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THE RED MAN

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The Red Man

M. FRIEDMAN, Editor.

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The Indians of Maine; History and Present Condition:

By L. C. Bateman.

THERE is something peculiarly fascinating in stories of Indian life and legends. The child sitting on its mother's knee listens with bated breath to the tales of the long ago, when the dreaded war whoop so often broke upon the morning air and the savage and his pale-faced foe met in deadly clash. And this interest is by no means confined to youth. Maturity and old age alike delighted in hearing the legends and the historic facts which connect the present with the past, and shudder as those awful scenes are recalled where the tomahawk and scalping knife played their deadly part. Equally valuable are the historic lessons to be learned. The person who reads the story of the past and the settlement of the country will find that the Indian had just cause to regard the white man with deadly aversion.

When that lonely party of Pilgrims first set foot on the bleak rock of Plymouth, they were met with open arms by the noble Samoset and made welcome to the land of his fathers. That kindness was repaid with treachery. The white man soon came to look upon the Indian as a fit subject only to rob and despoil, and the red man only turned upon the invader when patience had long since ceased to be a virtue.

The two centuries which followed were filled with blood and carnage, but the future historian will record the sad tale of injustice and oppression meted out to the weaker race, while the philanthropist will drop the silent tear for the fate of a people whose primitive virtues have been emulated by the wise and the just.

These times have passed and to-day the shattered remnant of that once mighty race dwells in amity and peace by the side of his

tranditional foe. Friendship and kindliness have supplanted the feelings of bitterness and hate, and the white man has no more faithful companion than the dusky descendant of his ancient enemy. At least, this statement will hold true in Maine, where the few members of a disappearing race are regarded as wards of the State and where the entire people are ready to admit their virtues and defend their rights. The Indian was noble in his power and noble in his will, but his arrow fell far short of the bullet of the white man's genius and the hills and valleys where once he roamed in his majestic pride are now thickly dotted with the habitations of another race.

The history of the Maine Indians has never been written, and to fully tell that tale would be to revive the memories of a longforgotten past. Originally, they were divided into two grand divisions known as the Abnakis and the Etechenims, and these in turn were subdivided into several distinct and separate tribes. As offshoots of the Abnakis were the Sokosis, Canibas, Anasagunticoats, and Wawenocks, who had their habitats and hunting grounds in the Saco, Kennebec, and Androscoggin Valleys. In the other great racial division were the Passamaquoddy, Marschite, and Penobscot tribes, whose homes were in the eastern part of the State and along the Penobscot Valley. The Abnakis and their allied tribes have entirely disappeared, and even their memories and legends are fast vanishing. The Marechites are also gone, but the fragments of the Passamaquoddies and Penobscots are still with us, and among their scattered and broken remnants the old tribal relations are still maintained. Interesting, indeed, is their history, and still more fascinating is the study of their legends that have been handed down from generation to generation, and like the secrets of masonry have been preserved intact and unbroken.

We usually speak of the settlement on Indian Island, near Oldtown, Maine, as the Penobscot tribe, but strictly speaking this is not correct. Their proper name is the Tarratine tribe, and the name of Penobscot has been applied to them simply because their island home is in the Penobscot River. Tarratine is their racial name, and by that term they will be called in this story.

It is an acknowledged historic fact that every distinctive race has its own religion, customs, legends, and mythology. We are accustomed to turn to Egypt, Greece, and Rome for our classic literature of the gods, nymphs, and naiads, but none of those wild tales

can compare in wierd and tragic interest with the legendary characters of the Tarratine Indians. Even the god, Ghor, of the Scandinavians becomes tame when compared with Klose-Kur Beh, who first called his red children around the beautiful and primeval shores of the Penobscot. The tales of Jupiter, Juno, and Venus offer nothing more fascinating than the Chi-Wump-Loqueh, or white man of this once famous Maine tribe. The Mundo-Ok-Kado is a marvelous character who slew the great dragon of Indian Island, and this made possible the future home of the Terratines. Why should the people of Maine go to the land of the Vikings or the groves of Parnasus and Olympia for their classic allusions when a far more beautiful treasure wove of mythological literature is at our very doors? The time will yet come when this will be given to the world, and then a new epoch will dawn upon the scholastic world and other Homers will sing in immortal verse the deeds of a long-forgotten age.

Historical writers have computed that Maine had a population of not less than 40,000 of the primitive race when the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock. These were divided among several tribes, of which the Tarratines were the most powerful and warlike. They had previously lived on terms of friendship with the Abnakis, whose principal seat was at Norridgewock, on the banks of the Kennebec, but for some unknown reason those ties were broken and a fierce war between the two tribes left the Abnakis a conquered race. The ranks of both tribes were shattered and decimated, for it is a maxim of war that the conqueror suffers nearly as much as his victim. The victory of the Tarratines was dearly bought, as pestilence, disease, and famine followed in its footsteps.

From that time down to 1662 the tomahawk was burried and there came a greater disaster. This time it was a bloody war between the Tarratines and the Mohawks of New York, and in them the Maine Indians found a far more wiley and dangerous foe. For seven years the struggle surged to and fro, and at last ended in the humiliating defeat of the Tarratines. Many of their villages were destroyed, and in this work the Mohawks showed but little mercy. Previous to this time the seat of the principal sagamores had been at the mouth of the Kenduskeag River, but for strategic reasons it was now changed to an island in the Penobscot River just opposite from the Mesent village of Oldtown. Here they erected strong

fortifications, and here they have made their home during the long stretch of time that has since passed. It was by a strange irony of fate that the first staggering blow received by the Tarratines came not from the Anglo-Saxon, but was dealt by members of their own race.

For nearly two centuries and a half the Tarratines of the Penobscot have been steadily dwindling in numbers until to-day there remains but a shadow of their former power. Where once a thousand warriors could answer the call of their chief, there are now not more than 250 souls in all. There wigwams have disappeared and their council fires are burning low, but in spite of all these changes they treasure the memories of the past and many of their ancient customs are still preserved.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the Tarratines were visited by the Jesuit fathers, who converted them to Christianity, and a little chapel was built on the same site where a modest church now stands. Whatever else the Indian may be, he is always a devout Catholic, and in those early days he was an enthusiast in his religion. Each Sabbath they convened for prayers, and when the surpliced priest was with them they sat and knelt upon the floor in devout attitude. To-day all the forms of the church are observed and a regular priest conducts the services.

In 1723 came Col. Thomas Mestroak, of Massachusetts, 200 soldiers on an expedition in search of hostile Indians. He discovered this settlement, but its inhabitants had fled. In his report to the home authorities he stated that he found a fort 70 yards in length and 50 yards wide, with walls and stockades 14 feet in height. This inclosed their chapel and a large number of well-finished wigwams. He destroyed everything in sight, and then left. The Indians soon returned and rebuilt their homes and from that time were never again disturbed by the whites. Neither did they ever seek for vengeance, and when the governor of Massachusetts declared war against all the Indians east of the Piscatagua River, in 1755, he excepted those on the Penobscot on the ground that they had always acted in the most honorable manner towards the English.

