

# The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. XI.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1891.

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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.

With our Free Schools it is not only a  
disgrace, but a crime, to be ignorant.

The people who *do* things have the  
healthy belief that things can be done.

The policy of getting the Indians into  
civilization by keeping them out of civili-  
zation has never succeeded and never will,  
no difference how plausible the plans nor  
how vast the sums expended.

The Carlisle school is now and always  
has been unequivocally and unalterably  
opposed to any and all plans, purposes  
and intentions aiming to consolidate the  
Indian races or tribes and make them  
special in any manner or degree whatso-  
ever, and is now and always has been in  
favor of all good plans, purposes and in-  
tentions in any way calculated to release,  
uplift and give the individual Indian free  
and untrammelled the fullest benefits and  
responsibilities of our civilization and  
citizenship.

Troop "L," Sixth Cavalry, under the  
able management of Lt. Dravo, has be-  
come the crack Indian company in the  
army, if we may accept the report of Capt.  
Lee, special Inspector, synopsis of which  
we print on page four. Without in the  
least detracting from the skill and ability  
to organize, equip, discipline and com-  
mand claimed for Lt. Dravo and wishing  
to concede to him all these qualities in  
the highest degree, we beg leave to file a  
mild protest against the broad and com-  
placent claims set up by Capt. Lee as to  
the origin and quality of the material in  
this company and the previous attain-  
ments of its men. The Brule Sioux, to  
which the men of the company belong,  
are not as a band so exceptionally bad or  
different from some of the other bands  
of the Sioux as to warrant the reflections  
Capt. Lee throws out as part of the base  
of his claims. We can name a number of  
Brule Sioux who have been for years fore-  
most among the progressive leaders of  
the great Sioux tribe.

Eleven (which is one fifth) of the men in  
Troop "L," Sixth Cavalry, were former  
students of Carlisle and one of these was  
the first First Sergeant appointed on the  
organization of our cadet corps in 1879  
and was for a time Sergeant Major of our  
cadet battalion. All of the eleven learned  
to speak English, something of the  
military art not omitting that part of it  
which requires the hair to be cut short,  
and picked up a few civilized notions and  
some knowledge of several branches of  
mechanics, now utilized to the company's  
advantage, while under our care. We  
happen to know also that other training

schools and the Agency schools as well  
have had some part in rendering other  
men in this company plastic, intelligent,  
capable and ready for the skilful hand  
of its commander, and these things Capt.  
Lee well knew if he wanted to.

## HOW LONG SHOULD IT CONTINUE?

The parent solicitous of the welfare of  
his child not unfrequently fails to recog-  
nize the time at which the boy becomes  
the man, and essays to continue the tute-  
lage of childhood beyond its necessary and  
beneficial limits, thereby stunting and re-  
tarding the manhood of the youth and by  
overcarefulness does a positive injury to  
the one he desires to benefit.

In Indian affairs there is danger of the  
above situation being paralleled by the  
Government, which in its desire to protect  
the Indian, established a system of trans-  
acting business for them, necessary,  
proper and right in itself while the In-  
dian remained in ignorance and unac-  
quainted with values or methods of  
business, but injurious the moment  
the Indian attains the requisite knowl-  
edge to manage his own affairs, a  
period equivalent to the youth attaining  
his majority.

Probably there will be a wide difference  
of opinion between the parties interested  
as to when this period is attained, but  
there should be some point reached by in-  
dividual Indians, and by tribes, when  
such individual or tribe ceases to be the  
peculiar care of the government and  
stands on exactly the same basis as other  
citizens.

The ability to manage the affairs of life  
comes largely through having it to do, and  
while many mistakes are made by those  
more favored in opportunities than the  
Indian, such mistakes when not criminal  
are condoned with the thought, "Well,  
there is no teacher like experience, better  
things may be expected in the future."

The position assumed by the Govern-  
ment towards the Indian is one of guar-  
dianship. This relation should not be  
continued in any respect longer than  
urgent necessity requires in any particu-  
lar case.

A. J. S.

## WHAT MORE DOES THE INDIAN NEED TO MAKE HIM FREE?

The sentiments uttered by Col. F. W.  
Parker, the great educator, in a recent  
address at Toronto, in regard to the com-  
mon school system, is especially applic-  
able to our Indian population. Not until  
all Indian schools are closed as such and  
the Indian youth are invited into or forced  
to enter the free schools of the Republic  
will they in any large proportion grow up  
to be acceptable and loyal United States  
citizens. Schools such as Carlisle may be  
necessary for a short time to prepare the  
raw material to become desirable asso-  
ciates for the youth of civilized communi-  
ties, but this is accomplished with the  
crudest subjects (over twelve years of age)  
in eighteen or twenty months and then  
they are ready for and should be allowed  
individually the privilege of entering the  
public school and the civilized home which  
lead directly to self-support and indepen-  
dence.

Our boys and girls are wanted as family  
and farm helps, being well paid for services  
rendered. They enter the homes of the  
very best country people, and are helped  
and encouraged in every possible way  
by them. They are sent to school and  
have access to books and papers belonging  
to the family.

That the "outing system," which means

public school opportunities, has proven a  
success is attested by the pupils them-  
selves in their letters to the school, by  
their manly and womanly bearing as they  
pass to and fro, by the reports of the  
patrons with whom they have lived and  
by the creditable accounts which the  
public school teachers who have taught  
Indian pupils, give of them.

If the Indians are saved it must be as  
individuals, and it must be brought about  
by some such individualizing process, as  
we have stated so often before, but it must  
be on a large scale. Let the missionary on  
the reservation work with *this* end in  
view, and let the educated Indian boy  
and girl be encouraged to entreat the  
Government as Moses of old appealed to  
Pharaoh to "let my people go," instead of  
having the weakly sentiment poured into  
their ears continually, that they should  
return to their people. The depressing  
system of educating Indians to remain  
Indians that they may help Indians to  
still be Indians, should end.

Col. Parker says in regard to the  
common school:

"The common school has for its ideal the  
common education of all the nation. All  
races, classes, sexes, and sects, and social  
positions in one school, common to all,  
from the kindergarten to the university  
inclusive. Thus the ideal education of  
America makes the kindergarten, the  
high school, and the university as free to all  
as the primary and grammar schools are.  
The ideal education of the common  
school comprehends all charities; it sums  
them up in one gift, that of character—the  
character which includes the performance  
of the duties of life, the highest citizen-  
ship, and the only basis for moral and  
ethical life.

Under the divine influence of the com-  
mon school that bigotry and hate and  
narrowness which perpetuates fixed ideas  
vanish and give place to the profoundest  
human sympathy. The supreme duty of  
a nation is to give to each and all under  
its aegis the liberty and the means of be-  
coming free. Liberty is granted by con-  
stitutions and laws. The common school  
is the one central institution which pre-  
sents to each the means of freedom.

The fragmentary and desultory chari-  
ties of the past sink into utter insignifi-  
cance before this supreme gift of the  
means of freedom. The Republic says to  
its citizens, 'You cannot be educated out-  
side of the common school, for the common  
school is the infant republic.' The new  
civilization has for its motive that much  
abused and grand word, democracy. True  
democracy imperatively demands the  
education of children into that ideal of  
character which comprehends freedom  
in its fullest sense.

The common schools of America are  
established. They are rooted and ground-  
ed in the minds of the people. No power  
on earth can abolish them except civil  
war, and that cannot, for at the word mil-  
lions would rise and battle for this child  
of America, the common school."

## Where are the Savages of the Nineteenth Century?

According to the circumstantial account  
in the New York *World* and the general  
press despatches, a colored man in Louisi-  
ana, for his brutal treatment of a young  
white woman employed as a school  
teacher was securely bound to a tree by  
his captors and tortured to death. The  
*World* correspondent says: "He was first  
skinned, and then cut up bit by bit. He  
suffered excruciating agony, but his cap-  
tors were hardened at the thought of the  
brute's crime and continued their work.

The negro lived under this horrible  
torture about forty minutes. No arrests  
in connection with the murder have  
been reported or are anticipated."

If history can show up anything more  
horrible in the tortures inflicted by the In-  
dians on their captives, we would like to  
know where to find it.

The peaceable Chinaman, who was  
attacked in his home at Missoula, Montana,  
by some so-called citizens, his home and  
furniture demolished and the inmates  
shockingly treated, one being tarred and  
feathered, should have established his  
home among the Indians, who never  
attack peaceable homes without what  
they consider a just cause.

The recent action of the Government in  
opening the Cherokee Strip for the graz-  
ing of cattle to the Cherokees has caused  
much dissatisfaction among the white  
settlers in that section. They seem to  
think that their red brethren should not  
have the same privileges as themselves.  
Meetings have been held by these out-  
raged(?) whites and a dog-in-the-manger  
policy decided upon, namely; to burn  
every spear of grass in the Strip. Reports  
from the neighborhood indicate that this  
policy is being carried out. Similar out-  
rages by the Indians would call forth  
highly colored and exaggerated articles  
with flaming headlines in the Western  
papers. The question naturally sug-  
gests itself, "When the civilized white  
man goes to such extremes, what can  
be expected of the untutored Indians?"

## Only One Way of Playing It.

"Now," said little Johnnie, "let's play  
Indian."

"How do you play Indian?" asked  
Tommy.

"Well, you be Indian and I'll be pale face.  
Now I'll make a treaty with you that I'll  
give you your apple. See? There, now  
I'll make a new treaty with you that I'll  
eat your apple. See?"

"But I won't do it. I'm going to have  
my own apple."

"Oh, no; that ain't the way to play In-  
dian. If you don't do the way I say you'll  
be a hostile, you know, and I'll blow you  
full o' holes."—[*Detroit Free Press*.]

In one of the latest issues of *Our Broth-  
er in Red* the following appears:

The Beer question in the Indian Terri-  
tory is assuming mastodonic proportions.  
There seems to be a conflict between the  
various factions of government. Judge  
Bryant says that it is no violation of law  
to sell beer in the Indian Territory, and  
some parties who have gone into the busi-  
ness, claim to have obtained license from  
some source; but in spite of it all, Indian  
Agent Bennett declares that they have no  
right to sell, and has ordered his police to  
spill all the beer that they can find, license  
or no license. Consequently there is like-  
ly to be trouble over the matter. In the  
first place, to our minds, Judge Bryant is  
wrong in his ruling and is therefore res-  
ponsible for all this trouble. We say  
hurrah! for Bennett. He may rest assured  
of the fact that the better element of the  
people will stay with him in this fight.  
Down with the lager beer.

The latest general press despatch reads:  
ARDMORE, I. T. Sept. 10.—Attorney War-  
rand, for the United States court in the  
Indian Territory, has dismissed the prose-  
cution instituted against the beer men  
of Ardmore, holding that the court has no  
jurisdiction, Judge Bryant refusing to al-  
low prosecutions. This removes the em-  
bargo on the sale of beer with one excep-  
tion, its liability of being destroyed by the  
Indian police.

### WHAT OUR FARM PATRONS SAY OF THE INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS IN THEIR CHARGE.

#### From the July Reports.

"He is getting along well. Does first rate and suits me and will hate to part with him when he has to go back to school."

"He is getting along well; right good with horses and knows how to handle young colts. Like him pretty well."

"She does not improve in housework. The cause, I think, is lack of interest. Is more inclined to be studious to the neglect of other work."

"She is a very nice cook and kitchen girl, also good washer and ironer. I often wish I could keep her always."

"Is trying to be good and he is. Does very well indeed."

"I think he is much stronger than when I received him, but do not believe that he likes work very well."

"She is improving and learning more every week."

"Her health continues very good."

"Her conduct is excellent. Her ability and industry is excellent."

"She has every thing to learn, even the names of cooking articles."

