

The Red Man.

— HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE. —

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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"The Common Schools are the stomachs of
the country in which all people that come
to us are assimilated within a generation.
When a lion eats an ox, the lion does not be-
come an ox but the ox becomes lion."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Presbyterian schools are intended to be and are the stomachs of Presbyterianism; Episcopal schools are intended to be and are the stomachs of Episcopalianism; Catholic schools are intended to be and are the stomachs of Catholicism; Indian schools must, therefore, inevitably be the stomachs of Indianism, and Sioux schools will be the stomachs of Siouxism just as Cherokee Schools have been the stomachs of Cherokeeism. Race schools and Church schools, while they may advance the intelligence of the youth, are not calculated to nor will they build up that broad fraternity among the people demanded for the life and growth of our great American principles. To save and perpetuate these we must depend upon the Common School System where the children of all races and classes may meet on equal footing and compete with each other; and these schools must be conducted by public officials, guided by loyalty to the interests of the whole country and the whole people as one people. The distribution of all Indian youth and their education and training in the common schools of the country and association and competition with us in our own affairs for a very few years will place the Indians on their feet as civilized people capable of and contending in the affairs of life on equality with the rest of us. Two hundred years' effort proves that Church schools will never do this, neither can purely Indian schools do it, much less segregating or tribal reservation schools.

It was a misfortune to the Government Indian School service that Senator Vest, when on the Indian Committee was not sent to inspect a few of the Government Indian Schools, too. Every year when the Indian Bill comes up he champions the Saint Ignatius, Montana, Catholic contract school and tells of his visit there seven or eight years ago when he was sent by the chairman of the Senate Indian Committee.

We have been blaming the wild Indians for many years because they did not make a success of farming and self-support in the Indian Territory. Oklahoma was opened, and scores of thousands of the fault-finding white men rushed in and opened up farms, and now at once they are appealing for charity because they have not made a support. We must help these forlorn white men but at the same time not forget to be more charitable toward the failures of our Indian brother.

We print as one number the July and August RED MAN, to give our printer boys and clerks a little outing during the heated term. Our subscribers will remember that TWELVE numbers make a year's subscription, so they will not lose by the proceeding.

INDIAN CITIZENSHIP IN REALITY.

Senator Edmunds once told us that when a man paid his taxes and stood ready to fight in defence of the country, he performed his part and was entitled to all the protection and benefits the country afforded. The following receipt for taxes paid was sent to us by one of our students, who, two and a half years ago, after six years under Carlisle care, took matters into his own hands and located in the old Bay State:

Mr. E. R. T.
Your taxes in the town of C——, for 1889 are as follows:
(Discount of 3 per cent allowed if paid before August 1st.)
State, County and Town, \$2.00.
Payment of your taxes is hereby demanded.
Received Payment,
R. G. R., Collector.

June 30, 1890,

We have no doubt of his willingness to fight, if need be, in defence of his country. He is informed by the officials that he can vote this Fall, and declares his intention of doing so. He is a full Comanche. His outing in civilization has undoubtedly been the means of securing for him unusual good health.

What one Comanche has done all Indians can do. Indeed we have the fullest evidence in our large experience at Carlisle that it is not the Indian himself that is so much in his own way in entering civilization, but it is rather the obdurate false notions of our own management consigning him to reservations and exclusive association with himself, and this binds him body and soul to his origin.

Some of our Indian School bosses occupy the same position of the careful mother in the old song,—

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't you go near the water."

"Mother Goodale," say the Sioux, "may we become civilized?" "Yes, my dear children, but don't you, to any very great extent, go near civilization," says the motherly dame.

Four hundred and fifty of our students have had outing privileges hereabout in the families of kind and respectable farmers and others this vacation, and earned for themselves health, independence and large pocket money. Over two hundred other places offered, but want of experience and training of newly arrived pupils prevented our sending out more this year. We are not contending with the "overstocked labor market of the east" to find places for our pupils. For the past five years many more places have been offered than we could fill.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISKE.

Since our last issue, this great man has passed to his final home. He died in New York City on the 9th of July, in his 62nd year. General Fiske was well known throughout the country as a man specially active in many philanthropic movements. His connection with the freedman's interest at the close of the war as the commander of a large district of country in the Southwest, especially in Tennessee, and his activity and interest in the welfare of the freedmen since have become historical.

Few men in any country are called to fill so many places of trust as General Fiske was. At the time of his death he was President of the Board of Trustees of Fiske University, at Nashville, of which he was one of the founders. He was a Trustee of Dickinson College, Carlisle, of Drew Theological Seminary and Albion

College. He was President of the Board of Indian Commissioners, having been appointed to that place by General Grant. He always presided at the meetings of the Lake Mohonk Conference and with wonderful tact and ability.

General Fiske always visited our school on his annual pilgrimages to the Commencement of Dickinson College, and gave us the inspiration of his great hearted interest.

We join the vast throng of those who felt the strength of his influence, and mourn the loss to the world of a life so active in its best interests.

HOW BEEF SHALL BE SLAUGHTERED.

Commissioner Morgan has issued instructions to Indian Agents covering the slaughter of beef, as follows:

"It is my wish that the following rules be established and strictly enforced at every Agency where cattle are slaughtered.

The killing to be done in a pen, in as private a manner as possible, and by a man who understands the duty and who uses the most speedy and painless method practicable, and during the killing children and women are especially prohibited from being present.

The butchering to be done by men in a house or shed fitted with the necessary appliances for suspending the carcasses during the operation, and with a plank or log floor, with water running over or under the floor, or as convenient to the building as possible, so that cleanliness will be insured.

The consumption of the blood and intestines by the Indians is strictly prohibited. This savage and filthy practice which prevails at so many Agencies must be abolished, as it serves to nourish brutal instincts, and as I am well informed, is a fruitful source of disease. Some proper means must be taken for the destruction of the offal, so as to prevent foulness and disease.

When the beef is ready to be cut up, this must be done in a neat and clean manner by men detailed for the purpose, and with the assistance, or under the immediate supervision of a butcher or other reliable person, who understands this branch of the work, and such chopping blocks, cleavers, saws, pulleys, ropes, beams, hooks, benches, &c., as are necessary to secure cleanliness, decency, and order, must be provided, and invariably used. The beef will be delivered to men, and not to women, unless in cases of special exigency.

In short, I intend that this branch of the work, which at many Agencies has been so conducted as to be a scandal on the service, and a stimulus to the brutal instincts of the Indians, shall become an object lesson to them of the differences in this respect between the civilized man and the savage.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A great deal has been said in the public press of Buffalo Bill and his now famous "Wild West Show." The brilliancy of his entertainments both in this country and abroad, and the marked attention shown him by even royalty have thrown an unnatural glamour about the whole Indian show business. The proprietors have gained out of it fame, wealth, and social distinction.

There is another side, however, which is revealed by such facts as the following:

"Kills Plenty," one of the party of Indians was recently sent back to this country, without an interpreter, sick, and poorly provided for. He was taken to a public hospital in New York and died soon

afterwards. The four Indians who came with him were objects of pity. General James R. O'Beirne, Assistant U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, says that "the treatment of these Indians is inhuman, and shows plainly how little concern is felt for them after they have been broken down in the service and are no longer profitable to their employers." Indian Agent Gallagher reports to Commissioner Morgan that "three more Indians, in addition to the four that came over with Kills Plenty, have just arrived from the Buffalo Bill Show—White Horse, Bear Pipe, and Kills White Weasel. These Indians, like the ones preceding them, have nothing to show for their services except shattered constitutions which may or may not be built up again."

"We are paying now to take care of the Indians. If we educate them they will take care of themselves. There is no other solution, and the quicker it is applied the better."—[Phila. Press.

One great reason why the red man has been so slow to learn civilization, is because he has had such poor teachers.

It is high time the free lunch counter was removed from the reservation; and it should not be set up in the schoolhouse either, except in case of manifest necessity.—[The Indian Friend.

JAPAN EXPERIENCES.

Although Mrs. Pratt has arrived this side of the Pacific and the letters she wrote while in Japan will be stale news to her, we are sure the majority of our readers will be glad to follow to the end, her interesting experiences in that strange country:

KIOTO, JAPAN,
YA-AMI HOTEL, May 8, 1890.

MY DEAR NANA:

Since leaving Miyanoshta, Monday morning, April 28th, our trip has been exceedingly interesting. Our jinriksha ride four miles down the mountain in the early morning was delightful, and our railway ride quite interesting all day. We saw a little more extensive farming than we had seen before, still it looked very miniature.

At six o'clock that same evening we arrived at Nagoya, a city of 140,000 inhabitants. Our guide had telegraphed to secure rooms for us at the best foreign kept hotel, but as we arrived at the station, we were met by Mr. Kline, a Methodist Missionary who was a fellow passenger on our ocean voyage over, and had heard of our coming and taken matters into his own hands regarding the question where we should rest. Your father and I went to Mr. Kline's house and our friends with Mr. A. Alpine, a Southern Presbyterian.

The next morning we all went together to visit an old palace and castle. A letter had preceded us from the high officials in Tokio which made it possible for us to get entrance into their historical buildings.

We were greatly pleased and interested as we approached the citadel which is one of the finest examples of Japanese fortress. White towers, pagoda shape, rise above the stone wall of the inner moat. Extensive barracks and drill grounds are within the outer moat, for the ten thousand soldiers who are at present stationed there.

We were interested to watch the drill of these sturdy looking men.

The soldiers of Japan are drafted men, selected for their fine physique, from all classes. We meet soldiers at every turn,

one might say, they are so many. This little country has a standing army of 218,000 men.

After crossing the drill grounds we leave our jinrikshas, walk across the bridge to the inner moat, and looking down into it, find it dry and grass grown, and rejoice to see deer peacefully grazing. They belong to the Emperor, which to the Japanese is enough to protect them from even a thought of evil. We pass through heavy gates and enter the palace, and find ourselves in a long hall-way with rooms opening from one side.

Our first thought is, "Well! This is not so very grand."

But we are interested to look closer and at the fine paintings on the sliding doors which compose the entire four side-walls so at any time the doors could be pushed and the rooms thrown together.

In the best rooms the carvings on the partitions are overlaid with gold and colors. There was a secret chamber where his highness could flee to if necessary in times of danger. This also was gilded and decorated. This palace was built in 1610, and it has been many years since it was occupied. The rooms were barren of furniture, but in imagination I saw the floors covered with soft matting, silken cushions, and the little lacquered trays, bearing dainty refreshments all in readiness for the twenty great feudal lords who built this castle so many years ago at the command of Iyeyasu to serve as a residence for his son.

Iyeyasu was a successful warrior who went into battle bareheaded. After the battle he ordered his helmet to be brought; donning it with a smile and fastening it securely he said:

"After victory knot the cords of your helmet." And the history goes on to say, "The final and speedy result was that all Japan submitted to the hero, who after victory had knotted the cords of his helmet."

From the palace we went into the castle, a five-storied, pagoda shaped building, the roof of which is adorned by a celebrated pair of golden dolphins, which measure eight feet and a half in height and are valued at \$180,000. One of them was sent to the exhibition, held in Vienna in 1873, and on its way home was lost in the sea, but was recovered after much difficulty and finally restored to its former position to the great rejoicing of the people. The scales on these dolphins are gold coins—one hundred dollar pieces.