It would be too much to expect that the whites would be equally honorable in their dealings with the Indians and we accordingly find the Tarratines surrendering their lands until all that remained to

them were a few islands in the Penobscot. These they still possess although they are of but little value when compared with the lands wrested from them by chicanery and fraud. When Maine became a State in 1820, provision was made for a small annuity which is still paid to them annually. They retain about 4,500 acres of island land, and this with certain share privileges yields them an income of about $25 per capita. The decendants of the speculators who made millions by robbing the Tarrantines are nowgrumblingbecause the State is compelled by agreement to pay this small pittance.

The old tribal relations of the Tarratines are still kept up to a large extent. Their little island home is the scene of many peculiar rites and exercises which connect them with the past. The greatest chieftian in their history was Madocawando, whose only daughter became the wife of the famous French explorer and adventurer, Baron de Castine. Like the prophet Horeb, his grave is now unknown, and the same may be said of his successor, Chief Crono, in whose honor one of the largest villages in Maine is named. Both of these great leaders were able men and their successors do not forget to honor their memories and recount their deeds. In fact, this tribe has never been without leaders and representatives that would be worthy to rank among the best of any race.

While the Indian rarely imitates, he has departed sufficiently from this tradition to organize two political parties on Indian Island, and between these the annual contests are waged as fiercely as any political campaign among the whites. There is this difference: The campaigns fought by his white cousins are largely for the lust of office, greed, and graft, while the Indian is absolutely sincere in his political convictions. This leaves a wide margin in favor of the Indian. The old party and the new party are the names by which these political organizations are known, and in numbers they are quite evenly balanced. The old party attracts the conservative members of the tribe who believe in following the forefathers and are adverse to adopting new and radical ideas. Nearly all of the older men are attached to this organization, and on account of their age and high character their influence is very great. In one sense they may be called the standpatters of the tribe, and are very cautious in making changes.

The new party attracts the younger element and is more radical and progressive. Its members claim that progression is the

trend of the times and that they are only in line with evolution. Between these contending forces the struggle is extremely strenuous and at times almost fierce. It must be understood that these parties have nothing whatever to do with National or State politics. While the Tarratines are to an extent wards of the State and subject to State laws, they also have a government of their own which relates to tribal affairs.

Prior to 1838 these affairs were controlled by the chief and the traditional council, but since then the name of "governor" has been substituted for that of chief. They also send a delegate to the legislature who receives nearly the same pay as the other representatives, but who has no vote. He can only make suggestions and give advice when Indian affairs are being discussed. In the election of these officials, party spirit formerly ran so high that, in 1866, the legislature enacted a law providing for election by the tribes of governor, lieutenant-governor, and represetatives by one party one year and the other party the next term. This softened the asperities of party strife to some extent, but developed more factional trouble. At any rate, the underlying principle of progression versus reaction is still a bone of contention, and like the great political parties of the Nation there is a tendency towards disintegration and a smash-up of all political organizations.

These Indians also elect from the tribe a policeman once in two years, and inside the reservation he exercises all the authority of such officials. He can arrest any offender and bring him before the courts of competent jurisdiction within Penobscot County. For his services as a guardian of the peace this officer receives from the State the munificent sum of $50 per year, but this does not preclude him from making baskets or guiding hunting parties in the great northern forests.

The Tarratine Indians have produced many strong characters and some very unique ones. Among the latter was the famous character known as Molly Mollases, who died in 1867, but who is still remembered by all the older generation in this section. Of quaint humor and great persistence, she was highly successful in extracting contributions from her friends, and these were legions. She was born in a canoe on Green Lake, a sheet of water known by the Indians as Merlassie, and from this name she received her own. Another famous character was Frank Loring, who died only a few

years ago, lamented and mourned by all. His Indian name was Big Thunder, and by that he was always known. Decending from a long line of sagamores, he is now remembered as the last chief of the Tarratines. To the writer of this narrative he was a warm personal friend, and an hour with him was always one of the great pleasures of a busy life. The murder of his son some eight years ago broke the old man's heart and he never regained his former cheerfulness, but soon passed to the happy hunting grounds of his fathers. A sturdy and noble character was he, and one whose mind was never tainted with the vices of our modern civilization. Among the living leaders of the tribe the names of Hon. Nicholas Sockbasin, Horace Nicholas, Joseph Francis, and Thomas Dana may be mentioned as the most prominent. This last-named Indian is one of the village merchants, and in him the traditional gaunt and bony figure of the race is lost. Dana is a genius. He has a bay window which would make a city alderman turn green with envy, and with his genial nature he may be called the prophet and minstrel of the tribe. He is a great story teller, and as a once-famous guide he can entertain the pale-face guest with all the urbanity of a Chesterfield and the authority of a Dr. Sam Johnson.

And there are other bright men among these Indians, but one and all are now known by English names. It is almost a pity that the old Indian names with their sonorous ring and natural significance could not have been retained. These names have been retained in all the rivers and lakes of Maine, and they are vastly finer than any Anglo-Saxon terms. Not so when we come to the men of the tribe, and this the historian will ever lament. In the name of Big Thunder, the noble character of its owner was fitly expressed, but in the commonplace name of Frank Learing it is forever lost!

Among these leaders with modern names we may mention Newell Leyon, grandson of Joseph Leyon, who negotiated the first treaty between the authorities of Massachusetts and the Tarratines. Nicholas Soloman and H. W. Nelson are also among the leaders of the tribe. Then we have Ex-Governor Newell Francis; Peter, John, and Joseph Ranco; Ex-Governor Sahates Francis and Charles D. Mitchell. This last-named gentleman was for many years the ferryman between the island and Old Town, and like the classic Charon on the Styx has a character that is all his own. The oldest woman of the tribe is Clara Neptune, who has long since passed the cen-

tury mark. Rene Nicolas is one of the younger generation and in point of physical beauty will compare with any of her pale-face friends.

Indian Village is a pretty little hamlet and its buildings are neatly kept. The late Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, Bishop of Portland, established a colony of Sisters of Mercy on the island and they are the teachers in the village school. Here the children are taught domestic science in all its branches, and are exceedingly apt in all their other studies. They have a neat school building and grade for grade the pupils will compare favorably with those of their white neighbors. The school has broadened out very much since coming into charge of the nuns, and its curriculum is very liberal. The State assumes part of its maintenance, and from this source $1,000 per year is received. There are nine grades and the work is under the supervision of the parish priest, Rev. Father Gendel, of Old Town, although he rarely interferes with the work of the nuns. The parish bears the name of St. Ann, and there is a dainty little church and convent connected. Each church service finds nearly all of the people in attendance, and the old Indian custom of seating the men on one side and the women on the other is still maintained. This church is the social as well as the religious center of the settlement, and there is no doubt that its influence among these children of nature is good.

In all their domestic relations these Indians will comparefavorably with the average white settlement. They are honest and faithful in all their dealings with others, and the word of an Indian is the only pledge needed for any contract made. Among themselves they speak their native tongue, but this is immediately dropped in the presence of guests. The old hereditary taste for fire water still lingers among them, but in spite of this they have many earnest advocates of temperance in their ranks, and the influence of these reformers is steadily increasing. In physical appearance they will rank among the best, and especially will this hold good with the young women of the tribe, although in cases it may be possible that a dash of French blood now and then has added to their natural charms.

