits from which we have sought to redeem him. It must be admitted that the elevation of the red men was an afterthought of American civilization.

When we had taken from him his lands, drained the blood of the mighty ones of his people, and had him, a handful of helpless beggary, cooped up in government reservations, we piously turned our attention to his higher development.

The Indian must be educated, tailored, civilized. Then we taught him books. We gave him broadcloth for his blanket. We have even taught the most promising ones baseball and football. Yet none has been made happy! On the contrary, according to the memorial presented to Congress, civilization has made the red man wicked, tricky, sick, and altogether sorrowful. He has acquired our diseases, notably tuberculosis; he has accomplished our evils, notably drinking fire water; he has acquired reason and lost faith; he has gained knowledge, and in some instances a bank account, but his body has weakened and his stomach is out of order; and now, if the Great Father at the White House pleases, he would return to nature.

He wants a wigwam in a wilderness, a gun, a coat of war-paint for a suit of clothes, and no future but the reclaimed happy hunting-ground in which our concern for his soul's salvation has taught him not to believe.

The Great Father, as expressed in the Committee on Indian Affairs, sympathizes with the red man's disgust with modern civilization, and the proposed plan is to send all that is left of poor Lo, in bands of 300, under proper escort into Mexico, to take up there his blissful career of savagery, forever ended in the United States.

This is an occasion for debating societies in small towns and enterprising journals in large cities to pause and seriously consider, does civilization civilize? —[Harper's Bazar.

What are the facts?

It is true that a movement is and has been for some time on foot among the Indians of two tribes only—the Choctaws and Chickasaws of the Indian Territory—to establish a colony in Mexico; the ostensible reasons being that the climate of that country is said to be more favorable to the health of the Indian, and the land itself less thickly settled and better adapted to grazing, which industry they desire to take up.

This movement is represented as having originated with the Indians themselves; but it is well known that there is a land company in Mexico which is interested in the proposed transfer. It has been proposed that a certain number be allowed to sell or exchange their lands

in the Territory for a larger tract in the extreme South west.

There are in the United States about 260,000 Indians; of the Choctaws and Chickasaws some 14,000 people; and, according to a Report of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, nearly 5,000 who have intimated a desire to emigrate on this basis. Does this mean the exit of the American Indian, and the failure of our civilization to civilize?

The matter has not, at the present time, progressed further than a business offer on the part of the land company referred to, and the enrollment of less than five thousand Indians who think they would like to move. A bill has been introduced into Congress to provide for the trial of the experiment; but no action has thus far been taken upon it, and it is not at all certain that any will be.

We have a courteous letter from the Editor of Harper's Bazar, in which she expresses her regret for the unintentional misstatement, and promises to publish the above correction.

THE INDIAN BAND THAT DID NOT GO TO PARIS.

They were a disappointed company of boys, but like young philosophers yielded to the inevitable. There is only one explanation for their not going—Lack of funds.

The band as it was when it took the short eastern tour from Washington, where they played at the great Longfellow Memorial Association and at the White House for President and Mrs. McKinley, to Boston and intervening cities, was the largest and finest organization of the kind we have had since the school began.

Most of the boys were full Indian in blood, feature and color, and the Indian Band was a revelation to all who heard it.

This Band has disbanded and scattered—some to their homes in the West and some to places of trust in the outside world.

We Will Give You A Picture.

We have a fine picture of this Band at its best, on card 11x13.

It is a colored lithograph, showing every face of the fifty-three members as perfectly as a photograph, and with one or two exceptions each face is a good likeness. That of Dennison Wheelock, the popular Director, is an excellent picture, and larger than the others occupying the upper left hand corner. Everyone who sees this picture of the copper-colored musicians, with uniforms and instruments is pleased with it, and wants it.

To every one who renews his or her subscription immediately, or who will subscribe for a friend immediately we will send one of these pictures free, and post paid, well wrapped and bound so that it will carry without breakage in the mail.

