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An Illustrated Magazine by Indians

THE RED MAN

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UNITED STATES INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

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The Red Man

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The publication aims to place before its readers authentic reports from experienced men and women in the field, or investigators not connected with the government service, which may aid the reader to a fuller understanding and broader knowledge of the Indian, his Customs, Education, Progress, and relation to the government. The institution does not hold itself responsible for, and need not necssarily agree with, the opinions expressed in its columns.

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THE RED MAN

The Soul of the Red Man—A Study:

By the Rev. Dr. George P. Donehoo.

E KNOW and understand each other only as we are able to see life, not only from each other's point of view, but also through each other's eyes. To know and to understand the Red Man and all of life which he has to face, we must be able to look at the world in which we have placed him, from his point of view and through his eyes. The life and the character of the real Red Men who lived and loved on the shores of the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Ohio, or along the shores of the lakes of New York, or on the sweeping prairies of the West is little known and understood by the people who are now living in the cities which stand on the sites of their villages. These Red Men of the forests, the mountains and prairies are thought of by the great majority of people simply as feather-crested warriors, constantly engaged in savage warfare. As such they are always pictured by the artist and the writer of fiction. While such a picture of the Red Man is a true one of one phase of his life, it is by no means a true one of his life in its completeness, and being one-sided, it is false. While on the hunting trail, or upon the war-path, he was the feather-crested warrior of our boyhood dreams, yet, he was more than this. In his own wigwam, surrounded by his loved ones, he was the most affectionate and devoted of husbands and fathers. This side of his life is little thought of, and yet it is a very marked one. In his home life the Red Man might well be taken as a model by his Anglo-Saxon brothers. By his children he was treated with the utmost respect and his slightest wish was given instant and implicit obedience. And this obedience was never given through slavish fear—for an Indian father never inflicted physical punishment upon his children—but was the result of inborn respect. This respect,

reverence and love of Indian children for their parents is still one of the most marked characteristics of the Indian home. It matters not how educated a son or daughter may be, or what the position of the parent may be, the respect and love of the child is almost pathetic in its beauty. The fidelty and loyalty of the wife of the Red Man might well be taken as an example by her pale-faced sisters, who interpret her devotion as "slavery." Slavery it is, but it is not the slavery of fear, in which there can be no love, but it is the slavery without which there can be no love. Such "slavery" as that which the Apostle of the Gentiles gloried in.

We dwellers in cities and towns, who live in an environment of banks, stores, shops, and mills, where the hours of night are illumined by the glitter and the glare of electric lights, and where the ears are deadened by the constant hum of the active life of the streets, have little idea of what the world means to the dwellers in the forest enshrouded wilderness, or out upon the trackless prairies. The natural environment of the Red Man was made up of whispering woodlands, of sweeping mountain ridges, of dark, tree-mantled valleys, of far-reaching expanses of silent prairies. Over him at night was the blue dome of the heavens, with the twinkling stars and the awful silence brooding over all the earth. When the sun arose above the mist-covered mountain ranges and shed its light into the dew-besprinkled valleys, it revealed a great, silent world of beauty and mystery. The eagles and the crows swept across the sky on heavy wings, from out of the depths of the unknown horizon, and then disappeared below the forest-crowned mountain peaks—true symbols of the unknown and mysterious domain of Nature. When night covered the world with her mantle of darkness, another world of mystery and silence, unbroken save by the murmuring wind as it sighed through the vast forests, dawned on his soul. To the dwellers in cities and towns, whose eyes are dimmed by the glare of the electric lights, and whose ears are deadened by the noise of civilization, it is hard to realize what the world means to a soul attuned to the sights and the sounds of the sweeping mountain ridges and the vast forests. To us the world is a practical, a well-known and well-understood reality, which has no mystery about it. We go on with the humdrum grind of life, surrounded by practical things and filled with practical thoughts. The Red Man had no practical, humdrum existence, and he has no practical, humdrum thoughts. His

days were spent in a world of beauty and grandeur, and yet in a world of constant surprise and mystery. The starlit hours of the night and the silent hours of the day were constantly throwing his thoughts back within his own soul. Put yourself in his environment if you would know and understand by what forces he has been developed. The author has walked over the trails followed by the Red Men of the past. He has followed the streams on which he had his villages, and over which his canoes glided in the days gone by. He has traced his pathway on the broad waters of the beautiful Susquehanna, in the vales of Wyoming, in the stillness of the great hemlock forests and out on the great, silent prairies. He has sat on the summit of the Alleghenies, with the great oak forests sweeping in billows to the horizon, and has watched the white clouds of mist arise from the valleys and float across the blue sky and then loose themselves to sight below the peaks of the mountain ridges. And then at night he has watched the stars as they filled the sky with their glory, and listened to the voices of Nature, as they spoke out of the whispering forests, and, in the flickering blaze of the camp fire, he has looked from the little circle of light into the brooding darkness of the mysterious woodlands. At such a time the world of cities and towns, with its noise and turmoil, sinks into the dimness of life's unreal things, and the great world of Nature and the soul's relation to it, becomes the one reality. In such an environment, if you know the history, the religion and the traditions of the Red Man who once lived and loved and dreamed, perhaps on the same spot, in the days gone by, you will understand the soul of the Red Man to-day as he emerges from the silence and mystery of the forests and mountains into the environment of cities and towns in which you are living.

When civilization, with all of its materialism, came into the world of Nature in which the Red Man had been living for countless generations, his soul shrank from it, and he retreated into the brooding silence of the forests. He was driven from the Delaware to the Susquehanna, from the Susquehanna to the Ohio, from the Ohio to the Mississippi and then across the great prairies, ever retreating before that to which he would not yield. And, strange as it may seem, the one race which was his most bitter foe was the one whose real soul was most like his own. The conflict between the Irish and the Scotch-Irish, and the Red Man, in all of the frontier days from Pennsylvania

to California, and which has literally deluged the continent in blood, was a conflict between two peoples whose souls and whose histories had much in common. The love of freedom, of independence, of Nature, of beauty, of mystery—were the characteristics of Red Man and Irishman alike. Compare the Celtic tales and traditions with those of the Red Man, and note the common strain which runs through both of them alike. And yet, these two races which have no ethnological connection, and whose souls are so much alike, waged warfare against each other to the death.

May not the history of the development of the one be a promise of the future development of the other? The Irishman has been to England just what the Red Man has been to America. He has fought step by step every foot of the way which led to his National destruction, and yet, in spite of this continual warfare, he has developed his personal character and his intellectual ability. Just so has the Indian fought the white invasion of his ancestral domain and the destruction of his tribal existence. From the shores of the Delaware to the Golden Gate of the Pacific his trail of retreat has been a trail of blood. And now, after but a few years of peace with his white brothers, he has just commenced to come out of the seclusion of his own life and to seek to develop himself in accordance with his changed environment. In view of the short time the Red Man has been in willing contact with the civilization of the White Man his advancement is little short of a miracle. How many centuries has it taken to develop every race of the White Men from barbarism to what they now are? How many years have passed since the ancestors of the Red Men of to-day, who are teachers of Art and Science; who are authorities in history; who are leaders in social and political reform; who are students at the very front of every line of intellectual life, were hunted like wild beasts in the forests of Pennsylvania and Virginia—the oldest of the Colonies? How many months have passed by since the fathers and mothers of the Indian students in our schools and colleges were butchered like cattle by the Hotchkiss guns of our Christian Nation?

The Black Race, which in America in its worst days never received the treatment which has been the unbroken history of our treatment of the Red Man, notwithstanding its past slavery, had the opportunity of development side by side with our White civilization. Its freedom has cost the government untold millions of dol-

lars and the lives of thousands; its education and development has enlisted the sympathy and help of every Church and scores of humane societies, and yet this race, after nearly a half century of opportunity for development, has not shown the real ability for the highest culture which the Red Man has shown within one generaion of half-hearted effort in his behalf.

The Red Man of the past, as a savage, all painted for the warpath, had a soul attuned to that which was true and beautiful in the great world in which he lived. He loved the hills, the mountains, the lakes, the rivers of the inheritance he had received from his fathers. What barbaric nation of history has stamped its memory upon the natural features of its country as the Red Man has stamped his memory for all time to come on almost every lake, river and stream from the Atlantic to the Pacific? From him we have taken, not only beautiful rivers which were his water-highways, but also the very name by which he called them.

The Red Man of to-day, as a cultivated, educated being, with his inherent patriotism and his poetic soul is destined to be on the trails of civilization as heroic a figure as was his father upon the trails of the forest-enshrouded wilderness—because it is in him. He is just beginning to emerge from the devastating flood of rum, with which our fore-fathers deluged him. The river of rum which ran from the Delaware to the Pacific before it had dried up became a river of blood. The story of the debauchery which followed in the trails of the White Man has never yet been told. We took the proud warriors of the mountains and forests, whose ancestors were freemen when ours were slaves, and led them into the only slavery they had ever known. To educate the Red Man for his place in the environment of cities, in which we have placed him, is not a charity shown to him, but a duty which we owe to ourselves. That he has the "soul," the ability to be educated, is a subject which is not open for discussion. His whole past history is proof enough. From the days when Canasatego, Tedyuskung and Shikellamy made the hills of Pennsylvania ring with their thrilling eloquence, across the entire continent to the rugged Rocky Mountains, every Indian Council, every bloody battle-field has shown the Red Man fully equal to any test of ability to which the White Man might challenge him.

