

The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. X. INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER, 1890, NO. 7

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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.

It is frequently commented upon that
while every other Church raises Indian
converts to the ministry, the Catholic
Church never makes Priests of its Indian
proselytes.

This is no more surprising than the
fact that nineteen-twentieths of the
Catholic Priests in the United States are
foreign born. Evidently the hierarchy
distrusts native Americans of every sort.

Sly "Father Stephan," the Jesuit head
of the Catholic Bureau in Washington for
managing Catholic Indian schools sup-
ported by Government, is at his old trick of
slipping around to be interviewed by west-
ern newspapers and throwing mud at non-
Catholic and particularly at us Eastern In-
dian schools. Stephan has never visited
us nor any other Eastern or non-Catholic
Indian school, that we know of. Our
doors have always been open to the scruti-
ny of every visitor and critic, and the
broadest possible invitation and opportu-
nity extended. Scores of thousands of
people and from all lands have visited us
and gone through our every department,
in the eleven years of our history.

Stephan exalts the Jesuit Catholic In-
dian Schools, and seems to think that the
public will from his exparte assertion on
that side and its own observation on the
other, deduce conclusions and side with
them. In this he mistakes the genius of
American acumen.

When the American public has had the
same unhampered privilege to scrutinize
the methods, work and results it receives
for the expenditure of the four hundred
thousand dollars it gives annually for
Catholic Indian schools that it has and
always has had to scrutinize Government
and other non-Catholic schools it sup-
ports, the public will approve one or both,
or condemn one or both and not before,
and for this day of reckoning we can
wait.

"Once Indian Always Indian." Under
this caption quite a tirade against edu-
cated and educating Indians generally,
and against the "graduates" from "Carlisle
University" in particular has been "slipped
around" among the papers by the Bureau
under the guise of being a profound
opinion after thirty years' experience from
one John Selenx, of Helena, Montana. We
can't find that any such person ever lived
at Helena, and as he bases what he says
upon alleged incidents and results in the
Indian Territory, the legitimate conclu-
sion follows that both John and his opin-
ions are mythical. However, we have
learned to know that the Bureau deals
mostly in mythology.

None of the numerous Catholic Priests
engaged in the movement so recently be-
gun by that Church to educate our Indian
youth are native Americans, and many
of those so employed are not even natu-
ralized citizens of the United States and
are unable to speak the English language
with any fluency.

We are sorry that there should be such
reason to make this number of our paper
so anti-Catholic. We have brooked this
opposition for years and tried to keep
peace in the family, but feel that now we
have passed the point where righteous for-
bearance ceases as every forbearance
only brings greater encroachment. In
later numbers if need be we propose to
move into the fight with some of the
stronger reserves of our experiences.

There is much assertion that Indian
youth educated in Eastern Schools retro-
grade when returned to camps and reser-
vations. While much of what is said is
more or less false the saying of it is com-
plimentary to such schools, for it shows
that their pupils have been elevated. It is
not asserted that such youth retrograde so
long as they remain away from the com-
mune of tribe and reservation. This also
has its lesson.

Hon. Jno. H. Oberly, erstwhile Super-
intendent of Indian Schools and Com-
missioner of Indian Affairs, but now edi-
tor of the Washington Critic attacks us
on our "outing system", and in the same
article attacks General Morgan, the pres-
ent Commissioner for having Mrs. Mor-
gan for his private secretary. Mr. Oberly,
however, neglects to inform the public
that when he was Commissioner of In-
dian Affairs he had his own daughter in
the same position Mrs. Morgan fills so
well, and drawing the same Government
salary Mrs. Morgan draws.

Not long ago a prominent public man
familiar with the methods of conducting
our great daily newspapers told us that
every important daily paper in the United
States has its Catholic editor to look
after items pertaining to the Catholic
Church, and that this is part of the policy
of that Church. This probably explains
how the Washington Critic calumny
against Commissioner Morgan and Car-
lisle got "passed around" among the few
papers that noticed it and culminated in
the editorials in the Catholic News. Nine-
teen chances to one that not a single pa-
per which printed the Critic calumny will
reprint or notice in any manner the Critic's
partial apology.

If we want children to become musi-
cians we place them under the care and
training of musicians. If farmers, then
under the tuition of farmers. If we want
them to become lawyers and doctors they
must go into lawyers' and doctors' offices
and be taught by lawyers and doctors.

Is it common sense then to anticipate
that we can make American citizens of
the Indians by segregating them under the
exclusive tuition of persons who are not
American citizens? Or, that we can make
them loyal to American institutions and
civilization by placing them under the ab-
solute and imperious control of those who
insidiously labor to destroy American in-
stitutions and the broad civilization and
liberty they have won for mankind?

Word comes from Mew Mexico that the
Governor of Acoma has again been whip-
ping children returned from this school
and their parents also because the
children wish to wear the dress of civili-
zation and use the education they gained
here, and the parents concur. Acoma
has been under Catholic dominion 200
years, having as its central figure a
Catholic church about that age. Does
any body who knows anything about it
believe that any Protestant Church could
be as fully established there and presided
over as fully by its Protestant ministers
for even twenty years (one-tenth as long)
and this little colony of eight hundred peo-
ple be so backward and nonprogressive as
to tolerate the whipping of youth and
parents for wanting to learn and practice
American education and civilization?

THE CATHOLIC ATTACK ON CARLISLE,
AND OUR ANSWER.

The following effusion, heading and all,
from *The Catholic News*, one of the organs of
Catholicism, is only a public output of the
insidious opposition we have had to meet
from that quarter for years. That part of
the effusion attributed to the *St. Louis
Republic* (?) is only an excerpt from the
original which appeared in the *Washing-
ton Critic*.

"GOOD HEAVENS!

People of the United States, you know
that you are taxed to support an Indian
school at Carlisle. Do you know, do you
suspect, do you believe that of 595 pupils
for whom you are taxed, as under instruc-
tion at that school, 402 are out at service
as menial servants? Indian Chiefs of the
Western tribes, do you know that your
sons and daughters, whom you are be-
guiled into sending to Carlisle, are made
servants for the benefit of others? Do
you know that Commissioner Minister
Rev. General Morgan has two of your
daughters doing the menial work of his
house? Do you know that this Commis-
sioner says: "I never employed any other
help"? Do you know, in fact, that he
never kept a servant till he got his pres-
ent position, and has Indian girls to do
his work for nothing? The *St. Louis
Republic* says:

"It seems that Capt. Pratt, superintend-
ent of the Carlisle School, has what he
calls his 'outing system.' That is, at
certain times of the year he farms out the
Indian pupils in his charge. The boys
go to the old Pennsylvania farmers about
Carlisle, and the girls into the households
of the farms and of the towns and minor
cities of that state. 'The demand for our
pupils steadily increases,' says Capt.
Pratt. 'We make no effort whatever to
secure places for them. We have requests
for double the number we could spare.'
It is a serious question whether the law
enables Capt Pratt to farm these Indian
boys and girls out in this way. The ap-
propriation, this year reaching \$126,000,
is for the purpose of educating these chil-
dren and youths at the Carlisle Indian
School, and nowhere else. There they
are supposed to receive a sufficient literary
education and a proper training in indus-
trial pursuits, household, agricultural
and mechanical, to enable the boys to
earn a living at farming or at a trade, and
the girls to take charge of a household.
There is not a line or a syllable in the law
which authorizes Captain Pratt's outing
system.' It may be a good thing. It
may be of more value to the Indian boys
and girls than anything they do or can
learn of Captain Pratt and his assistants
at the school. But it is unlawful. It is
simply a custom originated by Captain
Pratt and winked at by the higher author-
ities. That it is extensively practiced is
shown by the fact that last year, with an
average attendance at the school of 595,
there were 462 out at service."

The money earned by these poor Indian
boys and girls belongs to them and to
their parents. Those who are interested
in the Indian tribes should at once peti-
tion Congress to pay the parents the earn-
ings of their children, and especially that
Rev. Commissioner General Morgan
should pay wages to the two girls whom
he has in his employ. How many other
officials have Indian help gratis we do not
know; but we call the attention of the
Knights of Labor to this remarkable phase
of the labor question."

In order that the real character of this
opposition may be understood we print
this article in full and show its falseness
in detail.

Government funds given for all In-
dian schools whether Church or State,
Catholic or Protestant, Agency or East-
ern are mostly, if not all, due the Indians
from our treaties with, and derived from

(Continued on fourth Page.)

JAPAN EXPERIENCES.

TOKIO, JAPAN,
MAY 17 and 18, 1890.

MY DEAR NANA:—

The Ya-Ami hotel, Kioto, at which
place my last letter was written, is beauti-
fully located upon the side of the moun-
tains that border the city on the east side.
From our window in the third story we
looked out over the city, an almost un-
broken expanse of low buildings. At
night we could follow the line of some of
the streets by the lighted lanterns, which,
at the time of our stay, were more numer-
ous and larger than usual as it was the
occasion of an annual Shinto festival.

On the morning of the special festal
day, we went out to visit a few temples.
At the entrance of the most imposing one
we were met by a priest, who informed
us we could not enter just then, as a spe-
cial service of some sort was going on. In
an hour we could enter, but as we had en-
gagements later, and our time so planned,
we felt we could not return then, so con-
tented ourselves in looking at the outside
which, like many others, is fully as in-
teresting as the inside, although we had
been anxious to see the inside of this one,
as we had been told of some specially fine
paintings there. Among the Buddhists
there are many sects, and the one this
temple represents is called Hon-gwan-ji,
and seems to be very popular. The present
structure which was built in 1864, and
looked very new is in exact imitation of
the old one, which was burned, and was
centuries old. In the erection of this new
temple, its devout women followers gave
their hair to make the ropes which were
used to hoist the heavy beams into their
places. We saw the ropes. Three great
piles six feet high, were arranged on one
side of the entrance. Among the great
black coils many gray and white strands
intermingled. As I stood outside the gate
my opera glasses elevated to observe the
beautiful carvings over the entrance, and
on the large beams under the projecting
roof, I found that my inclination was to
look back repeatedly to the hair ropes.
Symbolical of woman's devotion, mis-
directed, yet it was the germ of nobleness,
that if watered by the River of Life, would
bring everlasting joy and peace.

When returning to our hotel, we saw a
part of the procession or the Shinto festi-
vities; white-robed priests on horse back
following a white-robed priest riding in a
carriage alone, his eyes cast down and his
manner indicating deep meditation. Tall
poles from which long slips or strips of
white paper were suspended, headed the
procession carried by under priests, I sup-
pose, as they were also in white, but their
robes were not long,—mere sacks. Our
guide informed us that the procession
would be "more better" in the afternoon,
and gave us the idea that it would be worth
our while to see it then; so we tried to ar-
range our sight-seeing that we might come
across it later in the day.

We missed it, however, by too long a
stay at a silk factory, where we were
taken by one of the city officials, to see
their largest and best improved works for
the weaving of silks and brocades. The
Superintendent had been in Europe for
several years studying the methods there.
The result was, he had now a very large
factory worked by steam power, which
seemed to be the special pride of the city
of Kioto. We were first ushered into a
parlor or reception room furnished in for-
eign style, and upon the centre table were
albums, containing samples of their finest
work. A gorgeous table-cover was

brought in to show us, an exact counterpart of one made for the Empress, who visited this establishment the week before. The national crest in gilt threads, was the centre-piece, flying storks and other birds of various sorts were represented in the border in silk and woolen threads. We were next taken into the salesroom and shown some beautiful silks, some patterns particularly handsome, and from which the Empress had ordered dresses. One, specially pretty and modest when compared with the others, we all fancied, and Mrs. Morris liked it so well she ordered one like it for her daughter. The Duchess of Connaught also had one from the same pattern, but none would be sold to a resident of Japan, as it must be kept choice, on account of the Empress having one.