This we will continue as long as the pictures last.

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVE.

It matters not if you have just sent us ten cents and have a year's credit on our books, send twenty-five cents for another year and thus secure one of these pictures.

Send any number of names, and for each name we will forward a picture to the sender or to the new address as directed.

Remember the new subscription price is TWENTY-FIVE cents.

Genoa's Commencement.

The Indian News of Genoa, Neb., in speaking of the recent annual Commencement of the Genoa school, says that the address to the class and the presentation of diplomas to the twelve graduates was made by Rev. S.R. Boyd of St. Paul, Neb. "whose address was full of enthusiasm and good advice to the class," and then adds:

"A large number of the graduates will return to their homes, while the rest will remain at the school to continue a line of industrial work which they have taken up, and in which they desire to become proficient. A bright and happy future for the class of 1900."

CARLISLE "KING'S DAUGHTERS."

The work among the Circles of King's Daughters is a quiet one and it is not as well known as that of the Football Team, whose fame reaches from Boston to San Francisco, yet it is a work that is doing for the moral nature of the pupils what athletics do for the physical.

Last fall the leaders organized. Mrs. Dorsett was appointed president, Miss Paul elected vice president, Miss Miller secretary and Miss Hill treasurer. Seven leaders were appointed for the seventy girls who expressed a desire to join.

The work has been almost purely that of Bible study, the Blakelee course having been adopted and quarterlies suited to each grade secured. The girls have seemed greatly interested and new members been added, so that when the Outing took some to the country, others came in to fill the places made vacant.

One circle numbering eight at the beginning had twenty-one members in all during the year. When the weather became warm one leader suggested that the meetings be shortened, the study dropped and a good story substituted, not thinking it best to disband entirely.

The girls with one voice said:

"Let us go on with our Bible lessons, please!"

Some of the girls in the country have written the following:

"I like my home so much, it is such a nice place to live, but when our meeting night comes I have longed to get back to our circle."

"I would like to have a new Quarterly so that I may keep on with the lessons, I have been reading my Bible every chance I have had."

"After I finish my letter I am going to begin my little meeting, for I have one every night all alone. I read from my Bible and then study, and think of our circle and wish some one was here to explain the lesson."

"I have tried to be good and to do what our Father would like me to do. Oh, if I could, and the rest of the girls could do what the King's daughters ought to do, our lives would be easier and brighter."

"I find my work goes better every day, for when I find myself doing wrong I pray to the Father and he helps me to do right and makes me happy."

These are gleaned from several letters received by leaders. M.

One Hundred Years old.

Mrs. Lucinda Whitecomb Fox, who lives with her daughter Mrs. Howard in Southern California, is an aunt of Mrs. Pratt. Last summer Major and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda visited this aunt, who was then 99 years old. On June 11th of this year she celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of her birth, and sent souvenirs to her many friends.

With memories of sweet rose perfumes,
Life's garner from a hundred Junes.

A very interesting letter from Mrs. Howard telling of the celebration says:

"There was a collation at the Hall, tables set for 150 people. They were entertained with music, toasts, responses, a poem, flowers galore and everything belonging to such occasions. They sent a carriage for mother when they were ready and she staid an hour or so, and then they brought her home to rest. The law was laid down by the managers that the people were not to tire her by individual recognitions or hand shaking or much noise, and they obeyed strictly, so she was able to enjoy it. A number of letters of congratulation and mementoes from friends away helped to make the occasion a pleasant one for her."

Mrs. Howard makes mention of the fact that her mother retains her mind and has the use of her senses, which certainly places her as one of the remarkable women of the century.

Uriah Good Cane, one of Carlisle's soldier boys in Co. "L," 15th U. S. Infantry, now at Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, New York Harbor, writes that his regiment is under orders to China. From the manner in which he speaks of his duties, daily drill and target practice we gather that he is enjoying army life. Uriah is in hopes of seeing the Chinese on their own ground, and anticipates interesting experiences.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's Domain.