We dwellers in cities and towns have many things to teach the

Red Man, but when we are in danger of becoming swamped in the mire of materialism; when we find that our artificial living is blinding our natural senses; when we cannot hear the voices which speak to us in the silence of the starlit sky—then the Red Man can teach us many things. All that the Soul of the Red Man needs to bring out the rich harmony of life which is there, is, just what the "Soul of the Violin" needs to bring out the rich, sweet melody which is there—the touch of a Master's hand.

The author has often thought of how fitting a place was chosen for the Indian School, at historic "Old Carlisle." What more suitable spot could have been chosen for the work of educating the children of the Red Man than this spot, hallowed by the memories of the Indian Councils, when the tide of the White settlers was just beginning to sweep across the Susquehanna and over the blue Kittatinny mountains. Here, where the chiefs of the Iroquois and the Delawares met to object to the further invasion of their hunting-grounds beyond the "Endless Mountains," is a fitting place for the White Man to commence his work of bringing the Red Man to the inheritance of all that education has to give. Here where the rough hands of the Scotch-Irish settler drew forth the discordant war-whoop from the avenging scourge of the Iroquois and the Delaware, is where the touch of a Master hand is to bring forth from the Soul of the Red Man the rich melody of life which is there. Here, where savagery and almost equally savage civilization met in a death struggle for the posession of a continent, is where the more refined Civilization of this age holds out the hand in welcome to the Red Man, as he comes to share the blessings and learn the benefits of education. In the days gone by the messengers of Tedyuskung crossed the Susquehanna, threaded their way over the Indian trails from "Old" Carlisle" across the mountains to the Ohio to give the "Peace Hallo" to the western Indians. To-day every Red Man who goes from "Old Carlisle" westward over the mountains to Oklahoma, to Texas, to Arizona, to Alaska, or wherever his home ties or his duty calls him, goes as a messenger of civilization to give the "Big Peace Hallo" to his kindred in their homes. Every student from "Old Carlisle," male and female, is a missionary of Civilization to the Red Man of this continent, and the message which they bear is a call from the dreams of the Past to the realities of the Present, and the hopes and possibilities of Future.

The Evils of Annuities to Indians: *By J. A. Gilfillan.*

HE readers of THE RED MAN all desire the welfare of the Indian. Here is a question: What should be done with the money which the United States Government owes to the Indian or holds in trust for him? That it does owe large sums or holds large sums in trust for many tribes, is well known. For instance, the Government is said to have eight millions of dollars belonging to the Chippewas of Minnesota—the proceeds of the sale of their pine—and a million and a half of accumulated interest. Probably a somewhat similar state of affairs exists with reference to nearly every tribe, or very many. The Indians, and the mixed bloods, who now form so large a part of their number, all know that the Government has those monies of theirs. What effect does this have on them? To answer that one has to be guided by the experience of the past. What answer does that give? Let us see.

In 1889, the writer was with the Chippewas of Minnesota, when a new treaty was made with them, under which they still live. The mixed-blood Indian traders among them wished to get hold of some of their money every year, and so they combined and had influence enough to have the provision put in the treaty, that the members of the tribe should be paid annuity money every year for fifty years. It was only a small amount annually—less than $10.00 a head—though it was expected to increase. What was the effect of that upon the people? It was most disastrous. They largely gave up farming and the raising of crops from that day. That provision undid in a stroke much that the Government and the missionaries had been laboriously building up for many years, namely, the work of teaching the Indians how to grow crops and become self-supporting. For the Indian immediately reasoned—just as we would—"What need for me to toil? I have an annuity coming to me every year for fifty years; so has my wife; so has every one of my children. I can take it easy henceforth." The fact that the annuity was only $8.00 a year made no difference in the Indian's mind. It was *an annuity*, certain to come, and that was enough. So the Indian not only gave up raising anything, but he went in debt all he could on the strength of that annuity. Without intending to be dishonest, he would go to one trader, and then

to another, and to white traders outside of the reservation. They all knew he had that annuity coming to him for each member of his family, so they were willing to advance him goods for his necessities, trusting to that coming money. The consequence was that he not only gave up growing any crops, but he found himself in debt to many different traders to many times the amount of the annuity. Then the time when the pitiful $8.00 would arrive was always uncertain; so he hung about the agency for weeks or for months, afraid to go off and hunt lest the payment should take place when he was not there. He could have made many times over the amount of the annuity by the fur he could have taken, but he was afraid to go. So he lost many times over the amount waiting for it.

Then, when payment did take place, there was a strong temptation present of that which, as the poet tells us, lends "an hour's importance to the poor man's heart;" and when he got a taste of that, not only his own share, but his wife's and his children's shares, which he likewise drew, were liable to go the same way; and when payment was over, his debts were still unpaid, and were multiplied. He had grown no crops, and had nothing with which to go through the winter. Had his worst enemy tried to devise some plan to injure him, to keep him from effort, to destroy his manliness, to throw him back into the state of helplessness from which he was emerging, he could have found no plan so good as promising him and his family that annuity for fifty years.

To apply this lesson of experience to the question—what should be done with the money the Government owes the Indians—every Indian, and every mixed blood thinks and openly says about that: "The Government at Washington has my money—lots of it. I do not need to work nor do anything. Let the Government pay me what it owes me and I am rich."

We, in similar circumstances, would think and act just the same way; it is human nature; and what we have said about the Indian going in debt to every trader he could on the strength of that annuity, would apply equally to the white people. And the Indians and mixed bloods knowing that their money is in Washington, give their whole time and thought to getting hold of that money, as is natural, and as we ourselves would do in similar circumstances. They hold councils about it; they talk about it; they dream about it by night, and by day it is in their thoughts; and it takes their attention from

A GOOD TYPE OF THE DAKOTA INDIAN

Photo by Carpenter, Field Museum

CLASS OF CARLISLE STUDENTS STUDYING NATURE OBJECTS

TRUE INDIAN TYPES—KAW CHIEF, WAH-SUNGAH, OKLAHOMA

Copyright Photo by Cornish, Arkansas City, Kansas

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RECEIVING A LESSON IN MUSIC, CARLISLE SCHOOL

all effort to better themselves. The writer believes that the Indians and mixed bloods will never work at anything, so long as any annuity, however small, is coming to them, nor so long as they know that a single dollar belonging to them is in the Treasury. If, therefore, we wish to make them worthless, to keep them worthless, let us promise them an annuity, or else owe them money and not give it to them. As we have said, that is human nature—our nature; it is not the fault of the Indian or the mixed-blood; the fault lies in our method of dealing with them.

To show this by a familiar instance: Many foreigners come to our shores. They land poor, but necessity makes them work; so they exert themselves, build up this community by their labor, and not only support themselves, but add to the wealth of the whole land. But suppose we met them at Castle Garden and said to each man of them: "You are now in America. You, your wife and every one of your children shall have an annuity, and every child that shall be born to you shall have an annuity. Every October, as sure as the sun rises, money will be yours." What effect would that have on the immigrant? Or suppose we say to him, "It is true you are now poor, but there are millons of dollars of your money in the Treasury, and it is drawing interest, and increasing every year, and we owe it to you." What effect would either of those truths have on the immigrant? Instead of being the industrious worker that he now is, it would enervate him, emasculate him, and make him worthless. He would spend his time as our Indians and mixed-bloods now do, and as we would do under similar circumstances,—in thinking, planning and scheming how he could get what belongs to him; but as to work, he would have none of it, anymore than our Indians. He would say like them: "Let the Government pay me what it owes me, and I have no need of work." Are we not then making the Indians and mixed-bloods worthless by this—our method of treating them?

Someone will then ask: "What then should be done? The Indians are the richest people in this country if what is theirs was given to them. Do you propose to dump down their great wealth for them and let them squander it—perhaps ten or twenty or thirty thousand dollars to each family—and then be as poor as before?" Let us see how that would work. Experience in Wisconsin, in Minnesota, and, perhaps, other places, has shown that Indians and mixed bloods

will squander any sum that may be given to them in from six months to two years. Many families, who for twenty years before could never muster ten cents in the family purse, have gone through—say $20,000—in two years, when the windfall came to them. How did they do it? The grafters grafted it from them; they spent it in high living; in extravagances of all sorts; they bought fancy teams and harness and carriages at ridiculous prices; they lived on the most expensive luxuries; they had phonographs; some dressed entirely in silks. A great deal of it went for whisky, and while under its influence, the grafters found them easy marks and got away their valuable lands from them for a song. They did just what the majority of white people would do if riches suddenly came to them.

The question will then be asked: "Is that then what you propose—to turn over to them what will be to them fabulous wealth and let them throw it away?" And we answer, "certainly." There is no other way. They will never work, they will never amount to anything as long as they know that a single dollar is coming to them, and they do not get it. Let them throw away all that they have; let the grafters and the saloon men get it all; let them know that they have spent the last dollar, and that never another dollar will be coming to them, and *then only and never till then* will they go to work to support themselves. If they have been promised annuities for fifty years, dump down for them all the annuities in one lump of millions, if necesry, and then only will their minds be off what is coming to them. Annuities ought never to have been promised to them. It was a terrible mistake, a terrible wrong to them; but to continue to pay them is to cut off a quarter inch of the animal's tail every year. The animal will not thrive under such treatment; is bound to be sickly. If the tail goes at once, the animal may become a healthy beast, though lacking a tail. We have inherited from the past an evil system of annuities, of funds to the credit of the tribes in the Treasury, and all the rest of it. By this system, we have placed the Indians and the mixed-bloods between the devil and the deep sea. He will be a poor lingering, pitiful pauper if we continue that coddling.