We climb the steep narrow stairs to the top floor of the castle and from the windows we looked out over the city. There were many points of interest in this city, but as we were to be there only one day we passed by the temples and such, and went shopping. We found it quite interesting, going into these curious and curio shops, full of queer specimens of bronze lacquer and china, but the China stores are specially enticing to me.

Wednesday morning we proceeded on our way to Koba, which was another all day's ride by rail. We passed quite extensive tea-fields. Saw men, women and children picking the leaves. Koba is a pleasant little city of about 80,000 people, situated on the inland sea. From our window at the Hiago Hotel we could look out upon its excellent harbor filled with vessels from all parts of the world. It was pleasant to see our own flag showing its color among the number. It floated from the flag-ship of Admiral Belknap, commanding our naval forces in these waters. A party of Japanese ladies and gentlemen were at the station to meet Mr. and Mrs. Morris, showing their grateful and affectionate remembrance of hospitality to them when in America.

One of the pleasantest episodes of our trip was a treat they gave us the next afternoon down the coast on one of their railways to a pleasantly situated inn on the sea-beach, which was recently visited by the Empress, therefore particularly choice. After leaving the railway we had a pretty ride of three miles in jinrikshas through a grove of pine trees. At the door step of the inn we removed our shoes. I had forgotten to take my knit

slippers so was obliged to go in stocking feet, but as I sat on the floor with my feet curled up under my dress I did not take cold as I first expected. A bountiful lunch was provided for us, foreign style with knives and forks. Just before "tiffin" (lunch) the president of the railroad and another officer of the road presented Mrs. Morris and myself, each, with an album of photographic views of the sea-coast and special points of interest along their road and near Koba, a very interesting souvenir of our May-day party in Japan. These gentlemen had also arranged with the fishermen to haul in one of their seines at three o'clock. When the time came we all went down on the beach. As the two boats neared the shore men women and children, a few of the latter on their mother's backs ran down to the water's edge to pull in the seine.

It was a picture—these funny little people, with their blue shirts, straw skirts, bare legs and feet all tugging at the ropes, singing in a sea-saw strain. At first they seemed a little curious and shy of us, but soon were interested in the prospect of hauling in a whole seine of fish. Tubs of water were brought, into which the fish were put for our inspection. There was a variety, among the lot the Tie, which is very handsome and also the choicest for eating. These were put into little baskets and given us. We had them served to us for our dinner at the hotel that evening and found them very nice eating.

In our party were two American ladies, missionaries, one had been here seventeen years and the other only three years, and was now teaching Kindergarten in a Japanese school. Both spoke Japanese and helped much to make our intercourse with these people more interesting, particularly with the Japanese ladies, as they know so little English. The gentlemen of the party all talked English well, as most of them had been in America.

Friday morning we visited a girl's school which is now almost self-supporting, receiving only a little more than \$400 a year from our American board, in addition to the salaries of three foreign teachers and five Japanese teachers of this school are paid from the school fund. The grounds are beautiful, buildings fine and a splendid American woman is at the head.

Miss Brown, the principal, is coming home in a year or two, and has promised to give us a call at Carlisle.

From this school I went with Mrs. Morris to call at the homes of some of her Japanese friends. In the afternoon the Japanese W.C.T.U. ladies had a meeting purposely to meet Mrs. Morris, and have her give them a little talk, which she did. I will tell you all about this meeting, which was very interesting, sometime when we are sitting together by our own fireside. I have many little talks of my experience in this strange land stored away for such times. After our temperance meeting we rode about in jinrikshas for an hour to see parks, water-falls, gardens, etc. Went to Miss Brown's to a social tea, left early to go to another part of the city where a few Christian Japanese were conducting a night school for the poor children who were at work through the day. The school-room was large but cheaply built, and furnished with desks and blackboards. The children, about sixty in number, were clean and well mannered.

Saturday morning we went to Ozaka, another large city of about 400,000 inhabitants. It is called the Venice of the East. The outlet of Lake Biwa, flows through the city and is divided into many canals. We thought the city a little too watery for our comfort as we rode through its streets and cross its many bridges in a pouring rain, to visit the mint of Japan.

This covers nearly forty acres of ground and gives employment to 600 men. Formerly there were twelve European directors. Now all are Japanese. By urgent request from another Japanese friend of Mrs. Morris, we visited the Japanese school in this city. Sunday was dismal indeed. It rained all day, and our hotel accommodations were

quite inferior. One great comfort of the day was our American mail which came to us Saturday night bringing letters from home with cheering news that all was well with our dear ones. When we awakened Monday morning, we found the rain still pouring, and the river on the very edge of which was our hotel had risen two feet during the night, and we were glad that our plans were made to move to higher ground. An hour's ride by R.R. brought us to this interesting city of Kioto. The weather has cleared somewhat and we have been busy sight-seeing. To-day we have decided to start to-morrow morning for Nava returning here again Saturday, and my only time to write has been this evening, after eight o'clock. Writing in such haste with only brief notes to refresh my memory is not very satisfactory to myself, but as the mail goes in the morning, I can do no better now."

A WAY OUTLINED FOR RATIONED INDIANS TO GAIN SELF-SUPPORT.

From One of Long Years in the Service.

The following private letter, (on account of which we omit names and places) is full of practical thought, the result of long experience among the Indians on the reservation:

"Some of the returned students living at this place have been writing to you. I will write also in regard to the same subjects which they have been writing about.

First, how are they getting along?

Of the five boys or young men who have been to Carlisle and are now at this place, four of them are getting on better than the average camp Indian. These four are doing better than at any time in the past, though I have always afforded them the same assistance they are getting now.

These four boys are ready now to receive some help that would be of great benefit to them, and by helping them it would help their people, yet the help should be given very judiciously, or it might work like medicine given in an over dose—it might do more harm than good.

Now, as strange as it may seem, these four boys should not all be helped alike, although they are all Indians and all live on the same reservation and all draw rations on the same kind of ticket, yet they each have a different individuality, and should be treated as individuals, not as Indians. In this way they would forget to a great extent that they were Indians, and would act like persons who had some individual work to do.

That work should be, first to gain their own living, then to support their families, and then to lay up for old age and hard times.

How should we assist them to do this?

Some would say by giving them a start.

I say *give them nothing*.

How, then, can we help them?

Do it in this way:

Take a returned boy that has been at home at least one or two years and has in the face of his difficulties accumulated some property by his own personal efforts. He is now in a position to be helped.

To illustrate how I would do this, I would first name ——. He has a farm opened up, a small comfortable house, twenty acres fenced, five acres of wheat in the shocks—more than enough to bread his family one year and furnish his seed for the next. He also has about eight head of cattle and a good garden.

Now, if the Government would place in his hands a good span of mares weighing about 1100 pounds each:

They would cost - - - - - \$200

Wagon and harness - - - - - 75

Eight head of cows with calves - 120

—

\$395

Six months after he received them he would relieve the Government from the expense of issuing rations and annuity to his family, until in this way he had saved to the Government as much as was advanced him. The Government should hold a lien on his property. He should not be allowed to sell or barter it, and

should take such care of the property as the Agent in charge should direct.

The above plan would solve the problem as far as — and his family are concerned.

Now, we will take —. He has about twenty acres fenced and under cultivation. Wheat in the shock enough to bread his family of four persons for one year, and enough for seed and some to sell. He has a good garden and oats enough to feed a team one year. He has a good frame house, eighteen head of cattle. He has had no better chance than any other boy could have had if they would avail themselves of it. — will relieve the Government from feeding his family of four persons if the Government will advance a good span of young mares weighing 1200 pounds each - - - - - \$200

One set of work harness - - - - - 25

Ten head of cows with calves - 160

—

\$385

Now, if the Commissioner will advance these boys the help I have named they will sign a contract to support their families without any help from the Government except schooling for their children, and perhaps some seed for the first year's crop.

You may think it is asking to much at once but I think not. There is no use in half helping anyone. The motto of the RED MAN is "God helps them who help themselves." These boys have helped themselves, yet I don't consider them really helped until they are cut off from the commissary.

If I can get such help as I have mentioned above for four or five of my Indians, with the understanding that they should support themselves, in another year after I had demonstrated that an Indian can earn his own living, I could get twenty other young men to accept the same kind of an offer.

The policy of placing all the Indians in one boat and starting them on a voyage for civilization with self-support as their landing place, it will be found that the quicker that the boat is run onto a rock and every one has to paddle to keep his own head above the water the sooner they will get to port.

How much better to select out some of the most industrious and enterprising young men, put them in a shape so they can help themselves and then see that they do so, every year adding more to their number until all are self-supporting.

— and — are ready to take their land in severalty any time that the Government will give it to them.

I cannot see that this tribe is in fact any nearer self-support than they were fifteen years ago. It is true that they earn a great deal by freighting and raise some grain, yet they are costing the Government the same or more. Fifteen years ago they earned more by hunting buffalo than they do now at work, and I think exerted themselves more to do it.

But let the Government treat them as individuals and put a few in a position so that it will be possible for them to make their own living.

If these boys and a few others I have in mind could be helped as I have illustrated above I would expect to have to give them a great deal of attention and advice and encouragement and watchful care, yet their success would do more in the way of an object lesson to teach the other Indians than if the time was spent directly with them.

* * * * *

For several years I have in my reports been answering such questions as, How many Indians have commenced farming? How many acres of ground plowed, etc.? I would like to commence to answer the question, How many Indians are earning their own living and living on what they earn? I have written the above to show how the matter looks from my standpoint."

The only law by which men and women can be truly governed is the law of liberty. You can not know the sphere to which any human being belongs until he has the liberty of choosing a sphere. —[The true Commonwealth.

MISS FLETCHER AND MISS GAY. INCIDENTAL EXPERIENCES IN ALLOT- TING INDIAN LANDS.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher is again among the Nez Percés. On her way to Idaho she visited the Omahas and Winnebagoes, to both of whom she had previously allotted land. In a letter to the *Christian Register*, Miss Gay, Miss Fletcher's companion, describes in her *gay*, inimitable and attractive style some of their unique experiences. As a number of her letters have been addressed to the RED MAN, and greatly interested our readers, the following, teeming with bright illustrations and witty comparisons will be no less appreciated:

"Though the Winnebagoes have not been swift to see the beauties of the citizenship thrust upon them, and have been slow to perceive the justice of the white man's law, and have raised, some of them, their small moccasined feet to kick against the inevitable, her Majesty's eye of faith still sees their growth in grace. Though in her year's absence from them, there have been many skips and tumbles in the tribe, a sort of kaleidoscopic shifting of the wives and husbands and children, to the detriment of the family grouping system of allotment, she wraps about these nascent citizens her ample robe of charity, woven so closely as to hide all but the Christ that is in every one of God's creatures. She picks up the trailing virtue, and splinters the broken reeds. She starts again the man who has lost his way in the right path, and gives an impetus to the halting. She is hopeful of the Indian; and why not? Quite as large a proportion will be saved, I imagine, as of the Anglo-American race. At all events, they have the conditions: they have much tribulation to come up out of.

There were many complaints to listen to, many adjustments of difficulties, many appeals for help. If Miss F. had remained a year, it would have been all the same, for every day brings something new in the way of a trial to the Indian; and, as a result of the agency system, his impulse is to seek aid from the outside, not to stiffen up the inner man to resistance. Government pap makes gelatine, not bony structure. Indian legs and backs, under the strong meat of enforced self-dependence, will stiffen in time; but bones do not harden in a day.