The Indian has never been famous for a love of manual labor and even among these civilized ones the old hereditary taint crops out. They are the finest woodsmen and guides in Maine, but when it comes to chopping wood the old instinct creeps out. They are

Joe Francis and Nichola, Ex-Chiefs of Penobscots, with Other Penobscots and Members of D. A. R.

Home of Andrew Sockalexis, Marathon Runner, Indian Reservation, Old Town, Me.

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INDIANS OF MAINE

D. A. R. Monument to Maine Indians

Clara Neptune, Penobscot Tribe, Old Town, Me.

Irene Nicholas, Penobscot Tribe, Old Town, Me.

A CLASS IN SINGING IN ONE OF THE NEW MUSIC ROOMS

All students in the school receive instruction in singing. There is a fine choir and a large chorus containing nearly a hundred members
The singing of the student body has been brought to a high standard

AN ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL
This orchestra, made up of students, is in great demand at all school functions and exercises.

splendid basket makers, and this may be called their leading industry. During the winter months they stock up with these goods and then visit the summer resorts along the Maine coast when the season is on. For three months during the summer season their village is nearly depopulated, as they are then in camps near the leading resorts, where they find a ready sale for their goods. Some of their baskets are very beautiful and may well be termed works of art. They also make fine snow shoes, but in the art of canoe building the whites now distance them. As guides in the Maine woods, they surpass all others and here, again, the old time Indian instinct shows itself. They love nature in her wildest moods, and to them the habitat of every animal is familiar. As hunters and trappers they excel, and for this reason their services as guides are in constant demand during the open game season. They are true as steel to the sportsman who employs them, and whatever may happen in the woods their lips are sealed. They divulge no secrets and tell no tales.

Since Maine separated from Massachusetts in 1820, these Indians have been wards of the State, and an Indian agent always has their larger business affairs in charge. These usually come from political parties, and herein lies the weakness of that system. Without in the least criticising any official or imparing the honor of any man, the writer believes that it is wrong to make these Indians the football of politicians. They have able men in the tribe and these are fully competent to distribute the pittance given by the State, and such a system would be more satisfactory to the Indians. It is the system and not the men that the writer would criticise. Political debts should never be paid at the expense of our State wards. The income which they receive from the State is very small, and by no means sufficient for their maintenance. It is certainly not enough to justify the State in appointing a guardian for them. It must not be forgotten that this land was once all theirs, and for all this they are only receiving an income fo about $25 per capita annually. The average Indian must either work or starve, and there is no good reason why he should be kept in leading strings. The State is not giving them one-tenth the value of the magnificent domain which they surrendered long ago. If there is anything that the State can justly do it is to keep the white man's rum away from their island home, but unfortunately this is usually the last duty that the State attempts to perform.

A pathetic spot on Indian Island is the little cemetery where sleep a long line of chiefs and warriors. No stately monuments of bronze or marble may be seen, and in many cases the graves are unmarked. Simple headstones are scattered here and there and but few of these record the virtues of those who sleep beneath. In this respect the Indian does not emulate his white brother, and whatever may be found in the shape of an epitaph here may be taken for the truth. The writer well remembers his last visit to this silent city of the dead. It was in company with Big Thunder, who led him to the newly made grave of his murdered son, and with tears rolling down his furrowed cheek said, "Here sleeps my only hope and pride. I shall raise no stately monument here nor inscribe any eulogy to his memory on this spot. I only hope to soon sleep by his side. I can only say with the patriot Emmet, let no words of tribute be spoken until other men and other times can do justice to the memory of the Indian." Noble words from a noble man, and the desire of the old chief was soon fulfilled and he was placed at rest by the side of the son whom he loved so well.

The story of the Tarratine Indians cannot be told in an article like this. A wealth of legendary love is theirs, and many of their hereditary customs and religious rites are kept in secret and guarded with miser care. The Tarratine loves the traditions that have been handed down through the rolling centuries, and the deeds of his fathers are his proudest heritage. He is proud of his blood and his lineage and he loves to recall the days when the Indian was untainted by the vices of his conqueror. That tale has come down to him in an unbroken line, but it is rarely told save in his own language and among his own kith and kin. The tribal relation is to him still dear, although he rarely speaks the thoughts that he so keenly feels.

"That tale too dearly cherished to impart,
Dies on the lip but trembles in the heart."

Stoicism belongs to the Indian by nature, but this does not imply that he is destitute of those finer feelings that belong only to the higher type of men. In this connection the writer recalls his last interview with the old chief, Big Thunder, when sitting in his humble home on Indian Island. Taking from a little trunk a rusty knife, he said in subdued and saddened tones, "This is the knife that took the last scalp for the Tarratines long ago, and it has come

down to me as a memento of the last stand of my race. This knife would never have been dyed in blood had my people been justly treated. When history shall record the last page in the struggle between your people and mine I believe that justice will be done the Indian."

A tear glistened in the eye of the old man as he uttered these pathetic words. His was a noble type of manhood and he deserves to rank with the great men of his race. Black Hawk, Tecumseh, Osceola, and Chief Joseph were truly great men, but Big Thunder was the peer of them all, although he occupied a humbler sphere in life. He has chanted his death song, and beyond the storm clouds of life his brave soul is now with the leaders of his race and the Great Spirit.

To Mr. A. F. Orr, the photographer of Old Town, the writer is indebted for the pictures which illustrate this story and this country he acknowledges at this time. These photographs tell their story and show the progress that has been made by the remnant of this once powerful tribe. Will justice ever be done the Indian in this commercial age of need and graft? We do not know. We lift the veil of the past and recall the fact that whenever two races have been brought into contact the weaker one has always gone down, unless he adopted the civilization of his conqueror. Too often the Indian prefers to cling to the traditions of his race, and wrapping his blanket around his shoulders he stalks haughtily away. These are facing the setting sun and from beyond its tinted clouds they hear the call of their fathers. Let us do justice to the Indian's memory, "Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

Indian Progress; Remarkable Advancement Made by Education and Training:

By Harvey E. Taylor.

THERE is hope for the Indian. The American red man is not going to die out. He is not going to revert to ways of savagery. He is going to take his place in the world like the white man, and the day is not far distant when such a thing as an Indian problem will be history in the United States. To-day, the Indian is fast adopting the ways of the white man. He is proving himself industrious, independent, creative, and an all-round good American citizen. He is living in comfort, raising his children properly, and keeping away from mind-poisoning whisky. He is developing as a farmer, as a mechanical expert, and as a professional man. He is a statesman, lawyer, physician, preacher, teacher, and journalist. He has demonstrated he has the ability to live at peace with white folk and to succeed in stiff competition with pale-face business men.

The Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., has had much to do with the progress made by the Indians. The school has demonstrated effectively that the Indian has the same natural attributes which go to make up a successful white man; that the Indian is adaptable, that he would rather live well in a house than live in filth in a tepee, and that he is fitted in every possible way to take his stand beside the white man in the world's work. The authorities of the Carlisle School are confident that, if they could handle all the children between the ages of 14 and 21 years of age, they would soon solve the Indian problem completely. Those educated there are "carrying the message to Garcia," instilling in the minds of the red men not fortunate enough to go to Carlisle the spirit of the new Indian independence. An arcticle on the school at Carlisle follows.—*Editorial in the Williamsport Grit.*

THE Indian himself is solving the Indian problem in the United States, and the United States Indian School at Carlisle and other Indian Schools throughout the country are helping the red man establish himself in the land as an average, industrious, peace-loving American. The original American is fast becoming a Yankee. The younger generation of red men is turning the trick which is destined to put the Indian of the United States on a new plane. It will correct the popular impression that the American Indian is a lazy, good-for-nothing, drunken loafer, who would rather steal than work, rather make his women slaves than toil himself, rather embrace polygamy than live loyally with one

wife. There are still living many old Indians who do not have any desire to live other than a blanket existence, there are those who still scorn the young Indian who has educated himself according to the best American standards, and there are still Indians of the older generations who are living blanket existences with two, three or four wives to do their bidding.

Young Men Leaders.

THE old Indians, however, are passing rapidly, and their places in councils are being taken by younger men who have absorbed the best ideals and customs of the best pale faces. In many tribes, these leaders are graduates or ex-students of the Carlisle Indian School, and they are firing the minds of the Indian boys and girls with a desire to get the practical education given Indians at the Indian schools. So keen these days are the tribal children for the education which will put them on an intellectual level with their pale face neighbors, that the Indian boy or girl who cannot be sent to one of the Indian schools suffers great disappointment. In fact, it has developed within the past 30 years that the intellectual tendrils of the young Indians of America have been steadily reaching out to grasp the ideals of life which made it possible for the white man to get the upper hand of the red man in war.

It is a significant fact that out of 6,000 young Indians fully or partially educated at the Carlisle Indian School since 1879, over 94 per cent are to-day earning their own living, raising their families on the American ideals, and making of themselves useful American citizens. For many years, it was said that the Indians returned from the schools reverted back to the old Indian standards of life. The figures disprove completely such a supposition. The Indian himself, through his constant application to industry, through his initiative, and through his adaptability, has proven that he is as completely fitted for civilization as civilization is gauged in this country as any citizens now living in the United States.

The Indians have been greatly handicapped in their march of progress. They have had to live down unwarranted prejudice, they have had to overcome the perfidy of white Indian agents, they have had to disprove the national thought that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," and they have had to show by their sobriety and right living that they are not by nature drunkards and loafers.

Given a chance, they have "made good," and the pale face school of today which can show that, out of 6,000 graduates or ex-students, 94 per cent are making good livings doing the country's work, should be proud of itself.

In All Walks of Life.

INDUSTRIOUS, able, right-living Indians to-day are found in all walks of life from the learned professions down to reliable laborers. Thousands of them are "farming it," and making a success of agriculture. Many are in politics, two being United States Senators, one a Representative in Congress, one Governor of Oklahoma, and scores upon scores, hundreds, in fact, in minor political positions. Indians to-day are found in the law, in medicine, in the pulpit, and as teachers in schools and colleges. Moreover, they are found in responsible positions in factories, in railroad repair and construction shops, in business, in real estate offices, and in electrical concerns. They are, too, in dentistry, in journalism, and in mines. Educated Indian girls are nurses in hospitals, teachers, stenographers, musicans, clerks, artists, and, above all, excellent housewives. In fact, the Indian, by the tens of thousands, due largely to his own initiative, is demonstrating to the country at large that he is capable of the highest civilization. The case of one educated Indian would prove nothing; the cases of 50,000 educated red men prove much.

Race is Handicapped.

EVERYBODY who has looked into the matter agrees that the Government of the United States has bungled the Indian problem. Years ago, such a thing as an Indian problem should have been solved. To-day, however, the problem still exists, no uniformity in the laws handling the Indians existing. To-day, Oklahoma Indians with incomes of $10,000 obtained by their own ability have to have their affairs handled by Government clerks getting $1,500 a year. In some states the Indians are state wards, while in other states they are independent citizens. With these and many other handicaps, the Indians are still struggling, advancing in the ways of civilization in spite of Governmental ignorance. At the school at Carlisle, where yearly there are over 1,000 Indian boys and girls being taught the ways of civilization, the young Indians find their best opportunities for advancement. Here, besides the regulation book

work, the red boys and girls are taught 20 trades, as well as farming, dairying, horticulture, dressmaking, cooking, laundering, and housekeeping. In the graded school there are special courses in agriculture, teaching, stenography, business practice, telegraphy and industrial art. Valuable to a very high degree is the outing system of the school, which permits more than half, or about 700, of the students to go into shops, on farms, and into the homes of white people during four months of the year, earning by their work over $40,000 yearly.

Wanted as Workers.

IN Eastern Pennsylvania, young Indian girls and boys are very much in demand during the summer months. In fact, the Carlisle School authorites can't furnish enough of these excellent helpers to supply the demand. The authorities are most particular as to where they place their charges for the summer. Many of the Indian boys go on farms, where they learn practical agriculture and the full meaning of a day's work. They are drilled in many branches of farming largely by the capable German-American farmers of the rich agricultural counties of Pennsylvania, where farming skill is found at its best. These farmers, who pay their Indian helpers good wages, treat them "like white men." They take the Indians into their homes and get them accustomed to the home ways of the the whites. The sons of the farmers take their Indian fellow-workers out on jaunts, and chum with them on Sundays when there is a suspension in farm work. The thrifty "Dutch" farmers of Eastern Pennsylvania are fond of hiring Indians for three or four months of the year, beacuse the Indians are hard, ambitious, intelligent workers, toilers anxious to work for the best interests of their employers. Graduate and ex-student Indians of the Carlisle School, who once worked on the farms of Eastern Pennsylvania, are now profitably putting into practice on their own farms in the West the practical knowledge of agriculture they picked up in the East.

Farming For Indians.

AGRICULTURE is the ideal work for the Indian, for it keeps him out of doors and prevents him contracting tuberculosis, which is sapping the strength of the Indian people, 34 per cent of the annual deaths among them being from that disease. Some of

the most successful farmers and ranchmen in Oklahoma are Indians who got their training at Carlisle School. These men are powers in their localities and they enjoy all the respect which is given to successful white farmers. They lead clean lives, have fine homes, capable housewives, most of whom have been trained in the arts of housekeeping at Carlisle, and children who are being brought up according to the best standards of civilization. These successful Indian farmers are a great power for good among Indians who are not so successful. They demonstrate to the backward red men the advantages to be obtained by clean, industrious living. Yearly, the Carlisle and other Indian schools are sending back to the reservations hundreds of red men who are anxious to raise from a lower level the Indians who have not had a chance to learn the ways of the civilized world by mingling with whites of the better class.

Teaching Young Women.