"She is in fine condition. When she came to us she was not strong, now she is very well and is as happy as can be. We think her one of the pleasantest little things we ever knew."

"Her health is much better, and we are glad; she is very trustworthy, nothing would induce her to be sly or untruthful. If anything like a dish or china gets broken, she is so frank and honorable about it. Without any help she made some fine butter and the most delicious ice-cream."

"Have no fault to find with her work, but she appears to be under the impression that we have no further control than regards work over her."

"From 1:30 or 2 o'clock every P. M., she has no work but books or needles."

"She is a right good little girl; does not refuse to learn."

"She is a nice girl but not quick at learning. I hope you will let her stay with us another year as we think a great deal of her."

"S— does not near always do as well as she knows how. I think this is due to a sullenness, causing a don't-care spirit. I do all I know how to please her. To-day she asked if they might go to the store. I had refused their going two week ago. This time S— wanted to get paper to send to her father. So I let them go, starting a few minutes after three; asked them to hurry as it threatened storm. Store is one mile away. Instead they went to T— got caught in the rain and did not return until after six. This is only one instance of want of appreciation, and improper influence over L—. The two do not do any more work than S— could do."

"She does only just what she is told to do, and that done willingly, but does not seem to remember instructions or anticipate what ought to be done."

"She is usually good but sometimes gets stubborn and has to be strictly governed. She has learned very quickly and we would willingly keep her longer than her time here at present for she is bright and pleasant to us."

"She is a good, industrious girl and tries to do her best. She wants to go back or we should like to keep her longer than the summer."

"Please do not expect me to have B— write letters as he will not do it. Gives no attention to writing or reading. Wouldn't open his *Helper* if it lay on the table for a month."

"We have always taught T— to be honest and his honesty was tested about two weeks ago when he found \$50 in money neatly rolled up in a check for \$18.00. He came running in and handed it to me, but the owner came hunting for it next day. Tommy received \$1.00 for reward, Mr. W— gave him \$1.10 besides his wages for being a good boy through harvest"

"He cannot make much more than half a hand in the harvest field."

"His intelligence, industry, ability and general deportment are entirely satisfactory and go far toward strengthening my belief in the possibilities of the future."

"He is very saving with his money and dont run about to spend it."

"I still like him very much."

J—, I think, should make a useful and satisfactory farm hand could he be induced in any way not to be so forgetful of duties assigned, of requests made, of respectful deportment where it is due."

"He is a very poor boy, does as he pleases, very stubborn, says he is going to run away, but he is too lazy to run."

"I would like to keep him this winter if he will stay."

"He is a good boy."

"I would like to know if I can keep him another year and if I cannot have him I would like to have another good boy."

"Both boys have worked well during harvest. In regard to bathing, the boys seem to take unkindly to water and soap, so that if I am busy and overlook it, they do not attend to it."

"O— has earned his extra dollar a month during harvest. He is a good willing helper when you have a good piece of work on hand, but cannot be relied on to do anything well."

"He is just as stupid as ever; don't care whether he works or not, does not get a bit more trusty. I don't know what to do with him. Sometimes when I tell him to do anything, I must go after him and see that he does it. He does not learn or remember."

"He is very slow; does his work entirely too slow for his own good and my interests and for the advancement he is working for."

"He is very provoking sometimes, pretends not to understand what we mean when I think he does. He goes out at night most too often. Pretends to go to the creek to bathe, but just walks over it and on to the neighbors and comes home after we are in bed."

"F— is doing very well. He has asked for no money and has not wanted anything bought for him. He is very obliging and I think wants to do what is right and has no desire to be away with others."

"If he could only control his temper, what a valuable man he would be."

"He is a bright boy; quick and active when he wishes to be, but very impertinent. This is the only fault I find with him."

"E— is an extra good boy. I take him a fishing often, buy him bananas and ice cream; treat him to watermelons. He is used like one of our own family."

"He seems very well contented and tries to learn all work he is put at and is learning."

"C— is getting along very nicely. The boys all agree very nicely together."

"C—'s conduct is good, for he and H— seem to associate more together and at present seem to try to get along in the best manner possible."

"Good boy."

"P— is doing very nicely. Is not spending much money. Is very pleasant and agreeable."

"W— has been a very good boy. I have tried to get him out of some of his careless ways; careless about shutting doors, leaving bars down, all of which might cause much trouble, but he is good-natured and kind, which is redeeming; and causes us to think him a very kind boy so far."

"I find S— to be a very good man, quick to learn and always ready to do what is wanted of him, with no bad habits to my knowledge."

"Faithfulness to duty warranted us to allow B— a vacation with his friend J—. The privilege was gratefully received and justly appreciated. His health is not near what we would ask for, but he is happy and regrets the returning is so near."

"K— has done his best. He was quite a good hand in the field this harvest."

"I must say that H— is a good boy. He does not understand farming very good, but he is willing to learn and does learn."

"He has been a good boy this month."

"Are much pleased with J— and would like to have another when he returns to school as good as he is."

"N— is a good boy yet, have no fault to find."

"Albert is a good worker and doing well."

"I find her quite a good girl and will do anything I tell her to and with practise and training will make a first class girl."

"E— is learning to cook and trying to do the best she can."

"I am very much pleased with her and she seems very contented and happy. I would like to have her remain for the winter too, if agreeable to you. We have a good school and will attend to her studies if she cannot remain, can you send me another girl when you take her?"

"I requested A— to keep her account, but she does not appear to have succeeded very well."

"A— generally does as she is told, but is often forgetful and careless and does not seem ambitious to excel."

"H— is very capable and a great help, always so bright and cheerful and trustworthy."

"Her conduct this month has been some improvement on last and I have hope she may make a good and useful woman. She is naturally very bright."

"I— wishes to return to Carlisle Sept. 1st. We are sorry to part with her but do not want to prevent any desire of so good a girl."

"M— doubly repays me for the time I spend in teaching her, by loving and dutiful conduct on all occasions even though she may feel somewhat out of patience at the time. There is an improvement in all her work."

"R— is unusual in the way of work. J— has learned to make very nice bread and I think tries to do right. If I decided to keep two girls would like to have J—."

"H— like many school children of her grade, laid aside her lesson books at the close of school for a complete rest. Now I find they are brought out at times, which I am glad to see and shall encourage all I can, as she will have leisure moment, to freshen up what she has already learned ready for regular work in the Autumn."

"She seems to have run up her expenses pretty well. I try to be judicious in her expenditures and hope I have your approbation. She is a dear good child."

"I shall always feel indebted to you for your kindness in sending me dear L—. She is a jewel. We all love her so much and are already beginning to feel the parting."

"I find her very teachable, polite industrious, and so far as I can judge, a very lovely disposition."

"There are some things not just satisfactory. She seems awfully dull, and then if things are not done right and she is scolded, she shows the Indian by sulking. But must say in her favor that those spells are soon over, she is quick to do what she is bid, too quick, for she starts off, not knowing half the time what is required of her. As a general thing she is good natured."

"Her ability and industry are excellent. She does well in all departments."

"She is steadily improving and is an excellent bread baker and plain cook."

"She is well and happy; takes an interest in the first day school and also in the Band of Mercy."

"Her behavior is good, but she is a child and will slip away from her work often, which habit we hope to overcome in time."

"She has improved and I think tries to do her best. I am not willing to advance her wages."

"She is very thorough in her work; tries always I think to please me and I praise her for it."

"She has proved herself an excellent help and I will be sorry when the time comes for her to leave."

"She is very quick about her work but not as thorough as she should be. I think she will improve; does everything cheerfully; is happy."

"She is doing much better and I intend raising her wages for the future."

"She is well and happy. Her gentle ways (voice and manner) have endeared her to us and are particularly pleasing, a credit to the training of the school at Carlisle."

"I find her in all respects satisfactory. She devotes several hours each day to reading, having on hand at present Steadman's Victorian Poets, with other reading."

"I have concluded that indolence is at the bottom of F's disorderly ways, though until recently she kept up a fair appearance of industry. Busy but not thorough or careful."

"She has been thus far very satisfactory. She is to be entrusted and what work she has to do is done thoroughly. She is quick in her movements and neat in person"

"I have nothing but good to say of L—."

"She seems to continue happy and very willing to do what we require of her."

"M— is doing nicely, sometimes speaks a little rudely but I know is sorry after. We all like her and in many ways is very kind and thoughtful. My husband was sick, very sick. She did all she could to help with the milking and all other ways and I think improves in her work."

"She is very slow and inexperienced, but I think tries to do right."

"L— has been quite an industrious little girl and shows a determination to get through her work. I think with training and practice she will make an excellent girl."

"I wish to say to you that we like our two boys very well. I. M. has improved exceedingly since he first came to us, and indeed we begin to feel quite proud of them both."

"A— is a good baker of pies, bread and of all kinds of cake and can make almost any kind of dessert and puddings, and can get up as nice a dinner as many who have had much more experience. A— can make good bread and is learning nicely to do all kinds of work."

"She is a very excellent girl."

"He has proved himself to be very untruthful and very untrusty. When he first came here I gave him the horses to take care of and the hogs to feed. It was not long till I found he was leaving the horses without watering and the hogs without feeding."

"I find A— thus far altogether agreeable and seemingly taking an interest in her work and much more sympathetic in her nature than I had ever supposed an Indian to be. She finds several hours each day for rest and reading, taking much interest in the daily papers."

"I cannot tell you how much I appreciate having your dear girls with me. They are so kind and affectionate and appeal so to one's sympathies that they have completely won my heart. I think I shall be very sorry when the parting day comes."

"We all like E— very much."

"D— does not seem to improve very much in regard to going ahead with her work, but is always willing and obliging and well-behaved, so I consider her fair for a child."

"We are comforted to have L—, she is so willing to do the best she can and doesn't want to run when work is done. Of course she makes some mistakes, but is sorry and anxious to remember next time. I think she would make good help in time."

"She has improved very much in many ways since she came to us and has developed into a good "fancy cook" She was always willing and respectful."

"C— continues the same good girl. We are all attached to her. She does not want to spend any money but her shoes gave out entirely. I would do for her as one of my own, see that she is comfortable every way. She is much stouter than when she came, seems happy and has tried and I think succeeded in helping S— to a better line of conduct."

"Seems to improve very much. Can talk a great deal better than when she came and is some help now."

"I think S— is improving somewhat; has learned to do a good many things and would learn much faster if she was ambitious, but I think she is naturally rather indolent."

#### WHAT THE PUPILS THEMSELVES SAY.

"I have a nice country home and feel happy and contented. The family is not a large one. I do general house-work. From my window I can see the Delaware River and the boats sailing on it quite plain. I see the girls every Sunday at Sunday School. We are in a class by ourselves and have a very good teacher who takes quite an interest in us. I have been attending the Presbyterian church. I went over to see B. and J. this afternoon. B. is looking very well and stout and getting some color in her cheeks. M. seemed very homesick at first. We all went up to visit her and tried to cheer her up and now she seems bright and happy."

"I like spend my time on farm in summer and in winter in Carlisle to go to school and learn my trade in tin shop. So when I go back Montana when my time is up so I can go at it."

"I am getting along very well with my work and I have a good time. Mrs. H. took L. and me to Philadelphia to see the Zoological Garden. We saw lots of wild animals. We had a nice time the 4th of July. We went to the picnic, too. I am well and happy and I think of you always as well as my own people."

"I do all the cooking here and wash the dishes and all the other little things I have to do. To-day I have to bake bread and I wish you were here to see my bread for it was very nice indeed."

"I like to work and get good wages."

"I am very much obliged to you Capt. and I did not know nothing when I first came here and this time I know every thing I got to do. I like farming very well and I think I am going to be a farmer when I get home. No more walking around hurting work. I am going to work for myself, like out here. I don't abused his horses and cows. I try to be kind to them. If any of you school boys and girls want some muscles just come out to the country and work and learn some useful things."