It is pitiful to see the dazed apprehension of the future, which oppresses the Indian when he is forced to think, as he is being forced now by the impulse of self-preservation; but it is encouraging to see how the young are beginning to forecast and prepare for this momentous future.

The Omahas held a surprise in store for Miss F. It is not often that one has a chance to see one's own ideas blossomed out in vivid coloring in other people's lives, one's theoretical teachings already in fruition. It startles one: we cannot always estimate rightly the nature of the soil and climate. We drop the seed, in faith, perhaps, but expect no rapid germination, scarcely to see the upspringing blade, certainly not the full corn in the ear.

We went to the Omahas to help them. Miss F. had in mind the people she had left struggling to comprehend the meaning of the new conditions she had brought to them. They were babes suddenly raised to their feet and bidden to walk, and her heart had ached for years that she had not a thousand hands to hold out to them. She had at last an opportunity to give them a lift. A fund of some \$10,000 had been diverted from the support of their school (said school to be carried on out of the general appropriation), and this \$10,000 would help many to get on their feet. Miss F. went joyfully to the Omahas. I went also, with the pleasing picture in mind of a happy hen brooding a lot of helpless chickens, some of them with the bits of shell still sticking to their pin-feathers.

In the evening of the first day, I saw a disconsolate, puzzled hen. Her progeny

were all ducks, and had taken to water. Do you comprehend? The Omahas are full fledged, and in some sort of way are paddling themselves in their sea of trouble. It is too late to help them arbitrarily, as one would help a nursing child.

In the council her Majesty called to explain her purpose, the first question asked was, "Where does this money come from?"

Upon explaining that it was the interest upon the money paid the tribe for lands they had sold, they said: "Then it is ours: we will take it in cash, and spend it for ourselves. We are not children: we are citizens."

"But," said her Majesty, "the law will not give it to you in cash."

They replied "that they did not understand what right any one had to make a law about their money without consulting them."

Then Miss F. told them that in reality this money was a gift, since the burden of their school had been taken off the tribe.

"It is unmanly to take gifts," said the Omahas.

"But this money is to help those of you who need assistance on your land."

They replied, "It belongs to all."

One said, "I should not like to think my land was ploughed with money belonging to women and children."

Others said "it was not fair: a per capita distribution was the only just way."

Even the old and shiftless got their backs up, and resented this fraternal interference; and so, pitifully poor as these Indians are, they stand up like men. Though their legs still tremble under them, they stand. It would be hard to say whether Miss F. was glad or sorry, as she turned away, convinced that the only way she could help her old friends is the only way the government cannot sanction.

If Indians are to be "helped" in a government sense of the word, it must be during the time of incubation between the allotment and the delivery of their patents, before they are out of the agency shell.

We took the train for Idaho. Our interpreter and driver met us on the arrival of the boat, with the remark that he had "lots to tell us," and immediately relapsed into silence that could be felt. Poor fellow! the "lots" has not yet all been told: it is expressed in degrees, according as we have time to listen.

Miss F. had written to the person who has control of all the buildings at this place, asking him to provide quarters for us in one of the vacant houses. We stopped at the door of the one assigned to us. Harriet, (a Carlisle girl) the Indian wife of the driver, stood in the door-way. We remarked that for an Indian her face was rather elongated.

"We've done the best we could for you, Miss Fletcher," she said; "but this house is a sore-eyed hospital, and the front room was the 'dead house'; and the bed they left for you had a girl die in it two days ago, and the blankets covered her, and I threw the bed and blankets out of the window, and washed the iron bedstead, and the floors and the windows. But it is too bad."

"What does this mean?" said her Majesty.

"Mr. Blank thinks you have had something to do with his dismissal."

We entered the house. With the exception of the iron bedstead and a box stove that lay on its side in the front room, the place was absolutely empty. Harriet, and James had procured the stove, but could do no more for our comfort. The walls were parti-colored, smeared, and broken. The *tout ensemble* was stifling.

Miss F. gazed at me, and I gazed at her. Briggs, the surveyor, said "My land!"

James, the driver, said "I told you so." (That was a part of his unexpressed "lots.")

"All right," at last came from Miss F. It was her acceptance of the goods the gods provided.

"All right," echoed the cook; and her Majesty issued her commands.

"Mr. Briggs, will you please take that bedstead out of the house?"

"James, go over to the warehouse, and bring our camp bed and blankets." (We had packed them in boxes and left them last winter, when we left Idaho.)

"Oh," said Briggs, "the box that had the bedding in it is broken open and empty. I was in the warehouse last week, and saw that all your boxes had been ransacked."

"Well, James, bring what is left."

In an hour we had sprinkled the house with carbolic acid, our camp bedstead was set up, a sack filled with wheat stubble, upon which we spread our fur carriage robe, made the substratum of a bed, our overcoats would do for blankets; a pair of down pillows brought in my trunk from Washington were put in white cases; and we smiled at the impotency of "fate." We borrowed from a neighbor three empty packing-boxes for furniture, and a barrel, upon which we mounted our wash-basin. Briggs slipped out, and returned with a pair of gray blankets and two condemned chairs. Blessed Briggs! He went out again, and returned with the remains of a cook-stove, which he had dug out of the old iron heap.

It took the rest of the day to coax the cook-stove up to the boiling point, and then a cup of coffee and an egg and a piece of Lewiston bread revived us enough to go to bed. We lay down upon that camp-cot just as if it were not stuffed with fretful porcupines and graded six inches higher at the foot than at the head, and we slept just as if we were not in a "sore-eyed hospital" and a "dead-house." We were, on the whole, glad it was dead: we had slept less peacefully in an alive house.

The Idaho sun woke us at five o'clock, staring in so boldly as to reveal our surroundings in an uncomfortable vividness. "Are you awake?" said her Majesty.

"Yes, very much awake; and there's that blessed Briggs making a fire in the stove."

(Briggs had slept on the floor in the back room of the long, straggling building, six rooms deep.)

Something to do helps one over tight places. We must eat, though the heavens fall; and Uncle Sam takes no note of general discomfort in his balance sheets. *Per diems* are paid *per diems* of twenty-four hours. I think her Majesty has often crowded a month's toil and worry into one day.

No matter! Here is a new day, and we rise to meet it. Indians straggle in to look after their land. Reports are to be written, weekly and monthly and quarterly statements to be made, savings to be gone over, quarrels to be settled, rival claims to be adjudicated.

Behold her Majesty, triumphant over the hardships of life, seated at the board table, like a queen on her throne, pen in hand, writing her decrees.

Behold me attired in long calico apron, and not much else; for the thermometer reports 102° in the shade, and yet this morning we shivered as we dressed, and tonight we will sit on the porch, in overcoat and blanket shawls.

I am devising ambrosia for the goddess, the materials for which still lie in sundry bottles and tin cans. Briggs's stove has an oven that has no bottom. It had a backbone once: but it has sagged since it came on the Reservation, naturally enough. The plates are broken transversely, and dip horizontally an inch or two or more or less, trying to fit the warped backbone.

The whole concern is minus perpendicularity; and the front doors are like the mouths of Reservation gossips, always open. If you try to close them, you only burn yourself.

The stove had legs once. When it arrived at the agency, they were able to stand alone. Now they lie in a heap in the corner of the kitchen. Strength has gone out of them.

The joints of the pipe fit each other just as the coats and shoes furnished by the Indian Department fit the children. The style is peculiar to the Institution.

I stand before this stove, wrestling with the problem of dinner.

Her Majesty sits day after day, with an aggravating persistency, listening to the

stupid, advising the vicious, stiffening up the weak, forgetting to rest, studying how to help those who won't (she says *can't*) help themselves, unmoved under abuse, steadfast under calumny.

It is enough to drive a looker-on to madness. There is not an Indian with hair so long, and blanket so dirty but that can claim her attention, be she ever so faint with hunger and the cook ever so impatient.

There she stays, while I am mounting guard over the box top, whereon are spread the results of a prolonged struggle with Briggs's stove.

Victories, to be satisfying, should be taken advantage of at the moment of completion. I am sorry to say that the flavor of some of our cook's victories is lost while her Majesty is holding court in the outer room. And the exasperating part of it is that she never knows what she has lost.

Mrs. L. has expressed to us a box of sterilized milk. She calls it "sterilized," but the milk of human kindness can never be sterilized. Think what that box will do for us when in camp, fifty miles from civilization, an impassable gulf between us and a cow or anything comfortable! It will keep the cook in good humor, it will keep up the strength of her Majesty, it will also administer to her aesthetic taste. Those lovely little bottles that lie upon the table because they can't stand up, being like Raphael's cherubs, will stand for so much to us,—of kind thoughts, of kind friends so far away, and so mindful! "Sterilized," indeed!

In a few weeks, when work here is finished, we shall cross the mountain to Kamiah, the lovely valley of the clear-water, to our little cabin, where the pole-cats under the house await our coming, the magpies in the yard talk of us and the black cat we hope will come out to meet us.

Then for the camp, and the pulls up and down the canons, and the sun-burns, and the fierce appetites, and the bark of the coyote in the still night, and the tramp, tramp of the cattle on the hills, and the woodpeckers making holes in the board side of our cabin, and the noiseless coming and going of the moccasined Indians, and the flitting shadows of the clouds upon the Clearwater as it gurgles past our door.

These are our friends and company for months.

Think of us, as ye gather about your pleasant household gods, and pass among countless friends,—think of us in the far-away land, and yet not so far but that we can reach over and grasp the friendly hand we know is ready to give us greeting. One thinks oftener of real friends when not of the passing throng."

A SINGULAR POSITION.

A Few who are not Real Indians, Afraid of Citizenship.

The Choctaw is beginning to advance rapidly into that political unrest which characterizes his white brethren in the states. The Indian in his natural state is a quiet, easy-going man, caring little for the trouble that may come and making the best of his present surroundings. Enlightenment begets an ambitious restlessness which finally leads to extremes in the political affairs of any nation. The Choctaws can only preserve their individuality and maintain their present possessions by maintaining a tenacious hold upon their former fundamental principles. Whenever they depart from these it makes new inroads into their country, and will eventually deprive them of the same. While they may advance in education and continue to grow in enlightenment, they need to hold to their former principles until such time as they will be able to cope with the whites that may come among them, and be on an equal footing with them, by reason of any change that may take place in their form of government and manner of holding their lands. "Better let well enough alone," is a maxim that is very applicable to the Choctaw nation just now.—[*The Indian Citizen*.]

CONTRACT INDIAN SCHOOLS.

The influence which sought, by every desperate expedient, to defeat the confirmation of Gen. Morgan as Commissioner of Indian affairs have been more successful in defeating the adoption of the policy that was the original source of contention. The action of the senate in deciding to stand by appropriations for Indian contract schools is a practical reversal of its action in refusing to reject the nomination of Morgan at the dictation of sectarian influences. It is a mistake of a serious order, involving as it does the eternal question of denominational control of public schools, which the American people will never settle in any way except the way that is in accord with our fixed principle of absolute separation of church and state. The members of the senate who are unable to see this will be brought to see it at a later date.

It will not do to confuse the issue by lauding the work that religious and charitable associations have done in the interest of Indian education. The *Pioneer Press* is neither ignorant of nor insensible to the splendid work accomplished by such men as Bishop Whipple among the Indians of the Northwest. It understands the value of what the Roman Catholic church has done and is doing in this field. And it would not have any interference with missionary work on the part of the state or its agents. There need be none. That is not the question at all. The question is whether, because of this missionary work, we can afford to have the government resign its duty to the hands of religious denominations, and either set or continue the precedent of giving appropriations of money to denominational schools. Upon that point we do not believe that there will be any great difference of public opinion.