Perfect weather.

Gorgeous moonlight.

Miss Roberts has gone to Slatington.

Mrs. Sawyer has gone to Norwalk, Connecticut.

Save us from another hot wave like the last one.

Major Pratt has gone to Washington for a day or two.

Teacher Miss Nellie Robertson is attending the Chautauqua School.

Remember! First come, first served, on the Band picture.

Two-cent stamps are acceptable in amounts less than a dollar.

Enclose your stamps in a way that they will not stick together, please.

Lillian Waterman is a valuable addition to the dressmaking class.

Pliga Nash and Esther Parker have gone to Ocean City with Mrs. Canfield.

Mrs. Bakeless and children went to Milroy on Saturday to visit home folks.

The Northfield boys have returned, and we shall expect something from them later.

302 students on the school grounds at present, 635 out in country homes for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burgess, of San Francisco, are visiting their daughter for a few days.

Mrs. Lavatta and children, who have been visitors for a few weeks, have gone to their Montana home.

A Band picture to every one who subscribes immediately to our new paper—THE RED MAN & HELPER.

Miss Clara Anthony has come out from town to take Mrs. Given's place, while the latter goes off on her leave.

This is the best time to introduce our paper to a friend, for with it you can present him with a Band picture.

Emma Skye has been in from her country home for a few days, her people having gone from home for a short time.

We now have in our faculty the names Robertson, Roberts, and Robbins, and we may have some fun before the year is over getting names mixed.

The girls who have recently entered our school from Lincoln Institute, Philadelphia, are making good records for obedience and general excellence. The boys, too, are well-behaved and bright.

Miss Paull left on the midnight train Tuesday for Martha's Vineyard. A rural friend of the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks it "jist astonishin how the teachers are a gitten educated these summers."

Typo Fred Tibbetts has returned from Downingtown. In his few days out he took a turn in the harvest field, and seemed proud that he could do a man's work.

Mrs. Pratt and Miss Richenda have gone to Ocean Grove to catch a whiff of the refreshing sea breeze. It is a pleasure to record that Miss Pratt is slowly but surely regaining her old strength and vivacity.

Rev. James Fraser, of Dillsburg, and Mrs. Anna M. Speakman, for 17 years missionary among the Mexicans of the Southwest and Mormons, were among the callers on Tuesday. Mr. Fraser, himself, has been a missionary in New Mexico.

We are transferring the names from our Red Man list of subscribers to the Helper galleys and cannot finish all in one week, so if you get two copies this week, kindly hand one to a friend and ask said friend to subscribe. You or the friend will get a Band picture according as you request.

The Band picture offered this week is no commonplace country-fair wood cut. It is made from a photograph, and colored just enough to show the kind of uniforms worn, the gold lining of the instruments, the copper color of the faces and to give a bright effect to the background. The photograph was taken on our campus.

Dr. Eastman of the U. S. Indian School at Carlisle, was in Morrisville on Monday, on special business connected with the school. While here he paid a pleasant visit to the Advance office.—Delaware Valley Advance.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER is not an advertising sheet, hence everything printed in its columns is intended as straight news or information of interest to all, and it will be devoted to the cause of Indian education and civilization.

Some of the older girls have been detailed for all-day work during vacation, to receive pay for the extra time made. Most of them respond to the call with willingness to do all they can to help out with the work at this busy season.

Professor Bakeless says it is WARM at Charleston, where the Indian Teachers' Institute is in session. We are gathering a full account of the doings of this assemblage of Indian brain workers, and will give extracts in future numbers of the paper.

Announcement is just received of the marriage of Mr. Joseph Du Bray, formerly a student here, to Miss Mary Placek, of Lynch, Nebraska, on June 30th. Mr. and Mrs. Du Bray will be at home to their friends at Greenwood, South Dakota, August first.

Harrison Printup, when he last wrote, was at San Francisco, having joined the 6th Cavalry. He is expecting to be sent to China to help settle the "great troubles." If hard life makes the man or hard labor makes the man, he thinks he has found both, but he does not complain.