"I have a very nice home and I like it very much."

"I like very much work in farm, because my employer he is very good quiet and he tell me something work to do he tell me very softly."

"I was told that I would have to stay out only two months when I left Carlisle, and as my time is almost out, I thought I would ask you to let me stay another month. We have lots of hard work to do yet I would like to assist my employer a little longer."

"I thought I would write a few lines to inform you that I am getting along very nicely indeed."

"I like very much this place. My employer I never heard him to swear to me not once yet. He is very kind me all the time."

This is the first time I do something wrong to Mrs. C. I always mind her what she told me and this is the first time I do some wrong, but I am very sorry indeed and I also shall never forget you what you say to me, and please excuse me and also Mrs. C. she is excuse me. She is a very kind lady."

"No Sir, I cannot to making stop to trouble myself and he making me trouble about him Mr. B. some how another his young son and they always talk Clos to me all the time."

"When I read last week's *Helper* I felt bad when I came to where the names of all those who went home was. I was resting after I had eaten my dinner and I thought I would read the news but I was sorry I began for I could not help but think about the boys and girls that I knew so well. It seemed as though I was shipwrecked on some island and no help at hand, but now I go on with my work the best that I can. I milk from eight to ten cows every morning but in the evening the other hired man helps and then I have only sometimes seven. My employer helps me in the mornings. Altogether we milk fourteen. My hands are used to the work now. We are going to haul wheat to-morrow. I saw a good many of the boys last Sunday, some that I don't know. Now I have written you quite a long letter, twice as long as a business man would write. I will not say like the boy you spoke of saying that he had no time to write that he was so busy. I have time to write every night if I want to, but I look over my books instead."

"We have good time at here, all the Indian girls, and we are well and happy with our working. Well, just think, that last month I made 70 cherry jars fill up with cherrys. You might see how look nice when all done and put on table. It makes look nice the table, and also I make thirty jelly cups fill up too. Mrs. G. said that she did not have any girls like that and want me to stay another year with her. I think Mrs. G. is very kind to me."

"I want to drop a few lines on this paper to let you know that I am well and happy all the time. I like my country home very much and all the family here are kind to me, and when I am not well they always take good care of me. I do hope that I remain here for a long time, dear Capt."

"I am up in my small cosy room. I love this place, they are so kind. I have a good kind father and mother and two little sisters here. They are very sweet little sisters to me."

"I have a good place than I had last winter three times as better."

"I thought I would write to you tonight to let you know that Mr. L. is not satisfied in our working. He says that we don't milk the cows dry. I answer him, I say, Mr. L. let your angry words pass, maybe we get along all right. I try my best to milk the cows dry but he can't be suited. I told him if you can't be satisfied well then send me back with my report."

"Dear School father I am going to write to let you know how I am getting along with my employer. Well I am getting along first rate and half."

"We getting along very nicely I think. Mrs. F. have two babies now and I take care of them all this month, but to-morrow I will be kitchen girl again, and J. will work upstairs."

"Dear school father I like this my place very much. I have nothing to say against about this place. Since I came here I have learn how to make butter and other things, too."

"Father, I like my new home, but still I am lonesome for dear Carlisle."

"I like work. I have a good chance, but I don't want stay another year."

"I am getting along very well. I always every year country working and I try to do my working best as I can every summer."

"I am very much pleased with my new home. I am working for a very nice man."

"Dear sir, I like the lady who I stay with. When I first came I was lonesome but now I have nice time."

"I am very well and so happy always."

"I have been away on farm for good while but I have not getting any trouble yet and I getting along nicely with my farm and my employer."

"I enjoy this country very much. There is no Indian girls near me but still I have a nice time. D. is a very kind good natured man and his wife the same. I do love to cook. I hope my report will not be bad for I am trying to do my best here. I have not spoke a cross word or got mad yet. This is too nice of a place and kind folks to get mad. They have not scolded me yet. They got me a new dress and it is very pretty."

"When I first came here to this place I did not like it very much but now feel just as though it was my home."

"I like to be at West Chester because it is a beautiful place, and have a very good home. I think all the girls in West Chester like their homes, too."

"I am getting along very well. I am glad I was down to the ocean."

"I am satisfied with my country home very much and am glad you sent me here."

"I like my country home very much they are very kind to us."

"E—and I are well and happy."

"I am getting along very nicely with these people and they are very kind to me everybody, I like the children so much."

"I have a very nice place and like it."

"Well I am very well and happy all the time. I am getting along very nicely indeed. I think I could do anything about work everything easy enough for me."

"I am getting along first rate indeed and am trying to improve in every way. Oh, you just ought to see our roses around our lawn they were just beautiful all out blooming, our strawberries are getting ripe we are going to have lots peaches this summer. I wish I could send you some ginger cakes that I made on Saturday. Mrs. L— said I was the first Indian ever had to make ginger cakes for her. I can make bread too, I can roast meat, and I can cook the vegetables. I have been very busy cleaning house ever since I was quit school and I am not settle yet. I think it is a big job to clean house."

"Dear school father, I am so glad I stayed another year and come to place. At first I thought I will not change my mind to stay and I think it over what I am going to do when I get home. There's nothing for me to do out there and what is the use of me going home? I am glad I have come to this lovely country home, these people treat me so kind."

"I am very sorry to tell you that this man is not fit to have any Indian boys on account the way he behaves, he is very careless about his work and the way he treats me. I tried to treat him the best I know how, but he does not know I treat him."

"You dont know how beautiful it is out here where I am living."

"I must thank you for sending me to a nice place. I like it very much and the people I stayed with are kind enough. I used to think that I am a shortest girl than anybody else but now I don't for my mistress is a shortest woman. I am taller than her and when she looks at me telling me what to do she have to looked up, but she is very nice kind lady, I like her indeed. I am trying to do without being told and am trying to learn every little things. My mistress likes to have me read, she gave me a book to read and when I got through with it, she give me another one, she helps me on my studies too."

"I like my employer very much, so all his folks very kind to me."

"I will tell you that I am getting along very well and happily all the time."

"I dont think anybody could find fault about these people they are just the kind of people to live with."

"These people are very kind to me. So I try to do my very best as I know how for them. I think this is the very best place I ever come to. But I cannot stay with them all winter, because I want to go to school."

"I am going to ask you I want to stay with these people this year and I have good place this summer and I like to know and I am well and pretty happy."

"I am very sorry to say that I thought I have nice place and I was very glad to come away it was not nice I have trouble yesterday I was very feel bad because I dont like that kind woman."

"I do not like it here very much he is cross to me."

"My health is very good all the time."

"This is I do not like very much. Some hired girl she some while she get mad to me and some time just one bread she give to me. What you think about that?"

"I tell you, Capt., the folks here how kind they are. I am very glad that always treat me very kindly all the time, ever since I came here to this place. So you know this is the way I like the best. I am going to stick to it my works. Our harvest not have done yet, hope will be done next week some time."

"I cannot complain in anything either in health or the home for I am well cared for in every way."

"The summer home is all right for me best straight I liked this place since in two months I had been here but never get any troubled about something. No swear my boss and so his family, always he could talking with me just for funny words to made me laughed him. Can't tell how many pounds I did ate in my meal, at once seems to me it will cost them for five dollars. That much I did eat in one day were pies, cakes, biscuit, butter and different kind sweet some things, strawberries, cherries, ice-cream every week I don't care for hard work so I would growing more my body looks fat as much as weigh 187 pounds. I was in Carlisle weighing 170 pounds before I had left for the country."

"I have very nice place here."

"I am work hard but I dont care keep on work and try to do right as I can. One thing pretty hard farming about cradle wheat but anyhow I done to-morrow if dont rain."

"This is a nice place. I like to stay here but I get lonesome."

"I like to see the Ocean once. Can I? If you say my employer will let me go to see the great Ocean."

"She always calls us Duncce, careless, lazy, ugly, crooked, and have no senses. I never heard anybody call me that before. What do think of them names, do you think they are pretty names for us? We dont think so and I know you dont either."

"I am right well and getting along nicely with my work and like to stay over here very much for they are so kind to me. We always have nice time in evening after we get all our work done. I help milk in harvest time as the man are busy with their hay."

"Oh Capt I do have such a nice place here. Mrs. W—often wish you could come and even make a call. Captain I do wish you would let me stay out all the year as I have much lovely home and good wadges for the work I have to do. And I could go to school very easy the school house is not far. Let me stay till Christmas anyway then if you think I ought to be back I will gladly return to dear Carlisle, but I want to assert up on staying till Christmas anyway please. I often thank you for your kindness by sending me in such a lovely place to such kind people."

"I have a good place and a good employer."

#### WHAT THE MAN WITH HIS EAR-TO-THE-GROUND, WHO WRITES FOR THE "INDIAN'S FRIEND," HEARS.

That the jury which tried the murderers of Few Tails at Sturgis, S. D., brought in a verdict of not guilty, and that this astonishing result was brought about chiefly because of the acquittal of Plenty Horses charged with the murder of Lieut. Casey. It was decided that the killing of the latter was an act of war; but the killing of Few Tails could not by any possibility be brought under that head. Few Tails not only was not a hostile, but he was a most progressive "friendly," was employed as a policeman, and few Indians in this country were more in sympathy with the government than he. The dastardly assault was bad enough in all conscience, but this wretched travesty of justice is shameful. The acquittal of Plenty Horses was a triumph of law over prejudice; the acquittal of the murderers of Few Tails was a triumph of prejudice over both justice and law.

\* \*

That Father Craft is a candidate for an appointment as Chaplain in the Army. Either somebody has been imposing on the credulity of the Man-with-his-ear-to-the-ground, or else Father Craft's effrontery is only equalled by the dearth of priests whom his church can spare for so important an office. Should he enter the Army and speak of his superior officers as he has spoken of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs he would be tried by Court Martial in short order. He has much to learn and the Man-with-his-ear-to-the-ground suggests that to learn to keep his

mouth shut would be money in his pocket, and less of shame and confusion to his friends.

\* \*

That the distinguished philanthropist who has for many years devoted the welfare of Indians to his own personal advantage, and who has by their influence and services acquired a competence,—we refer to one Cody, otherwise known as Buffalo Bill,—succeeded in over-riding the decision of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and took a hundred Indians for his traveling show. The Man-with-his-ear-to-the-ground has no doubt but that this means fifty thousand dollars in the pockets of the aforesaid Cody, but at the same time it would be far cheaper for the government to give him double that sum and have him travel without the Indians. It does seem sometimes as if "politics was a fool;" for this thing is brimful of politics. The more money there is in anything, the more politics, and that is the great hindrance to the civilization of the Indian. White folks have not all the vanity there is in the world; an Indian has his share, and if by filling himself with whiskey and killing a few innocent white people he can stand in the very front rank as a candidate for traveling all over the world to be gazed on by crowned heads, why shouldn't he do it? The Man-with-his-ear-to-the-ground does not believe in paying a bounty on lawlessness or on savages in this country, no matter if it does bring money to a showman; neither does he believe that it is good policy to make war attractive to the Sioux at this juncture; nor does he believe that it is good policy to turn a deaf ear to missionaries and other friends of the Indian to listen to the soft and gentle tones of Mr. Cody whose really good work for the Indians has thus far escaped the notice of the man.

\* \*

It is well those who believe that all the difficulties of Indian civilization may be overcome by giving the Indians to the care of the Army, to remember that the Army is in full charge at Pine Ridge.

#### AN UPLIFTING WORK.

Said an experienced worker among the Indians to one who was asking many questions in regard to their education, civilization, etc.:

"There is something to me so perfectly fascinating in the work, something new every day that interests you and keeps you busy thinking of what might be done that is all dormant in the minds of people. The work is so uplifting, and although much has been effected I think I never was in a place where I realized so fully how little was done in comparison to what might be accomplished.