This nation is great enough and rich enough to educate the children of its remaining Indian tribes. By every fact of our history, by every pledge of the past, by every hope for the future, it is bound to the performance of that duty. And it cannot, without flagrant failure, consign it to the care of others. What we ought to do, and to do instantly, is to appropriate money enough to supply ordinary public schools for all the Indian children in the United States. It is no formidable undertaking. It would require no more than is voted without hesitation for a few public buildings. It would need but a fraction of what we are eager to expend on war vessels and guns and fortifications. Yet here, where we ought to be liberal in order to be just, we haggle and play the paltry economists, and think that we are doing a judicious thing by appropriating a petty sum for the assistance of denominational schools already established, instead of doing our whole duty. What right has this nation to say that Indian children, if they want an education, children for whom it has made itself responsible by a thousand acts of public policy, must turn to the church schools as their only resource? There is no parallel between the Indian and the negro; for the former has been under the special care of the government for generations, and his little ones are scattered over reservations where the power of the state does not reach, and the educational institutions of the state are not extended. It would be just as sensible to vote a thousand head of cattle and another thousand bales of blankets to some religious denomination, on the plea that its agents would distribute them among the Indians, as it is to offer government support to the contract schools and shirk the direct and larger and more imperative duty.

We have no quarrel with the denominational schools. They have done good work. They are monuments of generous philanthropy and painful self-denial. We would not have the nation say one word to impair their usefulness. But we would have it refuse to make their existence the poor apology for failing in its own duty, and for giving countenance to the mischievous principle of a co-ordination of church and state.—[*The Pioneer Press*.]

AN INDIAN WITH THE INDIAN IN HIM EXTERMINATED.

The following is from one of our returned boys now on the reservation:

"Your circular issued to returned Carlisle students requesting them to write and inform you of what they are doing, their present needs, etc., is at hand. I cheerfully comply with the request. Although not a 'Carlisle boy' in the full sense of the term I was greatly benefitted by going there, and I shall always look back to my Carlisle experience as the turning point in my life; and if I make a success in my life I shall attribute it to the ennobling influences with which I was surrounded during my stay with you.

Before going to Carlisle I attended school only eighteen months, fifteen months before I reached my tenth year the other three when sixteen. But I have had a very liberal training in the school of experience.

I have a fair knowledge of practical book-keeping and surveying. I ran a compass on a survey one summer. I began by carrying a shovel and throwing up mounds around the stakes. I can now sub-divide a township and write up my own notes.

I have also been a drunkard and a gambler. I did nothing else for four years. In that capacity I have seen humanity in all its lowest and most degraded stages. I lived most of that time in gambling hells, where I have seen carried on that traffic in humanity that is far more disgraceful to the American republic than were the slave marts of the South. The above was in mining and lumber districts. I have passed through the ordeal and stand alone to-day with my manhood intact. Though battered and scarred it is rapidly healing.

I have quit my old associates, and for the past two years have drunk no intoxicating liquor and have given my whole attention to improving my mind. The above is entirely personal and is not just what you asked me to write, but I would like to prove that an Indian can rise by his own efforts from the vice and sin of his environments.

I have not been idle any since my return from Carlisle, am now teaching in a contract school. Although not making much money am improving my education. I shall make an effort this coming Fall to enter the law department of our State University. Although not up to the requirements in education I have hopes of entering on "conditions."

Now as to the most important question in your circular "What is still needed to enable the Indian to succeed in life?" I would say in reply that better facilities for education is needed—nothing else.

Land is only a secondary consideration. I am speaking of the rising generation. Give them an education and they will procure homes for themselves. In order for them to compete successfully with the white man their schools must come up to the same standard.

You could not expect to take a horse that had never been out of his pasture and trot him a winning race with Maud S. or Jay Eye See.

Certainly not. He must be well trained. Just so with the Indian.

And like the horse it is better to take him into a broader field than his own narrow pasture to train him.

It is my opinion that five hundred dollars distributed among the various Indian schools of the United States in the shape of prizes would produce more beneficial results than five thousand spent in any other way. It would produce competition, something not found in most Indian schools, while it is the very life of white schools.

Better let it create an ill-feeling among the students than let them continue in the same listless manner that characterizes the majority of Indian schools at the present time.

A few schools should be established where Indians could prepare for college and let the scholarship to some good college be the prize for them to compete for.

Competition begins with the white boy the day he enters school.

Johnny Smith enters school at scarcely six years old. His sole ambition is to excel Tommy Brown who is 'six goin' on seven.' Thus it begins and ends only with his life.

Competition makes the white man, and nothing else will make the Indian.

To any one who has studied sociology at all, it is plain that competition is the governing force. My objection to Bellamy's idea of Government is, it will destroy competition, then would begin an age of decline."

THE PRESENT DUTY.

ANNA L. DAWES.

Indian philanthropy has reached a crisis, and it behooves those who love the cause to see that it is met. The interesting period has come to an end, and that which is upon us, while it calls for equal work, for larger contributions, for more devotion, and for greater faith, is a time of tedious and uninteresting service. It is easy to become excited over the wrongs of the Poncas, to attend public meetings for upholding the rights of the Sioux, to petition Congress in behalf of Alaska; but it is much less agreeable, much harder, to secure money for a kitchen at White River, to excite an interest in farming at Lower Brule; to uphold the teachers at Sitka or Juneau in the face of popular prejudice. We shall hear little if anything more of the wrongs of the race; but none the less, the wrongs of the individual need care and the utmost attention. This is a harder service and calls for more constant devotion, often unrewarded by either appreciation or result. Boating men tell us that the test does not come at first; "it is getting the second wind" which costs, and just there the race is lost or won. Are we getting our second wind in the race of Indian civilization?

He who sees the Indian on his native ground finds him filthy beyond description, dressed in a conglomeration of dirty rags, apparently without an idea of any kind, feeding upon the small game he has trapped, or eating the refuse of the railroad train, which he has gathered into one promiscuous bag, sheltering himself in a sort of flapping tent in the alkali desert, or squatting in a rough hut of boughs and twigs near some half-dried stream. It is impossible for the Eastern mind to conceive such degradation, and very difficult to realize that these also are human. Anything more unlike either the "noble red man" or the potential citizen it is hard to imagine. On the other hand, he who has seen the Indian under the vigorous discipline of Carlisle, or the inspiring influences of Hampton, finds him cleanly, well-ordered, intelligent, of the same tastes and habits as ourselves, of the same affections, and with the same hopes and fears. To the one observer it is evident that "nothing can be done with an Indian"; to the other it is an axiom that "everything can be done with an Indian."

Neither is altogether right; but the problem of to-day is not the theoretical question of which of these two is the actual and which the ideal Indian, but how soon and by what methods we can bring the two together. How can we make the actual Indian and the ideal Indian meet half way? The one must discover new wants and learn new methods. The other must learn to fill those wants and to adapt his new methods to old conditions. These things we cannot do for him. These lessons the Indian must learn for himself, often in suffering. It is a universal law that through much tribulation we enter into our kingdoms. But we may not let him alone to learn these hard lessons by himself. If we care for the race, we must not let it die or degenerate; if we love humanity, we may not see a whole people cry out for help and refuse to give it; if we have any bowels of compassion, we must succor such need; if we know aught of the meaning of Christian service, we are surely debtors to these our own barbarians and Scythians. It is for us to improve the environment until the savage

shall find it possible to live a more decent life, and the educated Indian need not "go back to the blanket" because there is no other course possible to him.

This is our present duty—to improve the conditions of life among the Indians. We cannot do this by public meetings, and we cannot do it without public meetings.

Money is not enough, but money is a fundamental need, and more money than ever before. A widespread public interest—nay, more, real and genuine enthusiasm, is the first requisite. Details must be considered with a constant attention and that capacity for taking pains which is genius. All these are necessary, and all must be kept up without that stimulus of great public wrongs which excite indignation, and without that appeal to the public heart which comes from national sufferings.

The question of how much we really care for the Indian is put to a fresh test, perhaps a deeper test than it has ever before encountered. Plain, uninteresting, tedious drudgery is before us in helping him to learn manhood and womanhood. There are probably twenty or thirty thousand families who must be taught the simplest rudiments of decency—how to sweep and wash, how to plant potatoes and how to cultivate wheat; who must have, each and all of them, a house, and some chairs and tables and a bed; who cannot work a day without a plow and a harness for that miserable pony which just now represents the family property. Doctors, farmers and teachers are wanted in a hundred places at once, to-day; merchants and lawyers and ministers will be called for to-morrow. How can these things be if we fall out by the way and grow indifferent and no longer "take an interest"? How shall they be if we are content with speech-making and speech-hearing, with petitions and societies? These ought ye to have done, but ye may not leave the other undone.

The Government has removed, or is fast putting away, all political obstacles. Legislative action is doing the little it can or may do to help in the way of law and learning, but none of these matters any longer much concern the public. Time and the force of things is pushing them along as fast as possible—too fast it may be sometimes and in some places. What does concern us, the public is the danger of losing our interest in the whole question, because it is no longer a problem but a very simple and a very disagreeable duty. The work has changed altogether since the beginning, a dozen years ago. Then the need was one, the wrong evident, the opportunity called for courage and haste. Now we must—each society and each man or woman—find our own place to work. The calls are innumerable and heterogeneous beyond the telling. The demand is for patience and charity. We have won the field; we must go in and possess the land. Shall we falter and fail because the heroism is no longer showy, the duty no longer splendid?—[*Hartford Bulletin*.]

The government contracts with the several churches to allow them to conduct schools among the Indians. It is expressly stipulated that the government shall designate the course of study, and apply the same tests to the persons of teachers as are applied in all other government schools. Congregationalists, Methodists, Protestants, Episcopalians, Friends, Menonites, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Unitarians all consent to the terms, but the Romanists object. The last named church is unwilling to allow its course of study or its tests for teachers to be influenced by the government. Therefore congress should refuse to allow the Romanists to conduct any of the government schools. Appropriations for schools conducted by unsupervised Romanists are simply gifts to sectarian schools. The government gives about a half-million dollars for contract schools, and of this sum Romanists receive about seventy per cent.; read that again, please. All the rest of the churches above named receive only thirty per cent. of the half-million. We demur.—[*From the Northwestern Christian Advocate*.]

COMMENTS ON INDIAN MATTERS FROM LEADING PAPERS.

To make the education of Indians a success, the red men must be given the privileges and standing of citizens and put on an equality with their white and black brethren. The average Indian is every bit as much a man and as capable of becoming a good citizen as the average white man or negro.—[Reading Herald.

Some years ago a band of Indian children were sent from one of the frontier agencies to an Eastern school. Several months afterwards, just as they were beginning to read and as the green-apples or watermelon season came on, a few cases of cholera morbus broke out among them. They were all summoned home. And ever since, their tribe has stoutly insisted that there was an intimate and dangerous relation between learning to read and cholera morbus. In similar ways various tribes of Indians have come to associate in terror writing with neuralgia, arithmetic with small-pox, geography with typhoid fever and grammar with sunstroke. As their children should advance they would doubtless discover close and perilous relations between philosophy and pneumonia, between algebra and rheumatism, between rhetoric and cerebro-spinal meningitis. Thus the difficulties which the government encounters in imparting knowledge to the aboriginal children and youths are peculiar as well as numerous.—[Denver Times.