THE young women who are graduated from the Carlisle School are also proving a powerful force in raising the standards of living on the reservations. There are students from 90 tribes at the Carlisle School. In the summer, the young Indian girls are sent into the homes of responsible white people in Eastern Pennsylvania, where they learn the science of economical, sanitary housekeeping in the most practical manner. At the school itself, the young women learn much scientific housekeeping. They are taught to keep their rooms absolutely clean and to keep their clothes in spick and span order. In the homes of whites to which they are sent in the outing months, they learn to practice what they have been taught at school. Moreover, they get much instruction in the homes which cannot be given in school classes. Back on the reservation, these well-taught girls do not revert to the tepee or hogan, but become the mistresses of well appointed homes, which have the effect of stirring up the ambitions of the lowly reservation dwellers.

Help Each Other.

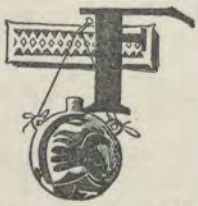
BY their examples of uprightness, cleanliness, and industry, the young, educated Indian girls are doing much to improve the condition of the average Indian. There are 85 Carlisle graduates, men and women, in the Indian Service, and these officials of the Government do much to help the uneducated red men to a higher

estate. The Indians in the Indian Service are clerks, stenographers, disciplinarians, matrons, teachers in academic branches and household arts, instructors in blacksmithing, engineering, agriculture, carpentry, shoemaking, etc., superintendents, overseers, and laborers. They are of the greatest possible assistance to the reservation Indians throughout the West, and the Indian Service officials at Washington are anxious to get more of the Carlisle graduates into the Service. Out of the 514 full graduates of Carlisle School, only five have been so-called failures. The rest have made a marked success in their various fields of activity. This speaks pretty well for the system of training at the Carlisle School and also for the character of the Indians, which lends itself easily to instruction.

(*To be concluded in November issue.*)

Annual Convocation of Dakota Indians of the Episcopal Church:

By E. Ashley.



FROM Milbank, South Dakota, northwest runs the Milbank–Sisseton branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway through the fertile Whetstone Valley. Westward, stretching north and south, are the Coteau de Sioux, lying almost in the center of the country, which used to be the Sisseton and Wahpeton Reservation. On the 10th and 11th of July last might have been seen four coaches packed full of Indians from the central and western portion of South Dakota on their way to attend the annual meeting of the Episcopal Church at Sisseton Agency, five or six miles west of Peever. As the travelers alighted from the train they could see the place of meeting by the white tents where the Sisseton Indians and others who had come overland were camped near the Church of St. Mary's. At the station they were met by some of the Sissetons, who soon conveyed them towards their destination. Arriving on the grounds, a bench on the eastern slope of the Coteaus, all were glad to meet each other with a hearty hand shake, a happy reunion of veteran missionaries—white and Indian—mingling with many who had long since chosen the way of the true Great Spirit.

The Sisseton Indians are now mixed in with a farming community of white people. They have been farmers themselves for many years past, and in the eighties were fairly progressive and prosperous, but unfortunately got hold of the white man's "fire water" and their condition, morally and religiously, was getting somewhat

low, and the farms were being neglected. In the midst of these conditions Major Allen, a good, moral man and a practical farmer, became superintendent and put forth a strong effort, and with considerable success, to get the people to work their lands again. He was encouraged and aided in every way by E. D. Mossman, the principal of the boarding school. He is one of the best and most successful workers in the Indian Service. Under the conditions both these men did good team work towards the uplift of the Indians. Their efforts needed to be strengthened, however, by the religious forces; hence a year ago some of the Sissetons who were delegates to that convocation made an urgent appeal that the next convocation be held with their people to try to "strengthen the things that remain," and so the bishop, the missionaries, delegates, and visitors are here assembled looking forward to a profitable three days' meeting to discuss the temporal, moral, and religious needs of the large body of Sioux in South Dakota.

It has been said that "in union there is strength." The old man realized this when he gathered his sons about him to teach them the lesson by asking each to break the bundle of twigs. The white man acts continuously upon this truth, and it is not strange, therefore, that the great apostle to the Dakotas, the Rt. Rev. W. H. Hare, one time Bishop of Niobrara, with his missionaries should use the same principle. To-day, scattered over the Indian country in South Dakota, there are nearly one hundred units, or mission stations, where religous services are maintained. These are gathered together in groups according to the governmental divisions of the Indian country called reservations, although some of them, or parts of them, have been thrown open to settlement.

At the head of each division, like the superintendent, there is a presbyter in charge, who, with his native priests, deacons, catechists, and helpers, carry on the work for the Master. As the need may require, the workers alone, or with the people, may be called together to consider the needs and efficiency of the work in a particular locality. No one can measure the good that has been done in this way on the several reservations. The commercial world sees the need of unifying its business to avoid waste and inefficiency, and the church at home and abroad is agitating a larger union the better to extend the Kingdom of Christ. And so in the Indian country the Indians come together once a year to get the enthusiasm which

comes from a meeting of that kind. It may be of interest to learn who compose this convocation, and by a reference to the constitution and by-laws we find that article 2 provides "The convocation shall consist as follows: 1. The bishop of South Dakota; 2. All clergy engaged in Indian work under the bishop; 3. All catechists and helpers (lay workers) having license from the bishop; 4. Three lay delegates from each congregation among the Indians." These assemble as one body under the presidency of the bishop. And although the "Convocation is entitled to no legislative functions, it is organized for the discussion of general church work within the limits of what is known as the Niborara Deanery, and the devising and adoption of measures to promote it." Thus is the convocation constituted, and thus it came together on the call of the bishop on the date named above. Because of the large number of the people, and there being no church building large enough to accomodate the gathering, usually the convocation assembles in a booth, erected on the open prairie, for its general services and business sessions, and it is an interesting sight to see the men and women approch the place of meeting, each division led by what is known as the Niobrara banners, each one having worked in silk the Niobrara cross under which are the words, "De on ohiya yo" (By this conquer.) Unfortunately on this occasion, because of the rain this part of the ceremony had to be omitted. The men, with some of the clergy and the bishop, went into the chapel nearby, while the women with others of the clergy went to the women's tent for the opening service of the Holy Communion. The reverence of the Indians at their Christian services has been remarked upon by those who have witnessed it, but it shows when contrasted with the old life and religion of the Indian that the Spirit of God can influence the Indian as well as any human soul.

The rain having ceased, the men could meet in the afternoon in the booth for the first business session. But things must be done decently and in order, so the roll is called by the old secretary, and a quorum being present, there follows the election of secretary and two treasurers, and as the bishop will soon have to go to meet with the women in their tent he presents three names to the convocation from which to choose a dean who will preside in his absence. The Rev. Mr. Deloria, native presbyter in charge of the Standing Rock Mission, is chosen, and the work begins.

It would seem strange, perhaps, to a visitor to hear the discussions and business carried on in the native tongue. Some of the members understand English, but, as they like their mother speech just as the Germans, Italians, and others in the United States find it convenient to use the native languages, the Indian should not be blamed for the use of the language in which he was born. The missionaries are not unmindful of the value of English, and impress it upon the people by urging the use of it and by preaching in it whenever possible. But as on the day of Pentecost and since, the Gospel must be preached and sacraments administered in a language understood by the people. While the language spoken is the Dakota, the business of the convocation proceeds according to parlimentary rules.