Another thing that has always been so perceptible to me is the evidence that you have every day of the work that you are doing being of some benefit, repaying you, as it were, as you went along for your labor and painstaking.

Everyone knows that in all good work there are moments of discouragement, no matter how faithfully you may fulfill your duties; moment when you ask, what will all this amount to? will all this daily routine of instructions and urging on to good make any impression? But in some way I have always found less of this in teaching the Indian, whether from quickness of imitation, or the pride that that they take in being like the white man, or not, I cannot say, but my experience tells me there are more interesting features in the instruction and development of good in the Indian race than in any work in which I was ever engaged."

This should surely be an encouraging item to the many in the field who are devoting their time and lives to the interest of the Indian.—[*Pipe of Peace*.]

It is reported that Oklahoma is now shipping potatoes to Kansas and Colorado, watermelons to Missouri and Iowa, tomatoes to Nebraska and Dakota. Wonder if the Indians in that section are having a finger in the pie.

## THE ONEIDAS.

The following interesting account of the Oneidas, by Dennison Wheelock, graduate of Carlisle, class '91, and now student in the Dickinson Preparatory, having the Law in view for the future, is of special value coming from a full member of the tribe of which he writes:

My one year's visit among my people, the Oneidas of Wisconsin, has perhaps placed me in a position to understand their condition and needs better than ever heretofore. What I guessed at, at one time, I know now in reality.

The Oneidas have been self-supporting ever since they came to Wisconsin—some fifty or sixty years ago.

The progress which they have made is not altogether marvelous, but they have progressed just about what any person would under similar circumstances. And the circumstance which made the Oneidas what they are to-day is "root hog, or die." No human being that has any brains at all is so devoid of judgment as not to try to establish and improve its way for securing its livelihood when once it is compelled to pursue a self-supporting life.

When the Oneidas came to Wisconsin they were not gladdened with the sight of rations being in readiness for them, nor was their ambition—if any—enlightened with the sight of an extensive plain stretching before them where the very soil seemed anxious for farms to be started upon them.

No! But on the contrary, they were to work! WORK! Instead of food being given them free they had to work for every crumb that went to nourish their bones. Instead of an open plain there was a forest and to make a farm it demanded stump-pulling, rail-splitting, etc.

True, it did not make Abraham Lincoln's of them but it is true also that such a life has made them what the United States Government has failed to make of the Sioux, Cheyennes and other tribes by its ration system. And I am not afraid to say that if the Government of the United States had entirely kept "hands off" and had allowed the "root hog, or die" life to reach its more practical conclusion in the case of the Oneidas, they would have been enjoying the liberties of a good Republic for years.

But as we know, there are always many who are continually crying, "There is a lion in the street. Don't go! Don't go out into the street of citizenship. A lion is here. Don't break up your reservation; you will be devoured by that lion. Don't go and establish business amongst the whites, competition will squeeze you out."

Therefore the Oneidas have simply now received their lands in severalty. They are to wait for twenty-five years to enjoy the glories which their progress fully merits their enjoyment, now.

Why, what the Indian wants is to see that lion, if there is any. He wants to drive that lion out and hold the street for his own purpose. And then he wants to be tested by the competition; he wants to know what metal he has if any at all. The "Indian Question" is, "Is the Indian a man or a brute?"

The Oneidas are all living in comfortable log, frame and brick dwelling houses and have well-tilled farms. They have nearly all the machinery that is used on large farms—such as threshing machines, traction engines, reapers, self-binders, mowers, etc.

There are two churches upon the reservation—one Episcopal and the other, Methodist. The Episcopalians erected a new church two years ago, of stone. The cost seems to have been quoted at \$12,000. It is about 70 feet long and 50 feet wide and the tower which forms the entrance to the church is about 70 feet high. The Methodists are this year erecting a new church which promises to be a beautiful one, also.

They have two brass bands which do some excellent playing for nothing—but money.

The Muscogee I. T. people want a High School for boys established in that city.

## RELEVANT TO INDIAN INSTITUTION LIFE.

Josephine Shaw Lowell in an article in the *Christian Union* of August 22 upon "Paupers and Pauperism in New York, and the Dependent Children," says some pretty plain words in regard to institution life. What is true of institutions in which the children of the paupers of New York are cared for is true of any large institutions whether for Indians, blacks or whites. The writer makes the complaint that the New York City institutions "are too large to allow any individual love or oversight being bestowed upon the mass of the inmates, and they suffer from the many evils, physical, mental and moral which are known to affect children congregated in large masses."

And she goes on to say:

"As regards the preparation of the institution children for a life of self-support, for the duties of independent men and women, it is impossible not to feel very grave misgivings. Large aggregations of children prevent the individual training and the individual development of character required to give good results, and none of the institutions follow the children who leave them with sufficient care through their after lives to be able to dispel the doubts which arise concerning them. Important and striking testimony concerning the results of institution life was given by the Board of Managers of the Union Temporary Home of Philadelphia, which in 1886, after thirty-one years of work, decided to close its institution, sell its property, and thereafter care for the children confined to it by boarding them in families.

The committee to which was referred the consideration of this important change of policy, in reporting favorably upon it, among others, presented the following conclusions: "The most important consideration relates to the children. No mere saving of money would justify a change which threatened injury to the least of these little ones. But a majority of the managers are convinced, by observation and experience, that life in the average institution is not as good for children as life in the average household. None can realize this so fully as those who are best acquainted with the inner workings and vicissitudes of child-caring institutions. We have sought to guard our inmates from the worst effects by providing a kindergarten for the younger ones, and by sending the older to the public schools; and they have enjoyed the care and kindness of an exceptionally competent and faithful matron; but the total result has compelled us to the same conclusion with many tried workers in charity, viz., that the children can best be fitted for the life they must live in the world by being placed in good families."

At Carlisle we have tried the outing method in hundreds of cases and effectually proved the truth of the statement that "children can best be fitted for the life they must live in the world by being placed in good families." We also cordially agree with the sentiments of the following conclusion in regard to the communism of the system of large institutions for dependent children of any race or color:

"Surely our communism is, of all the communisms ever dreamed of by social reformers, the most foolish and unreasonable. We take children from their parents and support them at public expense, not to bring them up to be useful and happy citizens, but to stint and cramp them, and to return them at the end of five or six years to work for those who would not work for them, to be the support of those who ignored all duties and responsibilities toward them when they were helpless and dependent."

The "outing system" obviates all of these difficulties, and implants such a strong desire for independence of character that the evils of the short life in a great institution while preparing for the larger opportunities in the family life, are soon lost sight of.

Anadarko, Indian Territory, has the promise from the Mission Board of a new school building.

## EFFECT OF MILITARY TRAINING ON INDIANS.

When the lady who was then Miss Elaine Goodale, but is now the wife of a Sioux, protested against enlisting Indians in the Army because a "magnificent soldier" was about the same thing as an "accomplished murderer," and that the training at West Point was a training "for a life of crime," it was hardly necessary for Major George W. Baird of the Pay Department to come to the defense of the Army in the columns of the *New York Independent*. But we recur to these two articles, published last June in a very widely circulated paper, because what Major Baird then said so well of the probable benefits to the Indian of service in the Army has since been so amply verified. He said: "Army discipline, with its resulting self-restraint, regular habits, willing subordination and well-regulated exercise of authority, is just the quality which savage Indians lack and need, and it cannot be doubted that the organization of a few companies of Indians under carefully selected officers will contribute to the advancement not only of the men enlisted but also of the tribes to which they belong."

So much for the prediction. Now for the fulfillment. In the last number of the *Register* we printed a summary of the report made by Captain Lee, Ninth Infantry, of his inspection of Troop L, Sixth Cavalry. This Troop was recruited at the Rosebud Agency of Sioux, mostly Brule Sioux, the least progressive of the tribes there. It is commanded by Lieutenant Edward E. Dravo, Sixth Cavalry. Captain Lee says he found them well contented, cheerful, clean, neat and soldierly. They attend to their duties with regularity and are proud of being soldiers. They are becoming rapidly civilized, and are having a salutary influence over the reservation Indians. Twenty per cent. of the company have deposited money with the paymaster. They send considerable amounts each pay day to their needy relatives at the agency and purchase many necessary and useful articles. Lieutenant Dravo has caused those at the post with families to be lawfully married.

Lieutenant Dravo, says Captain Lee, has taken 55 Brule Indians from the midst of barbarous surroundings and has done more for their progress and civilization in the brief period of three and a half months than has ever been accomplished in as many years under other methods.

The results have amply justified what Major Baird believed three months ago would be the case. The value of military training on the character and habits has been often enough proved, and the popularity and success of private military schools shows that this is the case.

Really the most objectionable thing in the article of Mrs. Eastman, *nee* Goodale, is her approval of what she represents to be a common opinion among the Indians that "it is a cowardly and dishonorable thing to cripple an enemy already hopelessly at a disadvantage by hiring or attempting to hire the flower of its youth to desert its ranks." We will not go into a discussion of this fine point of ethics, in which it appears that the Sioux sages are so far superior in the delicacy of their moral perceptions to white men, because there is no war between the United States and the Sioux and there ought not to be any, and no question of an enemy or of desertion is involved. The Sioux are subjects of the United States Government, and their real welfare is as much involved as that of white men in the maintenance of order, which is the work of the Army. If the enlistment of the Sioux should disabuse the Indians of the idea that they and the United States are at enmity, and that the Indians who enlist are deserting to the foe, then it will have rendered an invaluable service to the aborigines. As the Indians must acquire civilization or succumb, and as civilization involves order, neatness, thrift and especially the subordination of private vengeance to the majesty of the law, and military service is particularly well qualified to teach these things, we are not surprised to find in Captain Lee's observation of Lieutenant Dravo's Sioux a corroboration of what Major Baird expected from such training.—[*Army and Navy Register*.

## THE CATHOLICS HAVE MORE THAN EVER.

The commendations of Commissioner Morgan by the Protestant religious papers for breaking off with the Catholic Indian Bureau, are all right and well deserved, but they leave the impression upon the minds of their readers that it accomplishes more than it does. It does not do anything towards equalizing the grants to the denominational contract schools, for the Romanists get more this year than ever. Only the Government funds are not to go through the hands of the Catholic Bureau, but directly to the Roman Catholic schools. One peculiarity has marked the Commissioner's attempt to resist the inroads of the Romanist propaganda upon the Government treasury; in that every stand made against them has been financially profitable to the Romanists. They have secured more money every time they have been opposed, in order to prove that the Government was not persecuting them. As for touching the merits of the case, no progress has been made. Except so far as this, that the never-satisfied and ever-enlarging demands of the Romanists will soon compel the Government to cut off all grants-in-aid to missionary schools, good and bad alike.—[*Word Carrier*.

## WHAT IS THE BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS?

This is a powerful organization for promoting Catholicism among Indians, and to this end it seeks to secure the largest possible number of Catholics in the Government Indian service. As a result of these efforts, many Indian agents, securing the control of their clerks and other employees are Catholics. It has made a special point of securing as many Government schools as practicable, several of which are entirely officered by Catholics, and are as absolutely parochial schools for the distinct propagation of Catholicism, as if they were supported by church mission funds instead of public funds. The Roman catechism is the basis of all the instruction, the mass is celebrated in some of them, and special pains are taken to drill the pupils in all the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. This Bureau has accomplished its greatest work perhaps in procuring immense sums of public money for the support of its mission schools. The growth of the these appropriations is seen in the following exhibit. The amounts secured have been as follows: 1886, \$118,343; 1887, \$194,635; 1888, \$221,169; 1889, \$347,672; 1890, \$356,957; 1891, \$363,349.