When this government treats him as a man and not as a ward, breaks up the reservation system and gives the coddled savage to understand that he must dig his rations out of the ground and scuffle for them like white folks, the Indian problem will be solved and there may be some outcome better than a ward of the nation, and a victim of the sharper, in the roving son of the forest.—[Wilmington Star.

The policy of allowing government aid to any of these denominational schools is questionable. When once a beginning has been made there is no telling where the limit will be drawn.—[Cleveland Leader.

The Indian appropriation bill is a measure that is as constant as the sun. Let the Indians endeavor to support themselves. They have been in this country long enough to know the demands of civilization and should have learned something. To regard them as paupers is to repress every honest effort at improvement. The matter of education is probably the only item in the Indian Appropriation bill that deserves consideration. It is in line with the general purposes of government and will be sustained by the public.—[Scranton Truth.

NO MISSIONARY.

The following marked slip was sent us by a California friend:

In the northern end of this country there lives a tribe of Indians, Klamaths by name. They number about 1,800. No home, or other missionary, has ever been amongst them. They are well-disposed and like to learn; are industrious and wish to follow in the ways of the genteel white man. Now, why cannot the Home Mission of this country, of one or all denominations, send a competent teacher and preacher combined to this nation of Indians? They can speak the English tongue quite well, and will treat any preacher or teacher in the kindest manner. They are self-supporting, the United States never having given them so much as a school. There is a fine field for Christian work, and the better they are taught the better they will be as citizens of this, our own country. Let Christians think over this matter, and see if more direct good cannot be done at home than by sending men, women and money to China, Japan, Africa and India. Our first care should be to make religious men and women out of the ignorant of our own country before going abroad.—[The Hydesville, Calif., Home Journal.

THE IDEAL INDIAN AND THE REAL INDIAN.

The ideal Indian is tall, finely formed, athletic, and graceful. He walks with the free step befitting a son of the forest, lives royally on choice game and wild fruits, quaffs the sparkling spring, and fills his lungs with deep draughts of pure air. His strength seems sometimes almost superhuman, and his endurance is amazing. We turn from this picture to look with incredulous pity upon the actual Indian of to-day, with his narrow chest and stooping shoulders, puny arms, and delicate hands, sitting over a red-hot stove in an unventilated cabin, and swallowing unlimited strong coffee. He can not cut half a cord of wood on a cold day without exhaustion, and if he plows a dozen furrows in the spring the chances are that the red stream gushes from his lips and warns of almost certain death. When the Ambassador of the Eastern school comes to the agency for children, how few are able to pass the physician's examination! How many of the most promising youth die at school or upon their return home! People learn with surprise of the great sickness and mortality among Indians on reservations to-day.

"Why is it?" they ask; "why is not the average Indian healthy? We supposed him to be, above all things, a vigorous animal."

The Indians themselves answer the question with a stern and sad arraignment of our civilization, at least in so far as it has effected their lives.

"Before the white man came," exclaims the old man, wrapped in his blanket like a shriveled mummy, gesticulating with his skinny hands, "before the white man came, we were strong—we were alive! We lived in tents, we rode on horseback, we moved constantly from place to place. We ate good meat of buffalo and juicy venison, we drank pure water. Our young men never coughed, the blood never sprang from the lips; our girls had not these great swellings on their necks and these pale faces. The white man brought us these things. He brought us the flesh of diseased cattle, bad bacon, the coffee that takes away our strength. We sit in the white man's houses and eat these things, and we die like the dogs! There are no old men and women nowadays; the very children are dying!"

The dreadful thing about this charge is its truth. The physicians who have lived among the Indians and studied their physique and the conditions under which they live, will tell you substantially the same story—there were no traces of scrofula and consumption, the fearful scourges of to-day, among the Indians of the olden time. The transition period of civilization—the change from airy teepees to close cabins, from warm clothing of skins to shoddy blankets and sleazy calico, from wholesome food to diseased meat and ill-made bread, the excessive use of coffee and other evils incident to this period, among some tribes strong drink—these have ruined the pristine vigor of the aboriginal man!—[Elaive Goodale.

INDIANS ON THE MOVE.

The following from an Exchange is a very correct picture of a party of Indians on the move:

The Indian pack pony is apt to be old and sedate, requiring no special guidance nor control. A strip of rawhide, knotted about the lower jaw, serves as a bridle, and is either tied up to the saddle or held in the rider's hand. In packing the animals a bundle of lodge-poles is tied on either side of the saddle, one end projecting forward toward the horse's head, the other dragging on the ground behind. This is the *travois*. Cross poles are often tied between these two dragging bundles, and on these are carried packages of meat and robes. Often, too, on a robe stretched between them, a sick or wounded Indian, unable to ride, is transported. The lodge-poles having been fastened to the saddle, the lodge is folded up and placed on it between them, and blankets, robes and other articles, are piled on top of this, until the old horse has on its back what appears to be about as much as it can carry.

The pack is then lashed firmly in position, and pots, buckets and other utensils, are tied about wherever there is room.

On one of the loads so arranged, one or two women, or three or four children clamber and settle themselves comfortably there, and the old horse is turned loose. Each rider carries in her hand a whip, with which she strikes the horse at every step; not cruelly at all, but just from force of habit. If the pack is low, so that her feet reach down to the animal's sides, she keeps up also a constant drumming on his ribs with her heels. The old horse pays not the slightest attention to any of these demonstrations of impatience, but plods steadily along at a quiet walk, his eyes half closed and his ears nodding at each step. If the riders are women, each one holds a child or two in her arms, or on her back, or perhaps the baby board is hung over the end of a lodge-pole, and swings free. If the living load consists of children, they have in their arms a lot of puppies; for puppies occupy with relation to the small Indian girls the place which dolls hold among the white children.

Many of the pack animals are mares with young colts, and these last, instead of following quietly at their mother's heels, range here and there, sometimes before and sometimes behind their dams. They are thus constantly getting lost in the crowd, and then they charge backward and forward in wild afright, neighing shrilly, until they have again found their place in the line of march. Many of the yearling colts have very small and light packs tied on their backs, while the two-year-olds are often ridden by the tiniest of the Indian boys, who are now giving them their first lesson in weight-carrying. Loose horses of all ages roam about at will, and their continual cries mingle with the barking of dogs, the calling of women and the yells of boys, and make an unceasing noise.

The boys are boiling over with animal spirits, and likely their civilized brothers of the same age, are continually running about; chasing each other, wrestling, shooting arrows and playing games, of which the familiar stick game seems to be the favorite.

Whenever the column draws near any cover, which may shelter game, such as a few bushes in a ravine, or the fringe of low willows along some little water course, the younger men and boys scatter out and surround it. They beat it in the most thorough manner, and any game which it contains is driven out on the prairie, surrounded and killed. The appearance even of a jack rabbit throws the boys into a fever of excitement, and causes them to shriek and yell as if in a frenzy.

COURAGEOUS SPEECH OF GENERAL FREMONT TO THE INDIANS AT FT. LARAMIE.

Fremont's speech to the Indians at Fort Laramie has often been spoken of as the turning point in his career. In a sense it was a turning point, since every resolution taken by a very brave man increases his capacity for independent decision of action, but at Fort Laramie there was probably no room for doubt in Fremont's mind whatever, which is scarcely the case with a man on the point of a supremely important step. It will be remembered that the first expedition set out in 1842, Lieut. Fremont having been married a little over six months when he left Washington to make his preparations for departure. On the 13th of July the expedition reached Fort Laramie. The outlook, if it proceeded, was one well calculated to alarm. The Sioux were in open hostility and, united with the Cheyennes and Gros Ventres, were scouring the upper country in war parties of great force. At the time they were known to be directly in the path of the expedition. The voyagers were in consternation. When Fremont coolly prepared to go on Carson as coolly made his will. The explorer was on the point of starting when the chiefs assembled at the fort attempted to detain Fremont on the plea that their young men on

the war path would mistake him for an enemy. Fremont answered by asking the elder chiefs to accompany him and thus prevent bloodshed. They refused and almost with his foot in the stirrup Fremont made them a speech which was of the true Leatherstocking ring:

"You say that you love the whites. Why, then, have you killed so many this spring? You say that you love the whites and are full of many expressions of friendship to us, but you are not willing to undergo the fatigue of a few days' ride to save our lives. We do not believe what you have said and will not listen to you. Whatever a chief among us tells his soldiers to do is done. We are the soldiers of the great chief, your father. He has told us to come here and see this country and all the Indians, his children. Why should we not go? Before we came we heard that you had killed his people and ceased to be his children, but we came among you peaceably, holding out our hands. Now we find that the stories we heard are not lies and that you are no longer his friends and children. We have thrown away our bodies and will not turn back. When you told us that your young men would kill us you did not know that our hearts were strong, and you did not see the rifles which my young men carry in their hands. We are few and you are many, and you may kill us all, but there will be much weeping in your villages, for many of your young men will stay behind and forget to return with your warriors from the mountains. Do you think that our great chief will let his soldiers die and forget to cover their graves? Before the snows melt again his warriors will sweep away your villages as the fire does the prairie in autumn. See! I have pulled down my white houses and my people are ready. When the sun is ten paces higher we shall be on the march. If you have anything to tell us you will say it soon."

Without waiting for a reply he broke up the conference and in a few minutes was among the hills.—[Washington Evening Star.

The future of the Indian Territory is destined to cut a large swath in the annals of the world. All classes, kinds and professions are attracted in mass to its borders. Geologists explore its rich fields of mineral, capitalists buzz around its grand and extensive coal fields, farmers are attracted by its rich soil, boomers because the Indians occupy it, authors feast on the romance of its legends and general history, the United States is "courting" us in three places, (Muskogee, Ardmore and South McAlisterville), and we are profiting all the time by experience and contact with these people, and nations of the world. What can we expect but a bright future with all of these attractions to bring us the best people in the country?

Many consider it a detrimental thing to us that so many people are attracted to our country. Just as well say it is detrimental to the interest of a town to have a business that attracts the people to that town. These features of the Indian Territory enhance its value now, and this value will constantly increase as the people become more attracted to the country. As far as them getting any part of the country is concerned that is with the United States congress, (when it breaks the sacred treaties) and these white people in this country have no representative in that body. It remains for us to show ourselves competent to manage our affairs, enlighten our people to a level with the whites, and make the best of every opportunity in the future.—[The Indian Citizen.

For the daily happenings of the Carlisle school read our weekly letter called the *Indian Helper*. It is published in the RED MAN office and has a circulation of nearly ten thousand. Subscription price ten cents a year. Address *The Indian Helper*, Carlisle, Pa.

The *Good Will Press* is a little monthly published at the Indian Industrial Normal Training School, at Good Will, South Dakota, in the interests of Missions and Missionary work among the Indians with special reference to the Good Will Mission. It is a neatly printed quarto and well worth the subscription price of 25 cts. a year.

A PROTEST.

BY THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

To the United States Senate.

From the pamphlet recently published by the National League, of New York, in relation to three items embodied in the Indian appropriation bill for the ensuing year we cull the following of special interest:

The objects of the League are "to secure constitutional and legislative safeguards for the protection of the common-school system and other American institutions; to promote public instruction in harmony with such institutions, and to prevent all sectarian or denominational appropriations of public funds." The League respectfully protests against three items embodied in a bill entitled "a bill making appropriations for the current and contingent expenses of the Indian Department," &c., which has passed the House of Representatives, and has been sent to the Senate for its action.