It was very interesting to go through the various departments and see the many different processes the silk thread is carried through, and then woven into yards of lovely silks.

Another feature of the progressive element in Kioto is the China factory worked by steam power. This is such a great departure from the slow work by hand, and which until about two years ago was the only method in Japan, that we were shown over this factory also. As we can see such establishments in America, it was only interesting to us as an evidence that Japan is reaching out and grasping modern inventions in her industries.

Again we turned to the temple. There are so many it seems strange that there should be a difference, and though there is a similarity, we find no two alike. One of the largest in Kioto, and in Japan, is the Sanjusangen Do, founded in 1132; and the Mikado at that time placed in it some two thousand or more images. All was destroyed by fire in 1242, and rebuilt in 1266, by another Mikado, and filled with images, called Kwan-non. This temple is about four hundred feet long. The massive cross beams and pillars were originally decorated with gorgeously colored designs, but which are now very much faded. In the center is a large sitting figure of the one thousand handed Kwan-non, eighteen feet high, and around this large image are twenty-eight others, each five feet high called the followers of Kwan-non, all having many hands, no two alike, and eleven faces. We could not be positive about the number of hands on each image as they varied in position; but there seemed to be about thirty on most of them. These images were arranged in ten tiers, gradually rising toward the back of the building. This temple is spoken of as the one containing 33,333 images, but in order to make that number we decided that one must count the hands and faces, which we did not do.

We were told about an ex-Mikado who, ages ago, being troubled with severe headaches, which resisted all usual remedies, made a pilgrimage to this temple to pray for relief, and while engaged in prayer until midnight there appeared before him a monk of noble mein, who informed him that in a previous life, he had been a pious monk, and for his merits had been promoted to the rank of the Mikado in this life: but his former skull was lying in the bottom of a river, still undissolved, and out of it grew a willow tree, which shook whenever the wind blew, thereby causing his Majesty's head to ache. On awaking from this vision, the ex-Mikado sent to look for the skull, and having found it as directed, had it enclosed in the head of the principle Kwan-non of this temple. I have given you this story as an example of the many "traditions" we hear wherever we go in this strange land, regarding the reasons why such and such temples were built, or for placing the images and shrines therein.

In the same grounds in the temple of many images, was another containing a Dai-butzu which is a representation of the principle Buddhist God, who is always represented as sitting in a lotus-flower. This one, although large, is much smaller than the one we saw a few days later at Nara. Near by was a large bell, fourteen feet high, nine inches thick, and nine feet in diameter, and (we were told) weigh-

ing sixty-four tons. Another one like it in the temple grounds near our hotel was ringing from midnight until next noon, being struck by a great beam, which was swung against the bell by pulling a rope that was attached to the beam, and the beam itself was suspended by ropes.

During our week at Kioto we took two days of the time to visit Nara, thirty miles away. Nara, in ages past, from the year 709 down to 784 was the capital of Japan, and is spoken of now, by the traveled Japanese men, as the "Rome of Japan". We left Kioto for this "Rome", early Thursday morning, the 8th, by rail to Ozaka, a little less than two hours' ride. At the Ozaka station, we took jinrikshas to cross the city to another station. Then another hour's ride by rail to the place where we procured our jinrikshas for the remainder of the journey. We had each two men, tandem. I have often heard the expression that some men were "worked like horses", but I never saw it so literally worked out until I came to Japan. At first, I felt very much opposed to travelling about in this manner, but soon found out it was not as hard on the men as much else they are obliged to do here, and the pay is good; besides jinriksha men are so abundant that there is no necessity of any one being overworked. We traveled through a very picturesque country, stopped at a Japanese inn to eat our tiffin. Our food sufficient for four meals, having been prepared at our hotel in Kioto, was in charge of our guide, who served it to us at the proper time. Upon reaching the old temple grounds at Nara, we stepped out of our jinrikshas and under the direction of our guide stopped at a pretty little pond that was enclosed by a bamboo fence. We bought cakes at a stand near by, so that we might feed the sacred fish and turtles while we listened to the story of a beautiful maiden, at the Mikado court who was wooed by all the courtiers, but rejected their offers of marriage because she was in love with the Mikado. She finally went secretly away by night, and drowned herself in this pond.

Tragedies, romances, and superstitions are woven into the very lives of these people.

Of all the places we have yet visited, the temples and grounds at Nara have been the most interesting, as well as being the most ancient. I will not attempt a description until I can show you our photographic views, which will be good aids to help me to give some idea of the whole—parks, temples and all. The temple containing the Buddha, sixty feet high, we entered first. This great idol, called Dia-butzu sits with legs crossed, on a lotus-flower, right hand uplifted, palm outward, the left hand resting on the knee, and is all of bronze. As I stood before it wondering in my mind, about its construction, and if it was hollow, I unthinkingly gave it a tap with the end of my umbrella. This startled my friends, and they warned me to be more thoughtful of my actions, as such indiscretion might cause trouble.

A little less than a year ago, a young Japanese, who had traveled in more enlightened countries than his own, and who also belonged to the Emperor's cabinet, was very irreverent when in a Shinto temple, and for this indiscretion was assassinated the next day, by a Shinto priest, who was at once struck down and killed by the officer's aids. But had that not been done this assassin would have killed himself. The training of these people has been to place no value upon their own lives. To do so is to place themselves upon a level with the very lowest class, and the result has been and is still, to destroy the life of one who has offended, and then take their own, and the assassin is honored more than his victim after death by glorifying obituaries.

Behind this great Buddhist image and rising far above it, is a huge, gilt, wooden gloria crowded with images in sitting positions, in likeness of the great one. In front are the usual lantern, vases of artificial flowers, and candlestick, representing a stork holding a lotus-flower which holds the candle, and between these two

is the incense burner, in which there is always incense burning.

I have been so extravagant as to buy an old candlestick, vase and incense burner that have the reputation of being two-hundred years old, and were taken from some of the old temples.

Surrounding these old temples are splendid great trees. They are never cut down; most of them are evergreen; their thick foliage almost obscuring the sky. Near the broad walks, which are generally paved with large flat stones, are growing cherry and wild camellia trees, and large Wisteria vines so large that they look like trees, and we saw some bunches of Wisteria blossoms several feet long. Walking towards our hotel, or inn, very near these beautiful grounds, we entered a more open space, stretches of green grass, tall trees beneath whose shade are hundreds of deer, sacred, of course, for to kill one would be to forfeit one's life. There is a legend about them, also, but I will not give it now. We bought cakes to feed these deer. In the little shops near the grounds we saw deer-horns and ornaments made from deer-horns for sale, also little wooden images, said to be the work of a famous carver. Our stay at the Japanese inn was quite enjoyable. We slept on the floor, but had chairs on which to sit, and a table from which to eat. Our guide prepared the dinner, and two Japanese maidens waited on us, and seemed to enjoy our "funny ways" as much as we did their's.

We returned to Kioto by jinrikshas, all the way being through one of the most celebrated tea districts, and this being the tea-picking season we saw women picking the leaves, and we stopped at one of the large places for steaming and drying the tea, and were interested to see the various processes for preparing this great commodity.

Strange as it may seem to you, none of us complained of fatigue from this long ride, and our men looked and acted as if they were good for another thirty miles run, though we had made it in six hours, including the stops for tiffin and inspection of a tea factory.

I must not forget to say that we were favored with a sight of the Emperor who with the Empress and Court, was visiting Kioto. The capital of Japan has been changed many times, and Kioto having been once the capital, there is a large palace with handsome grounds, kept in perfect order, and in readiness for his Highness, when he wishes to favor the place with his presence. We had gone that morning to call upon our missionary friends and also to see the Doshisha college, which is partly supported by our American Board. This college is near the palace and as we were taking our noon meal, at Dr. Berry's, it was proposed that we all go to see the Emperor take his departure. It was announced he would start at half-past one o'clock. Your father preferred going down with one of the professors to the station, two miles away. As all the way from the palace gate to the station the people stood closely packed to see his Highness pass by in a close carriage.

The rest of our party stood at the end of the crowd nearest the gate, but several rods distant, as very near the outer gate were some two dozen Buddhist priests in line. Every one stood with hats off, even the two missionary ladies removed their's, as they wore sun-hats. Mrs. Morris and myself felt some anxiety regarding the advisability of removing our small bonnets. I asked a soldier by signs, if I should remove my bonnet, and he after giving the poor little thing a look, shook his head. I have been told since that I did a nice thing in showing a willingness to pay due respect to the Emperor as there is such a very strong feeling against foreigners, and some very serious affairs have occurred lately, that show how bitter the feeling is. One missionary has been murdered, and several attacked since we have been here, but I do not like to put these matters in my letters and should not now have written this much if our stay here was to be much longer, and this will likely be my last letter mailed from Japan. We expect to

be well on our way towards America, two weeks from to-day, as the steamer in which we expect to embark, is to sail on the 31st.

We have had an interesting journey, and wished frequently our stay was longer that we might be less hurried in our sight-seeing. Thus far we have been very kindly treated and I see much, very much, to admire in the Japanese. They are a graceful, courteous people, but I have no desire to make my home here, and I never was more thankful that I was an American, than I have been since coming into this strange land.

But to return to Kioto. Sunday morning, we went again to the Doshisha College, to attend the religious services. After their usual morning services were over, Mr. Morris, by invitation, went upon the platform, leaning one arm on the desk, his tall and venerable form slightly bent forward, he gave in a clear low voice a lucid explanation of the morning lesson. His pale face and snow-white, hair combined to strengthen the feeling of reverence of his hearers. I glanced over the room full of dusky faces all upturned to his, and noted their attention even when the interpreter spoke to give his words in Japanese, their eyes wandered not from the face of this dear friend, who was so well known for his fatherly care over Japanese students in America.

Mrs. Morris followed her husband urging upon the young men the importance of a College for their sisters, giving them the same advantages that they received themselves. She was listened to with affectionate attention, and her counsel was appreciated. Mrs. Morris' devotion to their spiritual welfare, and her anxious efforts to give a helping hand is well known among them.

When the Japanese learned that these friends were coming to Japan, they held a meeting to consider in what way they could best show their appreciation, and decided the most delicate as well as most gratifying would be to invite them to explain the gospel.

Afterwards, the professors and faculty insisted that your father should give them a talk in the library upon Indian education. In the afternoon there was a meeting at the hospital, for the nurses and students of the young ladies' school, which is also connected with this same college, and Mrs. Morris gave them an excellent talk upon consecration.

Monday morning, we left Kioto at five o'clock, and reached Yokohama at midnight. Tuesday and Wednesday, I was obliged to succumb to a neuralgic headache. Thursday, feeling much better, I had my photograph taken by a Japanese artist, and we were all arranged in a group seated in jinrikshas for a reminder, if we should need one, of the rides we have had. In the evening we all came on here, since which time we have received and returned calls, and made attempts at writing letters. On Friday evening attended a reception at Mrs. True's school, and yesterday I went to visit Miss West, whose home is about four miles from this hotel. I staid over night, and this morning papa joined me there. We remained after lunch, and this afternoon we have been trying to finish our letter-writing, although the mail for America does not close for the next steamer until Tuesday. We leave here tomorrow morning at six o'clock, for a much anticipated trip to Nikko, ninety miles north, also one of the ancient capitals, and most celebrated for its beautiful scenery, old temples, etc. The latter part of the journey of twenty-three miles, we will ride in jinrikshas through an avenue of giant tree. We return here Friday, and on Saturday we are invited to a garden party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Morris, by the wife of the richest man in Japan. I expect the affair will be very nice.

We return to Yokohama the following Monday. Wednesday, or Thursday, we expect to make a day's excursion to Kamakura, another celebrated place, and the other days, until Friday night, will be given to seeing some American friends, and to re-packing.