When he has spent all, he will rouse himself like a man, as he is, and will get along as well as any other man. Which is the more valuable, his money or his manhood? As long as we keep up the present system of annuities, of millions to his credit in Washington, he will never be a man, but a sickly pauper, with his eyes fastened

on those dollars in Washington or coming from there and his hands folded on his lap. We, in his circumstances, would be just the same. It is not the man himself, it is our system which we have imposed upon him which has made him the helpless being he is, and which keeps him so. Do we not for him, as for ourselves, think too much of the dollars and too little of the manhood which the dollars may kill? Who was it that said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth, but in his manhood."

But again someone will ask: "Is the Indian capable of making a living for himself in competition with the white man, if his money that now supports him be spent? Will he not starve to death or will he not have to be supported?" In answer to that I would say that the Indian is as capable of making a living for himself as any other man, and in some respects, more capable.

In the first place, his intellectual quality is high; the brains in his brain pan are the best. His powers of observation are far superior to those of our race. Then, he knows this country well and its resources. He is a real American. He has a great advantage over the industrious foreigner who comes to these shores—who has to find out by experience everything about this country. The Indian knows it all already, and so stands on vantage ground. Not only so, but he has a stock of hereditary knowledge that has come down to him from many generations of ancestors about the way of making a living here. For example, put a native white American and an Indian into the woods together without anything visible to sustain life; the white man can find nothing and will starve to death; the Indian will find plenty to eat, and will know how to protect himself from the elements and will thrive. The superiority of the Indian as a livable being will be at once demonstrated. During the more than a quarter of a century the writer lived with the Indians, not one of them was drowned on their great lakes in the most violent storms; not one of them froze or was lost in the great forests and died there; but since the white people have come in, considerable numbers of them have lost their lives each year. The white man is a poor, helpless being compared with the Indian. He does not know how to camp, how to protect himself, how to find food. He is like a helpless child compared with his all-knowing, skillful brother—the Indian.

A few years ago, the noble Captain Wallace of the United States

Army, who was killed at the battle of Wounded Knee, made an investigation of the relative earnings of the Mille Lac Chippewas of Minnesota, and of the white settlers around there, and he was surprised to find that the Indian got hold of far more money, even in a year, than the white settler. The Indian had his inexhaustible supply of fish; he had unlimited quantities of wild rice; he had maple sugar; he had some hundreds of dollars every year from muskrat skins; he had deer skins to sell; he made a great deal by furs of different kinds. He had many sources of revenue and ways of making a living of which the white man knows nothing.

Nearly forty years ago, the writer remembers having heard admirable white men who lived among the Indians and knew them well, say, that they were just as capable of making their living as any other men, and would do so easily if they had to; that all help given them in the way of annuities, money to their credit, etc., was a damage to them; that they should be treated as individuals just like all the other people of the land; that they should pay taxes, etc., and that if they were treated as all other people are, they would be just as capable of getting along. Experience and reflection have confirmed the truth of all these views in the mind of the writer. Give the Indian and the mixed-blood a chance to be men; do not baby them nor coddle them anymore with annuities and millions to their credit; dump it all down before them and let them go through it; treat them as you would any other men and they will rise to the occasion and be men.

If that policy had been pursued in the last hundred years, if there had been no agencies, no reservations, no shutting out the Indians from the general current of life within reservations, if he had been treated as a man and not as a strange sort of inferior being, who was not even allowed to be a citizen of the land of his birth—though he was the real American, the native American who was born on this soil, and whose ancesters owned it and lived here for generations—if that honest, fair, and brotherly policy had been pursued, no Indian problem would have existed; and some dark and disgraceful chapters in our history would have been unwritten. We have the evil inheritance of the past loaded upon us, but it is time now to begin to do the right and Christian thing.

The Preservation of Indian Names and Languages: *By J. P. Dunn.*

WOULD urge on intelligent Americans the desirability of preserving the native Indian languages of the United States. In view of the fact that we are now in the centennial period of the occupation of the Central West, I would urge especially that prompt attention be given to recording and preserving the languages of the great nations of that region. One hundred years ago the chief topic of the people of the United States was Tecumthe. Fifteen years earlier it was The Little Turtle. Twenty years before The Little Turtle it was Pontiac. Twenty-two years after Tecumthe it was Black Hawk.

Our forefathers conquered these chiefs and their warriors. We occupy their former territory. They are but memories. But it is impossible to understand fully the history of that stirring period without a better knowledge of those Indian nations than we have, and an acquaintance with their language is essential to that knowledge. Moreover, by all the canons of civic nobility and national generosity, it would be a disgrace to the people of the United States to permit the languages of Pontiac, and The Little Turtle, and Tecumthe, and Black Hawk, to perish from the face of the earth.

It may be said that this is mere sentiment. Possibly; but so is everything else that uplifts a nation. Someone wisely said: "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." What is there but sentiment in "The Star-spangled Banner," and "America," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and "Old Glory?" And what sort of a nation would we be without that sentiment? It would not injure our nation in the least if it were to enter fully into the sentiment of Wendell Phillips: "From Massachusetts Bay back to their hunting-grounds, every few miles is written down in imperishable record as a spot where the scanty, scattered tribes made a stand for justice and their own rights. Neither Greece, nor Germany, nor the French, nor the Scotch can show a prouder record. And instead of searing it over with infamy and illustrated epithets, the future will recognize it as a glorious record of a race that never melted out and never died away, but stood up manfully, man by man, foot by foot, and fought it out

for the land God gave them, against the world, which seemed to be poured out over them. I love the Indian because there is something in the soil and climate that made him that is fated in the thousand years that are coming, to mould us."

I say that prompt attention should be given to this matter because the opportunity is rapidly vanishing. The Indian languages are becoming extinct much more rapidly than the Indians themselves, because the younger Indians are Americanized, and many of them have but a smattering knowledge of their native tongues. Our Indian schools do not encourage any study of Indian languages, because their object is to teach the students English and fit them to take care of themselves in the practical affairs of life. The older people, who really know the languages, are going the way of all flesh.

I may illustrate by the Miamis, who were originally one of the greatest, if not the greatest of the nations of the Central West, for they included not only the Indiana tribes known as Piankeshaws and Ouiatanons (Weas), but also the great Illinois or Peoria tribe, the Kaskaskias Cahokias, Tamaroas, and the Michigamias. At the time of LaSalle's confederacy, on the Illinois river, in 1683, the villages of these tribes were recorded as containing over 3,300 warriors. To-day, all that is left of that nation is estimated at 140 of the Western Miamis, in Oklahoma and Kansas, and 240 of the Eastern Miamis in Indiana. Most of these are mixed bloods and very few can speak the language. Within the past year Gabriel Godfroy, the only adequate Miami interpreter in Indiana, and Rev. Thomas Ricardville, one of the most competent interpreters of the Western Miamis, have died.

The time and money that have been expended in recovering the languages of Assyria and Egypt ought to be sufficent warning to us to preserve these languages while there is opportunity; but there is another and more important consideration. These are not written languages. Once lost they are lost forever. Of the Eastern bands of the Lenni Lanape and Iroquois, of the principal Southern tribes, of the Northern Ojibwa and Dakota, and of many of the tribes of the Far West, the languages have in part, at least, been recorded. Of the languages of the Miami, Potawatomi, Shawnee and Ottawa nations there is practically nothing.

There is more in this matter than history and sentiment. The Indian has left hundreds of names all through the country, that are

in daily use. Some months ago, in a letter to me concerning these, Gen. R. H. Pratt said: "The subject has not specially interested me for the reason that, in my experience, not one in twenty of the Indian names in use could be recognized by any member of the tribe from which the name was derived. The attempts to perpetuate such names are therefore only sentimental abortion."

Gen. Pratt's premises are indisputable. His conclusion does not follow. Because we have butchered the names is no reason why we should also lose their true form and meaning. And there is no question of perpetuating them. They will perpetuate themselves. As Mrs. Sigourney says:

"Their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out."

Their names are not only on our waters, but also on our states, counties, townships, cities and towns. The only question is whether we shall go on using these names without knowing their true forms and real meanings. Furthermore, these languages are worthy of preservation on their intrinsic merit. They are not rude and unsystematic, but are more refined in inflection, and exact in meaning, not only than the English language but also than any modern civilized language.

To illustrate both of these points take one example. The name "Wabash" is in wide use, not only for the river, but for counties, towns, railroads, and other things. In some of our standard dictionaries and other reference books it has been said to mean "a cloud driven forward by the equinoctial wind." In reality it is a corruption of the Miami name of the stream, "Wah-bah-shik-ki," or "Wah-pah-shik-ki,"—"b" and "p" being convertible in the Miami. This is an inflected form of the adjective "white," which in its simplest form is "wah-pe-ki" for the inanimate, and "wah-pi-sita" for the animate. The form "wah-bah-shik-ki" implies that the noun it qualifies stands for something that is bright or pure white, inanimate and natural, such as a stone or a shell. If it were artificial, as cloth or paper, the adjective form would have to be "wah-pah-kin-gi." What civilized language has such refinement or inflection?