Blessed be the cool wave, but while we were sweltering in the hot breezes of last week Miss Barr, who is visiting friends and relatives at Prince Edwards Island, was too cool for comfort. She says she has been almost ill with a cold, but that "time flies," which indicates that her vacation must be going pleasantly, after all.

Mrs. Canfield of Ocean City, who has several of our girls in her employ, brought in Inez King last Saturday. The air of the seashore does not seem to agree with Inez, but we hope she will soon be entirely well at Carlisle. Sophia American-horse, Eva Rogers, Pearl LaChapelle and Betty Welch joined the girls there on Wednesday.

Mrs. Wright reports that Naomi Kohlen who went home not long since was married last Sunday to Mr. Myron Sippi, at the San Carlos school. Mr. Sippi is an efficient shoemaker and Mrs. Sippi, (not MISSissippi) is manager of the laundry. This is the second legal marriage ever enacted at San Carlos among the Indians. Naomi and her chosen partner have our happiest congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wright, of San Carlos, Arizona, were among the visitors of the week. Mrs. Wright, it will be remembered, was Miss Lydia Hunt when she was a teacher with us. She has for several years been the successful superintendent of the San Carlos Indian school, and last year married Mr. Wright. On Wednesday they went to Gettysburg, and thence to Washington. They will spend a few weeks in the East. Mrs. Wright is looking remarkably well, and Mr. Wright, well, he is all Wright.

It seems unfair to some of our farm patrons to require our students to write to their parents and friends at home, when they get no replies in return. Some of the most neglectful parents are the best educated. We hope our boys and girls in the country, however, will not cease their writing, even if they do not hear from home as often as they would like to. There are many difficulties in the way for father or mother or friend on the reservation, sometimes no ink, no paper, no pen, no English. But all you have to do is to take pen and ink and paper, all of which are provided, and write. Some are too indifferent to write and have to be spoken to about it each month, which is an unpleasant duty for those having you in charge. Small excuses are poor things for young people to handle.

In a description of some Fourth of July races at the seashore, Caleb Sickles, '99, who is working at the shore, received favorable mention in The Beacon, which says:

The running of Sickles, the Carlisle student, was the chief feature of the foot races. At the tape he won by a few inches. Sickles is such a clean, good fellow that he deserves all he won, and the crowd was with him, and the red man's praise became the "white man's burden" at the end of each race.

On the 18th of June a little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Caswell in Montana. Benjamin says: "Like every father I think she is the sweetest and cutest little baby living." It will be remembered that Mrs. Caswell when at Carlisle was Leila Cornelius, and that she graduated in '96. Mr. Caswell graduated in '92, and was popular in athletics as well as in classics. He was a Dickinson College student when he left. They have the congratulations of many here who remember them but to respect and love them.

On Thursday, a party of ten, Miss Miller's Circle of King's Daughters, spent a very pleasant evening at Cave Hill, pic-nicing. Swinging, strolling down the winding stream, climbing hills, crossing the old wooden bridge, "hailing the ferry" to take the party across, then the cake and ice cream, so refreshing on a hot night, and the trolley ride home completed the program—almost. There was just one other feature that adds interest to the occasion, but it would not do to tell about the two who tried to walk on the water. It did not go well, even if it was beautifully covered with delicate green plants.

Miss Weekley and her Work in Porto Rico.

The regular term of school closed last Friday the 22nd. Interested friends, fond brothers and sisters and doting parents were out to see the show. Mrs. Etnier (Ruth Shaffner Etnier, Supt. of Schools,) examined each child orally; the excitement was similar to our Carlisle commencements. The pupils were very much excited; many of them seemed to have left their brains at home.

I think I never saw quite so much powder, lace and ribbons on children as ours had on. To see a black face partly covered with white powder was ridiculous indeed.