The Bureau is in close contact with the cardinal and all the hierarchy, and can summon to Washington at short notice very powerful support—archbishops, bishops, priests, and influential laymen to wait upon the President or to lobby with Senators and members of Congress in order to carry through any scheme it has on hand, such as securing new legislation, influencing appointments, or defeating measures which they regard as in any way detrimental to the interests of Catholicism.—[*Dr. James M. King*, quoted by Congressman McCord, of Wisconsin in the House of Representatives last winter.

## The Driftwood Difficult to Teach.

Opportunity for a work of special importance is given to the gifted pen of Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman. It is not so much to fight the battles of the race that she has adopted by her marriage with Dr. Charles A. Eastman, as to harmonize the best thought of both races. In their real interests, which are the interests of humanity and not of tribes or types of men, they are not opposed to each other. The intelligent and principled Indians see this. Nor is it difficult to make the honest white settlers see the same. Those most difficult to reach are the Agency hangers on, the driftwood on the shores of civilization. But they are factors in the problem of reconstruction which cannot be ignored. They must be rehabilitated in manhood rather than antagonized. Herein is the patience of the saints.—[*The Word Carrier*.

LOCAL.

The schools opened for the winter's work on the first of September.

Mr. Campbell and Miss Dittes made their annual tours among the farm pupils last month.

Mrs. Geo. B. Townsend, of Chicago, has kindly donated a lot of papers and pictures to the small boys.

Two hundred and fifty farm pupils have returned from their summer's outing and are getting down again to hard study.

Mr. Geo. D. Gage, who visited the school recently as the guest of Miss Ely is the son of the famous poetess, Frances D. Gage.

The new office building and the addition to the hospital are now under roof and the additions to the Girls' Quarters soon will be.

The vacation season is over and everybody has started in the new year's work with a vim and a determination that augurs well for the year.

We had a few cases of the mumps last month, but we are glad to say that none were serious and all have fully recovered. We have excellent health, at present.

Mrs. Given, on her return from vacation, brought with her Mark Hopkins and Charles Dickens, two Apache boys from the Ramona School at Santa Fe, N. M.

A set of new triple plated silver band instruments of the celebrated Conn make, eighteen in number, has arrived, and the band is now engaged in practicing with them.

Trenches are being dug for the laying of the steam pipes and by the time cold weather arrives the pipes will be in position and the new heating system in full operation.

Dennison Wheelock, '90, Martin Archiquette, Charles Dagenett and Josiah A. Powlas, of this year's graduating class, will enter Dickinson Preparatory School, this month.

A party of sixteen Oneidas arrived here the latter part of August. Among them were Peter Cornelius, Rosa Metoxen, Mary Parkhurst, Thomas Metoxen and Martinez Johns, all old pupils of Carlisle.

The new granolithic walks, costing about \$3,000, are completed. Their immense superiority over the old gravel walks is evident and they are sure to be highly appreciated by pupil, employee and visitor.

William F. Campbell, class '89, brought a party of ten Chippewas from Minnesota to the school last month. After a few days' stay he returned to Minneapolis, where he is taking a course in law at the Minnesota State University.

Stacy Matlack, lately quartermaster sergeant here, has gone to Fort Totten, N. Dak., where he has been appointed Disciplinarian and primary teacher. That he may be successful in his new field of labor, is our earnest wish.

Every meeting or gathering in the vicinity of Carlisle, brings an influx of visitors to the school. Quite a number of people who had been attending the State Camp of the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America and the Grangers' Picnic at Williams' Grove stopped over to see us.

Miss Woolston, of Beverly, N. J., formerly principal of the public school at Riverton, N. J., Miss Meredith of Doyles-town, Pa., and Miss Jennie Cochran of Newport, Pa., are the latest additions to our force of teachers. While Miss Helen A. Lord, graduate of Smith College, has come to teach dress-making.

Among the visitors to the school during the month were Mr. Geo. D. Gage, wife

and daughter, Miss Myra, of Beaufort, S. C., Mrs. Percy Johnston and children of Philadelphia, Mr. Seth Ely of Trenton, N. J., Mrs. Dr. Anna Broomall of Phila., Mr. Keck, Supervisor of Indian Education for Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah, Prof. H. L. Martindell and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Martindell of Bucks County.

Green Crow, Green Feather and Buffalo Head, Winnebagos from Wisconsin, who were traveling with a wild west show which collapsed at Atlantic City, arrived at the school last month. Here they secured work and earned enough money to pay their way home. We hope that this unpleasant experience will be a good lesson to them and warn them to keep aloof from these demoralizing shows in the future.

The new barn on the near farm, which has just been completed, is 120x72 feet, one of the largest barns in the State. In its dress of white with green and brown trimmings, it is an imposing structure, of which the Government need not be ashamed.

The dairying interests of the school bid fair to be on a better basis than ever before owing to the recent purchase of Guernsey cattle. The quality of the milk as well as the quantity has been much improved by the addition to the herd.

One of the boys in the country writes: "I hope I will become like Mr. Webster, the honorable statesman, and I may some day in future stand up for the honor of the whole country and for the preservation of our Union."

Have you seen the large flock of beautiful white ducks at the school farm, almost too many to count, and large enough now to make one think of Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners?

The tinner boys have been busily engaged in putting on the tin roofs and spouting on the new buildings.

The foundation of the boiler house is finished and the bricklayers are now at work.

The new buildings furnish plenty of work for the painter boys.

Encouraging.

"Enclosed please find postal note for \$1.20 to pay my subscription for the *Indian Helper* and for the RED MAN for the year ending July last and for the current year. I have read these publications with much interest and profit. I could not afford to do without them. Trusting that the Carlisle Indian Industrial Training School may continue to flourish and to accomplish an ever increasing amount of good for the Indian, I am,

Very respectfully yours, W. RICH. Supt. Phoenix Indian Industrial Training School."

"Enclosed you will find 50 cents in stamps in renewal of my subscription to your paper. I feel that I cannot do without your paper, and believe that all living on an Indian reservation should take it, not alone for the purpose of giving such a meritorious publication our support, but for the additional reason that we all glean much valuable information that is of assistance to us in our work and life among the Red Men. With the hope of increasing influence and prosperity for the RED MAN. I am," NEW SUBSCRIBER.

The long pending question, wherein several Choctaw claimants, known as the "Tuckers," are prosecuting their rights for citizenship before the Department is not yet settled.

These people are urging the settlement of the matter before the Government pays that nation the \$3,000,000 due them for lands. The Government is disposed to pay over to the Choctaws three-fourths of the money, retaining one-fourth, which will amply meet the claim of contestants, if their citizenship is finally established.

GENERAL NEWS.

The corn crop in the Indian Territory will be large and cotton is doing extremely well.

At Tucson, Arizona, the Indian boys of the Presbyterian School, are erecting a new hospital.

Muscogee, I. T., which has been quite a sickly place during this summer is now improving in health.

Some of the Indians near Wilmot, South Dakota, lost all their crops by a heavy storm that passed over that section, the first of July.

It is reported that a bill providing for the sale of the Cherokee strip will be introduced in the Cherokee legislature backed by a strong party.

Miss Alice Robertson, who is principal of the girls' school, at Muscogee, is soliciting money to put up a new building, her Indian girls having grown out of their present quarters.

The Presbyterians are putting up a new Mission building at Toas, N. M. a very pleasing contrast to the one so long rented from the Mexicans, and there is also a new home built at Raton.

The Cherokees are jubilant over the President's order allowing Cherokee citizens to graze their cattle on the strip. Preparations are being made to go into the business on a large scale.

The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions are building a chapel school-house at Hoonab, Alaska, and a better home at Howcan, Alaska for their pioneer missionary, Mrs. A. R. McFarland.

Instead of the pony, or ponies, that it was once thought necessary to give for a bride, some of the young Dakotas now give a fee to the Missionary who performs the ceremony.—[*Home Mission Monthly*].

The new Presbyterian Mission school building at Sante Fe where both Mexicans and Indians will attend is an attractive structure, and complete as far as it goes, but they need laundry facilities and better drainage.

The principal of the Government Indian Boarding School, at Sisseton Agency, Rev. J. H. Meter, has been transferred to Pine Ridge Agency to take charge of the Government Boarding School at that place.

At a recent meeting of the Sac and Fox council, the Government's allotting agents were honored by a public expression of the Indians' kind feeling towards them and their operations for fair dealing in the matter of choosing lands.

The *Good Will Press* says that by the timely and vigorous action of the Indian police force during the time of paying the Sisseton Indians recently much trouble was averted. We would have been overrun by a class of white men not at all desirable in any community. The lock-up at the agency was full some of the time with more white men than Indians, three to one.

The Presbyterian Indian Mission at Good Will, S. Dak., through the influence of Hon. Darwin R. James, of Brooklyn, who was on the Commission to witness the recent disbursing of money to the Sissetons and was detained at the Mission, has a prospect of obtaining the means of conveying from a beautiful spring in the hills an abundance of good water, of which the Mission has stood in great need.

One of our teachers was very ill with neuralgia. Our little Eskimo boy, Healy Wolfe, is very much attached to this lady and had been a silent observer of the means used to relieve the pain. Healy was left alone in the room with the patient and thought he would act as nurse. He seized the camphor and dexterously bathed the aching head, feeling the pulse at times to make sure that no immediate danger menaced the sufferer; then bending over her he laid his head upon her chest and listened to the breathing with a

face as grave as the most learned physician. The little tot is only six years of age and one of the sweetest and most winsome little fellows living. When asked where he had learned all this, he replied, "he been see the Doctor do that way to sick boys in the dormitory."—[*The North Star*, Sitka.

Many Indians are employed by the Mexican Government as mail carriers in the mountainous country of the Sierra Madre, and as such they are swifter and more reliable than any animal that could be used for the service. Over the dizzy Alpine trails of the Sierra, a mail carrier, with a mail bag weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, will readily make two or three days' mule marches in one day; and he will never be delayed by washed out rails or swollen mountain streams. Even when, as is often the case, the carrier leaves the trail for miles at a time, to make a cut-off, he progresses about as rapidly as he would if he had kept upon it. Over all obstructions, trifling to him, he keeps up his regular "dog-trot."

One of the largest affairs among the Indians of Michigan, is the State Camp Meeting, the last one of which was held this year at Athens on the 25th of August. It is claimed that the majority of the Indians of every reservation in the State attended and many were present from Canada. There were prominent speakers, both white and Indian ministers, present, and preaching and singing were conducted in both the Indian and English language. It was advertised on the large red posters, one of which came to the RED MAN office, that Chas. F. Meserve, Supt. of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, would be present to speak upon Indian education. The famous Chippewa Indian Brass Band, of Walpole Island, Canada, furnished music for the occasion.

A delegation of Kickapoo Indians had a conference with Secretary Noble on the 3rd in regard to their reservation in the Indian Territory. They were accompanied by two members of the Cherokee Indian Commission, with whom they are negotiating for cession to the United States of their surplus lands. They claimed that the tribe was opposed to taking lands in severalty, but that they were perfectly willing to cede a portion of their lands to the United States, the title to the remainder to be confirmed to them in common. They seemed willing, however to abide by the decision of the Secretary.

Mr. W. K. Morris, who for more than twenty years has labored among the Sisseton Indians as Missionary in charge of the Presbyterian station at Good Will, S. D., after endearing himself to the hearts of many Indians and fellow workers and winning distinguished honors as a faithful servant in the cause, has left that field to enter upon a new one, at Omaha Agency, Nebraska.

It is at this Omaha Mission school that Miss Wood, who left the Carlisle work last June is stationed.

The Seneca Indians had a superstition. When a maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to sing; then loading it with messages and caresses they liberated it over her grave, with the belief that it would not cease its flight or close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. The progressive Indian has foes within the tribe as well as enemies without to fight. Few of us know how hard the struggle is.—[*Indian Advocate*].