A movement for the preservation of these languages was started several years ago by the Indiana Historical Society. Resolutions in support of it have been adopted by the Mississippi Valley His-

torical Society, the Ohio Valley Historical Society, and several state societies. It was urged on the last Congress and on the Congress of 1907-8, but neither of them made appropriations for the work. It is to be hoped that all who feel any interest in the movement will exert any influence they may have to promote it.

The Captive's Hymn.

(Carlisle, Pa., December 31, 1764.)

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

The Indian war was over,
  And Pennsylvania's towns
Welcomed the blessed calm that comes
  When peace a conflict crowns.
Bitter and long had been the strife,
  But gallant Colonel Bouquet
Had forced the foe to sue for grace,
  And named the joyful day
When Shawnees, Tuscara'was,
  Miamis, Delawares,
And every band that roved the land
  And called a captive theirs—
From the pathless depths of the forest,
  By stream and dark defile,
Should bring their prisoners, on their lives,
  In safety to Carlisle;
Carlisle in the Cumberland valley,
  Where Conodogwinnet flows,
And the guardian ranges, north and south,
  In mountain pride repose.

Like the wind the Colonel's order
  To hamlet and clearing flew;
And mourning mothers and wives and sons
From banks where Delaware seaward runs,
From Erie's wave, and Ohio's tide.
And the vales where the southern hills divide,
  Flocked to the town, perchance to view,
At last, 'mid the crowds by the startled square,
The faces lost, but in memory fair.

How strange the scene on the village green
  That morning cold and gray!
To right the Indian tents were set,
And in groups the dusky warriors met,
While their captives clung to the captors yet,
  As wild and bronzed as they—
In rags and skins, with moccasined feet,
Some loath to part, some fain to greet
  The friends of a vanished day;
And, eagerly watching the tents, to left
Stood mothers and sons and wives bereft,
While beyond, were the throngs from hill and valley
And, waiting the keen-eyed Colonel's rally,
  The troops in their brave array.

Now friends and captives mingle,
  And cries of joy and woe
Thrill the broad street as loved ones meet,
Or in vain the tale of the past repeat,
  And back in anguish go.
Among them lingered a widow—
From the Suabian land was she—
And one fell morning she had lost
  Husband and children three,
All slain save the young Regina,
  A captive spared to be.
Nine weary years had followed,
  But the wilderness was dumb,
And never a word to her aching heart
  Through friend or foe had come,
And now, from Tulpehocken,
  Full seventy miles away,
She had walked to seek her daughter,
  The Lord her only stay.

She scanned the sun-browned maidens;
  But the tunic's rude disguise,
The savage tongue, the forest ways,
Baffled and mocked her yearning gaze;
  And with sobs and streaming eyes
She turned to the Colonel and told him
  How hopeless was her quest—

Moaning, "Alas, Regina!
  The grave for me is best!"
"Nay, Madam," gently he replied,
"Don't be disheartened yet, but bide,
  And try some other test.
What pleasant song or story
  Did she love from your lips to hear?"
"O, Sir, I taught her 'Our Father;'
  And the 'Creed' we hold so dear,
And she said them over and over
  While I was spinning near;
And every eve, by her little bed,
  When the light was growing dim,
I sung her to sleep, my darling!
With Schmolke's beautiful hymn."
"Then sing it now," said the Colonel,
  And close to the captive band
He brought the mother with her hymn
  From the far Suabian land;
And with faltering voice and quivering lips,
  While all was hushed, she sang
The strain of lofty faith and cheer
  In her rich German tongue:
"Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein,
  (How near the listeners press)
Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though all may deem my days go by
  In utter dreariness;
The Lord is still my company,
I am with Him, and He with me,
The solitude to bless.

"He speaks to me within; His word
As if His very voice I heard.
  And when I pray, apart,
He meets me in the quiet there
With counsel for each cross and care,
  And comfort for my heart.

"The world may say my life is lone,
With every joy and blessing flown
  Its vision can descry;
I shall not sorrow nor repine,

For glorious company is mine
With God and angels nigh."

As she sung, a maid of the captives
Threw back her tangled hair,
And forward leaned as if to list
The lightest murmur there;
Her breath came fast, her brown cheek flushed,

Her eyes grew bright and wide
As if some spell the song had cast,
And, ere the low notes died,
With a bound like a deer in the forest
She sprang to the singer's side,
And, "Liebe, kleine Mutter!"
Enfolding her, she cried—
"My dear, dear, little Mother!"
Then swift before her knelt
As in the long, long buried days
When by the wood they dwelt;
And, "Vater unser, der du bist
In Himmel," chanted she,
The sweet "Our Father" she had learned
Beside that mother's knee;
And then the grand "Apostles' Creed"
That in her heart had lain:
"Ich glaube an Gott den Vater,"
Like a child she said again—
"I believe in God the Father"—
Down to the blest "Amen."

Stooping and clasping the maiden
Whose soul the song had freed,
"Now God be praised!" said the mother,
"This is my child indeed!—
My own, my darling Regina,
Come back in my sorest need,
For she knows the Hymn, and 'Our Father.'
And the holy 'Apostles' Creed'!"
Then, while the throng was silent,
And the Colonel bowed his head,
With tears and glad thanksgiving

Her daughter forth she led;
And the sky was lit with sunshine,
And the cold earth caught its smile
For the mother and ransomed maiden,
That morning in Carlisle.

—From Songs of America.

(THE CAPTIVE'S HYMN.—At the close of the French and Indian War the Indians of Pennsylvania and adjoining regions were compelled to bring their prisoners to Carlisle, Pa., December 31, 1764, and on all sides the friends of these prisoners were summoned to reclaim them. A German woman from Reutlingen, Swabia, whose little daughter, Regina, had been nine years a captive, recovered her by singing Schmolke's hymn, "Alone, yet not alone am I," which she had sung to her in her childhood. Dr. H. M. Muhlenberg, the chief founder of the Luthern Church in the United States, reported the incident, at the time, to the German Hallische Nachrichten. In 1891 Mrs. Barrows, of the Boston Christian Register, called my attention to the story, saying she had brought it to the notice of both Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes, but that both, while expressing great interest in it, had said they were too old to treat it.)

The Origin of Thunder.

GENEVIEVE BEBEAU, *Chippewa.*

NCE upon a time three Indians went hunting. They walked for three long days and nights but could see neither game nor forests. They finally came to a tall tree and one of the hunters climbed to the top of the branches in order to look for game. From the tree-top a path led to an Indian tepee in the clouds. He at once informed his companions on the ground and instructed them to follow him. Arriving at the tepee, they entered and joined other Indians who were smoking their pipes. After feasting for some time they all went out to hunt. The reports of their guns were heard on the earth, and even the Indians of to-day believe that every time it thunders those Indians are hunting upon the Happy Hunting Grounds.

One Indian, on returning to the earth, told the Chippewas that by offering up smoke as a sacrifice to the thunder it would stop the thunder. Some of the Indians still follow the custom of smoking during a storm to appease the thunder.

The Chippewa Indians in the northern part of Minnesota are very superstitious and the older ones tell numerous startling stories of their younger days.

Tuscarora and Mohawk Contest.

Edison Mt. Pleasant, *Tuscarora.*

WHEN the Tuscarora Indians migrated from North Carolina and joined the New York Confederacy, they had frequent athletic games with the Mohawk tribe. Lacrosse was the favorite game of the two tribes. Before entering the game, the Indians of both tribes engaged their medicine men to bring them victory. The Tuscarora tribe never had one who might be considered a successful medicine man, therefore they engaged a competent medicine man from one of the neighboring tribes; usually from the Senecas.

One season when the Mohawks had an excellent team, together with a competent medicine man, the Tuscaroras were in a dilemma as to how to secure a competent medicine man. The Tuscarora Indians are noted for their agility and warlike spirit. They are not to be daunted by the hardest struggle. It was after many conflicts that they were subdued by the whites in North Carolina. They were not daunted by the Mohawks in the athletic contest. Realizing the superiority of the Mohawk team they resolved to win by the hired medicine man. They hired the medicine man from the Senecas.

The medicine man and all the athletic warriors held a council at midnight in an old barn. A faint light was used. The medicine man took out of his pocket a bundle wrapped in silk. A small bone was wrapped in the silk. He talked to the bone for a long time in which he asked the warriors exactly what they desired. They asked for victory and for the death of the Mohawk medicine man. After he told the bone they wanted victory, he gave command to the bone to cheer the Tuscaroras to victory. The bone responded by faint drum beats and war whoops. All this time there was profound silence among the warriors. Perhaps some of them were frightened. After the drum beats and war whoops ceased, he asked the warriors what else they wanted. They responded, "The

death of the Mohawk leader." He took a knife and gashed the bone. It bled freely. It was the sign of death. After these performances he wrapped the bone again in silk and the war whoops by the warriors ended the council.

Next day the contest took place. The Mohawks with their superior players were in no class with the Tuscarora team. The Mohawk players said that when they went after a ball, half a dozen or more would be flying at the same time. When they did get one, it was only a vision; a Tuscarora brave came along with ease and snatched the ball for a goal. This is how the Seneca medicine man and his bone wrapped in silks worked a victory for them. The Mohawks were helpless, therefore, and gave up in despair, after which, as the Seneca medicine man commanded, the Mohawk medicine man was stricken dead.