Tomorrow we begin a special summer school of eight weeks for the more advanced pupils and teachers. I shall have a rest of six weeks before beginning the fall session.

Last evening one of the young men here took Florence Etnier and me to call on a Spanish family. The members of the family speak no English, so our conversation had to be carried on through this young man, who acted as interpreter. A novel but rather pleasant experience.

I think the parlors of the natives are all arranged alike. Usually there is a rug on the floor in the center of the room, and around this in the form of a rectangle the chairs are arranged.

When visitors call, the family comes in and surrounds the rug, rocking and talking, for the people are fond of rocking chairs. There is very little furniture in the houses, with the exception of chairs, tables and beds.

I have one private pupil, a nice Spanish girl. I am studying Spanish, and like it very much.

A Blessed Climate—Miss Ericson and Sloyd.

Miss Ericson says by letter from Porto Rico:

In spite of all it is a blessed climate in this island, but being a tropical one with many peculiarities, you have to take special care of yourself to avoid becoming ill. I have been so but once, caused by eating fruit in the afternoon—something one MUST avoid here.

Mangoes are ripe here and surely they are delicious. It is a standing joke here that when you eat mangoes, you like best to be in a corner all by yourself, for they will surely smear you with their bright

yellow pulp and juice all over your face!

A number of other native fruits we see also, but I don't care much for them. Of course, coconuts are plenty all the year round, both to eat and drink, and are good too!

This is the rainy season, and it rains much more than last year. We have had a number of very hot days too—93 more than once; it is said to be unusually early.

Well, we close school this week. Next we'll have two days' institute here, and then I am going to Ponce for six weeks to work in their summer school.

My work has been very pleasant all the time. The children, although very hard to manage in their school-rooms, have given me no trouble whatever—they love Sloyd and consequently behave themselves very well. We shall not have much in the way of closing exercises—it would not be appreciated; and besides, the children get so easily excited; better to keep them down calmly and coolly to every-day work to the last.

LET THE INDIAN TAKE WARNING

He, too, has Much to Lose from National Conceit and Prejudice.

The following letter from an American who has lived thirty years in Tien Tsin and Peking has been received in this city recently, and is of special interest for its comments on Wu Ting Fang, the present Chinese Minister in Washington, and on the question of trade with China:

PEKING, May 24, 1900.

The Chinese Minister, Ting Fang, is now very much in evidence before the American public. Some people appear to be charmed with his eloquence and wit, and impressed with his arguments, but I think he is much overrated. I know him well, and consider him a very ordinary man. He draws because he is a novelty—a Chinaman in petticoats and pigtail, addressing an American audience in their own language, something never heard of before. But he is greatly misleading the public.

Everything he says leads up to two propositions. First, China will enlarge trade with us when we deserve it, and second, we are not dealing justly by shutting out Chinese! While he is waxing eloquent over these supposed grievances, you must remember that there are 100,000 low class Chinese in the United States who went there as coolies—paupers—and a million more would go if they could get in. Their object is to earn as much and spend as little as they can and go back to China with their hoardings. They only leave the work of their hands in our country.

On the other hand, there are but one thousand Americans in China, half of them women, children and missionaries; they are respectable, self-supporting people, most of them well educated; many with large capital, all of them bringing something to improve the civilization of China. How is this handful of Americans, as well as all other foreigners, treated? They are called "foreign devils;" missionaries and their converts are persecuted; merchants have their trade hampered and restricted by oppressive taxation in the interior and are not allowed to live there; foreign residence is officially confined to a few sea and river ports and foreigners go into the interior at their own risk; their lives and property are never entirely safe there; anti-foreign riots often occur, and the Government rarely interferes until mischief is done. Even now there is a great movement around Peking by an anti-foreign society which the Government would not suppress in spite of urgent warnings from foreign Ministers.