The items especially objected to are on page 53, lines 16 to 24, for the support and education of sixty Indian pupils at St. Joseph's Normal School at Rensselaer, Indiana, eight thousand, three hundred and thirty dollars; and for the support and education of one hundred Indian pupils at St. Boniface's Industrial School at Banning, California; and for the education and support of one hundred Indian children at the Holy Family Indian School at Blackfoot Agency, Montana, twelve thousand and five hundred dollars.

The League also protests against the following amendment proposed by Senator Pierce, as well as against any similar amendments that may be offered by any others.

"For the Sisters of Charity, for continuing their work of educating one hundred Sioux Indian pupils in the Industrial Boarding School at Devils Lake Agency, North Dakota, five thousand dollars."

The attention of your honorable body is particularly called to the fact that the building in which this school is now carried on was erected and furnished by the United States Government at large expense, and should not be set apart for sectarian purposes.

The bill in question contains large appropriations for the benefit of denominational schools for the Indians which have been heretofore recognized, encouraged, and supported by Congress. Whatever the claim of those schools to continued support based upon the past action of Congress, it is respectfully submitted that the appropriations for the denominational schools of St. Joseph in Indiana and St. Boniface in California and of the Holy Family in Montana, would involve a new, unnecessary and, as many learned statesmen and jurists think, an unconstitutional committal of the National Government and the National Treasury in disregard of the first amendment to the National Constitution, which ordained that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof"—a provision which Mr. Jefferson regarded with reverence as building a wall of partition between Church and State.

As your honorable body may remember the governmental plan for Indian education which had been presented by the Commissioner in his supplemental report dated December, 1889, had widely commended itself to the approval of the educational experts and most enlightened citizens of the Republic.

It recognized the responsibility resting primarily and almost wholly on the Nation for the education of the Indians, and which had been practically assumed by the Government, as one which must be borne by the Government alone, and which could neither be shirked nor delegated to any other party. It held that the present system of schools, although very imperfect in its details and needing to be modified and improved, is capable under wise direction of accomplishing the work

by ample provision for the education of all, and proposed that the education should, when necessary, be compulsory. That the work should be completely systematized, and that the camp-schools, agency boarding-schools, and industrial schools should be related to each other, so as to form a connected and complete whole, with a uniform course of study, similar methods of instruction, the same text-books, and a carefully organized system of industrial training. That the system should be conformed, so far as practicable, to the common school system which, with great universality, prevails in all the States; with teachers and employees appointed only after a rigid scrutiny into their qualifications.

Influential presses, secular and religious, gave it their approval, as a gentle and judicious mode of solving a national problem by a simple and easy return to American principles, the forgetfulness or disregard of which had led to the complication of diverse and antagonistic systems in defiance of the constitutional rule of an absolute separation of Church and State.

In order that the work might be uniform, the Office prepared recently a new contract in which it was provided that the Indian Office might "prescribe the course of study and designate the text-books and require the same evidence of the qualifications of the employees in contract schools as in the Government schools." It was held, as we think justly, that if the Government furnishes the money for the education of Indian children for American citizenship, it has a right to say how this work shall be done.

These contracts were sent out to the various religious bodies who carry on these contract schools, viz.: Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Friends, Methodists, Mennonites, Lutherans, Presbyterians, and Unitarians. All of these bodies, with one exception, accepted the new contracts without objection. The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, however, declined to accept them, refused to allow the Government to prescribe the course of study or designate the text-books, and objected to submitting the required evidences as to the qualifications of school employees.

Accordingly, in order to avoid any open conflict with them in these matters, the contracts for the ensuing year have been modified, thus rendering it impossible to secure that uniformity and efficiency and harmony in the Indian school service which ought to be attained.

There is no lesson taught by the history of the Republic that is better understood by the American people, or the world at large, than the admirable adaptation of the public school to fit the children of all nationalities for the exigencies of American life, and to encourage an intelligent devotion to American institutions. The attempt to defeat the appointments in the Indian Department of the Commissioner and Superintendent who favored Governmental schools was openly based on opposition to the common-school policy, and by those who make a demand for new schools to be controlled by ecclesiastics and not by the Government, but said schools to be supported by the National Government from the National Treasury.

The Government disbursements for contract schools had risen from \$174,819 in 1886, to \$505,994 for the year ending June, 1890. Of the whole amount the Roman Catholic schools had received: in 1886, 52 per cent.; in 1887, 62 per cent.; in 1888, 68 per cent.; in 1889, 70 per cent.; and in 1890, 70 per cent.; leaving at the present time only three-tenths to be divided among all other denominational bodies.

It is unnecessary to remind your honorable body of the significance of these figures as indicating the tendency of the existing system to arouse not simply disputes between the Government and the authorities of any denomination that may claim a right to control in the matter of Indian education under authority given, or assumed to be given, by acts of Congress, but to arouse throughout the nation the

denominational rivalries, jealousies and animosities which it was the aim of the first amendment to the National Constitution to prevent and which every departure from its spirit is sure to awake. The dissatisfaction may be the greater among the various denominational bodies which have a national organization which recognize allegiance to our constitution and laws, and which are devoted to American principles and institutions, if they find that the National Government is appropriating so large a proportion of public moneys for Indian education to an ecclesiastical body which represents no national church organization in America and avows no allegiance to the American Government. The proposition seems hardly to admit of dispute, that a race whose education is assumed by the National Government should receive an instruction and training fitted to imbue them with the American spirit, to fit them for the exercise of their rights and duties by a right understanding of our political system, based on the sovereignty of the American people and the supremacy of American law, with liberty of conscience to all, and that protection to all in the constitutional right that entitles the Government to their loyal devotion and exclusive allegiance, shutting out all allegiance to any other power, prince, or potentate whatsoever. Apart from these national considerations, it is respectfully submitted that the Indian children are vested with constitutional rights which the Government, in the exercise of a reasonable guardianship over the wards of the Nation, is honorably bound to protect.

Last year the total amount given to the Roman Catholics, including \$75,000 special appropriation, was \$356,957. There is now on file in the Indian office, as we learn by inquiry, an application from the "Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions" for the sum of \$423,666, and the amount in the pending bill is \$108,330, which makes an aggregate asked for of \$531,996 for Roman Catholic schools.

The total amount set apart for contract schools last year was \$561,950, of which the Roman Catholics received \$356,957, while appropriations for all other religious bodies for the same purpose was only \$204,993. It will be seen by this that last year the Roman Catholics received a much larger sum than all the other religious bodies combined.

Should the sum appropriated for the Protestant denominations in the year to come be the same as last year, and the Roman Catholics should receive all they have asked for, the disproportion would be still more glaring, because out of a total of \$740,940 the Protestants would receive \$204,993, while the Catholics would receive \$535,957.

We submit herewith a table showing the amounts appropriated to the various religious bodies for Indian education during the fiscal year:

	1890.
Roman Catholics.....	\$356,957
Presbyterians.....	47,650
Congregational.....	28,459
Episcopal.....	24,726
Friends.....	23,383
Mennonite.....	4,375
Unitarian.....	5,400
Lutheran, Wittenburg, Wis.....	7,560
Methodist.....	9,400
Miss Howard.....	600
Appropriation for Lincoln Inst....	33,400
Appropriation for Hampton.....	20,040
	\$561,950

It is respectfully submitted for the earnest consideration of your honorable body that the first article of the first amendment to the national Constitution, which ordains that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," does not permit Congress to make a law establishing for the Indians, or any other class in America, one or more schools belonging to a particular religious denomination and where the doctrines of that denomination are to be taught, for the reason that such a law is a law respecting an establishment of religion, and that the constitutional provision that Congress shall make no law prohibiting

the free exercise of religion equally forbids Congress making a law that will empower any other body to prohibit the free exercise of religion; and these principles are applicable alike to all religious denominations whatsoever—Methodist, Hebrew, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Friend, Episcopal, Baptist, Congregationalist, Unitarian, Mormon, or any other of the religious denominations, native or foreign, that now exist or may hereafter appear in our States and Territories.

We, therefore, respectfully pray your honorable body to strike from the "bill making appropriations for the current and contingent expenses of the Indian Department," the three items for the support and education of Indian pupils at St. Joseph and St. Boniface, and at the Holy Family School in Montana, and to add to the said bill a provision that all the schools receiving support from the National Government shall be subject to the same supervision and control as the Governmental schools, with a view to the entire work of the Indian education being systematized and made to conform, as far as practicable, to the common-school system as adopted in the Governmental schools, so as to form a connected and complete whole with a uniform course of study, similar methods of instruction, the same text books, and a carefully organized course of industrial training; and that no school whose managers shall object to such Governmental supervision and control, or which shall teach political doctrines at variance with the provisions of the National Constitution, or with the rights and duties of American citizens, as guaranteed and imposed by American law, shall be entitled to receive any moneys from the National Treasury; and further, that your honorable body will provide that the education of the Indian children of both sexes in the schools supervised and controlled by the Indian Department shall be compulsory, unless they are being taught in schools approved by the Indian Department as fitted to train them properly for their rights and duties.

We would respectfully urge upon your honorable body the desirability of making ample provision for carrying into practical execution by the Government in its own schools for the education of all Indian children of school age. We believe this policy to be just, humane, and wise, and that it can be better done by the Government through its own schools than indirectly by any system of church schools, subsidized from the National Treasury.

In what is here said we would not be understood as uttering a single hostile word against distinctively mission work carried on among the Indians by the Roman Catholics. They, in common with all other religious bodies, have the right to propagate among the Indians, as well as among all other classes of people, their own peculiar religious views, and so long as they do it at their own expense, they should be allowed the utmost liberty and guaranteed the fullest protection by the Government.

And in conclusion, we respectfully urge that after timely notification to the parties interested, Government appropriations for denominational schools among the Indians shall permanently cease.

JOHN JAY,

President,

JAMES M. KING,

General Secretary.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, under instructions from the U. S. Commissioner of Education, sailed on the U. S. S. Bear for the Arctic Ocean. He is charged with the establishment of three schools in that section: One at Point Barrow, Prof. L. M. Stevenson of Ohio, teacher; the second at Point Hope, Dr. Driggs of Pennsylvania, teacher; and the third at Cape Prince of Wales, with W. T. Lopp of Indiana, and H. R. Thornton of Virginia, teachers. Two of these schools will be north of the Arctic Circle, and all three are for the children of the Eskimos.

The establishment of schools in that high northern latitude is a notable event. —[The Sitka North Star.

CARLISLE PUPILS AT HOME ON THE RESERVATION.

Some Things they Write us:

It will be remembered that Carlisle has turned out but two classes of graduates, that of '89, numbering fifteen and '90, numbering eighteen. The following extracts are from letters written by pupils who attended our school for different periods varying from one to six years, but did not finish the course:

From Ben Damon, Navajoe: "I have been working hard ever since I came back from your school. I am school teacher at the agency."

From Tawkieh Heotyi, Pueblo: "Before I knew how to talk English I went to the Carlisle Indian School, in the year 1884. I worked in tailor shop learning how to make uniforms and I was in that shop about six or seven months. Now I am attending school again in Albuquerque, N. M. I came here about eight months ago. Since that I started up to be a tailor again to making the uniforms for the boys to wear on Sundays. But before that they did not have no tailor shop. Now we have uniforms all boys except those little boys."