This closed the athletic relations between the Mohawks and the Tuscaroras.

The modern Tuscarora Indian athletes are considered dauntless by their white brothers. A few are classed with the best athletes in this country, while one is classed with the world's best athletes. The athletic teams tour the white communities, but they no longer rely on the medicine man with his magic bone, but upon strength, brain and courage.

How the Hunter Punished the Snow.

ELIZA KESHENA, *Menominee.*

HUNTER and his family lived quietly some distance from the village. Each day it was his delight to go out on hunting excursions, and every time he went he was sure to bring home all the game he could carry. This he continued until late in the winter.

One day, while out far from his wigwam, Kon (the snow) froze his feet so badly that he could scarcely walk, but after a time he finally reached his home. He was angry with Kon and determined to punish him; so he got a large bowl, and, after filling it with snow buried it in a hole, covering it over with leaves and moss. There Kon was held a

captive until summer. When summer came the hunter took away the covering, that the hot rays of the sun might melt the snow.

Autumn came and as the hunter was walking through the forest, someone spoke to him and said, "You punished me last summer. When winter comes I will show you how strong I am." The hunter knew it was Kon and immediately made preparations for the winter. He built an addition to his wigwam and filled it with wood and brought in much game and prepared it for winter use.

Winter came, and again as the hunter was strolling through the woods, he heard a voice say to him: "I am coming to visit you as I said I would. I shall be at your wigwam in four days." The hunter went home and brought more wood for fuel that he might have an abundance. The fifth day a stranger appeared in the doorway and the hunter gladly welcomed him to a seat near the blazing fire. As the hunter added more fuel to the already hot fire he rather suspicioned his guest as he moved farther away from the heat ,and he also seemed to be diminishing in size. When he came in he seemed so large in stature, but was now gradually growing smaller, until finally, much to the hunter's delight, his guest had entirely disappeared; for this guest of his was Kon and had melted away.

And thus it was that the hunter punished Kon (the snow) for freezing his feet.

The Green Corn Legend.

MAZIE L. SKYE, *Seneca.*

HE origin and usefulness of the green corn is told in the following legend:

Years ago a band of Indians, ruled by a maiden and her young chieftain husband, lived in the heart of a large forest. These people were contented to live the carefree life of hunting and fishing from sunrise to sunset, day after day.

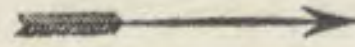
One day the young chieftain was warned by one of the tribe that the Great Spirit disapproved of the indolence of his people, also saying that the game would some day be gone and that if the people did not learn other means of getting a livelihood, they would perish. The chief took this lightly and thought of all the games till

in the woods. Not long after this, he and his hunters, after hunting all day, were dismayed at not finding game. The warning recurred to his mind and this troubled him, for he knew not how to help his people.

His wife loved him dearly and it grieved her to see him helpless, so she decided to consult an old woman of the tribe; by her she was told of a way to help her husband. In order to preserve her husband's authority as chieftain and to save the members of her tribe from utter starvation, she must be changed into the green corn. At first the maiden hesitated, thinking of her happy life; but next came the thought of her husband's distress and of her people perishing for lack of food. This gave her courage and she consented to become the green corn, and left only a message for her husband, telling him not to grieve.

At first the chieftain was enraged and begged for the restoration of his wife, but the old woman gave him one respite and that was, he should become the wind so that he might moan and sigh for her as he gently shook the tassels of the waving corn.

So the green corn stands, ever the friend of the Indian, with its silken tassels—believed to be the maiden's tresses—gently swaying with the soft breezes, at which time it is said, her husband is whispering to her.



The Raccoon and The Opossum.

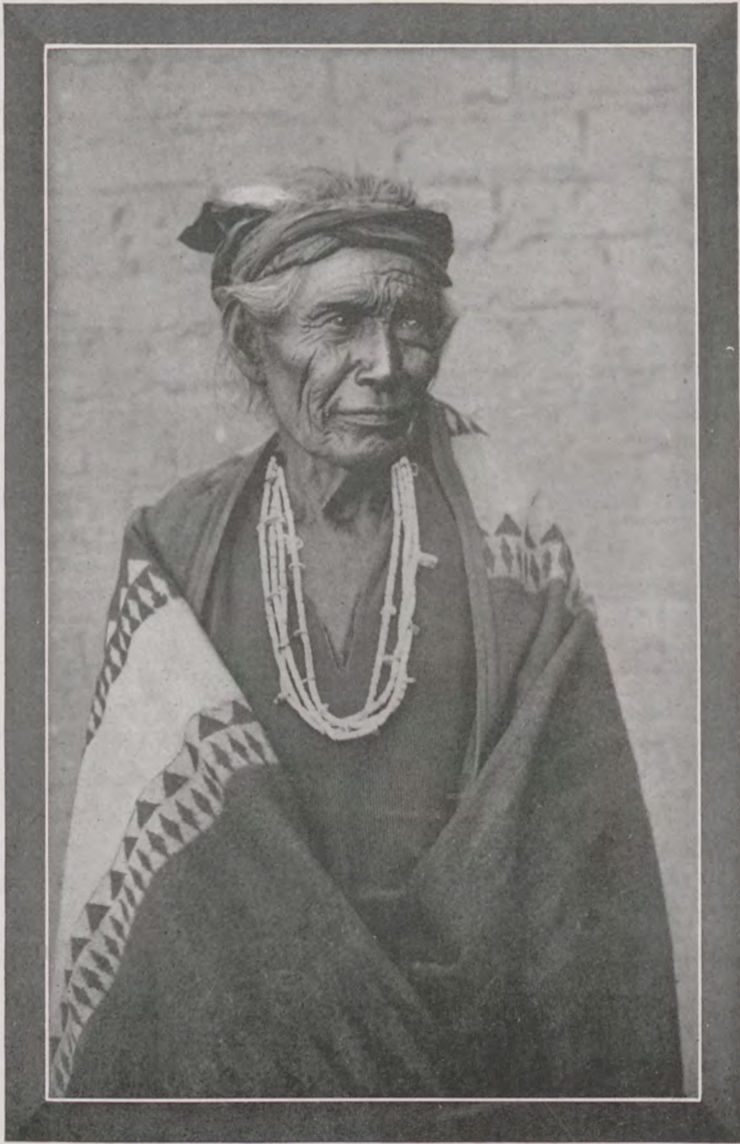
ESTELLA W. ELLIS, *Sac and Fox.*

ONCE upon a time the racoon and the opossum were enemies. They hated each other and tried every way to get rid of each other.

One morning they met by the river and the opossum was pushed into the river, but soon he climbed out.

The raccoon tried again and succeeded, for the opossum floated down the river until he was washed upon an island.

The opossum was so glad he was safe that he began to smile, and it was an everlasting smile, for now if you see an opossum you will see he has a smiling face.



TRUE INDIAN TYPES—NAVAJO WAR CHIEF, ARIZONA

Copyright Photo by Schwemberger, Gallup, New Mexico

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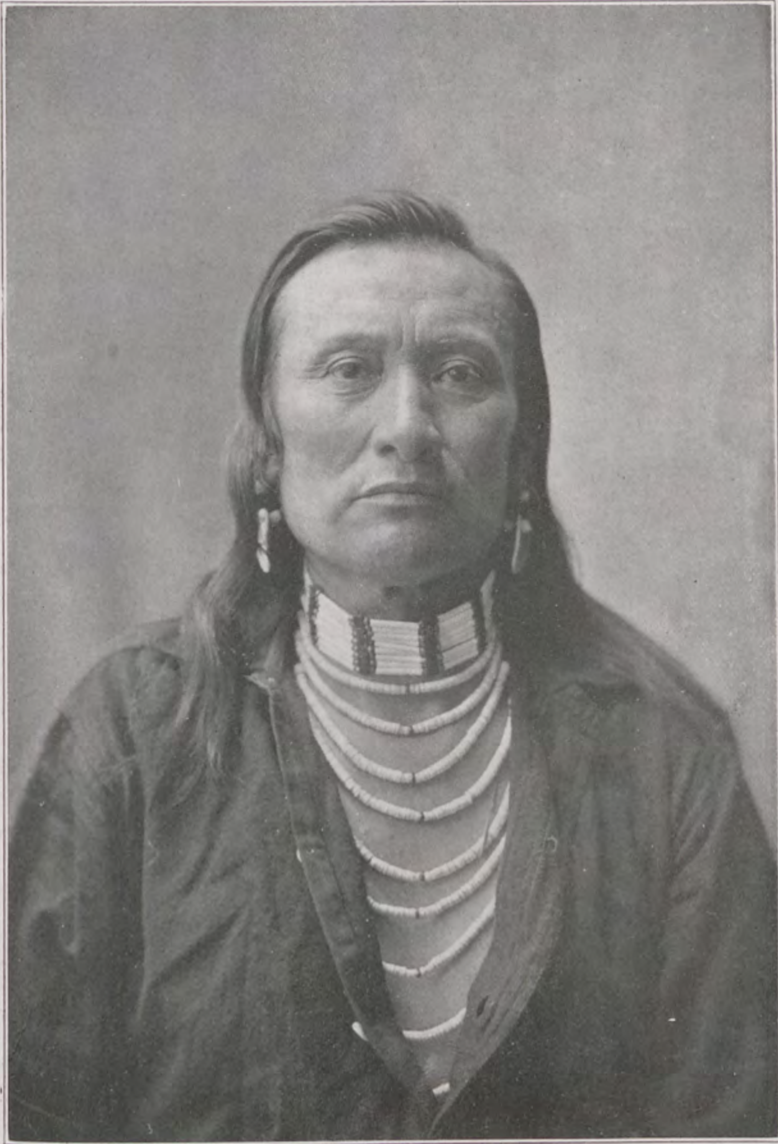
A Y. M. C. A. MEETING AT CARLISLE