If we should have smooth sailing on our

homeward voyage, I shall hope to be able to write you of this week's journeyings and the "windup" of our experiences in this far-away, curious country, and mail you the account when we reach San Francisco, and you will have it a week before we reach home, as we now expect to stop in the Yellowstone Park a few days. I send loving greetings to all my friends at the Carlisle Indian School.

Most Affectionately,

For THE RED MAN,
INDIAN AFFAIRS FROM A MISSIONARY
OUTLOOK.

From many sides the present outlook is not encouraging for progress among Indians. Just to whom the blame is due is hard to tell. Some of the abuses and degrading influences are such as might be removed at once. Others belong to a bad system and will take time and thought and then can only be effaced after years of hard work.

Of the first class is the beef issue, or as the Indians call it the "Buffalo hunt."

Of course it is not a simple problem, by any means, to tell how two hundred and fifty beef can be slaughtered and issued once every two weeks. But in behalf of civilization the very worst way possible is now in vogue. Every beef day is a return to the old hunting life.

Now if all the Indians were going to the "happy hunting grounds" of sentimental fiction, beef issue would be a good theological training; but for people who must soon eat their bread in the sweat of their faces it is the worst training they can have.

Men come to beef issue with paint on their faces, with feathers in their hair, but never show themselves in that costume at other times. And then the brutality—that is fearful.

I went to see one issue, (frequently they shoot steers within a hundred yards of our door). I will only describe one shot:

Riding at full speed the man shot; the steer trembled, bellowed, and plunged forward, tottering slightly. The chase continued for a quarter of a mile. The animal showed that the shot had taken effect. No further attempt was made to kill it. Staggering and bellowing it went on for a half mile, then it fell, not dead, but exhausted. Then a young man went up and cut out the tongue. But still there was no attempt to kill it. I took out my watch and thought I would see how long it would live. After counting seven minutes I whipped on my horse and after riding almost a mile I could still hear the groans and roars of the poor beast.

This was but one case. Two hundred were run and shot in much the same way. Now what is strange about this is that for an Indian to get his beef in a civilized way was punishment. An Indian for any petty offence is required to draw his beef from the slaughter house, thereby losing his share in the hide.

It is not a very efficient way to civilize, to make civilization a penalty. There is no reason why the Government should require the Indians to get their beef in such a brutal, bloodthirsty, cruel and to the Indians themselves, expensive way.

Again, among the things that might be regulated is the matter of the heathen rites. These perhaps cannot be stopped at once, but there is no reason for them being recognized. The dance is immoral and depraving. The better element among the Indians have given it up. Then why need it be recognized by the Agent, on the Fourth of July, or any other day? The dancers get a purchase on all who are opposing it, because it is recognized and rewarded(?) from rations that already belong to them.

But these are perhaps only incidental evils, at least they do not belong to all reservations.

The question most frequently asked the missionary, is, "Can you make the Indian work? Will he ever become self-supporting?" A general answer may be made to this:

No! Never under the present way of treating him, can he become self-supporting.

In the winter, rations and beef are issued once a month. In the summer when he is trying to work he must run to the Agency once every two weeks. This summer the corn was scarcely out of the ground when it was beef-issued once a week.

Imagine any one trying to raise crops and having to go from thirty to a hundred and forty miles once a week for food. Very few can come from their homes and return after slaughtering, dressing and curing their beef in less than three days. Many cannot do it in an hour less than five days. That don't give much time either for religion or farming.

But this statement don't begin to tell the time he spends on the road. For example, a man lives sixty miles from the Agency. It takes him two days to come in and two days to return. One day to get his beef. Suppose as is always the case with five out of every six men his ration day and beef day are not the same. One may come on Monday. The other on Friday. Thus he must lose the time between these two days, also.

If the Indians are lazy nothing encourages it more than such enforced idleness. On good authority I have it that the entire cost to the Government for rations for the year is \$27 per capita, this on the Sioux reservation. So that many of the Indians at \$3.00 per day for themselves and team actually more than pay for their rations by hauling them from the Agency to their homes.

Again, the farming is on the whole a gigantic blunder. It is not in the line of self-support. This Spring 1600 bushels of oats were issued for planting, but no way is at hand for either cutting or thrashing them, even if a good crop were raised. There is no chance to make it represent any value to the majority of men. On the other hand, root and vine crops grow in abundance, and melons, squash turnips and potatoes are very acceptable food for them, but no special care is taken to encourage this, the most profitable part of farming. Under such circumstances as these the missionary cannot do much in the line of inculcating industry.

But this is not by any means the most discouraging feature of the present condition of affairs. The low moral condition of the Indians and even of the mixed bloods is almost beyond expression. An agent of several years' experience recently said that the crimes and abuses of the married relation were far worse among the mixed bloods and white men on the reserve than among the Indians. Another man said the exceptions were few where both husband and wife among the mixed-bloods have been free from adultery. While there may be some exaggeration in the above statements, there is too much truth in them. In a recent RED MAN a reply to an editorial in the *Word Carrier* from Pine Ridge Agency, says, this is not the case there. Good!!

Since that was written a number of cases of seduction, adultery and prostitution have come to my notice, and within the same time I have legally married a number of couples, but the missionary has no protection for those whom he unites in Christian wedlock. There are no means at hand to punish any offence of this kind. The Agent has in his power two means for punishing an offence. First by taking away the man's ration ticket. This method is an act of injustice if the man has a family dependent on the rations or it is no punishment since he can live on his relatives or, secondly, he may imprison the man. But on the reservation from which I write the Agency lock-up is a room more than 12x15 ft. The man arrested cannot be starved and frequently they boast of having plenty to eat and nothing to do, so the imprisonment only gives them occasion to vary their lying.

As I said before it is very hard to tell who is accountable for this. The Agent is not accountable for the beef issued if no means are furnished for any other method of slaughtering. Nor is he accountable for beef issue once a week in the summer when he must buy week by week. Neith-

er is one particular agent accountable for the immoral state of affairs since it may have been permitted and laughed at by former agents. One may say then that the Commissioner is accountable for the appointment of an inefficient Agent. But there are cases where a Commissioner has been tied up that he was not able to remove a poor Agent.

The real difficulty is this. The Indian is in an anomalous state. "A Century of Dishonor" shows many dishonorable actions. But it does not do justice in placing the cause of these cases. The Indian affairs have blundered along, from year to year. Each year and each administration bringing some men into office who make real and honest attempts to improve matters. And something has been accomplished. Freedom to missionaries of every denomination, encouragement and improvement in school work has done something. But so much of blunder and wrong yet remains, that *until the Indian is treated as a free man and accountable to the common law of the state not much progress can be expected.* This brings me to a question that is frequently asked. A week ago it was put to me by the Agency farmer in this way: "What do you expect to do for these people?" As farmer he saw little hope for them in his work. Hence his peculiar accent in the question. The work is not so hopeless in the eyes of the missionary as it is to many others. Nine out of every ten men in the Government work or near Indian reservations consider that any attempt to christianize the Indians is futile, or to civilize them folly. On the other hand the missionary is always hopeful. The Egyptian bondage, after seven plagues was broken. And the utterly lawless condition of a reservation in a law abiding state must come to an end. "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting" is written on every square mile of Indian reservation. The old "coffee coolers" must die. But there are positive signs of progress in the worst parts of the Indian country. Every spring a large number of the Indians plow with as much hope and enthusiasm as any white farmer in the country. For two years the councils for selling the land kept them from cultivating their crops. And this year change in reservation lines and delay in getting the beef is keeping them from their home and in confusion.

Then there is a hopeful outlook on the educational side. No matter how much is said about the failure of Eastern schools those who have seen the Indians and see them daily know that these schools have done good work. I have the rolls of all students who have returned from the Eastern Schools, and these men are the ones who are ready for progress. Most of them are ready to work, many of them hold important positions in the Indian service. *None of them are down as deep in the slough as they were before they went away.* And then there has been a vast amount of school work of the very best quality done in mission schools before the era of the Government boarding school. The mission schools have had and have today the same influence that a Christian college has in a town or city. There are Timothy Dwrights, Mark Hopkins, and Mary Lyons in the Indian work, and country. The fruit of these early mission schools which were often a part of the missionary's family, are increasing every year. So the case is not hopeless even if it is discouraging. The very fact that there are so many errors and blunders, so much tinkering and so little system or good judgment, gives one the hope that when there is a rational system in every branch of the work there will be rapid progress. When such a system will come no one knows. But the present one stands condemned.

JAMES F. CROSS,
Missionary.

ROSEBUD AGENCY, So. Dak.

It is the custom in some Indian tribes for the women to cut off their fingers, one at a time, and offer them to the sun as a sacrifice, to insure long life. A finger is sometimes taken from the hand of a young babe to insure its living.

JESUS AMONG THE INDIANS.

The story of Christ appearing among the Indians, which during the Winter and Spring created such a wide-spread excitement in the tribes of the North West and in the Indian Territory comes to us from a source that can be thoroughly relied upon. Mr. J. H. Seger has been an indefatigable laborer for years among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and understands their language. In these tribes the excitement prevailed to a large extent. As much as is known upon the subject is told in the following correspondence: **Letter of Major John D. Miles, Indian Agent of the Cheyenne and Arapahoes for Several Years, to Mr. Seger.**

LAWRENCE, KAN. June 22, 1890.

JNO. H. SEGER, ESQ.,
DARLINGTON, I. T.

DEAR SIR:

Capt. R. H. Pratt passed through here yesterday on his return trip from Japan to Carlisle, Pa. He made special request of me to write you and ask if you will write up the Indian religious excitement among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes relating to their supposed Christ, etc. He wants the history for publication in the RED MAN and would like it to embrace:

- 1st. Its origin, and the tribes involved.
- 2nd. The mission of this new Saviour.
- 3rd. Its effect upon the tribes.
- 4th. The candor and effect upon the Indians in the acceptance of the supposed new religion.
- 5th. Do the educated Indians believe in it?
- 6th. What gave rise to the new belief?
- 7th. Was it a misapplication or misconstruction of religious Bible truths imperfectly taught by inexperienced teachers or missionaries?
- 8th. Give your own opinion.

Very Truly, Your Friend,

JOHN D. MILES.

Mr. Seger's Letter.

SEGER COLONEY,

Aug. 18 1890.

Capt. R. H. PRATT—DEAR SIR:

In response to your inquiry in regard to the religious excitement among the Indians, will say that I have waited some time before answering, in hopes that I might gain information that would enable me to give intelligent answers to your questions, but as there is nothing intelligent or reasonable about this fanaticism, my account of it will have to be as absurd as the religious belief that I am trying to write about. The belief that Christ has come upon earth, to re-establish the Indians in their old ways and to check the white man in his efforts to civilize them, originated according to the best information I can gain at Shoshone Agency, Wyoming. The first information I got in regard to it was from some of my Indians, who had been to Darlington and had returned bringing the word that White Buffalo a returned Carlisle student had been to visit the Northern Cheyennes and had brought back the report that Jesus had come down upon earth again and had appeared to the Indians; that he was discovered by two Indians who had found him by following a light in the sky during eighteen days' travel over a country destitute of water, yet at each camping place they were supplied with water from a little pool that came out of the ground and furnished just enough for their needs and no more.

At the end of the eighteen days' journey they came to a secluded place near a mountain and there they found a wicky-up, built of bull-rushes, and on entering it they saw Jesus, and saw where white men had driven nails in his hands and where they had pierced his side.

Jesus told them that he had come once to save the white men and they had crucified him and this time he had appeared to the Indians, and they should go back and tell the Indians what they had seen.

The two Indians were then borne up in a cloud and in a very short time were set down at their home where they related what they had seen; whereupon,

(Continued on the Sixth Page.)

From First Page.

sale of lands purchased from them. Therefore, the trumpet about being taxed sounds a false alarm. We are simply paying our debts.

In answer to the charge, "That of 595 pupils 462 are out at service as menial servants" we quote our report on that head for last year in full.

From the Report of 1889.