Our people should know the whole truth about this question; they should not encourage cant or false sentiment. Unrestricted trade with China? Certainly, all the European Powers want it and we should have our full share. But we are not to look upon it as a favor from China any more than we should consider a dinner we pay for in a restaurant as a favor. It is mutual accommodation and common benefit; in fact, China has more to gain than we have in point of national improvement.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Continued from first page.

round out the story for me. Only last summer, when I stopped at San Jacinto for a few hours, I met a dear little motherly lady, who was introduced as one of the characters in Ramona.

"Oh, are you aunt Ri?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed, I am," she smilingly answered, and then she told me all about the little half ruined building where Alessandro and Ramona were sheltered from the storm, and how, later, the baby became ill and died.

This meeting made me feel that if I were to set out on a tour of investigation I should still find some living actors in each place named in Ramona.

"Aunt Ri" could not tell me anything about the generous and gentle-hearted Felipe, but I am more than half sure that when I go some day to visit Mexico I shall find him there with the real Ramona.

However that may be it is with "Our Italy," as Charles Dudley Warner has called our sunny southwest State, that the trusting, girlish bride, and faithful, suffering wife of Alessandro is forever connected, and for many others beside her own race it has become Ramona's Country.

AN INDIAN PREACHER OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Samson Occum, "the Indian of Mohegan," whose portrait serves as frontispiece to this book, was a remarkable and in his day a famous man. His memory, now grown dim, is justly preserved in this interesting account of his life, interwoven as it is with the history of early missionary effort in New England.

Samson Occum was born in the year 1723 in his father's wigwam in a place called Mohegan, (now New London, Conn.) where he lived until the age of 17 years a wild and wandering life. He was then converted to Christianity under missionary preaching; and of this period in his life he himself writes as follows:

"After I was Converted I went to all the meetings I could go to and continued under Trouble of Mind about six months, at which time I began to learn the English Letters, got me a Primer and used to go to my English Neighbors frequently for assistance in Reading, but went to no School. By the time I just began to read in the New Testament without Spelling I had a stronger desire still to learn to read the Word of God, and at the same time had an uncommon Pity and Compassion to my poor brethren according to the flesh. I used to wish I was Capable of instructing my poor Kindred."

It was at this crisis that Occum came under the influence of Rev. Eleazar Wheelock of Lebanon, who became his friend and instructor "a relation," says our author, "which was no less important in the career of the teacher than in that of the Indian pupil. Wheelock opened the door, and a youth who was to become the foremost of his race entered with a new hope.

The teacher recognized at once the slumbering talents of his pupil. He began with patience and wisdom to develop them. It was customary at that time to begin early the study of the classics. The young Indian was soon engaged in Latin. Occum became acquainted with family life in the Wheelock home, and its refining influences were a great blessing to him."

After nearly four years of instruction, he left Lebanon to take charge of a school in some part of New London. He also took lessons in Hebrew, and his Hebrew Bible, which has survived, bears some evidences of use.

After another year or two of such study, it was found that his eyes, which had suffered from this continuous application, would not permit him to take a college course. Indeed, his health soon compelled him to give up all study for the time. It is certain that he had an ample prepara-

tion for Yale College, whither it was proposed to send him. His main attainment was a knowledge of the Scriptures and "he understood and held," says Dr. Love, "with intellectual vigor and clearness, the principal doctrines of the Christian faith."

"In 1749 Samson Occum, then in his twenty-seventh year, began a work at Montauk as school-master, preacher and judge which continued for nearly twelve years. The understanding when he began his work was that the Indians would take turns in providing him with food. Doubtless this plan left him to keep too many unappointed fast days; for he tells us he was compelled to resort to hunting and fishing to supply the necessary food to his family. In both these occupations he was expert; and it was well for him on many an occasion of his life that he was. He also worked in wood, making spoons, ladles, gun-stocks, pails, piggins and churns. A tract of land was assigned to him, and this he also tilled, sometimes with the assistance of his pupils. His most novel employment, however, was that of binding old books for the English at Easthampton and other settlements. If any of the books of Rev. Samuel Buell have survived, there is doubtless among them a specimen of his work, the value of which would be enhanced if it could be identified as from this wigwam book-binding. So he labored, many a time at night by the aid of a smoking torch, that he might keep the wolf from the door."