In the evening of each day except Sunday, after supper the men and women come together for camp prayers, a custom which has been in use for many years. As the sun nears its setting the crier calls "Come to prayers; make haste and come." They come from all parts of the camp, and standing in a circle, the men on one side and the women on the other, the bishop and clergy in the center, there is had the simple service of hymn, creed, and prayers, another hymn and the bishop's blessing, and then they separate, the men to attend some brotherhood meeting and the women to meet in their tent, perhaps, but all with the thought of God's watchful care for the night.

During the sessions of convocation the Women's Auxiliary of the Deanery holds its meetings. The local societies send up three delegates to the meeting, and they have come not to talk merely, but have brought evidences of appreciation of the Gospel. The new bishop is meeting with them for the first time, and with others to assist him, receives their gifts. The mission stations are called in order, one by one, and as the name is called some delegate steps forward to the table, produces from her bag or purse a report (duplicate of which has been left at home for record) and lays her money before the bishop, and while one is counting it another reads the report, which is something like this—

> Support of native ministers, $50; missionary work in South Dakota, $10; bishop's discretion, $25; foreign missions, $3; domestic missions, $3; united offering, $5; convocation fund, $5; to aid their church paper, $5; for a gift to a friend, $5; total, $111.

Not much, perhaps, as some would count it, but it means much to the givers, because it is an amount over and above what has been given for home expenses. With happy faces they come, one after another, gladly bringing their gifts, and finally when all is counted there is found a total of $3,428.70, which at a later service was offered to God that he might bless it and use it for the good of His Kingdom.

Sunday the Indians assembled for service, and it must have been a service of uplift and strength to the people, for at this time two natives, who fifteen years before at convocation had been made deacons, were then ordained priests, to be sent out to a larger work among their people. Notwithstanding the discouragements to be met, it showed the faith of the bishop to commission them to join others with the same authority to preach the Gospel to the breaking down of the kingdom of sin, Satan, and death.

This convocation, compared with one held nearly forty years ago, shows what religious progress has been made among the Sioux. Then, nearly all the people were heathen, and only here and there a few who followed the white man's ways. That convocation of 1874 represented only eight congregations, and the delegates with the few missionaries represented the day of small things. During the passing years the Holy Spirit, working with the ministry of the Word, has brought about the splendid meeting just held, and one can but exclaim "What God hath wrought"! There have been failures and mistakes, yet the ideal has been always in view, and that is to take the Indian out of his heathenism and barbarism and fit him for all that is best in civilization and our common Christianity. To this end the missionaries have been the pioneers, and at a time before the Government had any school work among the Sioux they had their day schools and boarding schools, thus paving the way for the great work the Government is now doing in educating the people.

Thorough Moral Instruction:*

By Milton Fairchild, Director of Instruction, National Institution for Moral Instruction

PROBABLY the most thorough work of instruction ever done in pure morals was accomplished during the first week of October in the Carlisle Indian School. The visual lesson on "Conduct Becoming a Gentleman" is the only extended statement ever compiled in explanation, for purposes of moral instruction, of the code which experience has established as obligatory upon those wishing to be considered gentleman in modern society and public life. It puts into shape for moral instruction of youth that code which the boys are left to learn by incidental hints and corrections from gentleman and ladies with whom they come in contact. There are some 75 lantern slides, and these are interpreted by a text which is sanctioned by public opinion. This lesson on the gentleman has been used for four hours' of study by a special class of 60 boys. In selecting the boys care was taken to choose those of more mature judgment; this is not reform-school work. The purpose was to appeal to the need of the boys who are in the border land between obedience to the directions of older people and the personal independence of full manhood, and to satisfy that need by explaining to them the wisdom of human experience and the convictions of intelligent people regarding conduct becoming in a gentleman. The following is the outline of the lesson:

CONDUCT BECOMING IN A GENTLEMAN.—Seven admonitions for the boys:

1. Strive to attain the spirit and the manners of a gentleman.
2. Keep the law of courtesy to others.
3. Be respectful to people older than yourself.
4. Do well by others and regard their rights.
5. Rectify the wrong you do.
6. Win out in a gentleman's way.
7. Act the gentleman on your own account.

The first hour, 10.30 a.m., September 29, 1912, was given to a view of all the pictures and a delivery of the text entire. This placed

*This article is a continuation of a discussion begun in THE RED MAN of December, 1912, and that article is essential to the understanding of this.

before the boys the whole code as a unit as the basis of their own thought.

The second hour of the lesson, one day later, was given to a "picture review" of the first half of the pictures, with most of the time given to a detailed explanation of the facts represented in the picture. A momentary glance such as is afforded at the first delivery of the text entire is not enough to fully bring into consciousness the human situation which the text interprets. This is particularly true of Indian boys, because their race experience of modern civilization is limited. By study of the pictures, they come to appreciate a situation that is new to them personally, but which is essential to a complete explanation of the topic. The talk of the teacher must be adjusted to the experience of the Indian youth, and for purpose of expanding his knowledge of human affairs. This is instruction in morals, not simply an effort to influence conduct, and the instruction must be thorough and adequate to the topic. It is development of intelligence in matters of morality that is sought first, and later convincing arguments are made to determine moral convictions. These are to rest back on developed intelligence. Therefore the need of the picture review.

The third hour was spent in picture review of the last half of the pictures.

The fourth hour was given to a redelivery of the text, the pictures being shown, of course, as the fact basis for the opinions expressed in the text. A review of the pictures and a review of the text,—all for thoroughness in the instruction.

Great care was taken to recognize in words and in tone that the teacher did not assume the right to dictate this code, and to insist that moral obligation existed in the heart of all compelling its fulfillment if one would be righteous.

Follow-up Work for Lesson on the Gentleman.

1. The code written large on each school-room blackboard.
2. Learned by heart by each boy in the school.
3. Interpretation of each law in an essay.
4. Discussion of selected essay, boys and girls participating.
5. Girls to change the code to suit the lady—"Conduct becoming in a lady."
6. Learned by heart by each girl.

THE UNITED STATES CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL BAND OF 1913

Many of the former members of this organization, which has a Nation-wide reputation for the excellence of its music, are leaders of bands on the reservations and various Indian schools of the West

THE MANDOLIN CLUB OF 1913 AT CARLISLE

A PICTURESQUE GROUP—SEMINOLES OF THE COW CREEK BAND

Stem-o-la-Kee, Whose Costume Shows the Distinctive Style of the Florida Seminole Woman

THE SEMINOLES OF FLORIDA

Showing a Seminole Brave, in His Picturesque Costume, as He Stands by a Coconut Tree

7. Interpretation of each law in an essay.

8. Discussion of selected essays, girls and boys participating.

9. Occasional discussions of happenings in school, or as reported in the newspapers.

The purpose of this follow-up program is to lead to prolonged thoughtfulness, so as to habituate the pupils to interpreting their own lives by the morality ideals which they have accepted as a result of their study of the lesson on the gentleman.