"We make it a point to give every capable student who desires it, and most of them do, the advantage of an outing. During the year four hundred and sixty-two have enjoyed this privilege; a number of them during vacation only. The demand for our students steadily increases. We made no effort whatever to secure places for them, yet we had requests for double the number we could spare. If we had the pupils, and this feature of our work were pushed there would be no trouble in placing five hundred in families on farms and in the public schools. We would thus accomplish for them far more than any Indian school could.

I again invite special attention to the advantages of this system and trust it may receive from the Government the notice it deserves. The pupils are thus brought into daily contact with the best of our self-supporting citizens and placed in a position to acquire such a knowledge of our civilized life and institutions as will fit them to become part of our body politic. This knowledge they can acquire in no other way. Could every one of our two hundred and fifty thousand Indians be placed for from three to five years in such surroundings, tribal and reservation life would be entirely destroyed, Indian languages would cease to exist, the Indians themselves would become English speaking and capable of performing the duties and assuming the responsibilities of citizenship. To an Indian so placed every individual of the family and neighborhood becomes a teacher.

The reports from our out-students are almost invariably good and their standing in the schools ranks favorably with that of white children."

This gives our purpose and the reason for it, and with these facts to guide, Congress largely increases our appropriation. We say "a number of them for vacation only." The bulk of our outing is during vacation. During school we aim to carry present in the school under our tuition about the number we have appropriation for. What we carry out in families and schools during our school term are mainly in excess of our appropriation number.

During the year referred to we carried 116 students more than we had appropriation to carry. That is, we arranged and that number practically earned and paid their own keep and schooling, and in competition with and in schools with the whites. They tested, too, and proved to themselves and the whites that they can cope with the whites in labor and school. We are glad to be criticised for doing this and hope to be criticised again.

During the year just closed we carried an average of 664 on an appropriation for 480. During our school term we averaged 474 present, the other 190 were out in families and in the public schools, each one individually learning that independent manhood and womanhood which can only come through self-help.

Never will the Indians be of any use to themselves or the country until they learn this lesson which long experience shows will not be learned by any such systems as the enemies of our system advocate.

To anticipate that we can educate and train up separate and apart from the rest of us as a separate care a class of people, and expect them to bodily join the body politic at some future time by some miraculous intervention is the quintessence of foolishness, and our experience with every tribe at all advanced in civilization proves the foolishness of such a notion.

During the past year our out pupils earned for themselves a total of \$15,252.39. All the Indian youth in all the Catholic schools in the whole country were not enabled to do that. We doubt if in all the years combined in which Catholics have had schools among and for the Indians they have enabled them to earn as much.

Our students have now a saving of near \$12,000.

All the Catholic Indian schools in the

country cannot show as much this year. We doubt if they can show an aggregate of as much for the total Indian youth under their care for all the years combined during which they have had Indian schools.

On February 11, last, when Agent Cramsie, a Catholic Agent at a Catholic Agency, called on the country for money and help for his starving Indians, I submitted his appeal to our students at dinner on the 12th, and without hesitation and un-animously they authorized me to send ten per cent. of their savings, and I telegraphed the amount—\$550 to Agent Cramsie so that he in North Dakota had it by 3 P. M. the day after his appeal.

In 1887, after twice failing to get appropriation from Congress for a larger boys' dormitory, the boys themselves gave \$1,851, and friends of the school added enough to make \$16,000 with which we erected a three story building 300 feet long. Although we have planned and arranged for our students to earn many thousands of dollars these two occasions cover our uses of their money.

Our students returning home each year carry with them more money which they have earned and saved than all the Indian students going home from all the Catholic schools in the country carry to their homes.

We have reason to believe they carry home each year more money than the Indian students from all the Catholic schools have carried in all the combined years in which Catholics have carried on schools among and for the Indians.

In answer to the charge that our outing system is illegal we invite attention to Mr. Oberly's paper, the *Washington Critic* of Monday, September 8th, in which the following apology is made for having inaugurated this charge against our outing, and the law of Congress authorizing it is printed. Were there no such law, common sense and common humanity would give it the widest approval as against exclusive nonsense and factionalism, classism, raceism, Catholicism, and exclusiveness of every sort.

"In the course of certain animadversions upon General Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *The Critic*, on August 12 last, referred to the outing system of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School, and asserted that there was nothing in the law that authorized this system. In this statement we were mistaken. In every appropriation bill since 1882 there has been a clause as follows: "And also for the transportation of Indian pupils from all the Indian schools and placing of them, with the consent of their parents, under the care and control of such suitable white families as may in all respects be qualified to give such pupils moral, industrial and educational training, under arrangements in which their proper care, support and education shall be in exchange for their labor." We regret that in this way *The Critic* has done an injustice to Captain Pratt, the Superintendent of the Carlisle School, who is the author of the system."

In regard to the charge against General and Mrs. Morgan about our two girls we answer that the girls went to live with General Morgan during the summer to serve and be served because they wanted to; that the pay agreed upon and received was \$1.50 per week each which was all they were worth; that while so with General Morgan the General gave instructions to them and heard their lessons in Arithmetic and Mrs. Morgan gave instructions and heard their reading lessons. They attended Sunday School and Church and sat in the same pew with General and Mrs. Morgan. They are back at the school now and report having had a pleasant and profitable summer. In no way are our out students considered "menial servants." They are treated more as members of the family.

We could wish for no better influence and training for all Indian girls, and in the absence of that sort of training elsewhere would gladly have our own daughters take just such a course.

House-work and cooking are among the most pressing wants in the instruction of Indian girls. These are not to be fully and properly learned in any school. Theory must be ground in with practice.

Indian girls do not go out from this school and work for nothing. Never have so gone out. They get all they earn every time, and the *Catholic News* is invited to the most searching investigation on this head or any other. We are not doing this work in a school-house with iron barred windows surrounded by an eight-foot high stone or brick wall, nor are we trying to blind the public by lying attacks on other peoples' work.

What does the reference of our outing system to the arbitration of the Knights of Labor portend? Is the *Catholic News* then an incendiary and one of the organs of anarchy? Is the influence that inspires this attack the same that sent secretly a lying agent from house to house among our out pupils and those who had them, and that sends other lying agents around among our pupils parents and people at their reservation homes to stir up discontent?

ROMANISM vs. THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The hope is not concealed that when the so-called "Catholic vote" shall become larger, the politicians may be induced to appropriate, through State legislature or local government, all the funds necessary for the support of these schools. This has already been accomplished in Poughkeepsie, New Haven, and elsewhere, and for a brief period during the offensive and defensive alliance between a certain set of priests and the Tammany Ring of the days of Tweed, Connolly, and Sweeny, an appropriation procured by a legislative trick and fraud, under the management of Peter B. Sweeny, awarded several hundred thousand dollars to the parochial schools of New York city. . . . The extraordinary zeal manifested for the getting up of these sectarian schools and institutions is, first of all, prompted by jealousy and rivalry of our public schools and institutions and by the desire to keep children and other beneficiaries from the latter; and, secondly, by the desire to make employment for and give comfortable homes to the rapidly-increasing hosts of monks and nuns, who make so-called education and so-called charity their regular business, for which a very common experience shows that they have but little qualification beyond their professional stamp and garb. It is not risking much to say that if there were no public schools there would be very few parochial schools; and the Catholic children, for all the churchmen would do for them, would grow up in brutish ignorance of letters; and a commonplace of churchmen here would be the doctrine taught by the Jesuits in Italy, in their periodical magazine, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, that the people do not need to learn to read; that all they do need is bread and the catechism, the latter of which they could manage to know something of even without knowing how to read.

Rev. DR. MCGLYNN.

In *North American Review*.

If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but it will be between patriotism and intelligence on one side and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. In this Centennial year the work of strengthening the superstructure laid by our forefathers one hundred years ago, at Lexington, should be begun. Let us all labor for the security of free thought, free speech, free press, and pure morals, unfettered religious sentiment, and equal rights and privileges for all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall be applied to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that every child in the land may get a common school education unmixed with atheistic, pagan, or sectarian teachings. Keep the Church and State forever separate.

U. S. GRANT.

FACTS FOR CRITICS.

The American people, by whom alone the Indian question can be settled, are not so indifferent to it as they are uncertain in what way their help would be most efficient. They are ready to do, but what shall they do; they are ready to follow, but who will lead?

The Government has the organization, the money, the department devoted to the cause; the Government is the people's, to be swayed or controlled by their will. Why, then, will not the people find out the lines upon which it is working and follow up these with vigor?

Because the Government's treatment of the Indian question has been cried down, time out of mind, rebuked at all times, in all places, and upon all points.

By whom?

By critics who having made it their business to find fault will not stop for lack of means to do so.

No one can deny that in generations past, the treatment of the Indians by the Government has been marked by injustice in its principles, and sometimes, not by intention, but through its agents, by cruelty in its practice. How could this have been otherwise when the Government is the exponent of the will of the people and when the people of the United States have in regard to the Indian question been divided into two classes, those who as border settlers endeavored by fraud, cruelty and treachery to wipe out the Indians and had to be kept in check by the Government's strong arm, and those who from a distance looked on and condoled with the settlers. Under such circumstances the exponent of the people's will was not likely to prove a court of unflinching justice to the red man.

And yet, in spite of all faults, there does run through the history of this question some attempt at justice by the Government, but none at all by the people. The reason for this is that in the one case the responsibility brought with it at least a degree of scrupulousness which the public, as a public, until of late years has not felt at all. We have left the management of the question which, undoubtedly, ought to be influenced by the weight of public opinion, to successive administrations to decide, and their problem has been how to reconcile Anglo-Saxon greed with justice towards a race that nobody wanted and nobody knew what to do with.

Now, the right to criticise is the one that Americans will give up only with life; it is the evidence that behind the Government, greater than it, there lies the power of the people, unmoved by policy, untouched by bribery, with mind alert that the republic should receive no harm. But this criticism is the criticism of action, of reform; in place of what it would overthrow it offers something better; it endeavors to set aside the present in order to bring from it a new and better future. To cut off the possibility of this would be to shut the door upon all progress; it would be turning the country into a reservation worse than any Indian one, a place where ideas are strangled.

When Helen Hunt Jackson had awakened the attention of the people by her "Century of Dishonor" and her "Romona," did she stand aloof in a scorn of the Government purposes and an assurance that nothing but crime was intended? No. When the administration said to her, "Help us to right these wrongs you have pointed out," it was by the aid of that strong arm that she went forth to do it.

One fact alone is enough to prove that the unjust action of the Government has been mistake, the reflection of wrong feeling in the people, and not premeditated crime, and this fact is that it has always so willingly put itself into the attitude of a learner; nothing has been proposed to which it was not willing to listen; for it has known the difficulties of the situation as no outsider could know them, and, burdened with the responsibility of settling these, it has been for its own advantage, as well as for that of the Indians, to find out the right road.

Moreover, it has recognized one truth

that in order to do this work efficiently it and the people must be educated into it together.

Therefore, no critic upon the Indian question can complain that the Government will not listen to any wisdom that is in him upon this subject. If he is not heard and not attended to it is because he is merely critic in distinction from reformer, because there are no deeds behind his words, because he is not a workman to build up, but simply a destroyer to hurl blows against other men's work without regard to what shall take its place.

Now, the most bitter inveighers against the Government's policy and action have not in any way by their own individual or concerted action treated the Indians as American citizens in their own right; they have treated them as aliens, they have sent to them as to strangers and foreigners. And now that the severalty law, too long a dead letter, is to be enforced, how do they propose to carry it out? By building up there on the Indian parts of the reservation colonies which will be Indian, not American. The new settlers on the reservation lands will make it warm, to put it mildly, for the Indians in their neighborhood, they will drive them back upon the resources of their own race. What have the critics of Government measures to offer as a remedy for this evil? If they have one, it is sure to be listened to and adopted. They have sent, they still send missionaries to teach the Indians. Is this a light thing to do? Assuredly not. What! a small thing to teach savages Christian resignation to the wrongs of a Christian civilization? Why, if they are successful, it is a supreme triumph, so great a triumph that one cannot help wishing that they would try teaching on the other side.