TRUE INDIAN TYPES—NEZ PERCE, IDAHO

Photo by Carpenter, Field Museum

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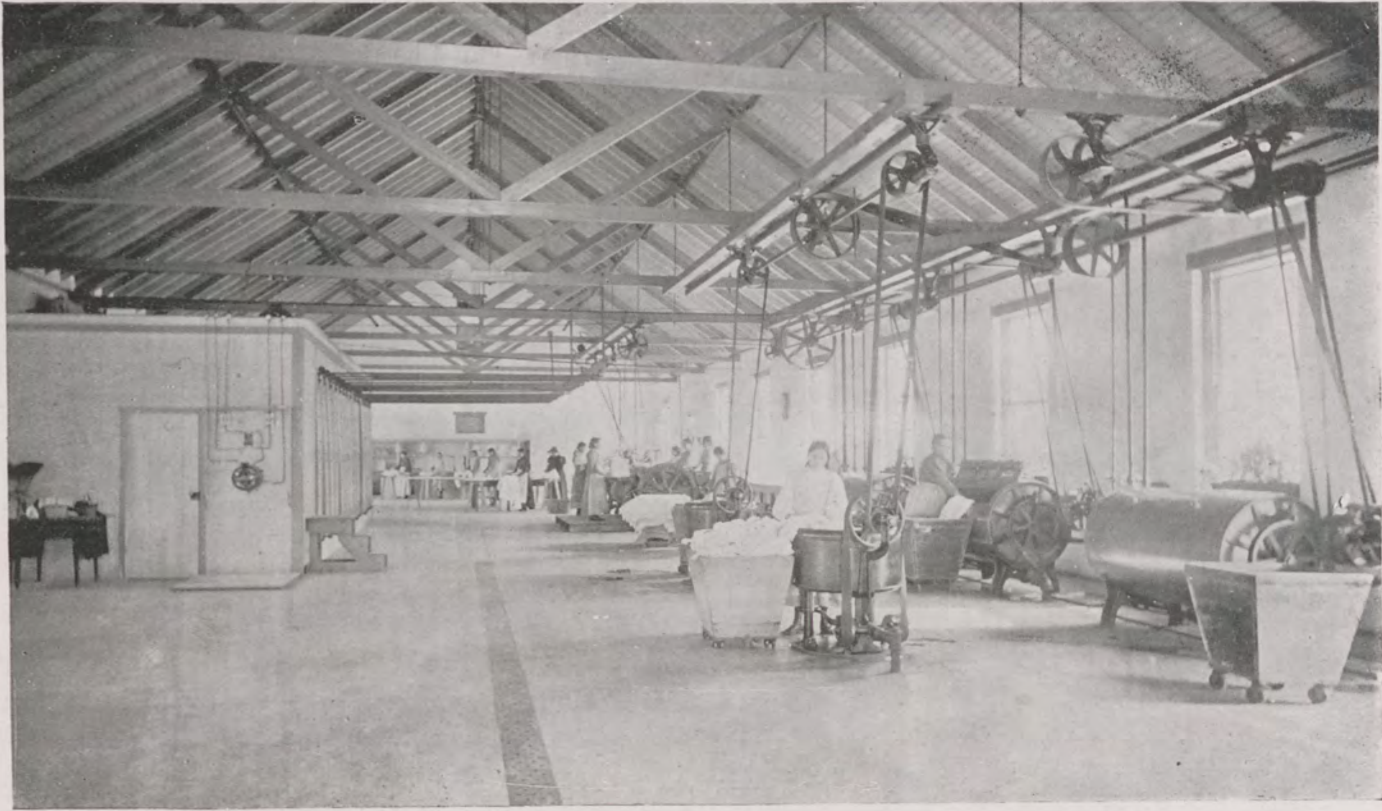


A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CARLISLE SCHOOL LAUNDRY

Editor's Comment

THE INDIAN AND CITIZENSHIP.

THE decision has just been handed down by Justice Dunn of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma, in which the state's right is confirmed to tax Indian lands upon which restrictions have been removed, and which was decided in the affirmative in the lower courts of the state. The Court holds that the act of Congress of 1908, removing restrictions from lands of members of the Five Civilized Tribes, is valid and that all lands upon which restrictions have been removed are subject to taxation as other lands. This applies to the general removal by the act of Congress and also to the individual cases where restrictions have been removed by order of the Secretary of the Interior.

If the removal of restrictions has been based on rational advancement by the Indian owners, this is as it should be. When all restrictions against an Indian's lands are removed, it is a natural inference that that Indian has acquired all of the rights and qualifications of citizenship. It should ordinarily mean that he is qualified to administer his own business affairs, that he is sober and industrious, that he has sufficient ability to protect himself against the grafter, and that he is, in all respects, entitled to the right of franchise, because of his moral and educational accomplishments.

It has been the custom of the Government to remove restrictions only when Indians are competent, and the establishment in recent years of Competency Commissions has been one of the most successful forward steps which has been taken to make the Indian a citizen. The Indians are first given a trust patent for their land, which gave them the ownership of the land, and allowed them to work it, free from taxation. At the end of twenty-five years, a patent in fee is given which means that all restrictions are removed, and that the land can be sold.

Those who know the condition of the Five Civilized Tribes of Oklahoma are convinced that as a whole they are not ready for citizenship, and are unable to successfully handle their business affairs. Large numbers of them cannot speak English and are illiterate. Some are as primitive as the members of any tribe in the United States, and yet they are considered citizen Indians. Although for years they were kept out of Government schools and compelled to attend their own schools, these were found to be in such chaotic condition about a year ago, that many were closed and the Government again permitted the children to enter some of the Indian Schools supported by the Federal Government.

It is but another illustration of the fact that the Indian cannot be civilized by any wholesale schemes. What is good for one tribe is oftentimes not of service in the civilization of another tribe. The tribes differ in environment and customs. ***The Indian cannot be legislated into citizenship. Citizenship is a matter of growth and***

comes by virtue of education, industry and morality.

Most progress has been made with the Indian when he has been treated as an individual and when he has been allowed to go forward as rapidly as his God-given endowments and his education, industry and sobriety would justify. Indian nature is human nature with a touch of the Indian in it. We accomplish most when we deal with the Indian as an individual rather than as a tribe.

Whenever the restrictions shall have been removed from the Indian's land and he is a full-fledged citizen of the Republic, enjoying the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship, he will assuredly not object to paying his taxes and performing his duties in the same way as does his white neighbor.

CHANGE OF SUPERINTENDENTS.

TWO important changes were made on April 1st, in connection with the management of two of the larger schools in the Indian Service. John R. Wise, who has been superintendent of the Chilocco Indian School in Oklahoma for more than two years, was transferred and made superintendent of Haskell Institute, at Lawrence, Kansas. He succeeded Mr. H. H. Fiske, of Massachusetts, who has been superintendent for about a year. The new superintendent at Chilocco is Mr. Edgar A. Allen, who has been a supervisor of Indian Schools, and for a number of years was assistant superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School.

PRESERVING INDIAN NAMES AND ARTS.

PARTICULAR attention is called to the article on "Preserving Indian Names," by Jacob Piatt Dunn, which appears in this number of THE RED MAN. Mr. Dunn is Secretary of the Indiana Historical Society, and is the author of several very excellent books on the Indian, namely, "True Indian Stories," with a "Glossary of Indiana Indian Names," and "Massacres of the Mountians; a History of the Indian Wars of the Far West." He has also written a book entitled "Indiana; A Redemption from Slavery," which is considered one of the best of the American Commonwealth Series.

Mr. Dunn is a gifted writer who investigates his subject thoroughly before writing. He has great patience and has done much to arouse interest in this interesting subject. THE RED MAN is interested in Mr. Dunn's suggestion, and heartily agrees with the sentiment for preserving, in an intelligent form, the Indian words handed down from the past.

The editor goes further and champions the preservation and development of all that is best in Indian Art, Handicraft and History, as well as Language. The Carlisle Indian School in its classes in History and Indian Folklore, and in the department of Native Indian Art, has done much to preserve what is typically Indian, and consequently truly American, to future generations. Indian Art is susceptible to great development and may yet, in time, be of commer-

cial value to the Nation. At least it is our only distinctively American Art.

So with Indian names: We shall welcome any questions and suggestions, and though we have no organized department for investigating the subject, we shall be glad to give it impetus. For a long time the school has furnished translations into Indian of English names, and has suggested Indian names for societies, clubs, country homes, etc. This it will cheerfully continue to do.

ZUNIS COMPARED TO ANCIENT GREEKS.