Of his ordination as a Presbyterian minister in 1759 we read as follows:

"This ordination was remembered years afterward by many who were present as most impressive. There had never been thereabouts such a vivid portrayal of the missionary idea as the people beheld when the ministers present laid hands on the head of the young Mohegan teacher. Some of his Indian converts were conspicuous in the audience—a solemn justification of the act. Many of his English friends were there, with whom he was decidedly popular. The text of his "Trial Sermon" was most fitting: "They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him." It was trial enough for an Indian to preach at all before a Presbytery; yet he is said to have acquitted himself well.

Mr. Occum went on a mission to the Oneidas in New York state in 1761, a step which had far-reaching results; and four years later he visited England in behalf of the Indian Charity School.

"The Indian preacher," says Dr. Love, "who had thus gone to storm the Christian people of England, was no ordinary man for such a work. His sermons were always simple. They had, however, the indescribable scent of the forest in them. He had many apt illustrations of his points, some of which have survived and are heard to this day. One can easily imagine how this characteristic would charm an English audience.... Yet of course the secret of his power was in the fact that he was himself the embodiment of his cause—a native Indian who had risen to the highest station of any Indian preacher in the century. He was in earnest, and never once did he forget the main object of his long journey. Withal, his manners were such as intercourse with some of the best New England families could cultivate, for he had been often a welcome guest in their homes. Calm, dignified and self-possessed, as many an Indian chief was wont to be, he exhibited those qualities which were esteemed in a minister of that day."

Here is a description of Occum as he appeared at this time:

"We can imagine the interest and stillness of the congregation as the stalwart figure of the Mohegan appeared before them. He was then forty-three years of age. His face, while distinctly that of an Indian, had a nobility of expression which some must have remarked on then, as many do who now gaze upon his picture. His flowing locks reached almost to his shoulders. In attire he was becomingly clad in ministerial black, with vest of colonial cut and knee-breeches.

"He was lionized everywhere, but we

have testimony to his modesty in enduring it.

In a short time he had become a conspicuous and distinguished character in London.... No one could better entertain a company at dinner with conversation on Indian customs and stories of adventure in the wilderness than Occum."

This remarkable man was the author of a collection of hymns, the most famous of which is found in many modern collections, and begins; "Awaked by Sinai's awful sound." "Now the shades of night are gone," is another familiar hymn that is generally credited to the Indian preacher.

The book gives a full account of the Brothertown and Oneida Indians, including a genealogy of the former, and is worthy a careful reading by all students of missionary history and Indian character.

SUPT. PEAIRS AT LAGUNA.

A Good Word for Returned Students.

The Pueblo Indians are an exceedingly interesting people, and had I time, it would be interesting to tell about their pueblos or villages, customs, etc. While I cannot do that I must speak of our visit to Laguna.

This is one of the principal pueblos. At the home of the governor we found here a great many returned students, most of whom had been at Carlisle. One of these is lieutenant governor.

Another young man married a returned student, also from Carlisle, and the two, by working hard for a good many years, have built the best home in Laguna. The husband has a store (which I am told, he will not under any circumstances, open on Sunday) and the wife has a house of which any lady might well be proud, at least so far as the manner in which it is kept is concerned. True, the house is an adobe, but after all, that is the best for that climate.

We went into the house, as we did into many others, and the contrast between the returned student's house and the uneducated woman's home was very marked. The door and window frames of the student's home were painted, while the others were not. In this particular home there were board floors, well-carpeted with brussels in one room. There were white bedsteads with clean, white bedspreads on them; nice tables with spotless table-cloths—in fact everything was in perfect order, and these full-blood Pueblo Indians, living right in the midst of the conservative, uneducated old Pueblos!