But this is not all that is needed since it does not in itself make American citizens. It is for this that the people are waiting, it is this work that they are ready to forward whether they find it in Government measures or elsewhere; and it is this work that must have the confidence of the people, and their help for its accomplishment. Happily, we have at last reached a place where talking is not all that is necessary. What the people are demanding is, "Who has the conjuror's wand that turns these savages into citizens? If it is in the hands of those who find the Government wrong, let us follow them; if the Government wields it, then let the Government lead off and we are willing to follow. But we must have a fact, a deed, a result of time and money spent. Who has it? Where is it? Who answers,—not by speech, by fact? We are tired of hearing, we want to see."

If they see, they will believe; if they believe, they will act; if they act, American citizenship has come to the Indian.

When they ask to see, is there anything to show them?

Yes.

Beginning nearly a decade back, growing longer and broader with every year, there comes into view a dusky procession with faces aglow with the light of dawning knowledge and eyes kindling as they look down the vistas of a future full of opportunities, a future that compared with their past is daylight to darkness. Yet it is not flushed with the hopes of those whom we call the children of fortune, it holds blessings so common to us that we often forget to be thankful for them; labor instead of idleness, progress for retrogression, responsibility for incompetency, the right to the free use of powers instead of confinement within definite limits, it holds to them the rights, the privileges, the duties of American citizenship. And joined with this procession are Americans who have also been educated at the same time with those others, educated into the knowledge that those whom they had feared they may trust, that a common human nature and a common training are able to sweep away all barriers of race, and that the only reason why the Indians are not American citizens to-day is because we have not given them the opportunity.

Here are believers, here are workers, not from theory, but through practice. Science requires one specimen to prove a theory, the Government has furnished the nation with hundreds, has proved beyond all possibility of question that the only reason why Indian citizenship lingers on the way is because we are not willing to teach it to the Indians practically, not willing to try them as helpers in our daily work and the daily intercourse of life.

But if this had been really a fact, a work accomplished under Government auspices, and by Government money, would not the critics have recognized it, and commended it?

We all remember Trowbridge's poem about the critic, how the spirit of divination and just judgment was in this critic, and he spoke with accuracy and discrimination upon diverse subjects; and how, in illustration of this, he one day went into a barber's shop, and waiting his turn at the hands of the tonsorial artist, cast his eyes around the room, to find, as his habit was, something upon which to exercise his powers and make the world better. He found it. In such a case who does not? High on a shelf looking down upon the scene in all the solemnity of life he saw a stuffed owl. "Hello!" cried the critic, "Who did that work for you, my friend? A mighty botchy piece of business, anyway," or words to that effect. And then beginning at the point which had first caught his attention, the critic ran through the failures in the bird's make up, showing a knowledge of bird anatomy and a skill in dissection which were really marvellous, and winning the admiration and the entire sympathy of his audience. The barber, meanwhile, went on with his work in silence. He had done his best in regard to the owl, and whether he would or not, he must take the consequences. He was not wholly without defence, for, at the end of the critic's matchless peroration in which the owl was proved so wretchedly stuffed that it ought not to have longer had a claw to stand upon, this very owl, slowly turned his head, looked down upon his critic, stretched himself, and prepared to listen to further remarks.

F. C. S.

MR. STANDING ON A VISIT TO IDAHO, MEETS WITH MISS FLETCHER AND TELLS OF HER SUCCESS IN ALLOTTING THE NEZ PERCE LANDS.

Now that Idaho, so long a Territory, merely, has grown to be a State, any items of information in regard to it have increased interest. I will therefore tell the readers of the RED MAN something of what I saw in Idaho.

I reached the State from Spokane Falls, by a branch of the Northern Pacific Rail Road, passing through a rough and hilly country, but one in which I saw the finest crops of wheat just ready to be harvested that I had ever seen in my life.

Steep hills are cultivated right to their very tops, and the grain seemed just as good on the summits as lower down. Harvesting had just commenced, and round and round the hills went the header, pulled usually by four horses and cutting just the heads of the grain only and carrying them by a sort of an elevator into a wagon drawn alongside of the header. As soon as the wagon was filled it would drive away to the stack, and another would take its place. The straw was not wanted, only the wheat which sells for fifty cents a bushel. The low price is made up for by the number of bushels to the acre. I heard of all sorts of yields, up to 84 bushels to the acre.

Passing south into Idaho, the same character of country continued until within a few miles of Lewiston, where it became much more broken, and descended rapidly to the valley of the Clearwater. We went down 2600 feet in about five miles of road, so narrow that only in places could teams pass; winding around hills so steep, that an accidental up-set would unavoidably land you many hundred feet below.

Steep as the hills are, the cattle manage to get the scanty grass by means of

numerous winding paths which give to the hills the appearance of having been terraced.

Passing on to the Fort Lapwai school, my objective point, I found a group of buildings having the general appearance of a frontier military post, but which on close examination proved to be in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and needing quite extensive repairs and alterations, before they could be looked upon as suitable for the purpose of an Indian school.

The school buildings are located in one of the most fruitful valleys of Idaho, which, lying between two ranges of hills, and varying from a quarter to a half a mile wide, with a good stream flowing through it, would, if filled to its capacity, be a large factor in furnishing needed food; but as it is, owing to a disputed title, is almost like so much waste ground.

The immediate object of my visit, was the selection of pupils for Carlisle, and I found that a considerable number had been at the school, for some time, awaiting my arrival. My work was, therefore, to make the selection of such as would be the most suitable for the course at Carlisle, and conduct them there; but as there were supposed to be additional candidates at the Kamiah settlement, some seventy miles distant, without any telegraph or post-office, there was no way of getting at facts but by making the trip.

Therefore in company with Mr. McConville, Supt. of the Fort Lapwai school, who was also desiring to make a visiting trip among the Indians in the interest of his school, with the necessary equipment for camping out, in case of need, a good easy wagon and a stout team, we made the start for Kamiah by way of Meadow Creek a settlement en route, where we had heard that Miss Fletcher was at work allotting lands, and whose camp we hoped to reach by night for a stopping place.

For many miles our road lay over an exceedingly rough country, most of which would have been by me classed as worthless, had I not been a witness to the producing capacity of just such land off the reservation.

By a steep winding road, we reached a high plateau well covered with magnificent pine timber and an excellent growth of grass. This latter feature was being taken advantage of by some sheep ranchers who were holding large flocks of sheep on this range—on account of the distance from the Agency secure, for the time, from the vigilance of the Indian Agent and his police.

This section of country looked to me so attractive that I was quite at a loss to account for its non-settlement by Indians until conversation with Miss Fletcher, the infallible authority on matters relative to Indian lands, gave me the information that this beautiful land was not suited to raising potatoes and vegetables owing to late and early frosts—another instance that things are not always what they seem.

After about thirty miles of travel we halted by a little creek to rest the horses and inspect our stock of provisions, which on examination showed that Mrs. McConville was a good provider, and as to quality—well no sauce so good as hunger, and six hours' ride in the pure air of Idaho had given that, so the ham was of the sweetest and the coffee of the best that could be made on a camp-fire by such cooks as we were, but Mr. McConville was an old campaigner and as to myself it was but a return to the experience of by-gone years in the Indian Territory, so that we rather enjoyed our situation.

From this time the road was less easy to follow being only a horse trail, up one hill and down another, in apparently endless succession. Night came on, but no sign of a house for many miles. At length, however, the dim outline of an Indian house was visible; near the house was a stable but no sign of inhabitants for either house or stable, but there was a woodpile and some water, so we decided to stop for the night, the more so as we had previously ascertained that Miss

Fletcher had moved camp to Red Rock Springs, eighteen miles further.

The night proved cold and lying out doors not so pleasant as formerly, so early dawn saw us stirring, breakfast cooked and eaten and a start made with only wagon tracks a couple of days old to guide us as to the road we should take.

As we passed over mile after mile of this prairie land and saw cattle and horses everywhere, I thought, these Nez Perce Indians are a well-to-do people. They are rich in cattle and horses, but this proved not to be the case after all, as the cattle were mostly owned by white men and were only trespassers on the Indian land.

Reaching the camp on Red Rock, we found the surveyor with his assistants busy at their work, but learned that Miss Fletcher had gone on to Kamiah. Thither we went also, and coming to the top of the bluffs overlooking the Clearwater, we passed close to a high point, where, during the Nez Perce war Mr. McConville, with a company of Idaho militia had successfully resisted all attempts of Chief Joseph to dislodge him, losing, however, every horse in his command, but getting safely away when General Howard's troops approached.

How to get down to Kamiah was the next problem. There it lay 2000 feet below with no apparent way of getting there.

At length a place was found a little less steep than the side of a house, where a wagon had gone down and where we decided to follow, and thought we were doing something smart until we learned that that was the regular road to Kamiah, and the wagon that had gone down before was Miss Fletcher's on her last trip, and that it had a broken wheel tied with raw-hide to boot. Of course, after that there was no boasting of what we had done.

About 3 P. M., having forded the Clearwater over the roughest boulder bottom that could be, we drew up before a little house in a grove of pine trees.

The house was surrounded by a rail fence; two wagons were drawn up in the shade; an Indian was busy cleaning up some harness; and, distant about 150 yards was plainly visible a good-sized church, looking as neat and trim as possible and needing now only a good fence to make it complete.

Well, we were 70 miles from agency head-quarters, half of that distance from a post-office or a blacksmith shop; so, of course, a strange wagon driving up brought some one to the door to see who it was.

The some one in this case was Miss Fletcher, herself, and if it were a pleasure to her to see that the wagon contained two gentlemen, who are proud to be regarded as her friends, she may be sure it was not less a pleasure to us to know that our objective point had been reached and that all the questions in regard to Indian matters that we had stored in our minds would now be answered.

The two days spent in this lodge of the wilderness, the guests of these two ladies, Miss Fletcher and Miss Gay, will never be forgotten. Neither will the flavor of sundry savory dishes, prepared by the deft hands of Miss Gay.

In the abstract, allotting lands in severalty to the Indians is an attractive duty. In reality, it means lots of hard work especially in this instance.

The tribe is the Nez Perce, than which, perhaps, no Indian tribe is more respected by the American people; not for their prowess as a nation, but for what some of them have been and are as individuals; earning a reputation which the tribe has shared, but to which I am constrained to say that the tribe as a whole is not entitled to.

The Nez Percés seem afflicted with an unusual amount of petty jealousy and of suspicion, as well of each other as the whites who live near them or are over them as officials. True they have only too good grounds for much of this, nevertheless its presence is painfully apparent, and exists among the Christian as well as the pagan element, proving a serious hindrance to progress, inasmuch as it prevents concerted action and mutual helpfulness.

This inbred suspicion of ulterior motives constituted a serious obstacle to overcome in getting allotments started. Then followed endless controversies as to locations, springs, divisions of gardenland, and no end of different and difficult questions all of which have been successfully met and overcome, and land was at the time of my visit being allotted at the rate of 1000 acres per day.

When I passed up hill and down, over rocks, down break-neck canyons, I said mentally, "This is no work for a woman to do." But when I saw Indian after Indian coming, having his talk, all his wishes listened to, doubts and trivial points of difference settled, and finally, riding off with a note to the surveyor, in regard to his wishes, all done in such a way as to conciliate the most obdurate, I said, "No one but a woman could do it as well and satisfactorily."

(To be Continued)

(Continued from Third Page.)

the Indians picked out three other Indians to go and substantiate the report of the two first, as it was hinted that they were not as reliable as they might be.

I have not heard whether the last party ever made a report or not. When White Buffalo left the north they had not returned, yet the report that White Buffalo brought awakened a great deal of interest. It was talked over by old men and we soon began to hear a great deal about it.