A second class of 60 boys was taken through a four-hour study of "What I am going to do when I am grown up." The same plan of instruction was used. As follow-up work, personal quarter-hour consultations were had with ten boys to map out for them the life career most likely to come to them, and to determine the study to be done in preparation. For each a typewritten scheme was made out, and furnished in the form of a personal letter of advice. The purpose was to induce the boys to see the real motives that ought to control their school work, and the personal application of the morality lessons to themselves. In each consultation and in each letter reference was had to the future home as being one of the reasons for success in life, and the duty to keep self worthy of wife and children.

This plan for follow-up work should be followed until each pupil has had his consultation and has his letter to keep. The assignment of studies and industrials should be made in accord with this scheme. In urging hard study incidentally in classrooms, reference should be made respectfully to the plane for manhood life, and the impossibility of carrying them out if the opportunity for preparation is neglected. The spirit of persuasion should prevade these admonitions, but there should be no evasion of strong discipline when persuasion fails. Advantage should be taken of the fact that the boy who loafs in school knows the price he will have to pay, and has no right to exact that of himself.

The Seminoles of Florida:

By Minnie Moore Willson.

THE history and characteristics of the Seminoles of Florida is an engrossing story of primitive protestation against the advancement of the white man on the one side and a desperate struggle against extinction on the other. Mrs. Willson, the author of this article, has written an intensely interesting book on this subject, entitled "The Seminoles of Florida," which has been read by thousands, and has stirred up interest and sympathy in behalf of these people. Their problem is unique and presents many difficulties. At the same time, the recent activity of the Federal Government shows that there is hope for the remnants of the Seminoles, who chose to remain in Florida while their fellow tribesmen moved to the western prairies of what is now Oklahoma.—The Editor.

FAR away in the dreary Everglades of Florida are to be found to-day hiding, as it were, a frail remnant of Seminoles. These Indians are the descendants of that invincible tribe who were never conquered by the force of arms. Refusing in 1842 to accompany their people to the mysterious West, they ceased to exist save for themselves. Finding refuge in the almost inaccessible Everglades, they were for a time almost lost to the historian. They have had no legal existence, hence no rights that a white man is bound by law to respect.

Almost universal sympathy goes out to this remnant of a people who fought so bravely and so persistently for the land of their birth, for their homes, for the burial place of their kindred. As their traditions tell them of the oppression their people suffered as they wandered in the wilderness thrice forty years, who can tell the secrets of their hearts? To do this it would be necessary to become for the time an Indian, and what white man has ever done this. To the winds that waft across Okuchobee are whispered the heart throbs of these red fawns of the forest.

Unique Position.

MORE than seventy years ago the Government recognized the Seminoles in a treaty, granting all the vast domain of the Okuchobee country to them. To-day dynamite blasts shake the very pans and kettles hanging around the wigwams and the big dredges groan an accompaniment, as it were, to the death song, the recessional of the Seminole. Forced from off the prairies and from out the mighty hummocks where they roamed at will and did no man injury, these romantic savages have reached the end of the peninsula.

This band of Indians consider themselves more valiant in defense, more determined in purpose than that part of the tribe that succumbed to emigration to the Indian Territory. So to-day, the Florida Seminoles are unconquered and unsubdued. They occupy a unique position with reference to the United States Government, having no legal existence, nor allegiance to our Nation. In short, so far as the United States is concerned officially, justice has been a tardy laggard in recognizing the rights of these original Americans.

Will the Everglades Be Successfully Drained?

THE Seminoles now number about 500 persons, independent, receiving no alms, but suspicious, only asking to be "let alone." We cannot but admire the proud and independent spirit of the Florida Indian as he refuses all aid from a Government which he believes has wronged him, and while he may proudly be called the only American who has been found unwilling to share the spoils of the Nation, still we know that the only way to protect these silent dwellers of the Everglades is to have a reservation set aside for them and hold it in trust for them forever.

The Everglades, a trackless waste of saw-grass and water, with its scattering islands and lagoons, has been a great political question among Florida people during the past few years, and while the drainage is a much-mooted question, certainly the cutting of the canals is driving these original owners farther and farther into the wilds of the swamps. As to the final result of this daring drainage scheme with its millions and millions of expenditure, the best engineers differ; but to the Seminole, however fast the door of the swamp may be locked, with moccasined foot he enters when and where he will; he is the true key bearer and knows every foot of this interminable morass, and when the question was put to Billie Bowlegs, the progressive young chieftain, as to whether the Glades could ever be reclaimed, with much deliberation he answered: "Me no think so. Rain come. Okuchobee land wet ojus (heap)." *Sufficient hint to the wise soil tiller.* With thirty-eight of the States of the Union represented by buyers of land in the Everglades, purchased by faith and good American dollars, much of the land still under water, certainly the "handwriting on the wall" was not seen when Florida undertook to drain the Everglades, as she supposed to

enrich her treasury, but without assurance of success. In this legislative act, Florida forgot to regard her silent, peaceable dwellers, who are the only Americans who could live happily and successfully amid these morasses and game-laden forests.

The Seminole Belongs to Florida.

WITH the encroaching civilization and the Caucasians' eternal "move on, move on," ringing in their ears, with the extinction of their food supply, their support will be a matter of serious consideration in a short time. That they will never submit to removal is an accepted fact; rather than leave their beloved Florida, the land of the balmy sky and life-giving sunshine, and move to the chilling blasts of a western country, they would choose death.

At this writing a few well-meaning but ill-advised friends of the Florida Indians, who know little or nothing of the Seminoles' feelings, are suggesting their removal to the western country, but forbid the thought! Let us earnestly plead with all friends and persons in power that those liberty-loving patriots be protected in their homes and their removal strenuously opposed. The Seminole will never take up arms against the white man because his pledge to Col. Worth "to abstain from all aggressions upon his white neighbor" is held inviolate and like Mecanopy, when he is pushed beyond the borders of Okuchobee, "the place of the big water," rather than submit to emigration he will say, "Kill me then; kill me quickly!"

We are dispossessing the Seminoles of their natural rights. Dwellers of every land from Scandinavia to the Congo have a Christian welcome to our shores. The slums of Europe pour in upon us to fill our almshouses and to be supported by our taxes. Centuries of wrong from hands too powerful to be resisted have taught these Americans the patience of despair; he is an outcast from sympathy and an alien to hope, yet he has never ceased to be manly. At the expense of thousands of dollars we are protecting different species of wild animals, setting aside great tracts of land for their maintenance, while our brother in bronze is left a prey to the lawless and a helpless victim of every loafer.

The Florida Seminole regards the Everglades as his by right of treaty, and cannot understand the white man's encroachment. What the ultimate fate of this proud race will be should be a serious question to America and to Florida. Having taken the lands of their an-

cestors from them, we have a debt to perform; and out of our abundance they should be given a few crumbs in the last hours of their existence. The history of these picturesque Americans cannot be separated from the history of Florida; in the melodious names of rivers, lakes, and towns their wanderings can be traced all over the State; these abiding words of beauty are their memorials firmly imbedded in the history of their conquerors.