J. B. Mays has been elected chief of the Cherokee nation, Indian Territory, by a close vote. It is reported to have been an orderly election. Bushyhead, who was defeated for chief, claims the Mays party used \$50,000 to secure his election, and will call the attention of the United States Government to the matter. Three tickets were in the field, each of which elected some candidates to office.

For "Stiya, a Carlisle Indian Girl at Home," an interesting story of a returned pupil, send 57 cents. Address RED MAN.

## INDIAN POETRY AND SONG.

Indian history is wholly oral. The tales and traditions, handed down from father to son, are the Indians' only connecting link between the past and the present, and it is the songs, ceremonies and poetry of the Indians that form their principal history. The difficulty of rendering these songs will be apparent to everyone, when it is well remembered the red man has no grammar or well-defined sounds in his language. Motions of the hands and gutturals constitute much of his language, and these are not easy to define on paper. Yet there is something to be learned in Indian poetry, but the task is a difficult one, for never was a subject more intricate. The clouds, sun, moon, stars, storms, lightning, the voice of the thunder—these are the fruitful themes that fill the savage soul with song, and from which he draws symbols in his chants and stories. War, love and the chase burst from his lips in weird music, but it is impossible to reduce to meter the flashes of his genius. His monosyllables, his eye, the nod of his head, the movements of his hands—all are potential in song, and mean more than words.

Viewed in this light the winds have voices, the trees a language, and even the earth is animated with unseen spirits; and, as Schoolcraft says, many of the Indian songs are accompanied with untangible music that can neither be caught nor written. Motion forms the poetry, and the words are but the filling up of a mystical and beautiful conception.

How can we translate such language?

It is impossible, and we can only gather the chaff, leaving the golden grain to be imagined, to be heard like the sighing of the winds, the whispering of the leaves, but never to be reduced to the dull theory of created matter and material form.

In time of war the Indian pays great attention to the flight of birds, hence frequent allusions are made to them in their battle songs. They believe that birds can foretell man's destiny, and regard their presence as indicative of good or evil, undertaking to interpret the messages they bring, always in song, illustrative of this strange conception of the savage mind; and some of these songs evince strange theories. Repetition is one of their song peculiarities.

They have their "Husking-bee song," their "Song of friendship," and numerous children's ditties full of pathos and child-language. The "death song" is strictly national belonging to every tribe, and is sung by any member of it resolved or condemned to die, generally during the night previous, and repeated to the last moment of existence. It has a most doleful effect; is always addressed to the Great Spirit, and in it there is an offer back to the Manitou of the soul which "entered in at the breast and is now going out at the toe."—[*The Canadian Indian*.]

## THE SIWASH.

The Indian on the shores of Alaska and, indeed, upon the entire Pacific coast above the Columbia River is called a *siwash*, which is doubtless a corruption of *savage*, a generic term very properly applied to all Indians by Marchand, an early French navigator of these waters. Indian women are all called *kloochmen*, a word of unknown derivation which in the singular number is usually abbreviated to *klooch*. Many of the Alaskan Indians are unmistakably of Oriental origin. The Haidas and Thlinkets are the finest specimens, physically; and the Chilkats are supposed to be a ferocious and degenerated offshoot from the same family. Various tribes take their names from the districts in which they live, but their pursuits, personal characteristics and, above all, their traditional religion, point to a common origin. The majority of the natives are greedy, cruel, vain and untruthful, lying for the love of falsehood; and they are loathsome in their personal habits. That they sprang from more worthy ancestors, however, is suggested if not proven by the readiness with which their children receive instruction and moral training.

## CATCHING YOUNG MOOSE.

The moose is the largest and most interesting wild animal now found in this country, and still exists in considerable numbers in the forests that clothe the long range of mountains north of the Assiniboine river and about the head waters of the rivers that flow north of Lake Winnipegosis. A full grown moose will weigh eight hundred or a thousand pounds. The color, in fall and winter, is a very dark gray, almost black. The antlers are large and flat with many prongs, set along the hedges of the flat portion. There is also a long round prong extending from each antler near the head of the beast. Many gentlemen from England, officers of the army and some noblemen, every season visit the vast solitudes in the northern portion of Manitoba in search of moose, and usually take in the scenery of the Rocky Mountains before they return to England.

The Indians, who have their reserve north of Birtle, near the spruce forests inhabited by moose, make a business of capturing the fawns. As the young animals are much valued by showmen and others a good price is paid. The Indian takes a pony and cart as far as he can go into the woods, having a cow, that gives milk, tied behind the cart. When the way is no longer passable for a cart it is left, and the moose hunter mounts horse and rides until he sees traces of an old female moose and her fawns. When the proper place has been reached the utmost quietness is kept; the cow and horse are permitted to feed, but there must be no speaking or shouting, no sound of an axe and no shots fired. As is customary with other deer, the old moose hides her young during the day, and in the evening the mother, which may have been wandering at a distance, will be heard calling her young, and it is then that the position is more closely marked, and the thicket in which the fawn lies concealed will be discovered. In the early dawn, before the old deer leaves, an attempt will be made to capture one or both of the young, and one at least is generally secured. The little beast is easily tamed, and is soon taught to suck the cow that has been provided. When the fawn has recovered from the excitement connected with its capture, the little prisoner, which much resembles a calf, is taken to the cart and rests on a bed of soft hay, secured only by a strap around the neck. The young moose soon becomes tame enough to be permitted to go at large with the cattle.—[*The Western World*.]

## APACHE CHILDREN.

Little Indian babies are not so very different from white babies after all. Indeed, children are children the world over, and an Apache child enjoys romping and playing as much as any child. Of course, their dolls are Apaches in dress. The accidents of a darker skin and a peculiar style of dress do not make Apache girls differ from their white sisters, but they receive different training and treatment. Her girlhood is short. At about thirteen or fourteen years of age her eyebrows are pulled out with certain heathenish ceremonies and never allowed to grow again. A dance is given, and she is expected to win a husband at that time. In addition to household cares the young wife will have to help prepare and grind the wheat to make *tiswin*, a kind of beer; she must also cut and carry home fire-wood from the hills. The saddest part of these early marriages is that they are not binding. Often these child-wives are "thrown away" in a few weeks, and another is chosen. Truly these Apache girls lead sad lives, and no real help can come to them except through the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Will you not try to help them to hear the blessed gospel?—*Mrs. Norton in Woman's Home Missions*.

Five allotting agents are at work among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes and two more are to follow according to report. There are 3,500 Indians to receive allotments, one-third of whom are now dancing and refuse to do any business. It will be several months before the reservation can be thrown open.

## CAMP LIFE EXPERIENCES.

MISS GAY'S INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF MISS FLETCHER'S ALLOTING LANDS TO THE NEZ PERCES, CONTINUED FROM THE JULY AND AUGUST NUMBER.

Our camp is within a dozen miles of the border along which live many white settlers.

Some have married Indian women and have opened farms on the reservation and come to "settle about the land."

They are rough enough, most of them; some are stranded men of innate refinement, who came West in '49, were unfortunate and "lost their grip," wandered out into the wild wastes and took up a claim.

It was pitiful to see them.

The look of surprised memory that came into their faces as they met Her Majesty, the breaking open of the rough crust, and the softened tone and the good English that came to the surface and the little polite ways that crept shyly back and then perhaps they would be beguiled into speaking of their past life.

One came out just from college, had a brother, a doctor or a lawyer, in the East. "They all think me dead as they have lost sight of me."

"Do you ever think of going back to your friends?"

"Oh no, but I want my children educated."

Sometimes it is a bachelor. He also is a stranded man but has lived alone in his cabin.

In his loneliness he had adopted a boy or girl, the child of his "partner who has turned in his chips" and it is touching to see his fond devotion to the little half-breed child.

One day an old gray-haired man came. He was accompanied by a tall fair girl who rode her spirited horse gracefully and well.

"I'm anxious about land for Malviny. She's all I've got and I want to see her settled well."

"Is she your daughter?"

"She is my adopted daughter and I've given her a good education and she is a good girl and I'm proud of Malviny and I'm going to fix her land for her. I'm going to sell out my claim and start her place. I'm going to put all I've got in it."

Malviny was a little spoiled but after some reasoning with, concluded to take good land, giving up her preference for a grazing ranch where she could raise horses.

The Indians respect this class of white men and they live in amity and help each other.

There are other settlers along the line that over-reach the Indian in all possible ways. They drive sharp bargains with him, they encroach upon his land, they push their fences out upon it and let down the bars and turn large herds of cattle out to eat and tramp his grass.

They put their own brand on the increase of his cattle.

They come on the reservation Sunday, when they know the Indian will be at church and gather up the "slick ears" (unbranded calves.)

Briggs catches them in the act.

They put their own brand over that of the Indian as if they had bought the animal.

Briggs told us one day at Lapwai that he passed a cow with seven brands on her, one side all covered so that she was all drawn up one-sided, twisted round so that she could only graze on one side of the canyons.

"Where is she now?" asked the Photographer, who had a snap in view.

"Oh, I left her up on the race track, she can't get off, keeps going round and round concave side in."

These bordermen are very civil to us.

They have things to sell, cabbages and poultry, and we buy some "at market prices."

As we have no way of getting at quotations of Idaho produce, we trust the border men.

They sell us their biggest and oldest

hens for all they will weigh, charging no extra for age and experience.

The cook bargains that they shall be delivered dead.

She is not going to establish hen centres all over the reservations as would be the case if Her Majesty were permitted to form gallinaceous attachments along her route.

One day when our larder was painfully empty, a snuff-colored man came into camp.

It was simply a friendly visit. He had no claim upon the land, not being even remotely related to the Nez Percés.

He had adopted no child and his wife was not a foreigner.

She came with him, in a log cabin sun bonnet, and there was a little snuff-colored boy in a snuff-colored suit of clothes, and he was a terror to Her Majesty, who was afraid he would pull the tent down over her head, he wriggled about so like a young hippopotamus.

The man said he was a survivor of the Joseph war and his looks corroborated his story.

His crop, his house, his all, had been destroyed by the hostiles and he had not been able to get a new suit of clothes since.

He said he had a claim against the Government and the cook said she hoped he might get it.

The brother of the Indian on whose land we were camped, also had a claim on the Government for his crop, his cattle and horses which the soldiers took, and she hoped he also would get it, but she added that the Indian had raised a good crop every year since the Joseph War, and had bought several new suits of store clothes, and had raised a family of nine children.

That snuff-colored man stayed all day.

The Photographer took his picture and the cook bought a pair of chickens of him, because he was poor.

She did not see the fowls. They were to be delivered the next day.

They came just as Briggs arrived in camp and the cook gave him one and hung the other on a tree close by the tent.

"Survivors of the Joseph War, and haven't had a full crop since," said Briggs, as he took his fowl and weighed it in his hand.

The cook remembered the remark the next day. Just now she notices that the Surveyor as he went to his own camp outside the plowed field cast a lingering look at her hen hanging on the tree.

Her suspicions were aroused at once that her property was not safe.

After dark she hid it in the tent. A little later an Indian galloped up with a message to the effect that the Superintendent of Indian Education had come from Lapwai to Kamiah to see the Special Agent, would she come down?

Her Majesty goes over to the Surveyor's camp. Briggs is lying wrapped in his blanket under a large fir tree to the lowest branch of which is suspended his hen.

While they talked together the cook unties the hen and conceals it in the folds of her black dress and then they return and the hen is hung in the place of our own on the tree by the tent. "He may steal his own fowl if he wants to," said the cook.

By daylight we were en route to Kamiah taking with us a loaf of bread and that hen. We arrived just as the people were going into the church, for it was Sunday. Her Majesty dismounted and met the superintendent inside the church.