At first it was claimed that the Jesus that these Indians saw was exactly like the pictures of him in the Bible. This seemed to establish the identity beyond a doubt. There was a great deal of stress put on the fact that he wore long hair.

It soon became current that Christ would wipe out the white people, and bring the dead to life among the Indians, and that flesh would grow again upon the buffalo bones and that they would again be plenty.

Some even claimed that this Christ had written a letter to President Harrison, giving him two years to take the white men back across the salt water, and if he did not do this the white people must take the consequences.

It is to be expected that Jesus will gather all the Indians together in one place where he is, and when they start to go to this place if any white man tries to stop them they (the white men) will drop dead.

Others claim that when they start to go where Jesus is, that if the soldiers kill them to prevent them from going it will not matter for their souls will go right on.

After a while it seemed to occur to some that there might be some mistake about the report that White Buffalo brought back. There were some letters written making inquiries of the Northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Soon after I heard that letters had been received confirming the report. The following is a copy of one of them:

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, DAK:

DEAR BROTHER:—Yes, it is so about Jesus and all Indians talking about it now the heaven, come to save the Indians with long hair first then the white men Jesus came to save Indians. It is to far up in sky where he was, it is not half so far where he is now you may come to him and all the Indians Jesus gives some berries some black and some red I ate two. How you all getting along in Darlington. Please send me some money and tell Red Necks wife to send money too. From your brother,

CROOKED NOSE."

Last winter the Arapahoes raised about \$180 and sent Washea, Sergeant of Scouts, and Black Coyote, Captain of Police, up north to see whether the story is true or not. They returned and the Indians congregated to hear the report. A delegation came up from the Kiowas and Comanches, and from the Caddoes and Wichitas.

The report was to the effect that they did not go to where Jesus was, but they saw Indians that said it was true that he had come, and as they believed this they came back.

Since then, Little Chief, returned Florida prisoner has made a trip north to learn about it and came back with only hear-say evidence. Yet all the camp Indians that I have met believe in it more or less, and there are very few school-children who will say that they do not believe it.

Direct Answers To The Questions In Major Miles Letter.

1. The belief originated somewhere near Pine Ridge Agency and all the tribes are involved in it that have heard about it.

2. The mission of this new Saviour is to restore the Indians to their old ways and to remove the aggressive white man from the country where the Indians live; in other words, date the Indians back about 400 years.

3. Its effect upon these tribes (Cheyennes and Arapahoes) is to cause them to neglect their work and to lose interest in their own progress and advancement and to spend a good part of their time in talking over the expected change which this Christ is about to make in their circumstances and surroundings.

4. The non-progressive Indians all claim to believe in the appearance of this Jesus and there are very few of the educated, industrious Indians who will say that they do not believe it. The old Indians give out that if any of the Indians do not believe in this new religion sickness, misfortune and maybe death will be visited upon themselves and families.

5. I can find but three educated Indians who will frankly say they do not believe in this Jesus, and it was with some urging that I got them to commit themselves.

6. What gave rise to this new belief I am incompetent to say. The origin of it is so vague, so unauthenticated, there is no doubt it originated in the minds of the Indians who made use of Christ as a figure-head in order to make this new religion more acceptable to the educated Indians and at the same time hold their allegiance to their own tribes as such, nursing the belief that the Indians are and have been an abused and down trodden race, and that this Jesus will save them and bring them out of their troubles. There is no doubt that the main ideas have been taken from the Bible as taught to them through ignorant interpreters, and by those who did not fully understand the Scriptures themselves.

The idea that this is the same Jesus that came upon earth over 1800 years ago, and that instead of their going to his written word which tells them all they know about him, they will believe the vague rumors and pay out money to send members of their tribe to inquire about Jesus, and they come back and say that he says he appeared upon the earth once before and came as a little child, and the white people treated him badly and crucified him, and now he has come to save the Indians if they will believe on him—all this has been taught them, yet they do not seem to understand that Jesus is ever near them, knocking at the door of their hearts, and that they need not take a pilgrimage to the north east corner of Washington Territory to find him, the place where this person whom they call Jesus is said to be staying.

I did think the excitement would die out, but notwithstanding the inconsistencies connected with it, it seems to be as firmly believed as ever.

It was thought at one time that the Indians would make a start to go north to see this Jesus. Better counsel prevailed yet they say that should the Indians in the North send for them to come they would start, regardless of the consequences. They have no intention of injuring any one, as they have full faith that if Jesus sends for them that he will provide some way for them to get there, yet they do not talk about it much before white people.

NOTAYA—AN INDIAN.

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

Mr. Kinsman looked across the bed at the doctor. Between them lay his only son, a boy of seven, both men feared sick unto death. Two rooms away, with carefully closed doors between, lay his wife with a week-old daughter beside her and too ill to be told of her son's danger. Mr. Kinsman could not even go directly from the boy to his wife lest he should carry to her or the child this dreadful diphtheria.

But, in addition to all this, something that he had just learned from the doctor made the case harder. He believed the physician was right in saying that the boy's only chance of recovery was in skilful nursing. There had been an unusual amount of illness in the city that summer, and now quite a number of trained nurses were away upon vacation. And that morning, when everything in human power depended upon efficient and immediate help, the doctor knew only one nurse unengaged whom he could thoroughly trust. He had explained to Mr. Kinsman that she was more skilful than most, very quiet and as gentle as he could ask for Roger. "She is an Indian," he had added. It was this calamity which Mr. Kinsman was grappling with as he stood looking across the bed seeing rather the desolation that seemed to him

inevitable now than the face opposite was watching him.

"Trust my boy's life to an Indian!" he faltered. "Impossible, doctor. Why, an Indian"—he stopped.

"What?" questioned the doctor, incisively.

The other was silent. He had no heart to voice personal antipathy here. But he belonged to the class of men who, whatever discretion they may show in utterance, believe that the world was made for the white race, and that other races are but shreds and patches of humanity. He had given money for Indian work as for other missionary work, but chiefly, as he saw at this moment, because he had preferred giving to explanation of a question that he considered too well settled to dare to open.

"She is trained, I tell you," persisted the doctor watching him. "You can't wait to send out of town; the disease is as violent as it is sudden, every hour's delay will count against the child. What will you do?"

"But, doctor," pleaded the other, "I don't believe in Indians. I should be afraid of treachery, and, if not that, what can training really do in the teeth of superstition and incapacity? I don't believe"—

"Fiddlesticks!" returned the doctor, angrily. "It's necessary to believe in me or I won't come to you at all. This is not the place for an ethnological discussion. I will have a trained nurse, or you shall have another doctor. Will you take the best nurse on hand—and I will say the best if many others were here, too!"

The father looked at his boy.

"Yes, I will take her," he returned.

Without another word the doctor left the room, Mr. Kinsman stood dazed. He had not said that the only good Indian was a dead Indian, but he had shrugged his shoulders when he had heard other people say it; and as to education he had believed the Indians fitted mentally only for the rank of hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that as they were altogether too lazy for these occupations there remained for them only the vacuum which nature abhors and soon disposes of.

And it was upon one of this race that, humanly speaking, his son's life depended—upon care and skill and faithfulness from an Indian. Of what consequence was it that she had been educated first at an Eastern training school and then at a training school for nurses? The old proverb rang in his ears: "Drive out nature with violence, and she will return again"; for skill he should find the inheritance of the superstition of centuries; for faithfulness—God help him!—what form of treachery should he have to fight against? He believed in heredity. The doctor simply did not know. Was it too late when the nurse came, he would send her away again.

It was time to give Roger his medicine. As he bent over the little face, an agony of remorse and fear shook him. He was about to give up his son into the hands of an enemy. Yet, if he refused to do it—he looked at his suffering darling, and almost a groan escaped him.

The child glanced up. "Mamma, mamma," he said and turned his head away.

Mr. Kinsman answered him in his most soothing tones and the boy was too ill for argument. He tossed restlessly, and when his half-shut eyes turned upon his father they expressed a pain and an entreaty that wrung the watcher's heart.

Soon the doctor came back with a young woman of about twenty. Her complexion and features were those of her race, but in her eyes piercingness was softened to closeness of attention. She bowed in answer to Mr. Kinsman's greeting and at once walked up to the patient. She was tall and slender, and quiet movements seemed natural to her. She stood looking down at him. The father watched both breathlessly as a moment afterward she laid her hand upon the boy's hot brow.

The child's eyes opened wide; he looked up at the stranger. She bent over him and smiled. And as she smiled her face

was illumined as if the light suddenly streamed through a transparency bringing out the hidden beauty. The child's eyes grew more attentive. Then, all at once he closed them entirely and nestled a little as if to fall asleep. The doctor and the nurse exchanged glances; then the former's eyes rested upon Mr. Kinsman, and he nodded.

"She'll do," he said; "patient likes her."

With her hand still upon the boy's head she received her orders, and the father could not but be convinced that she was attending to every word. Would she remember? Roger dropped off to a few minutes' uneasy slumber which was a gain in comfort upon his past state. Soon afterward Mr. Kinsman saw the nurse writing. Was she putting down her directions? Or was it some incantation? She had just been holding the child's hand.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Noting the pulse, sir," she answered him. "We always do."

"He is very ill," he said, glancing at the boy and then fixing his eyes upon her.

"Yes, sir, very," she said, with her gaze upon Roger.

"Do you think he will get well?"

"I hope so, sir."

It was several hours afterward that Mr. Kinsman coming suddenly into the room saw the bed empty. The blood thrilled to his heart with a start that left him trembling before he saw Notaya walking up and down the room with the child carefully wrapped in her arms. She was singing very softly. The boy's head nestled against her shoulder in a content that seemed to hold his suffering in abeyance. After a few turns she sat down with him in the easy-chair by the bed.

"He was so tired of lying," she said to the father, "perhaps he will sleep when I put him back." Then she sat silent watching the small flushed face upon her arm. "He's a pretty little fellow," she said, and again there came that illumination of a smile that made the plain woman beautiful.

Mr. Kinsman waited, watching her deft touches as she laid the little fellow upon the fresh side of the bed, placed his pillows at the easiest angle, smoothed the bed clothes over him, and began to stroke his hair with such caressing gentleness that the tired eyes drooped and closed and the watcher heard a soft sigh. Notaya looked at him with her finger raised in warning, and the father stole away.

"All women are alike when it comes to a child," he said to himself, "even Indian."

This was the way in which he tried to reconcile his theories with his observation. If this was his form of concession, he had need of it many times in the following days. For Notaya never took the hours of rest away from the sick-room that the terms of her engagement secured to her. No vigilance on Mr. Kinsman's part could find carelessness in her. Carelessness! When he relieved her watch she went away reluctantly for the sleep that she could not do without, and always returned before the time agreed upon. In those few days Mr. Kinsman gained an insight into arts of soothing that his imagination had not touched. He would never say again that capacity to learn was not in the Indian.

Still, there were times when he doubted, moments in which he said to himself that the sympathy she had one day shown for the mother who could not come to her boy, or even be told of his state, was assumed, that some treachery must be behind this apparent devotion, or else he had been utterly mistaken in Indian possibilities. And it was not easy for Mr. Kinsman to see that he had been mistaken. He was a just man, so far as he saw justice, but he was afflicted with that imperfection of vision which, when physical, we call myopic, when mental, narrow-mindedness.

His fears strengthened as Roger grew worse. The doctor's assurance that this was the progress of the disease, that Notaya was doing even better than he had

expected, that, humanely speaking, she was his only hope, could not satisfy the father. Whether his wife suspected that something was wrong, or merely her affection roused more keenly as she gained slightly in strength, he could not tell, but she began to call persistently for Roger.