From Clayton Brave, Sioux: "I could not read before going to Carlisle. I let you know I have had been working the show business into theatre San Francisco. My act is first thing I do in feats on the slack wire walking, again fancy rifle shooting and I got through the hoops, too. And I get twenty-five dollars a week and one-hundred dollars a month. I never been to church yet. I am not married."

From Bertha Nason, Chippewa: "I have answered all the questions. I went to the Normal School, of St. Cloud of this State (Minnesota) last Fall the first term. I could not return for the rest of the year on account of my mother's poor health. I stayed at home and sent the children who are younger than I am to school. All of them went to school nine months. I also did the house work. I am going to school again next Fall and Winter and teach in the Spring. Madge and I are going to take music lessons this summer. Madge plays in the Presbyterian Church. She plays by ear."

From Newton Big Road, Sioux: "I went to Carlisle in 1882. I was in school 4 years and I learned to talk English at Carlisle. I freighted some before I went to Carlisle and worked in the tin shop at school. Now I am farming. I earn no money for there is no work for me to do for anyone. I live in my own log house. I wear citizens' clothes. I am married, and have one child, who is dead. My wife does not talk English. I attend the Episcopal Church. The principal trouble I have had is that I have very few tools to work with. The Government does not furnish us with enough plows and mowing machines, and besides this is not a good farming country. I have twenty acres plowed, have 6 horses and 8 cows. I would like to farm more if I could get the tools and more wire fence to fence with."

From Randal Delchey, San Carlos Apache: "I am interpreter for the Indians and I earn money \$40 and some cents a month. I have not worn Indian clothes ever since I came back."

From Constant Bread, San Carlos Apache: "I am glad that you want to know how I am. I am well and happy all the time ever since I came back from Carlisle two years ago. Now I belong to the Indian scouts and I am 1st Sergeant and also I do interpreter for the Indians here. I have very busy work each day I thank you so much for what I have learn at your school I receive \$32 a month. I am married and live in my own tepee."

From Andrew Conover, Anadarko, I. T.: (Andrew—quite small—could not finish his course on account of weak eyes.) He says, "Although I may not be able to get a thorough education I shall hope to get a common one at least enough that I may be able to transact my

own business when grown. I do not wear Indian dress and never have, I have a variety of work to do. I milk four cows morning and evenings, chop wood, hoe in the garden attend the pigs and chickens and help whenever I can. I do not work for wages. My parents give me what I need, and what little I can do for them I do cheerfully."

From Clement Black Deer, Cheyenne: "I have no white man clothes. If you sent me white man clothes I will wear white man clothes. I am now working my own farm. I got no money. I have no house to live in. I am married and have one child."

From Kias Red Wolf, Cheyenne: "I have stopped working at my trade. I find I can make more money by enlisting in the scouts, which I have done and I get fifty dollars and forty cents every two months and my horse fed and my clothing and board and I think that is more than I get working for the Agent. There is a great deal of dissatisfaction here among the boys that have come from the school to work at their trades. They don't get no help from the Agent."

From Wallace Charging Shield, Pine Ridge Sioux: "I could not read any before going to Carlisle. I learned to be a shoemaker over there. Now I work at Pine Ridge Ogalla Boarding School and receive \$25 a month. Since I left the school I always found something to do."

From Simon Smith, Winnebago: "I never get any work by month. I always work by day since I came back from Carlisle. I always working for myself. The first summer I came back I didn't do anything much. Now this summer I plant some corn, but not much. I have only ten acres because I have no team to work with. This spring I use in plowing, an ox team. We just use these teams only three or four days. Now I don't know what I am going to do to cultivate my corn. I have to work for somebody and use his team. I live with my mother all the times since I came back and I always remember Carlisle."

From Nicolosa, Pueblo: (Her letter is evidently copied.) "Permit me to say that it is too hard for us students to keep in practice what we learn while in school, on account of the few that practice our course. If the Government could teach more of us we might do a great deal better."

From Chas. Wolf, Nez Perce: "Since leaving dear Carlisle I have been losing my knowledge but gained my strength. When we got home the agent put us to work with surveyor's party, that only chance we had earning some money. Next month the Indians are going to have nominations. Some time ago they did have one nomination and the Indians nominated me for interpreter, and they are sure I am going to be interpreter for the whole reservation. No, sir; I don't wear any Indian clothes except blanket sometimes."

From John Tatum, Wichita: "I live in my mother's log house and dress both in Indian and white. I work my own farm. I married a girl that was partly educated."

From Frank Paisano, Pueblo: "Since I left Carlisle I keep up what I had learned there, and I always will remember my old school with pleasure. I have been going to school since October and I never wear Indian clothes, neither do I dance."

From Marshall Hand, Sioux: "I am getting along first rate in every way doing as well as any one. Working to make my own living. I was at Carlisle only one year, but I could read before going. I learned to talk English here at the Agency Boarding School. When I was at Carlisle I was sent out on a farm to work, also I was a shoemaker but now I am working at the agency. I earn \$15 a month. I like to earn money but cannot earn much. I am living in a log house of our own. I don't wear Indian clothes and I don't think I will because I never

wear Indian clothes ever since I know how to take care of myself. I am married now. I marry an educated person. I attend the Holy Cross Church. We have a little boy four years old. We have a little farm of our own but not very big but working to make something for ourselves."

From John Shields, Pueblo: "Since I came back from Carlisle I have lived at my Pueblo, San Felipe, except for about one month after my return when I was at the Indian school at Albuquerque. At the Pueblo I have worked on the farm and herded stock with the rest of the people. I have done some carpenter work for the other Indians and myself, using the carpenter tools which I have bought at Sante Fe. I have a house made of adobe brick but I wish to get boards enough to make me a frame house. I have two mules to use on the farm and ten head of cattle which I keep in the herd with the stock of the Pueblo. I have not been able to keep up my reading and writing, but I have not forgotten how to use the tools which I learned at Carlisle and I also remember how to talk English so that I talk with any American I see. I have been to the Moqui Pueblo and traded with them and with the Navajo and made some money, with which I have bought carpenter tools."

From Joel Archiquette, Oneida: "I have attended the school on the reservation, so I can read some before I went to Carlisle, and was able to talk a little English before I left the reservation, which I have improved by the power of the Carlisle Indian school. At present I am working or helping my father on his farm and working steadily most every day. I wear citizens' dress, so is the rest of the Oneida Indians of this place."

From Jennie Black, Cheyenne: "When I return I could not help going to camp to live with my folks. It is a fact that we got no place to go to. I remain in camp for two months then I return here in Cheyenne school to work." Jennie married Leonard Tyler a Carlisle student, and she is now working at the Cheyenne school and receiving \$30 a month.

From William Paisano, Pueblo: "I got back from Carlisle school in June 27, 1886. Soon in after that I was placed on my father's business as farming and stock-raising. He have over forty acres of farming land and over a hundreds of cattle, two-thousand heads of a flock of sheep, fifteen mules, and twelve donkeys, and fifty mares and horses. I also bought a set of carpenter's tools. This trade I had learned at Carlisle, where I had been learning for five or six months, so that I am doing that work whenever it is necessary around the house. I after one or two years of my stay then I got wife to the girl that she had been in Carlisle six or seven years. Her name is Mary Perry. In after two years of her stay at our house then she felt to dress up like the rest of the family. I refused her question, but then whole family were in her help so they overcome of me. She is now dress in Pueblo dress. I wear boots, pants, hat, and suspenders. I have been elected as secretary and treasurer for this Pueblo. I will keep on my duty until next year."

From Chas. Hood, Quapaw: "I am getting along well in every way that I know how. As soon as I returned home I commenced working right away on our farm, that is part of my fathers and my brothers. Now I am farming for myself. I have about twenty acres of corn and eight acres of oats. I married a Carlisle student, and wear citizens' dress. I attend the Quaker church."

From Juan Antonio Chamou, Pueblo: "Since leaving Carlisle most of the time I have been working on a farm. Would like to have work at my trade which is that of blacksmith and could no doubt succeed if I had sufficient tools to enable me to do so. About eleven months since I married and have a babe one month old. My wife, however, is not educated, there

being but poor facilities for education in this Pueblo. I have tried to keep up my studies and be industrious since my return, to the best of my ability."

From Joseph Lone Bear, Sioux: "I was at Carlisle two years and could not read before I went. I learned my English there. I now live in log house like white man. I do not wear Indian clothes. I go to the Episcopal church. I have a farm and a big one, too."

From Frank Prudom, Osage: "I was at Carlisle 7 months. I learned to talk English at home. Learned harness-making at Carlisle. Now am earning \$40 a month. Do not wear Indian clothes. Have got along very good, since I left."

From Peliza Mohshonkashe, Osage: "I have remained at your school two years. I live in a nice two-story frame house, well furnish. I am not married. I do all my parents' house-work. I never wear Indian clothes."

From Johnson Lane, Wichita: "Since I left Carlisle I made some improvement though no help from Government. I made some use what I learned at Carlisle. Sometimes I wore Indian clothes that is if my clothes wore out. Now I am learning harness-making at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas. While I was at home, my principal occupation was farming and also by freighting I made my living and I could sell corn from fifty to twenty-five cents a bushel and a good price of a fat hog which is worth twenty-five dollars to fifteen dollars. What a good price that is, don't you think?"

From Abe Somers' Cheyenne: *Our question*, "Could you read before going to Carlisle?"

- Ans. "Not a word, sir."
Q. "What did you work at before going to Carlisle?"
A. "Nothing, sir."
Q. "What did you work at when there?"
A. "Tailoring, sir."
Q. "What do you work at now?"
A. "Work as scouting for U. S. A."
Q. "If not working, why not?"
A. "Idle followers will answer this."
Q. "What kind of a house do you live in?"
A. "Uncle Sam's war tent, sir."
Q. "Are you married?"
A. "Sorry to say still single."

From Emma Hand Means, Sioux: "I could read a little before I went to Carlisle because I go to day school here, but could not talk any English when I went to Carlisle. There I learn to talk English. I could not work before going to Carlisle but when I was at Carlisle I was sent on a farm to work, but now I working for myself to make something. I don't earn no money because it is hard to earn money. I living in log house, not very nice my own house. I don't wear no Indian clothes and I never will wear Indian clothes. I am married now and I have a little boy one year old. I am getting along all right since I came from school."

From Hortie Stevens, Wichita: "I was read just little before I went Carlisle. I am working on my farm. I have no earn money in a month. I am not marry an educated person. I have child seven months old. I have no house. I live in a tent but I am not wear Indian clothes. My crop of corn are very good."

Original, Earnest, True!

From a young man who for special reasons prefers not to see his name in print: "I learned to talk English in the East. Since my return I have been filling the place of a teacher and now I am at work as assistant carpenter. I have received \$50 a month. If I were not working it would be because I did not want, for there is plenty to do for an earnest boy. I am not married and do not intend to till I have something to feed my wife on. I am very much opposed by the 'old people' but when they find 'I am my own boss they are quiet. I have found that in order to convince the old and the younger people it was necessary to put my wits

and muscles (of the former I possess none of the latter I am gaining steadily) to work. I came to many men that needed hands. Several days were wasted in hunting work, but when these very men saw that I meant what I said they aided me to find work, and when I found it I worked to prove myself worthy of the kindness shown me, and gained friends that are valuable to me now. Do not take this for a boast, but in many instances I have heard prominent men say that an Indian is unconscious of kindness. A certain clergyman, you know him well, said that in this many years he has failed to find an Indian that is true. There are many Carlisle boys at that village and they have proven themselves true and trustworthy to others, so there must be another kind of "true Indian" that the Reverend wants. All of us returned children need as much if not more of Indian support than American. That is, if the parents and a few relatives favor the child's views and proposed changes there is little if any danger of that child being forced back to the old ways. The majority of those that have gone back are either orphans or the children of parents the ones that are not independent thinkers."