The Governor's Veto.

ALL over the country chords of human sympathy are vibrating in harmony for these despoiled people in this their direst extremity, and when the Florida Legislature of 1913 heralded to the press and to the deeply interested friends of the wards of the State the good news of the passage of a bill giving 235,000 acres of land, land poor and swampy and almost uninhabitable, yet the best refuge available for these homeless people, the recognition was received with the utmost joy.

But alas! the pathos of the story, the sequel—"Governor vetoes Seminole reservation act on last day of session." Like a bolt from a clear sky flashed the news over the wire, unexpected and unlooked for.

The occasional visits of these Indians to the doors of civilization always revives interest in the race, for through these living authors one may study the story of their people, a story that is full of pathos, dating back in its traditions almost 200 years. They tell of their homes being encroached upon, the fields taken, their hunting grounds molested, and game scarce and with much pressure reluctantly admit that the Indians "sometimes go hungry." Hungry in a land like Florida!

A picture of a Seminole home ought to inspire courage and sympathy for these silent, peace-loving dwellers of the Everglades. We may see the happy wigwam homes gleaming in the red flames of the camp fire, and hear the soft lullabies of the crooning mothers as they watch with careful eyes the toddling papooses as they play on the grassy sward. We see the happy turban-crowned braves move about and the dusky squaws glide in and out amid the shadows of the great live oaks. In a solitude which only nature reveals this brown-skinned people live, doing no man harm, seeing God in the skies and hearing Him in the winds. The laugh-

ter of the game-laden hunter is heard and the love songs of the Seminole Minnehaha make the night beautiful. Shall we wrest from these people this, their last foothold in Florida? Of what crime are we guilty if these homes are confiscated without reparation. There is at this time plenty of land for both interests. It becomes the duty of the United States Government and the friends of the homeless Seminoles to see to it that land sufficient for their use be left in the Okuchobee country with Uncle Sam's sign boards reading, "Penalty to Trespassers." As the "Stars and Stripes" proudly herald liberty and independence to the comers of all nations, how can we be unmindful of that "charity which begins at home?" As the panorama of Indian history passes before us, we see nothing more tragic than the pictures of the wrongs endured by the poor, struggling, long-hunted Seminoles, as they approach silently, but with sad heart and a slow step.

In that last great council meeting, when the red brother meets on equal footing with his white brother before the throne of the Great Spirit, when each is measured by the light that was given him, how will the scales of Justice swing?

Editorial Comment

Service Recognized in Appointment of E. B. Meritt as Assistant Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER of Indian Affairs Sells has made an excellent selection for the place of Assistant Commissioner in the person of Mr. Edgar B. Meritt. In thus promoting a subordinate official in his own department he has given recognition to efficiency, experience, and continuity of service. Mr. Meritt was born in Arkansas, graduated in law from Georgetown University in 1898, and was law clerk in the Indian Office from 1910 to the time of his appointment in October to his present position. He has been in the Government Service many years, entering originally by virtue of civil-service examination. Mr. Meritt's knowledge and training, coupled with a sincere desire to help the Indian, will make his services of distinct value to the Indian and to his superiors. THE RED MAN extends to him greetings and congratulations and wishes him success.

Across the Navajo Desert

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, writing for *The Outlook* of October 11, 1913, after a tour of the Indian country in the Southwest, says:

"The Navajos have made long strides in advance during the last fifty years, *thanks to the presence of the white men in their neighborhood.* Many decent men have helped them—soldiers, agents, missionaries, traders; and the help has quite as often been given unconsciously as consciously; and some of the most conscientious efforts to help them have flatly failed. The missionaries have made comparatively few converts; but many of the missionaries have added much to the influences telling for the gradual uplift of the tribe. Outside benevolent societies have done some good work at times, but have been mischievous influences when guided by ignorance and sentimentality.

"A notable instance on this Navajo Reservation is given by Mr. Leupp in his book "The Indian and His Problem." Agents and other Government officials, when of the best type, have done most good, and when not of the right type have done most evil; and they have never done any good at all when they have been afraid of the Indians or have hesitated relentlessly to punish Indian wrong-doers, even if these wrong-doers were supported by some unwise missionaries or ill-advised Eastern benevolent societies. The traders of the right type have rendered genuine, and ill-appreciated, service, and their stores and houses are centers of civilizing influence. Good work can be done and has been done at the schools. Wherever the effort to jump the ordinary Indian too far ahead and yet send him back to the reservation, the result is usually failure. To be useful the steps for the ordinary boy or girl, in any save the most advanced tribes, must normally be gradual. Enough English should be taught to enable such a boy or girl to read, write, and cipher so as not to be cheated in ordinary commercial transactions. Outside of this the training should be industrial, and, among the Navajos, it should be *the kind of industrial training which shall avail in the home cabins and in tending flocks and herds and irrigated fields.* The Indian should be encouraged to build a better house; but the house must not be too different from his present dwelling, or he will *as a rule*, neither build it nor live in it. The boy should be taught what will be of actual use to him among his fellows, and not what might be of use to a skilled mechanic in a big city, who can work only with first-class appliances; and the agency farmer should strive steadily to teach the young men out in the field how to better their stock and practically to increase the yield of their rough agriculture. The girl should be taught domestic science, not as it would be practiced in a first-class hotel or a wealthy private home, but as she must practice it in a hut with no conveniences, and with intervals of sheep-herding. If the boy and girl are not so taught, their after lives will normally be worthless both to themselves and to others. If they are so taught, they will normally themselves rise and will be the most effective of home missionaries for their tribe."

NO honor, no reward, however great, can be equal to the subtle satisfaction that a man feels when he can point to his work and say, "The task promised to perform with all loyalty and honesty to the utmost of my ability is finished."

HENRY M. STANLEY

The Carlisle Indian School

Carlisle, Pennsylvania

M. Friedman, Superintendent

HISTORY

The School was founded in 1879, and is supported by the Federal Government. First specific appropriation made by Congress July 31, 1883.

PRESENT PLANT

The present equipment consists of 49 buildings and 311 acres of land. The equipment is modern and complete.

TRADES

Practical instruction is given in farming, dairying, horticulture, dressmaking, cooking, laundering, housekeeping, and in TWENTY trades.

ACADEMIC

There is a carefully graded school, including courses in agriculture, teaching, stenography, business practice, telegraphy, and industrial art.

OUTING SYSTEM

This affords an extended residence in carefully selected families, with instruction in public schools, sewing, housekeeping, and practice at their trades. Students earn regular wages and at present have about $40,000 to their credit in bank drawing interest.

PURPOSE

To train Indians as teachers, home makers, mechanics and industrial leaders either among their own people or in competition with the whites.

Faculty	79
Enrollment for fiscal year 1912	1,031
Returned students and graduates	5,616

RESULTS

Graduates and returned students are leaders and teachers among their people; 291 with the Government as Supervisors, Superintendents, Teachers, etc., in Government schools. Remainder are good home makers, successful in business, the professions, and the industries.