The interpreter remained on duty and the cook retired to the cabin. Works of necessity must be done on Sunday.

The cook had it borne in upon her that by afternoon everybody would be hungry.

A ride of twelve miles in the early morning, two hours in church, and talking and being talked to for the rest of the day, it was not unreasonable to believe everybody would be hungry at nightfall, and the cook had the courage of her convictions.

She opened the campaign against that hen.

Oh that prehistoric hen! the feathers would not come off, try as she would. They slipped defiantly through her fingers again and again.

She tried a pair of the Surveyor's pin-cers that he used to extract nails from the horses' shoes, but the feathers only broke off having a bristling *chevaux-de-frise* of quills.

Then she desisted a moment and sat down to think.

There must be some occult way to pick a hen.

James had the secret, but James was at church.

The cook mused a long time. She reviewed her early life to find a parallel experience.

"Eureka," she exclaimed at last.

She remembered a young man who gave her lessons in taxidermy under pleasant circumstances.

She smiles as it all comes to her and there is a gleam of triumph in her eyes as she lays that obdurate fowl upon its back, makes an incision *au regel* from the breast bone and proceeds to flay the creature.

All but the tail feathers come off with the skin.

They stuck out defiantly, being seemingly riveted to the back bone.

This difficulty was finally overcome by severing the tail and a portion of the spine from the rest of the body.

At this stage of the proceedings the cook suddenly paused; a dreadful idea occurred to her. What if the horrid things were too long for the camp kettle?

She tried, and the legs stuck triumphantly out.

It was no use trying to disjoint that antediluvian hen; neither would the bones break.

Then the cook remembered being once a spectator at a Newsboys' Christmas dinner in Washington, and the manner of carving the turkeys had made an impression upon her sensitive nature. Now it was an inspiration.

She laid the indomitable creature upon its side on a log and chopped it into inch-thick slices, then popped it into the pot and slammed down the cover.

Even then she felt no triumph. She felt more like sitting down on the lid, lest after all the old anatomy should rise up and crow defiantly at her.

As to the skin, she would have sent it to the museum, but she could not find its head.

Not that the hen was to blame for losing its head under the circumstances, nor was the cook at all surprised at not being able to find a head.

It was not her first experience of the kind.

She had become so used to seeing acephalous people on the reservation that she would not have noticed the phenomenon now, only that she had heard that scientific men were particular about details and she did not know but that a head might be the object of original research.

As to the cook her victory was a barren one. Her work of necessity turned out to be a work of supererogation.

Her Majesty dined off the lunch brought by the Superintendent and no one ever knew of her conflict.

The after fate of that Spartan hen can be briefly told.

At the end of two days' boiling, it was still rigid, it never softened its asperity.

On the night of the third day the cook poured off the liquid extract which congealed into a solid mass before morning, and we had a delectable pot of soup.

"That's the way," said the triumphant cook, "to treat antagonistic subjects—make jelly of them" and she looked as if quite capable of boiling down the whole reservation.

Briggs never said any thing about his hen nor did the cook ever in the remotest manner refer to her own experience.

"When feelings are too deep for utterance, better bury them alive," was her favorite saying, and the reservation was dotted all over with the cook's little burial places.

We returned to our camp Sunday night.

As we came out upon the high ground a black cloud gathered over our heads and the Driver said we must run.

The old horses did their best, but the

lay of the land was not adapted to running. There was no road, only a pony trail, and the storm caught us before we gained the shelter of the tent.

We spread our waterproofs over the Government papers we had always to take with us. We could stand a wetting better than they.

So, damp and cold, at last we scam'led under the canvas "Home, Sweet Home."

Yes! a tent in a plowed field in a storm of wind and rain. Not quite satisfying perhaps, but we actually felt a sense of comfort stealing over us as we sat on pack saddles and boxes around our 14 inch sheet iron stove and felt the drops patter on the cloth and sizzle on the stove pipe and splash over on the camp bed and leak through the thin places of the canvas down our backs.

We were very tired, so weary that it was an effort to keep the fire supplied with pine chips, but we rose superior to our trials.

One feels bigger in one's personality the fewer needs he has.

Her Majesty said as we grew social around the fire that she had caught sight of Hannah and Maria in her brief visit to Kamiah.

She would not have known them they were so changed. Their glossy blue back plumage was gone, they were rusty and rumped and there were great bare spots on them "as if," Briggs said, "they had been flying in the face of Providence."

The cook said she was glad there was a breed of chickens whose feathers would come off.

Nobody noticed the asperity of the cook's remark and Her Majesty continued. She said their voice was even changed; it had degenerated to a harsh croak.

Briggs said they must have caught cold sleeping in the Government barn and the Photographer produced a picture of the Government barn and we all agreed that sleeping under an umbrella would be more conducive to health.

"Perhaps," suggested the cook, "they were not Hannah and Maria at all."

"Oh yes! I took out some oats and they knew my voice and came at once."

"Did you throw the oats on the ground?" inquired the cook.

"Of course I did."

"I don't know anything on the reservation," said Briggs, "that would be backward with such a near prospect of getting something for nothing, but what is the matter with Hannah and Maria?"

The Driver said they were moulting.

"I think," said Her Majesty, they are lonesome," and we were all touched by the thought and resolved that we would cosset those faithful friends when we went back to Kamiah.

Alas! we never beheld them again. The inevitable coyote ate them.

No one regretted their fate more than the cook, who vowed it was the last time she would suffer hunger to benefit wolves.

The Photographer said "Self-denial makes wolves possible."

"Altruism makes egoism," said Her Majesty and no one disputed her though some of us did not feel very responsible for the wolves or know much about Altruism.

We all felt guilty about Hannah and Maria. We ought to have saved them from the coyotes by eating them ourselves.

We had been acquainted with the Agency system long enough to have learned how to protect helpless creatures.

We enjoyed that rain all the next day; it was more than four months since a drop had fallen.

But it kept on. The stain of the black soot crept higher and higher up on our tent.

The Driver drives the pegs more firmly into the water-soaked earth and the rain beats through the sloping sides of the tent in a fine spray.

The photographer puts his camera under the bed and the cook turns her pots and pans bottom upward under the tarpaulin in which is the kitchen.

She goes out in waterproof and rubber shoes to coax a little smoke out of the

pine chips and has to give up the idea of anything hot for dinner.

On the third day we are fatigued with our exertions trying to keep dry. We cannot put any energy into our hopeless task; we began to find excuses for the Indians' inertia. We sit down ourselves now and take it as it comes.

The rain beats down upon our bed and makes pools of itself on our rubber blanket. The stove kept at full blast has sent up the great flakes of lampblack, products of the combustion of pitch pine, which have fallen like infernal snow upon our heads.

It adheres to our papers, our tent is stained inside and out and the floor is trampled like a cattle pen.

We have fresh straw spread, but are conscious of the substratum.

At the end of a week we are horrified at the aspect of our clothing.

Our self-respect has thus far in life been our support. We feel that prop giving away.

The path to the spring is through the plowed field, now a deep bog. We cannot go to the spring with any hope of purification lasting through the return trip, even if propriety would admit of our making of the spring whereof we and the Indians must drink, a lavatory.

Something must be done.

We ask our Indian factotum if he can borrow a tub and washboard. As "I don't know" is the answer of nearly everybody on the reservation to every question it does not make any impression on us at this date.

We walk by faith, not by sight or sound any more. We do not see any indications of a washboard, but we have faith to believe that somewhere in the radius of fifty miles there must be one.

We start our man off on Jimmy with the admonition to return with a washboard or perish in the search.

He goes, leaving the cook without wood or water.

Old Joshua's wife comes to the rescue. She cuts wood and fetches water.

She speaks nothing but Nez Perce, but she smiles in English. She peeps into the tent and smiles also on Her Majesty; and little Paul brings a rocking chair out of his father's cabin.

It is probably the choicest bit of civilization there, and they give it to the Special Agent; and then out comes the family kitten and shows her neighborly kindness by running up and down on the tent, dotting it all over with black paw marks, and after a few coy advances, makes herself quite at home inside, and still it rains.

At night our man appears with a washboard. He had borrowed it of a bachelor fifteen miles away. He said he must take it back the next day, for there was only this one this side of Mt. Idaho.

In the morning the rain has ceased and the cook calls the Special Agent to the tent door to look at the sky.

It is as if a great battle had been fought, and outraged Nature was trying to hide its ravages from the sun.

Great masses of broken clouds rushing over a back ground of infinite blue and down in the canyon where Kamiah lies, a white foglike snow is in motion like a tumultuous sea.

The mountains rise dark against the horizon and the cook stands like the followers of Elijah looking up into the parted heavens quite oblivious of the frying pan in her hand.

Suddenly a blast drops down from some lofty frigid height, scoops up the fog from the valley and dashes it into her face.

In the twinkling of an eye she is enveloped in a dense cloud.

Shivering and with teeth chattering, she finds her way into the tent, choking with the fog she cannot breathe.

She is wet as by a shower and her fire is put out.

Chilled to the bone we hug the tent stove and expatiate on the climate of Idaho.

In a quarter of an hour the restless cook draws the flap of the tent and goes out.

Lo! the sky is cloudless and miles deep, the horizon line sharp, there is not wind

enough to stir a leaf. Low down in the canyon a gentle rising of attenuated mist marks the course of the Clearwater River and the sun has covered the trees and groves with diamonds.

We drink in the peace of the hour and are ashamed of our pollution.

We begin all over again as a Christian has a right to do, we sip our coffee in contrition and pick the cinders from our hash and eat it thankfully, and as our eyes roam along the far horizon and take in mountain ranges and gashed canyons, broad stretches and the illimitable arch above, we praise the Lord with the Psalmist that "He hath set our feet in a large room" room to grow in.

Now we dry our belongings in the sun. The tent is cleaned thoroughly, Her Majesty takes her office out of doors and we wait for the mud to dry up so that communication can again be established between our camp and that of the Surveyor.

While we have been besieged by the elements, he has been sheltered only by a tarpaulin a few miles distant, but to make those few miles there is a labyrinthine detour to go over. He is so near and yet so far.

While we wait for the ground to dry enough to be safe Briggs makes his appearance.

It is November and the nights are very cold and "storms are liable any time" he says "to strike us now." Briggs knows the Idaho climate.

Her Majesty says that some of the Indians are back in Kamiah and there is work enough there to keep us the rest of the season.

We had better go down, and down we went.

Our little cabin lay hot in the sunlight and there was no sign of rainfall in the canyon.

The smoke was thinner, but in a few days grew dense: the forest fires were not extinguished.

Old Billy calls to see us; he is too old to go hunting any more.

He says that the Indians had to go so much earlier this year because the drought had burned all their gardens and they had nothing to eat.

They would all starve unless they killed much deer and caught much fish to dry for the winter's food.

We were glad Billy told us that was the reason why the Kamians had disappointed us; we were also glad of our experience at Cold Spring.

It is good to be pinched a little, it teaches charity towards those who are pinched a good deal.

The cook said the Indians did quite right not to come to see after their land, our camp was no place for hungry men to come.

Of course, it never occurred to them to send us word.

Very few people can entertain two ideas at once and she had heard it stated as a scientific fact that starving men think only of food.

Poor things!

Her Majesty was opening the mail old Isaac had just brought.

Old Isaac looked hungry. After that every Indian had a hungry look in our eyes.

It takes a bit of personal experience to correct the angle of vision sometimes.

And the forest fires rage with new impetus, and the earth is still more parched, if possible; not a green thing even on the river banks.

Our world is all yellow and hot and burnt and the smoke is so dense that it is high noon before it casts a faint blurred shadow.

Briggs is growing bald. From twelve noon to three P. M. is all the time the theodolite will work in the valley.

One can scarcely see twenty rods distant so as to tell a man from a tree.