From Samuel Keryte, Pueblo: "I learned the blacksmith trade at Carlisle and am now working in Albuquerque, N. M. at blacksmithing, and receive \$28 a month. Live at the Government School."

From Charlie Dagenett, Ottawa Reserve: Charlie left us last year in bad health. He answers all the questions satisfactorily and closes his letter "Considering all things I have got along very well, though the want of good society and real civilization together with bad health was and is my principal obstacle."

From William Little Elk, Cheyenne: "I have had hard time to find something to do. When school-boy comes home and have something in his mind hope to do it and go to the agent ask for work and agent answer I have no work for you, and what do you think a boy will do. Well as long as his school clothes last and as soon as clothes past away he is on Indian ways. This is very poor way. I am farming. I earn not one cent a month. I am living in a wood house. I am married and have two little girls."

From Moses Livingstone, Sisseton Sioux: "I am in the school. I am working at harness shop. I like to be there again (Carlisle), that is the best school. I know this is a school but they can't stop the Indian language and that is why they don't know how to talk English."

From Maria Chiwiwi, Pueblo: "I have been doing housework for Americans and part of the time with my parents helping them with their work, farming, raising stock, goats, sheep, cattle, horses, hogs. We have good crop of fruit, peaches, apples, plums, pears, quinces, and grapes. The latter supplies us with wine. It is not good for us if we drink too much. I dress in Indian clothes when helping my parents."

WHAT WILD INDIANS EAT.

A writer in *Our Brother in Red*, Indian Territory, says:—"It may be of interest to know what these Indians eat, although the story may be read with disgust. They eat animal food principally, but they are learning to mix other kinds of food with it. Every two weeks the Government issues to these Indians at this agency about 200 head of cattle which are driven out upon the prairie near here and shot down by the men. It is cruel sport, and enjoyed by them to the extent that it is cruel. I suppose it is the only thing that reminds them of the days of the buffalo; hence they run these beeves over the prairie shooting them a number of times before a real effort is made to kill them. After the killing is done and the sport is over, the squaws take hold and skin and clean the beeves. As soon as the carcass is opened then begins the eating. A kidney smoking warm and reeking with blood is

seized upon by some hungry papoose and with bloody jaws devoured. Here is another feasting upon a raw liver, now and then dipping the pieces into the secretion of the gall-bladder to give relish and digestion to the food thus devoured. Then there are the squaws as they work away at the beef, cutting off the entrails or pouch unwashed and putting them into their mouths and chewing with all the satisfaction that a so-called civilized white woman does her chewing gum. It may be that in addition to appeasing hunger they eat the entrails and paunch thus for the sake of digestion. There is a pepsin contained in them, and pepsin promotes digestion. A fetus from the embryo state up, ready for birth, is considered a great delicacy. They eat the fetus frequently unwashed and uncooked. A mare and her new foaled colt died just back of my house on the river. The Apaches ate both the mare and the colt. Just across the road in front of our house, a cow died a lingering death. They ate the cow and the unborn fetus. If there is any lower plane to be found, so far as eating is concerned, I know not where to find it. I have seen them cook and eat with a good deal of relish the carcass of a fat dog or puppy. They cook the puppy with the hair and hide all on. They remove the skin after cooking. I might tell you of other things that they eat, but I suppose you have had enough along this line to satisfy the most fastidious."

ODD SENTENCES FROM INDIAN COMPOSITIONS.

Difficulties in Learning English.

"I like kit play ball in the grass."
"My step-father is English. I don't know his name, but I know my really father his name is Redstone."

"I am learning very slow, I cannot remember anything, but I try's remember as much I can but I can't it save my life."
"I real think it rather a warm now days."

"Last week was a declaration (decoration) day."

I think the tree which our class set it out last arbor day is getting along first rate."

"I have been something to be doing this morning."

I saw some kind of a bugs. They were working hard. They had a big bunch of some kind of his food seems like a marble. They try to put it on top this little hill. When they got it half way and roll down again. One little bug behind pushed. One in front pulled."

"We have large school in this Indian school, Carlisle, all on ground nice grass."

"I am not feeling well, and when I get through cutting grass and when I lay down my bed and I get tire all my legs and my arms and my head and my lung both all over."

"Three year I never I write to you just to-day. I ask you will please let can have I going take walk if you please."

"I am very glad I want to tell you be come home mister captter."

"Saturday I did not go took a walk, I was scruped in my room."

"One day I was in the tree the bee came and it bit my head."

"I used to don't like to go into school but now I like to know sometime."

"We going to have pickneck and I am very glad."

"I was at to the my home only stay one month when I went to the school again. I sitting down and I imagination to the school, then I say I must go."

"My scissors is very shine because its new one."

A Happy letter from an Apache Girl in the Country who knew No English Three Years Ago When she came to Carlisle.

"My folks are all well and they are so kind. When I went to school I always take boiling egg for dinner. Poor J. B. she never have any egg for her dinner. She always have bread, butter and nothing kind so I always give to her some of my dinner. Mrs. M. she give me pretty collar. She always give me nice present. She is very kind woman I ever seen. We had little chicken and little ducking. They look so sweet. I am going to hunt eggs pretty soon. Yesterday I got 25 eggs in the hen house. I must close my poor letter now it is nearly supper time."

THE WAY EAGLES ARE TRAPPED BY A BAND OF INDIANS IN THE NORTH WEST.

Late in the autumn a few families, bent on eagle catching, choose a suitable location and make their camp.

They first build a small, earth-covered medicine lodge, and then raise their own tents around it.

In the medicine lodge is a sort of altar, on which various charms and relics are placed, and here the hunters remain all day fasting previous to the day's hunt.

The eagles are caught in traps made as follows:

A hole is dug in the earth and covered with sticks, sod, etc., a small opening only being left in the covering, and close to this is tied a dead rabbit, grouse or other small animal.

The hunters fast in the medicine lodge all day, take just a little nourishment about midnight, and then sleep until early dawn.

Then with the first streaks of light they go to their traps.

Each hunter gets inside his pit under the covering of brush and sods, and there waits until an eagle, seeing the bait, swoops down and fastens his claws in it.

When the eagle's claws are stuck fast, the Indian puts his hand out through the opening, and catching the bird by both legs, draws him into the hole and ties him firmly.

The trapper then re-arranges his trap and waits for another eagle. He sits thus all day in his pit without either food or water, and often catches several eagles.

They are brought alive into camp, and their tail feathers and principle wing feathers plucked out, and then are set at liberty.

The feathers are disposed of to other neighboring tribes, one eagle tail being worth a good horse.

The eagle trapping lasts four days, and during all that time the hunters take only a little food at midnight each day.

If one of them should have caught no eagles, instead of going to sleep after midnight, he must spend his time in loud lamentation and prayer.

Dr. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS.

Among the graduates of this year none have a greater likelihood of a useful future than Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian from Flandreau, Dakota. Mr. Eastman is twenty-eight years old, and has been at his studies since his eleventh year, his father, a Christian Indian, greatly desiring him to have a thorough education.

When but a lad, he studied at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. After his father's death, he prepared for higher departments at Meriden, N. H. He followed this by four years at Dartmouth College, graduating there in the scientific department in 1887. He has finished his student life by three years in the medical department of the Boston University. He has not only the diploma of a physician, but has read law with a view to understanding the legal status of his people. He will soon go back among the Sioux, and hopes to secure the position of government physician at one of the agencies. Otherwise he would be at the mercy of the nearest agency physician, and could hope for little influence or usefulness. Mr. Eastman is eager to help his people to understand their legal rights, to aid them to battle with disease, to encourage them to total abstinence, and to get them off the reservations as owners of homes of their own.

There is little question that this young man, so unusually fitted for usefulness and so ambitious to be of service, will prove a great blessing to his people. Mr. Frank Wood, a prominent Congregationalist of Boston, and a well-known philanthropist, has been greatly interested in his welfare and has done much towards making such a future possible.—[*The Advance*.]

A boy Writes Home.

"I will teach you how to be a good farmer when I return to you. I know how to farm just as well as white people do. I know when to plant and when to cut oats, or wheat, how to plant potatoes, onions and other things. You don't know how much I know since I left you six years ago."

THE ROMANCE OF A WILD INDIAN'S HOME ELIMINATED.

District Secretary C. W. Hiatt, in "Pencilings of an Indian trip" through Dakota, published in the *American Missionary*, thus describes the habitation of a wild Indian:

"The poetical wigwam gets a decided air of prose on close observation. In the vernacular it is called *tepee*. It proves to be a dirty cloth tent, anciently white, furnished with a few blankets, an unspeakable iron boiling-pot, and an uncanny dog that views each new-coming guest with tears in his eyes.

And the wife? Alas! Broad-shouldered, dull-faced, untidy, a hewer of wood and drawer of water for her statuesque and filthy lord—hideous, and yet a woman. One look at this scene did more to eliminate the idea of romance from Indian missions, than a folio volume of reports from the field."

It is one of the surprises and perversities of human nature that the worst offences spring from the most inexcusable sources.

If a band of Indians, filled with the spirit of spoillage, had slipped, under cover of darkness, into the classic streets of Cambridge, a seat of literature, learning and refinement, and with diabolism had smeared with red the revered statue of John Harvard, the steps and sacred interior of Appleton Chapel and the beautiful mosaic pavement in Memorial Hall, and had then daubed in zebra stripes the beautiful carved fronts of Seaver and of Boylston Hall, and, as they left the city, had given parting dabs at doors, fences, house fronts and signs with vandal impartiality, the awakened students and citizens of the town, filled with horror and the spirit of revenge at their defilement and desecration, would at once have organized a band, hastened in pursuit and shot down those barbarous Aborigines without mercy. Such conduct might be expected from savages. But, from students whose years are devoted, or should be, to the refining influences of study, such conduct would be simply amazing. Yet that is just what happened at the hands of some Harvard ruffians and their non-participating fellows unite with the faculty in condemning the acts unreservedly.—[*Phila Bulletin*.]

Mr. J. B. Given of the Carlisle, Pa., Indian school arrived in Rushville yesterday morning with the following graduates from that institution whose homes are at Pine Ridge Agency: Arthur S. Elk, Chas. Dakota, Alex. Y. Wolf, Ota C. Eagle, Louis C. O. Head, Joseph Lone Wolf, Thomas B. Bull, Ed. Kills Hard, Ed. Yankton, Laura S. Elk. Mr. Given thinks with us of the west that, while the Indian school work is all right as far as it goes, yet little real good is accomplished toward civilizing the Indians so long as they are brought back at the completion of their course and turned loose with the old people to again take up the life and customs of savagery. The quickest and surest way of settling the Indian question would be to break up all tribal relations and scatter the Indian families out over the country among white people, giving them enough land to live on, and then make them rustle for themselves.—[*Rushville Sun*.]

Of the above named pupils not one is a graduate.

STANDING OFFER.

For ONE new subscriber to THE RED MAN, we will give the person sending it a photographic group of the 15 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TWO, TWO PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, two Photographs showing a still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

(Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For THREE, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth fifty cents.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.)

Unless the required postage accompanies the names, we will take it for granted that the premium is not desired.