"I am well enough. Only bring my dear boy, and let me kiss him," she pleaded over and over. Between this importunate call and the moans of his dying child it was perhaps not so strange that Mr. Kinsman's prejudices swamped his reason, and he felt as if the nurse's devotion was his excuse. She was paid for work. Why should she do so much that she was not obliged to do? What real interest in the boy could she have? A woman so far apart from them that she was of a strange race? What did she want to do that this constant attention gave her opportunity for? Was Roger worse after his medicines? He would watch like a lynx; even now it might not be too late. Heaven grant that it might not be.

With this entreaty in his heart he stole softly into his child's room on the afternoon of the fifth day. Roger lay with eyes wide open, with flushed face and uneven breathing, and every now and then a slight convulsive movement. Notaya was bending over him. Her back was toward Mr. Kinsman, and he made no sound.

What was she doing? A horror came over him. At the least she might be killing his child by some Indian superstition. He was upon the point of darting forward, and thrusting her away, when she discovered something, for she began to speak. Was this an incantation? Was she still holding his boy? In the silent room, and at that short distance, every word reached him.

"O God, let this dear little boy live! spare him to his parents, they love him so. Let him grow up so good that men will love the better for knowing him. And bless my work. Thou hast sent me here; help me to be faithful to Thee; teach me how to be wise and strong; show me how to do for this child, how to save him."

These were the words he heard. Wonder, and then a deeper feeling, held him motionless. But, while the voice went on, low and earnest, and rising into the sweetness of a communion in which the soul hears the responses within itself, to the listener there had come the deepest revelation of his life. This was what it meant to pray to the same God; for this was human brotherhood, this was the possibility of tenderness, of fidelity, that showed men created in God's image—men of all races. He had learned it from the women whom he had dared to believe treacherous.

It is on the heights of one of life's Mounts of Transfiguration that we find what we thought the mere human to be shining with the radiance of heaven. The keenest pain of an honest nature, the sense of its own injustice, smote the man. But before his desire for atonement could frame itself into word or act the girl had sprung up. The sound that his unpracticed ear had not detected at first had brought her back to action instantly. She raised the child; he was struggling for breath. Was he strangling?

Mr. Kinsman sprang forward. "The doctor, quick, quick!" she cried. And seizing a pair of silver forceps, forgotten by the physician, or possibly left for such an emergency, and lying on the stand by the bed, she thrust them into the throat and drew out a piece of false membrane that had loosened and was filling it up. She was doing this a second time as Mr. Kinsman flew to the telephone.

When he returned the child lay exhausted, but his breath came with out struggle.

"When will he come?" asked Notaya. "At once. Do you think he will live?" said the father coming to the bed side.

"I think perhaps so," she answered. And then, for the first time, it occurred to her that he must have overheard her prayer. The color flooded her face as she gave Roger the stimulant he needed.

"If he live, it will be owing to you," said Mr. Kinsman.

Notaya glanced at him and smiled. It occurred to him then that she had known more of his feelings than he had imagined.

"I believe he will live," she answered him.

"A moment's slowness or indecision then, and the boy would have died," said the doctor as he stood watching him.

"I appreciate his nurse," returned Mr. Kinsman.

And the two men looked at one another.

It was a month after this that Roger came in from his first drive. Notaya had gone with him. His father brought him from the carriage and put him on the bed where he lay back among the pillows we tried enough to be deliciously comfortable.

The nurse thought him asleep, when he suddenly opened his eyes with the question, "Notaya, have you got any brothers?"

"Yes, Roger, two."

"Are they about my age?"

"One of them is, the other is twelve."

"They must be real nice little Indian fellows," mused the child. "I s'pose they play? I'd like to see them."—[*The Congregationalist*.

INDIANS IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A voluminous report of the Department of the Indian Affairs of Canada, for 1889, enters into full details of the work undertaken, and of what has been accomplished by the Government in behalf of its aboriginal population. From the table of statistics we find the number of these in all the provinces to be 121,520, for all of whom agents have been named except 12,296. The report states:

That "one of the most assuring indications of the growth of advance ideas among the Indians recently taken in hand is the willingness, and in some cases preference, shown by many of them to accept of separate lots of land, over which they can exercise individual control as locatees. The happy results which have attended the distribution in severality of lands among the different members of some of the bands have been most encouraging. The ownership within recognized bounds of a location inspires the holder of it with a desire to improve his holding, and with a wholesome spirit of emulation, to which, under the prevailing system of community of ownership, he was previously a complete stranger.

"Superior houses, better fences, larger fields, more carefully and more extensively cultivated acres are some of the advantages which almost invariably accompany a change from ownership in community to the possession of land in severality. On some of the reserves in the Province of Ontario this system has been in operation for some years past."

The increased facilities for the acquirement of more thorough education, both intellectual and industrial, is looked forward to as offering advantages not previously attained by members of their respective bands. Much, however, remains to be done, through the adoption of a more perfect system and the extension of educational advantages to Indian communities that have not as yet been reached.

Much is said in favor of the boarding and industrial schools that have been established, and the separate reports of these and the other schools are interesting and suggestive.

The number of children of school age is set down as 15,825. The number enrolled at 215 day schools, is 5,759; number in the 10 industrial schools, 569; and in the 6 boarding schools, 107. The daily average in the day schools is low, as the same difficulties have to be contended with that are experienced in our own agency schools.

To prevent the introduction of intoxicating liquors, and to diminish as much as possible, breaches of the law, reliable and intelligent Indians have been commissioned to serve on the police force. It is thought that beneficial results will attend the measure. The facilities with

which Indians residing on reservations near the boundary between Canada and the United States can obtain intoxicants has occasioned no little anxiety. A dispatch has been addressed to the British Minister at Washington, requesting him to bring the subject to the notice of this Government, with the hope that the laws may be so amended that this great evil will be removed.

Mission work is conducted on a number of the Reserves by the Episcopal, Roman Catholic, and the Methodist churches.

Of the Indians along Lake Superior the Agent reports: "They are comparatively temperate in their habits, and especially so considering the bad example of the whites around them, and I can safely say that among the same number of whites there is more drinking and a lower morality to be found than among the same number of Indians." The reports are by Provinces, and the tabulated statement includes, besides what has already been noticed, the number of houses, barns and stables, acreage under cultivation, land newly broken up, farming implements, mills, cattle, horses, sheep, swine, farm crops in grains, roots, and hay, and gives a very favorable showing in the several particulars enumerated.

Very much that relates to the life of these people, on their reservations, and the advancement they are making towards a better civilization would be interesting to those who are trying to elevate the Indians of our own nation, and it can not fail to give satisfaction to learn from the brief summary herein presented, that the Dominion of Canada is so earnestly taking hold of this important work, which let us hope will be crowned with still greater results.—[L. J. R. in *Friends Intelligence and Journal*.

SKILL AND INGENUITY DISPLAYED BY INDIANS.

The manufacture of fancy boxes and baskets from grass and bark is an important industry of the Indians in Michigan.

Tourists who visit these regions during the summer seasons buy baskets to take home as souvenirs, the aggregate sales amount to a surprisingly large figure. The baskets most popular with tourists this season are made of black ash.

Some of the work displays remarkable taste and artistic ability on the part of the Indians.

A few years ago the Indians busied themselves making baskets and boxes of birch bark, with gayly colored porcupine quills sewed into the fiber. The baskets were far from beautiful, but possessed an aboriginal attractiveness that pleased those who never saw such work. Sweet grass had a great run as a material for baskets and boxes, the fragrance of the grass remaining for years. But the rude birch bark boxes and the sweet smelling grass baskets have given place to the far more attractive black ash work.

The ash tree, after it has been cut, is sawed into pieces four or five feet long, while still green, and then chopped into bolts three or four inches by an inch thick, the grain running with the narrow edge. The bolt is laid on the top of a stump and vigorously pounded with a wooden maul in the hands of a lusty Indian. The wood, under this process strips off into shavings the length of the bolt and as thick as the grain. Each year's growth of the tree represents a shaving and the slower the growth of the tree the thinner the strip. With a sharp knife the Indian smooths off one side of the strips and soaks them in water until they have become pliable then they are woven into baskets of every imaginable shape and size, into mammoth hampers, little boxes, shopping bags and work-boxes, both useful and ornamental. The women and girls are the chief workers in this industry even chopping down the trees and preparing the wood for the various manipulations while the men and boys sit around looking on or quietly smoking.

The work is done largely during the winter months' and instead of keeping the stuff until the summer season opens, when visitors are numerous and the demand for that kind of work is brisk, the women

carry the baskets to town and dispose of them to the best advantage, trading them for groceries, dry goods and other supplies, realizing very little from the sale compared with what the merchant gets for the goods. Some of the wood is soaked in aniline dyes and colored all the hues of the rainbow. The colored shavings are worked in with the white with excellent effect. The finest of the basket work is produced by the Indians along the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal and Quebec. Patterns for the Michigan Indian to copy are imported. The Canadians set the fashion in baskets and bring out new styles, but the natives in Michigan are apt imitators and can duplicate any piece of work. Canadian work is sold at fancy prices to those who want a really fine article.

THE CHRISTIAN DIGNITY OF LABOR.

If there were any disposition among people in general to deny that labor is honorable, it would be unlikely to manifest itself conspicuously in such days as these. For labor, whatever may have been its timidity in the past, now is holding up its head boldly, and is claiming its full share of respect and honor. Its time of diffidence passed long ago and forever, and probably every wise man rejoices thereat. The Christian dignity of labor, however, is not insisted upon so earnestly, or even understood so generally. Honest, faithful work, it ought to be remembered, is noble, not only because of its inherent merit, but because it is in evitable necessity to the fulfillment of the divine plan for the world. God has indorsed and also commanded it. He has made it necessary to most people. In a certain real sense, and without irreverence, it even may be declared that he works himself, continually sustaining all the manifold members of his great universe in all their varied and countless movements and operations. Our sense of the dignity of labor needs to be broad and enlightened. How often are men who work with their hands overheard to sneer at others, who seem idlers, yet who may be intellectual toilers of the first rank? "The pen is mightier than the sword" not only, but also than the spade or the trowel. Much of the most difficult and widely beneficial labor never would be accomplished if God had not made it possible for some men to live without having to earn their own support, and to give themselves to investigation, study, experiment, and authorship. Mere idlers are contemptible, but it is an open question whether they are not more numerous among the hard-workers than among others, even including the many who have inherited fortunes. Let every true laborer recognize cheerfully the fact that God wishes all sorts of work to be done, and that the spirit of Christ is that which honors every faithful workman. A true sense of the Christian dignity of labor goes far toward enabling employers and employes to see with the same eyes, and thus toward preventing many disagreements. It teaches that labor is too serious and honorable a thing to be at the mercy of professional agitators, "walking delegates," and the like, as so often has been the fact. It may retain belief in the principle of the strike, but in the application of that principle it exercises a conscientious caution. It sees the ultimate and only satisfactory solution of the vexing problems of modern society to be in the general acceptance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and it ever seeks to remove the misunderstandings of Christianity which prevail among laboring men. It means peace, prosperity, and comfort as well as consecration.—[*The Congregationalist*.

What's the matter with John? The other day a company of Chinese hop-pickers on the Pacific coast showed that they are beginning to reverence the American custom of strikes, or evinced a remarkable race prejudice toward their dusky brothers, it is hard to tell which, when they stopped work to rest, because the contractors had hired the services of some Indians, to assist in clearing the vines.

TWO NOTABLE INDIANS.

At a meeting of pupils and teachers on the evening of September 26th, Rev. J. J. Enmegahbowh and Rev. Mr. Wright of White Earth Agency, Native Missionaries among the Chippewas, spoke earnestly.

Rev. Enmegahbowh said in his deep and impressive voice the following, in substance:

"Ladies and gentleman and my Indian friends. How glad I am to see so many faces. I see faces before me of the same complexion as my own. Your countenances look cheerful.