MRS. MATHILDA COXE STEVENSON, who has devoted nearly thirty-five years to the scientific study of the Indians and has made the Zunis her special study, has recently spoken in a most interesting way of their life and character. Several years ago, she published a large volume entitled "The Zunis" which contains probably the most valuable contribution on these Indians that has ever been put in print. Although many stories are published to the contrary, she says that the Zunis are among the most fascinating of the Pueblo Indians and possess very noble qualities of manhood and womanhood. In a recent interview, she is reported to have said:

In my book I have faithfully recorded what I know to be the true religious cult of the Zunis. Many eminent scientific men have taken issue with me and contended that I had placed the crude race of red men on the same high spiritual plane as the ancient Greeks. My reply is that I have placed them just where I found them. I have never accepted any information about their creed unless it was verified by three different witnesses. My plan has been to question the priest, then a warrior or leader of the people and then an inferior member of the tribe. When all three gave the same version I embodied the knowledge in my book, but never otherwise.

But I must confess that the similarity of the religious poetry of the Zunis and the Greeks made a deep impression on me throughout my researches. Anyone who has read Ruskin's exquisite book "The Athena of the Air" cannot fail to see that the isolated red man of the American forest has as high and poetical a conception of the deity as the noble race of Hellenes.

The Indians are reverent lovers of nature, and their gods are all more or less connected with natural phenomena. The Sun-God is the great deity, but the sun, which gives heat and light and sends fine crops and all good things to the earth, is a great being, who is minutely described. He sits in grand majesty behind the sun, which we see and which is his shield. He could not permit his countenance to be seen by the children of men. In the various changes of the moon is typified the age of man; the slender shaft of the new moon is infancy. Then the disk increases, and that is youth. Full and brilliant it is maturity and then it declines to creeping age, then to infancy again, the second childhood before all mortals go to their long sleep. The change is wrought in the moon by the veil of the supreme deity, greater than either sun or moon, which means the breath of life. This supreme god veils the moon according to its changes. The Zunis consecrate the new born child to the Sun-God, and the infant is held up toward the deity while priests pray that it may live its span of life—infant, youth, man or woman—and then go back to infancy, then to sleep, to wake and be born again. Then the supreme deity is invoked to grant the new born babe the breath of life that it may live its span and be reborn in the Elysian fields.

THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN.

ANYTHING which is written by Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, whose Indian name is Ohiyesa, is sure to command attention and to be widely read. Dr. Eastman's book, "The Soul of the Indian" will be no exception and will probably have a larger circulation than any of his other books.

The author is the son of "Many Lightnings," a full-blood Sioux. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1887, and from the Boston University Medical School in 1890. He knows his subject well, and as a lecturer has shared his information with audiences all over the country. In his book, Dr. Eastman tells the story of the Indian Soul as one Indian speaking of his people. He has traveled much among them, and because of his Indian blood has obtained their confidence.

There is something beautiful and most attractive about the clear-cut style in which Dr. Eastman writes. A few of the chapters of the book discuss "The Great Mystery," "The Family Leader," "Barbarism," and "Ceremonial and Symbolic Worship." A positive position is taken in the defense of the morality of the Indian, and the book expresses clearly and convincingly the attitude of an educated full-blood Indian on this subject. He says many striking things and in one place remarks, "that Christianity and modern civilization are opposed and irreconcilable, and that the spirit of Christianity and of our ancient religion is essentially the same."

The entire discussion is full of interest and holds the attention. It certainly forms the first authoritative treatise on this subject from the point of view of an Indian. Those interested in the Indian should read it not only for its elucidation of a neglected side of the character of the American Indian, but because it offers food for intensive thought concerning the American "Pale Face" and his institutions.

The more we learn of the Indian, the more we respect him; and the closer our personal relations, the closer and firmer become the bonds of friendship. Dr. Eastman has performed a real service by clearing up many hitherto little understood traits of Indian character. The book will, undoubtedly, be widely read and provoke much discussion.

"The Soul of the Indian" (Houghton Mfflin Co., $1.10 net.)

SEQUOYAH IN THE HALL OF FAME.

THE Oklahoma State Legislature has selected Sequoyah, the inventor of the Cherokee Indian alphabet as one of the state's representatives in statuary hall in the capitol at Washington. An appropriation of $5000 has been made for his statue, and Mrs. Vinnie Hoxie, a sculptress of Cherokee Indian descent, has been selected for the work. The Cherokee alphabet, which Sequoyah invented, was composed of eighty-six characters and is still in use. It is considered one of the remarkable accomplishments of his time. The big trees of California are also named after Sequoyah.

NEW YORK STATE AND THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

THAT the Indian problem is not wholly solved is easily indicated in a paragraph in a monthly paper called "Te-Ho-Ti-Ka-Lon-Te," published by the Onondago Indian Mission, which among other things says:

> The Indians are divided politically and religiously into Pagans and Christians. The number of each party varies on different reservations. Among the Onondagas the Pagans are in the majority. A Pagan is not always a bad person; nor a so-called Christian a good one; but Paganism is often taken as a cloak for a very bad life. The worst feature of Paganism is Witchcraft, and the Medicine Men can always be reckoned with as a power for evil. Almost any night the sounds of the tomtom and the medicine dance can be heard in some direction, and morning often finds some dumb animal slaughtered or a tree cut down to drive the "witch" out of a broken bone. The whole system tends to keep the people superstitious and ignorant.

This condition exists among the Onondagas in New York. These Indians are all supposed to be citizens and well advanced in civilization, when as a matter of fact, those who have visited the various reservations in New York find that the five thousand Indians in that state have made no more progress than the average tribe of Indians in the West, who we do not think have acquired sufficient civilization and education to be allotted, or to have unlimited control of their money and property.

Even the most optimistic, after a disinterested investigation, must acknowledge that it will be many years, and will necessitate much tactful administration, before the Six Nations of New York finally assume the role of citizens. In the meantime, by education in the fundamentals, and training in some useful occupation, these Indians are gradually being won to habits of industry and more sanitary living, and through the influence of the church, hundreds of them are being enlisted in the great Christian Army.

DR. KNAPP MADE FARMING SCIENTIFIC.

IN THE death of Dr. Seaman Asahel Knapp, Sunday, April 2nd, the entire country, and the South in particular, loses one of its foremost advocates of good farming. For a number of years, Dr. Knapp was in charge of the demonstration farm work of the United States Department of Agriculture, and had been working out these problems, with far-reaching results, in the South.

Dr. Knapp was born in New York, December 16, 1833, and was a graduate of Union College, New York. During his lifetime he was at the head of several institutions, among them the State Agricultural College of Ames, Iowa. He made personal investigations for the United States Government in the Philippines, Japan and China in 1898, and in Porto Rica in 1900. He was the author of a number of excellent bulletins on agriculture, and by his personal influence inspired those with whom he came in contact to adopt more rational and systematic methods of agriculture.

He dignified farming into an occupation that was worth while, and harnessed to the crude work of this

occupation the modern results of scientific investigation. He did splendid work in connection with the eradication of the boll weevil. The seed that he planted in nearly every state in the South will bear fruit, in the better farms that are cultivated, the larger crops that are gathered and the greater degree of happiness and content of those who earn their living by tilling the soil.

EDUCATED INDIANS IN THE VAN OF PROGRESS.

INSURGENCY, which of late has stood for progressiveness as opposed to the policy of *laissez faire,* has penetrated to the Yakima reservation. It seems that the educated Indians are taking their natural place as leaders among the people here as elsewhere. A dispatch comes from Toppenish, Washington, that an organization has been formed on the reservation for the improvement of the people and for making effective the work of education among them. At the head of the reform movement is Frank Meacham, an educated Indian. Lancaster Spencer, another member of the tribe, who has been educated, is also a reform leader. It is the aim of these Indians to encourage education and industry among their people.

We trust that this reform movement has as its guiding principles real cooperation with the Government and that the leaders will avail themselves of its assistance in bringing about more civilized customs among the older uneducated people.

THE RED MAN believes that more and more, as Indians become educated, the stronger and more industrious members of the tribes, with good education, high ideals and unselfish motives, will take the lead in working out the salvation of their people.

NEW YORK INDIANS AS WORKERS.

LARGE numbers of Indians are leaving the reservations in New York and finding employment in the cities of Rochester and Buffalo. Some of our recently returned graduates have reported that these Indians are occupying good positions, are well-behaved and respected by the whites. Some are in business and many are in various mechanical trades. Most of these Indians have had some education, and have dropped their Paganism for Christianity. They are well treated by the whites, who welcome them into their midst. It is probable that from time to time a large number of Indians from the reservations of New York will move into white communities, and when the land is finally allotted, which it is hoped will be done very soon, the thousands of Indians of New York will be on the high road to citizenship.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN.

THE buffalo has disappeared; the wild goose is rare; the canvasback duck is disappearing, and it has been widely supposed that the Indian had almost ceased to exist.

The Indian was our aborigine. We have every historical reason for doubt-

ing that he was the heroic personage that Fenimore Cooper made him out to be; and yet he was a raw fine man —a good fighter and, even though a savage, a creature with lovable qualities and is susceptible of educational growth—as witness what has been done at Carlisle. It has been supposed that he was doomed to disappear from the face of his former exclusive possessions, not by amalgamation and absorption by the white race, but by gradual extermination in the competition of the struggle for existence.—*Philadelphia Press.*

EDWIN SCHANANDORE MAKES GOOD.