Another returned student had for six years been employed by the Santa Fe and Pacific R. R. to take charge of the coal chutes at Laguna. He did his work so well that just a few days before we visited the village the railroad company had contracted with the young man to take charge of all coal chutes between Albuquerque, N. M., and Winslow, Ariz. He had hired other Pueblo boys, and is now doing the work satisfactorily and making from \$80 to \$100 per month clear.

There are many other examples of returned students doing well for themselves and for their people even under such adverse conditions as exist in New Mexico. These are just a few observed and remembered from one day's visit among the Pueblos. How much better might these young people do under favorable conditions!—[Haskell Leader.

MORE LAND FOR THE LANDLESS.

One of the bills which passed Congress in the last hours of the recent session, and which attracted little attention at the time, was a bill providing for opening to settlement the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indian reservation in the southeastern corner of the Territory of Oklahoma.

The reservation is a nearly square block of land lying in Southern Oklahoma. It is bounded on the east by the reservation of the Chickasaw Indians in Indian Territory, on the south by Texas, on the west

by Greer County, Oklahoma, and on the north by Wichita County and the small reservation of the Wichita Indians. The effort to open these lands to settlement was begun some years ago, a treaty having been made with the tribes in 1891, but it was not ratified by Congress until a few weeks ago. The Government is to pay the Indians \$2,000,000 for the land, one-fourth of which is to be cash and the remaining three-fourths is to remain in the United States Treasury and draw 5 per cent. interest.

Number of acres to open to settlers will be 1,614,076

This will give space for about 10,000 farms of 160 acres each, but it is not all of equal value for farming purposes and many will find that a quarter section is not enough to work profitably. But 30,000 people will probably soon be settled on the reservation. It will be one more step toward reducing Indian reservations in the West, and especially within the limits of the old Indian Territory. Very little land in that Territory is now held in common by the Indians outside the reservations of the Creek, Cherokee, Seminole, Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations. If the movement now under way to persuade these tribes to take lands in severalty succeeds, the old Indian Territory will disappear and soon a thriving, prosperous State will take its place. The opening of the Kiowa reservation will be an important step in that direction.

—[Phila Press.

This is from the white man's point of view. But from the stand point of the progressive Indian the opening to settlement of each successive reservation is equally a matter for congratulation.

It will be remembered that Mr. Methvin, the missionary from Anadarko who was lately with us, favored this step, although he stated that many of the Indians were against it and wished to revoke the agreement made several years ago. An irresistible movement has begun, and those who do not join it will be overwhelmed by it.

HAS ATTRACTED ATTENTION.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher's book of "Indian Story and Song" has attracted a good deal of attention, as a unique contribution to the literature of the Indian. Says the author in a recent letter:

"The little book is true, and presents the Indian in an English guise that aims to correspond with his native guise. This has offended some would-be critics, who seem to have the notion that the Indian thinks as the average interpreter talks; and cry 'false' and 'sentimental' when one puts his picturesque fancies or his reverent thoughts into fitting English. I am always sorry for people who can never accept the idea that other races have rights, and can contribute to the wealth of thought of the entire human family."

AN "INDIAN YEAR."

This is certainly an Indian year in literature and art. Among Harper's Magazine announcements for the remainder of 1900 are the following special features, which will be of interest to our readers.

"The Blue Jay," and other animal stories have been taken down almost verbatim at Indian council fires and religious ceremonies by George Bird Grinnell. They will be illustrated by E. W. Deming.

A story entitled "The Soft-Hearted Sioux" will be contributed by a young Indian woman, Zitkala Sa, who is, says the editor, "a skilled violinist as well as writer, and whose culture stands as a suggestive possibility in the progress of her race."

"The Indian Problem Solved" is by Mr. Grinnell, and is a study of the Carlisle "Outing system." It will be illustrated by Mr. Deming.

The Cree Indians are making their annual trip north for annuities the Canadian Government gives them. June 19th is the time set for making the payments and the Montana Crees are always sure to be on time.—[The Montanian.