From our cabin door we see at night the blaze of the forest fires and they creep nearer and nearer until they seize upon the hay stacks of the Indians.

We watch the burning pitch pine trees, tall columns of fire against the smoky sky, and the cook says she will hold the fort

so long as there is anything to be gained, but she does not want to make an unnecessary Cassabianca of herself.

The magpies hold long caucuses in the yard, we know it is about us.

They begin to resent our long occupation of what they had considered their own premises.

The family polecat grows inquisitive and too familiar.

The sunflowers and the golden rod have gone to seed long ago and still half a dozen of the Kamiah Indians hold out and will not take their land.

Now Her Majesty would have stayed all winter in that canyon to catch those few Indians if the cook would have stayed and the provisions would have lasted.

But the cook politely informed her one day that there was no widow's cruse of oil or bag of meal in the pantry, and if she contemplated a winter's sojourn in Paradise she would need to lath and plaster the cabin and set up some stoves.

The nights were very cold and the nights began at four o'clock P. M. and lasted until near noon.

So it came about that there was a consultation with Briggs and a little expedition up the valley just to say good-bye to the half dozen Indians who were "holding out."

The cook went and the Photographer, and while Her Majesty was holding diplomatic conversations with the obdurate little detective caught their determined expression of resistance.

All up and down the valley we rode and whether the business air of our whole team impressed the aboriginal mind as to the futility of holding out or whether after all, the fear of all the good land being allotted without their having a chance at it proved the means of saving repentance, at all events the last man of them was registered and we rode home as if in a triumphal car.

(To be Continued.)

#### OVER-CONFIDENT THEORISTS, PHILANTHROPISTS, AND SO-CALLED REFORMERS, IN THE WAY OF INDIAN ADVANCEMENT.

##### The School System of Educational Work now Employed by the Government.

From an article in the New York Tribune of August 25, we clip the following:

J. B. Harrison, special agent of the Indian Rights Association, in "The Latest Studies on Lidian Reservations" in answer to the query "How would you manage a reservation?" says: "All men would be welcome to come to my reserve and look on, observe and report, to their hearts' content, but no philanthropists or theorists would be permitted to interfere with my people's work or to try any industrial, social or other experiments among them. Reformers of every kind should stay outside till they were as well civilized as the Indians." An Indian official of the Indian Territory to whom I heard these sentences read said: "Yes, that's right: and Harrison is the first man I'd draw the line against." I think the official said this jocularly. But the fact remains that there is no public problem about which there are so many conflicting opinions as the problem of Indian civilization. All these theories and opinions are expressed with remarkable confidence on the part of the theorists and in an aggressive way. Mr. Harrison is not simply confident, he knows he knows. These theorists, philanthropists and reformers have doubtless caused the Department much annoyance, but they must have also frequently been of great assistance.

The Indian scholastic population is estimated at 36,000, with a possible attendance of 22,000. This is comparatively a small number, and if the Government tries the experiment of educating the Indian children at all, it seems that it might try it on a complete and final scale by making ample provision for all Indian children of scholastic age. But in 1890 there were accommodations for only about 11,000—not quite half the provision that should be made. The Commissioner estimates that the necessary additional facilities in the

way of buildings, tools, farm stock and implements can be provided at a cost of two and a half million dollars. It would be economy to furnish whatever is necessary for a complete test at once; for if the Indian can be civilized by education, the sooner he is educated the better; if he cannot be, the sooner he knows it the better and cheaper it will be.

The work is done in several different kinds of schools. On most of the reservations there are day schools, that the pupils attend in the day, and from which they return to their parents at night. There are many boarding schools that the pupils attend ten months in the year, having their food, clothing and instruction furnished to them. Some of these schools are on the reservation, and some are at a distance from them. The pupils at the boarding schools on the reservation often visit their parents, and are often visited by them, while those in the boarding schools at a distance from the reservations often do not see their parents and friends for a term of years. In many localities the parents send their children to school gladly and are eager for the best educational facilities, others send their children reluctantly, and some are violently opposed to schools. Occasionally compulsory methods are used. On the reservations, rations may be cut off for truancy or for failure to enter school at the beginning of the term. The boarding schools are sometimes recruited by pupils that are forced unwillingly to school under the direct compulsion of authority.

The first and most important teaching that can be done with the children is in the line of instruction in English. Everything is done that can be done to cause them to drop their own tongue and learn to express themselves in our language. From this first fundamental work that is continuous, the instruction branches out in many directions. Music extends through all the schools. The children are taught the games of white children and are encouraged to play them. In their textbook work they are taught the common school studies, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, civil government, physiology, and history. But their instruction is by no means confined to the text-books. They are besides taught to work systematically and regularly. The Commissioner's report contains these pregnant sentences: "No pains should be spared to teach them that their future must depend chiefly upon their own exertions, character and endeavors. They will be entitled to what they earn. In the sweat of their faces must they earn bread. They must stand or fall as men or women, not as Indians. Society will recognize in them whatever is good and true, and they have no right to ask for more. If they persist in remaining savages, the world will treat them as such, and justly so. Their only hope of good treatment is in deserving it. They must win their way in life just as other people do, by hard work, virtuous conduct and thrift. Nothing can save them from the necessity of toil, and they should be inured to it as at the same time a stern condition of success in life's struggle and as one of life's privileges that brings with it its own reward."

Industrial teachers are found at the boarding schools, who teach the boys agriculture, the care of stock, harness-making, blacksmithing, shoemaking, carpentry, tailoring, etc. The boys have regular hours of work on the farm, under the supervision of an overseer. The girls are taught all the various kinds of housework and sewing. Children are detailed for these kinds of work, on a definite and comprehensive plan, that inculcates regular and systematic industry. By establishing a definite, unavoidable routine of duties, a strong influence is brought to bear in reforming the shiftless, irregular methods of savage life. From the schools that are established away from the reservations, among the white people, boys are often hired to farmers and workmen. Those so employed come into direct and vital contact with white people in their work and in their homes, and no better method of teaching the Indian youths the ways of civilization could be devised. The

pupils of one of the Eastern schools have earned as much as \$12,000 in a year in this way.

There has been some discussion as to what shall be done with the boy or girl that has taken the course in a boarding school, and has grown to manhood or womanhood. Some think such pupils should invariably be sent back to the tribe from which they came to leaven the mass. But this leavening of a tribe of semi-savages would be a very delicate undertaking for mature, educated Indians, with the rights of men and women. How much more delicate for the youths of a tribe who are yet somewhat dependent and subordinate! Sometimes these educated youths find places when they go back where they can be useful and have a good influence. Often they can find no place whatever till they adopt the habits of the tribe and repudiate the principles and methods they have been taught. Other students of Indian affairs think such pupils should be furnished with employment among the white people and discouraged from seeking the reservation again. Still another plan is to colonize the educated Indians together. It is apparent that this problem naturally disappears when all the Indian children are put at school, for then, in a generation, they will all be educated Indians.

#### EDWARD EVERETT HALE ON THE RESERVATION SYSTEM.

##### "Root, hog, or die," his doctrine.

It is my business to try to interest the people, especially of New England, in the Indian Question. They do not care a rap about this tribe or that reservation, but they do believe in America and their own country. They do not believe that the country means to be unjust, and they believe that it can generally do what it wants to do.

There is a pretty concrete case, which I have used before hundreds of audiences, showing that the nation has not, on the whole, failed in its dealings with barbarians. It has had, in the last fifty years, to deal with about seven millions of new people, the greater part of whom were as barbarous as are the Flathead Indians. The United States has not failed. It has met half these people at the door, whenever landed. It has asked:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Sullivan."

It has not said: "Then you have got to live with all the other Sullivans. You will have beef and bacon and sugar given to you.

Or, "What is your name, sir?"

"My name is O'Neil."

"All right. Then you will have to go down with the O'Neil's in south-west Arkansas. You will have sugar and beef there; and if you get off of that reservation of the O'Neils' then God be with you. We will do nothing for you; but, if you are there, you are all right,—you will have your sugar, coffee and all the rest.

"And what is your name?"

"My name is O'Shea."

"Oh, yes: O'Shea, well the O'Sheas are off in north-west Nebraska,—the whole family of O'Sheas. You will have your corn and bacon and coffee. You must stay on the O'Shea reservation."

The nation does not do that thing to these people. The nation says to these people:

"Root, hog, or die."

That seems a pretty hard thing to say. But at the same time the nation says to these people: "Every man of you, rich or poor, ignorant or learned, you shall have the eternal rights of justice against every other man."

That is what it does not say to the red-skin.

That is the difference between the way the nation treats the Sullivans, the O'Neils, and the O'Sheas, and the way it treats the red-skin.

##### Reservation Results "Small of its Age."

In illustration of the slow growth of Indian progress on the reservations under the old Indianizing ideas of civilizing the Indian, a story which we chanced to hear the lamented Gen. Fiske relate the last

time he presided over the Lake Mohonk Conference, seems peculiarly fitting, and is as follows:

We have had a hundred years of the reservation in New York; and what slow growth there has been! It suggests a little incident.

There was an old colored man who, if he could get a job for whiskey always preferred it to cash. He was asked to dig a post-hole; and the man who engaged him said, "I will give you the best drink you ever had."

After the work was accomplished, he took him into his pantry, and said, "That whiskey is seven years old."

He poured out a thimbleful in a glass, and gave it to him.

The old colored gentleman held it up to the light.

"Boss," he said, "did you say that this was seven years old?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think it is monstrous small of its age?"

That illustrates the small growth of progress on Indian reservations. We must develop the manhood of this people as we develop our own. We must protect and punish them with the same laws that protect and punish us. We must adopt the rule of that eminent philosopher and poet of Massachusetts, Hosea Bigelow, when speaking of the great Southern problem and discussing the franchise for the black man. He said—

"This is the great American idea,  
To make a man a man, and then to let him be."

#### WHERE POOR INDIAN THEN?

In the "History of Madison county, New York," the following incident in relation to the purchase of the large tract of land known as the 'Twenty towns,' is related:

This land was purchased of the Oneida Indians by Gov. George Clinton in 1788. The sum paid for the land was not ungenerous and included many things needed by the Indians, but some of the wise old Sachems foresaw the end.

After the sale had been duly ratified, and Governor Clinton was sitting upon a log, one of the Oneida chiefs came and seated himself very close to the Governor. Out of courtesy, the Governor moved along, when the Indian moved also crowding still closer.

The Governor then made another move; the Indian hitched along again close to him, and thus the moves were several times repeated when at last Governor Clinton found himself off the log! Being considerably nonplussed, he requested the meaning of this curious operation.

The chief sagaciously replied, "Just so white man crowd poor Indian; keep crowding, keep crowding; by and by crowd him clear off! Where poor Indian then?"

#### A BIT OF HISTORY.

During the Indian war of 1755-63, known generally in Eastern Pennsylvania as Teedynseuncy's war, Benjamin Franklin wrote to John Van Etten, mentioning among other things, his declaration of a reward for Indian scalps—quite an ultra severity to be resorted to under the Government founded by the Quaker Penn. The reward offered was "forty pieces of eight" (or \$40), for each scalp produced and properly attested. In 1764, John Penn, grandson of the good William, he being then Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, offered a large bounty for Indian scalps, being incited thereto by numerous deeds of blood in the preceding year, and this has been commonly and erroneously alluded to by historians as the first offer of money premium by the English for the slaughter of their savage enemies, whereas the philosopher's order was promulgated nine years before. John Penn's terms for Indians and scalps were far larger than Franklin's and so arranged as to humanely put a premium on live Indians. There was to be given "for every male Indian above the age of ten years, captured, \$150; scalped, being killed, \$134; for every female and every male under ten years, \$130; for every female above ten years, scalped, being killed \$30."