IN AN article in the Pittsburg, Pa. Dispatch by Charles Wakefield Cadman in which the excellent work of the Albuquerque Indian School, under Superintendent Perry, is extolled, the writer has this to say of Edwin Schanandore, an Oneida, and a Carlisle graduate with the class of 1889, the first class to graduate at Carlisle.

"Right here too much stress cannot be laid upon the work being done by the disciplinarian, Mr. Schanandore, whose teaching is to enter largely into the future success of these young Americans. Be it known that Mr. Schanandore is himself an Indian and one of the finest examples of Government school education in Uncle Sam's employ. He not only looks after the moral and physical training of these boys, but is director of the school military band and a teacher of various band instruments. In this connection, it may be said that the Albuquerque School Band is in every way a credit to the institution. It also clearly shows the remarkable latent musical talent of the average Indian youth."

AN INDIAN GIRL'S GRATITUDE

NEWS has come from New York of Suzanne La Homa, an American Indian girl, who was formerly a protege of Mme. Schumann-Heink and afterwards an artist pupil of Mme. Anna Zeigler, of this city.

As a promising student she was discovered in Oklahoma by Mme. Schumann-Heink, who advised her to go abroad. While she was abroad she tried several of the greatest teachers, but was unable to find exactly what her voice needed, and so returned to this country to study with Mme. Zeigler. She was with her for two years, and left to go West to sing for the people of her own nationality. The older men of the Cherokee nation each gave a dollar to help pay for the girl's musical studies, and now she is repaying them by singing in every town where they can hear her.

Mme. Schumann-Heink recently hired a special train in order that she might hear one of the girl's concerts at Muskogee, Okla.—*Musical America,* New York.

Ex-Students and Graduates

Robert DePoe, Class 1897, writes from Siletz, Oregon, where he is employed in the Indian service. He says in part in a letter to the superintendent: "It has always been a source of pride to me that Carlisle gave me the ambition to make at least a useful citizen of myself. Life is not all smooth sailing, and there are times when one must fight for dear life to keep from being drawn down; yet if we hold the lofty principles as set down for us by Carlisle, one need not give up so soon. I am going through what many other Indian boys have to go through when they try to do the square thing by their school and themselves. It is hard to fight between two fires—on one side race prejudice and on the other side the spirit of opposition from members of one's own race. But I like the fighting, as right always wins."

Charles Foster an ex-student is living at Pinedale, Arizona. He says in a letter to the superintendent: "I want to let you know how glad I was to get the books you have sent me. It seems to me I am back at Carlisle again. I am working in a saw mill getting $2 a day. I have two children, a boy and a girl."

Stailey Norcross, a Navajo, who came to this school in 1882, writes that he is now employed at the Mission School at St. Michael, Arizona, as a farmer and earning $65 a month. He has two children, his boy being old enough to attend the Fort Defiance school.

Mr. Solomon Day, an ex-student, writes from Albuquerque: "About eight years ago, my wife Katie Creager, Class 1902, and myself were students at Carlisle. We have been married six years. I am employed by the Santa Fe Railroad."

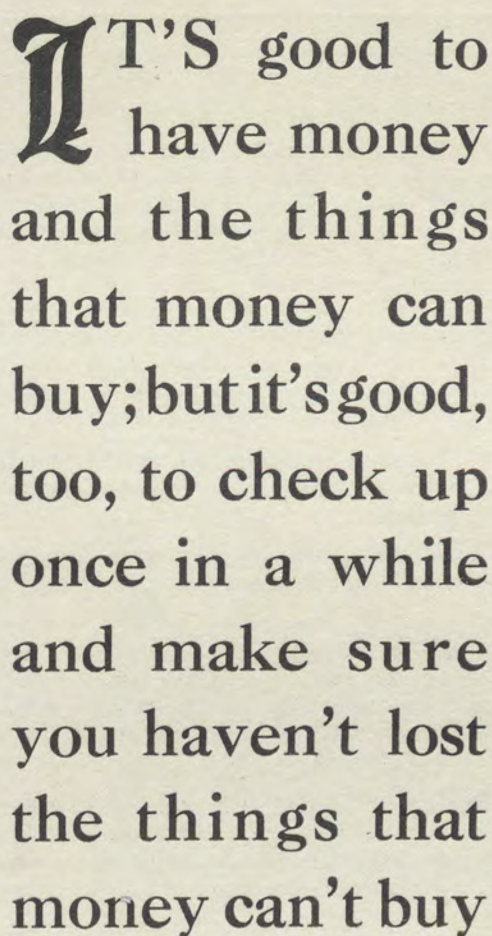
Egbert Big Hail owns a fine place, located near a creek at Pryor, Mont. He owns a nice frame house and several head of work horses, saddle horses and farm implements. He writes that he is just getting ready to begin his spring work.

John White, a St. Regis Indian, a member of the class of 1908, was recently offered a good place as instructor in printing in one of our largest Indian Schools, but declined on account of his present excellent location.

Joseph B. Harris, a Gros Ventre, Class 1889, is one of the graduates who has never gone to his home in the West but has succeeded in making a living in the East. He works as a farm hand near Langhorne, Pa.

John M. Miller, a Stockbridge and graduate of Class 1903, writes that he has gone into business for himself and is now located at Suring, Wisconsin. He owns a jewelry and variety store and is doing a good business.

James Homer, an Onondaga Indian, is working at his trade of carpentering in Syracuse, N. Y., and is doing good work.



IT'S good to have money and the things that money can buy; but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

Carlisle Indian Industrial School

M. Friedman, Superintendent

LOCATION. The Indian School is located in Carlisle, Pa., in beautiful Cumberland County with its magnificent scenery, unexcelled climate and refined and cultured inhabitants.

HISTORY. The School was founded in 1879, and first specifically provided for by an Act of the United States Congress July 31, 1883. The War Department donated for the school's work the Carlisle Barracks, composed of 27 acres of land, stables, officers' quarters and commodious barracks buildings. The Guardhouse, one of the school's Historic Buildings, was built by Hessian Prisoners during the Revolutionary War.

PRESENT PLANT. The present plant consists of 49 buildings. The school campus, together with two school farms, comprises 311 acres. The buildings are of simple exterior architectural treatment but well arranged, and the equipment is modern and complete.

ACADEMIC. The academic courses consist of a carefully graded school including courses in Agriculture, Teaching, Stenography, Business Practice, Telegraphy and Industrial Art.

TRADES. Instruction of a practical character is given in farming, dairying, horticulture, dressmaking, cooking, laundering, housekeeping and twenty trades.

OUTING SYSTEM. The Outing System affords the students an opportunity for extended residence with the best white families of the East, enabling them to get instruction in public schools, learn practical housekeeping, practice their trade, imbibe the best of civilization and earn wages, which are placed to their credit in the bank at interest.

PURPOSE. The aim of the Carlisle School is to train Indians as teachers, homemakers, mechanics, and industrial leaders who find abundant opportunity for service as teachers and employees in the Indian Service leaders among their people, or as industrial competitors in the white communities in various parts of the country.

Faculty	75
Total number of different students enrolled to date this year	1192
Total Number of Returned Students	4693
Total Number of Graduates	583
Total Number of Students who did not graduate	4110

RESULTS. These students are leaders and teachers among their people; 265 occupy positions with the Government as teachers, etc., in Government schools; among the remainder are successful farmers, stockmen, teachers, preachers, mechanics, business men, professional men, and our girls are upright, industrious and influential women.

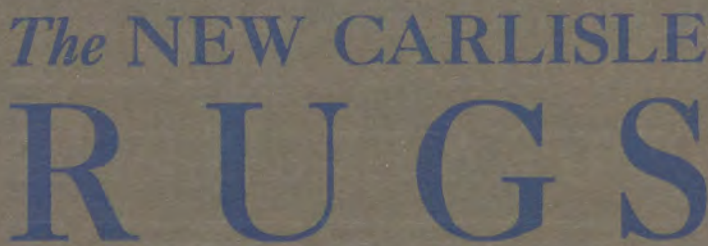
HANDICRAFT

OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

EOPLE who are interested in the Indian usually have a liking for his Arts and Crafts—desire something which has been made by these people. ¶ There are a great many places to get what you may wish in this line, but the place to buy, if you wish Genuine Indian Handicraft, is where You Absolutely Know you are going to get what you bargain for. ¶ We have a fine line of Pueblo Pottery, Baskets, Bead Work, Navaho Art Squares, Looms, and other things made by Indian Men and Women, which we handle more to help the Old Indians than for any other reason. ¶ Our prices are within the bounds of reason, and we are always willing to guarantee anything we sell. ¶ Communicate with us if we may serve you in any further way

INDIAN CRAFTS DEPT

of the CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL, PA



ARLISLE is famous in more than one way; we hope to make her famous as the home of the finest Indian Rug ever offered to the public. It is something new; nothing like them elsewhere. They are woven here at the school by students. They are not like a Navaho and are as well made and as durable as an Oriental, which they resemble. Colors and combinations are varied; absolutely fast colors. They must be examined to be appreciated. Price varies according to the size and weave; will cost you a little more than a fine Navaho. ¶ We also make a cheaper Rug, one suitable for the Bath Room, a washable, reversible Rag Rug; colors, blue and white. Nice sizes, at prices from Two Dollars to Six ¶ If you are interested Write Us Your Wishes

The NATIVE INDIAN ART DEPT., *Carlisle Indian School*