I have been in the service for many years. Now I am getting old. My warfare will soon be over. We look upon such as you to take our places. Your people are looking for your return to point them out the way. Rejoice that you have been brought away from heathenism to such a place as this. Do you improve your opportunities? Do you feel thankful? I am glad even to, shedding tears that you all are having this opportunity to be trained into useful helpers. Now is the opportunity to grasp knowledge. Our people are dwindling away. Let us rise to the occasion. I repeat it, I am thankful for seeing you, so many of you with these blessed privileges. When I go back to my home I shall see these faces. I shall remember you all and what you are like."

The Rev. Mr. Wright, although a much younger man than the Rev. Enmegahbowh, he has not the opportunities for learning English, hence what he said to us was interpreted by his venerable friend. He began by saying,

"I shall say a very few words, but I wish to say I feel thankful to see so many red faces in this delegation before me, and from great distances. I can see very plainly that you are preparing yourselves to be good and useful men and women. Let me say a few words about myself. When I was a boy I never had the opportunity to be with teachers as you have. I lived a heathen life. It is within a few years that I tried to learn my letters. Had I commenced when I was young I could now understand the language and could speak it now to you. You people are preparing to imitate the pale faces to become as one of them."

Then pupils from the different tribes were called upon in turn to stand, that our Indian visitors might see the faces and members from the several tribes. In this they were very much interested. The whole school then joined in singing America.

A LIVING NOTOYA.

In connection with Miss Sparhawk's story of Notoya, printed elsewhere, the following letter published sometime ago in the Connecticut Indian Association *Bulletin* and written by one of our girls who graduates with honors this Fall from the Training School for Nurses, in Hartford Connecticut, is especially appropriate:

HARTFORD, CONN., Feb. 28, 1890.

MY DEAR MRS. KINNEY:—If our letters do not reach you as often as we would wish, you are not any the less in our thoughts. It has been a gloomy, rainy, miserable day, but fortunately, so busy for us in doors, that we have not had time to think much about the weather.

I remember when you brought me here and how I got lost on my way down stairs the next day. I was as much lost as if I had wandered in the forest. I was placed in the surgical ward with three advanced nurses who were very kind to me in many ways. Of course I had to begin every thing at the foot. I remained nearly six months, and on the 10th of April, I was sent to a female's medical ward, which is as interesting as the former, and I was kept there until the 17th of July. Then they sent me out to the South Cottage with a case of Diphtheria. By the end of the month I had two cases and they had improved enough so Doctor could allow one in the Hospital ward and the other was sent home. And on the 20th of August my duty began again in the male medical ward which is very much the same as the ladies' medical ward except there is more changing among the patients; work may be very easy one day, the next few days perhaps we will have almost more than we can do. It was

like this when I left this ward in the middle of December. Now I have come to the obstetric ward, here are the five little babies so sweet and dear, pure as the morning glory, and one little one has gone to the brighter world beyond. The two little colored babes are the most cunning that I have ever seen, and one of them I call my "chief." You can not imagine how happy your two Indian girls are although our lessons are hard, but we are bound to learn all we can and to accomplish something at the end. Our kind teacher, Mrs. Tuttle, who is so patient with us, has encouraged us in many ways. Lilly and I enjoyed the work very much, and we hope to pull through successfully. I hope you are all well and happy. Please excuse my many mistakes. I will close with much love to you, and hope to hear from you soon.

From yours sincerely,
NANCY R. CORNELIUS.

SPEECH BY A YOUNG INDIAN.

One of our graduates on his return to his people expecting to be called upon to speak to them arranged the following address:

The fact is that every Indian living in the United States, and over twenty-one years of age, ought to be a citizen of the country; ought to support himself as other citizens have to do by honest toil; ought to be subject to the civil courts with the right of suing and being sued; ought to have the right of holding property and of selling it as any other person.

We ought to take more interest in our own affairs, as it is right and proper for us to look out for our own interest, that is so far as not to neglect our duties to other people.

We have now come to a period, that is in the strictest sense modern. For when we speak about the Nineteenth Century, we are speaking about our own time, and many persons who are now alive saw the beginning of this period. It is crowded beyond all the ages of history with great events—an age wiser, fuller, richer and more varied than was ever seen before.

Think! who deserves the credit for these wonderful events, and why? Education covers the ground. Why is it that we Indians have so very little to do in this wide world? Is it because we are too blind to see or too dumb to realize what we ought to be? I am thoroughly convinced that, that is the reason. Take our successful brother the white man, he does not hold his child at home and shut him out from the world, but rather he sends him out into it, and his chief end is to equip him with a thorough education. The white man pays for the education of his children. The white children are sent across the continent, or even across the deep waters to school, and are kept there at school for ten or more years before they are thought to be ready to go out into the world. While you hold on to your children and keep them in the very depths of degradation and ignorance.

You can hardly spare them two or three years to be educated just a little when even that little is at the expense of the United States.

The condition of the coming generation depends upon you, and if you continue to ruin your children by keeping them in ignorance you will pay the penalty as well as those you have reared.

To those who still have a chance to get an education, now is your time and it may be your last opportunity. In behalf of Carlisle, I will say no more than that its work and value is shown only by those of its students who have made themselves worthy of its advantages and not by those who have shown themselves too small to appreciate it. Educate your children. It is the safest and a most necessary thing to do, and it is now within the reach of every one, under all circumstances. Teach them how to speak the English language. In other words we Indians should be trained up as Americans, and Americans we cannot be in reality nor in sympathy so long as we use any other language to the exclusion of the English language.

We received this week a copy of THE RED MAN, a neat, well-edited four-column quarto monthly, published at the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. This paper is published in the school, and the Indian boys do all the mechanical work. It can hardly be surpassed in neatness and general make-up, and does credit to the school. This school is highly commended and is no doubt a fine institution.—[*The Indian Citizen*, Atoka, Indian Territory.

Arrow Heads from the Indian's Friend.

It is not a crime to be an Indian, nor any special evidence of virtue to be a white man.

* *

An Indian is an individual; a tribe cannot be reformed or civilized at wholesale; but too many of the Indian's friends are unwilling to go into the retail business.

* *

It is much more business-like to pay for the support of Indian youth while they are being educated, than to support Indians in a savage state.

* *

Let us give the Indian an elementary knowledge of civilization, and then put him where he must either sink or swim, work or starve. That is the old method for making men, and there is no other.

The Indians Will Vote.

By a despatch to the *Omaha Bee* from Chamberlain, S. D., dated Sep. 25th, it is learned that the Sioux Indians will be asked to take a hand in the capital location question this Fall. The fact that but a few of them are legal voters appears to cut no figure in a struggle of this kind. Already one of the capital aspiring towns has had men on the reservation arranging for voting places, and it is the general rumor that the noble red men will be initiated into the mysteries of casting a ballot at the election in November.—[*Pipe of Peace*.

Indian School at Genoa, Nebr.

It will be highly gratifying to all concerned to learn that provision has finally been made for a first class printing outfit, which will be put in some time this Fall, when both a weekly and monthly will be issued regularly, printed in the neatest possible manner with new type and on a power press. Meanwhile *The Pipe of Peace* will appear each Friday, looking as well as could be expected for a paper printed with poor type on an old army press.—[*Pipe of Peace*.

Proud of his Visit.

Leonard Kenesewah paid us a visit some weeks ago and we were proud of his appearance. He was equipped in a new black suit, came 7th day evening and left at noon the following 2nd day. Owing to the rain in the morning he could not go. My son said he would help clean the cellars. Leonard donned an old suit and the two finished white-washing the cellars. He washed then thoroughly, donned his new suit ate his dinner and after a hearty good-bye left us, leaving behind him his bed nicely made and his room as he found it as near as possible. Was it any wonder that we were proud of his visit?—[*From Farm Patron*.

Friendly Greeting.

The editor of the *Indian's Friend* sends greeting to the editor of the RED MAN and wishes to congratulate him most heartily and cordially on the last number of the RED MAN. The *Indian's Friend* is quite at a loss to know how the RED MAN manages to tap so many widely separated springs and to bring such refreshing and helpful rills to nourish the cause of the Indian. God be with you.

Secretary Noble has done a very proper thing in issuing his order that no more Indians shall leave their reservations to travel with "Wild West" shows. The success of the first enterprise of this kind led to establishment of a number of others, which did not prosper after the novelty wore off, and the Indians were frequently left to shift for themselves thousands of miles from home. Besides, the service has been found to be demoralizing to the Indians engaged in it, and there are grave charges that they have been ill-treated even by the best shows. On the whole, the experiment does not seem to work well, and it is time to discontinue it, before the nation has any more Indian mismanagement scandals on its hands. Buffalo Bill will now have to recruit his Indians for his Wild West show among white men, and there are plenty of them who are as savage and ignorant as they could be were they copper-colored by nature.—[*Phila. Bulletin*.

This is what the RED MAN and other papers friendly to the best interests of the Indian have been fighting for years.

PECULIAR INDIAN FINDINGS IN A GRAVE.

Mr. Alexander Crawford Chenoweth, of Washington Heights, has been digging in the hillock opposite his house at Inwood street, since early last Spring, and has brought from it twenty skeletons and much pottery. The skeletons were thought to belong to Indians, but two professors from the Museum of Natural History told him he might as well bury them again as they didn't amount to anything and probably were Revolutionary relics. In the *New York Sun* we find the following description of Mr. Chenoweth's last discovery, which upsets the Revolutionary theory:

"About three feet below the surface, where the yellow sand and dirt joined the white sand, he found all the pieces of an Indian red clay vessel, about eight inches in diameter and eighteen inches deep. The fragments lay in a circle. They were ornamented with a rough basket pattern, such as was made among the Indians by drawing a knotted fish net tightly over the wet clay. Two feet south of the spot he uncovered an onyx spear head, three inches long and 1½ inches broad, yellow and mottled with black, highly polished, and with keen, regular edge. With a little trowel and a brush broom he removed inch by inch the sand below the bunch of rich mould that surrounded the spot where the fragments of the vessel had lain. Ten inches further down he struck a thigh bone. Proceeding carefully toward the south side of the hillock, he laid bare a broad shin bone of the flatness peculiar to the Indian. He removed the sand to the right and left and found the bones of the other leg. The body of the skeleton was heavy and broad. The skull was large and had a low, receding forehead, with protuberant brows. The fingers of the right hand clutched the bones of the neck and the fingers of the left hand were curved over the bones of the right hand. The skeleton lay on its side with its legs drawn up. The height of the skeleton is about 5 feet 6 inches. Mr. Chenoweth will clean it, paint it white, and photograph it before removing it from the grave to-day. The pottery in the grave was not of a specially fine quality or pattern. The onyx spear head, Mr. Chenoweth thinks, resembles the petrified wood that abounds in Mexico. The composition of the soil over the skeleton was peculiar. A few inches of black mould, then two feet of yellow dirt, several inches of light buff sand, with great clots of black decayed vegetable matter in it, and finally the clear white sand in which the bones lay."

A few days before this he dug up a skull with a flint arrow-head in the forehead and another with a flint spear-head in the temple.

A Pittsburg, (Pa.) despatch to the *New York Times*, says: Captain Trimbleton, of the 7th U. S. Cavalry, commandant at Fort Sill, passed through Pittsburg, Sept. 25. He says the greatest Indian uprising of recent times is certain to come soon. "But who is Trimbleton? The *Army Register* knoweth him not.—ED. JOURNAL.—[*Army and Navy Journal*.

Captain Trimbleton, 7th Cavalry must be a brother of the mythical John Selenx, of Helena, Montana, who knows so much about educating Indian youth. This mythical Captain Trimbleton thinks the agitation about an Indian Christ will cause the uprising. We opine that when we get at the facts about that Christ and wash the paint off of him it will be found he is a white man or inspired by a white man.

The last number of *The Red Man* is filled with the very finest of the wheat. Always excellent, this number is *super-excellent*. It is published at Carlisle, Pa., at 50 cents a year.—[*The Indian's Friend*.

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 4½x6½ 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 as 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.