The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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

Reservations make Indians of white men; why then criticise if they make Indians again of educated young Indians?

We heartily concur in the suggestion contained in Miss Edna Dean Proctor's inspired poem published in this number, that corn shall be our national emblem, and hope that the poem will gain a wide circulation, and the idea grow to national adoption.

There must be a practical, every-day association of the Indians with the whites, to bring success in civilizing them, and it does bring success in forty-nine cases out of every fifty. Young Indians from the worst tribes soon learn to be at home in civilized surroundings and soon accumulate the ability and qualities demanded for successful living among industrious citizens.

We have here at Carlisle fully demonstrated that the natives of this American soil when given fair chances rarely fail to become self-supporting, intelligent and useful as citizens of the country, and they will furnish a fair proportion for the higher and advanced walks of life. Both Church and State seem determined to keep the Indians Indians and tomaintain the autonomy of the tribes. Vast sums of money are being expended annually in hindering and withholding chances. This of course destroys individuality and consequently all ambition.

We have seen numerous regrets that our good Senator Dawes has decided to leave the exalted station which he has so long honored, and we re-print a few of these on another page. It is perhaps no disparagement to say that no man in the history of the country has given to the cause of the Indian greater or more intense thought than the Senior Senator from Massachusetts has during the long chairmanship of the Senate Indian Committee. His name has been honorably connected with some of the most progressive legislation and he has been the father of most important measures, but his incessant labor to hinder the passage of jobbing bills and the bad legislation urged by cranks and others ignorant of the best interests of the Indian people as well as his labors to forward the best class of legislation is only partly known to but a few even of his many friends.

Never in the history of the world has it seemed more necessary for an outside power to step in and save individuals from the debasing and corrupting influences of tribal environment by removing and scattering them in better surroundings than in the case of our Indians to day, and never has such a duty rested upon an outside power where it was so easy to perform it. Sixty five millions of the greater power, and two hundred and fifty thousand of the Indian people, and the Indian people divided into more than seventy small bands and tribes by barriers of language and habit, which make it impossible for them to unite and co-operate against the greater power! Most unfortunate has it always been for the Indian that the greater power has always employed systems that concentrated instead of dividing and so produced conditions upon which the ghost dance and other demoralizing practices could feed.

The Principal Chief is in receipt of a letter from Hon. B. W. Perkins, U. S. Senator from Kansas, informing him that the special senatorial committee of which Senator Perkins is chairman, will visit the Cherokee Nation during November next to inquire into the Intruder question. It will give the Cherokee people great pleasure to meet their distinguished visitors on that matter. We learn that the other members of the committee are Senator Higgins of Delaware, and Butler, of South Carolina. The last named Senator will be especially welcomed as he spent part of his boy-hood among the Cherokees.—[*Tahlequah Sentinel.*

FROM A PERSONAL LETTER.

Rev. James Brown, of Holton, Kansas, long a friend of the Indian, and since knowing us and studying our methods a good friend of Carlisle, writes us feelingly in a private letter in reference to Capt. Pratt's speech at Denver last June, before the Convention of Charities and Corrections, (published in the last RED MAN):

I was very much interested in your address. Have read it carefully twice over. I was interested both in the statements and the argument. The statements tell me a good many things I did not know in regard to our national treatment of the Indians.

I have always felt since I became in any degree acquainted with our national history in this line that these poor people had been "more sinned against than sinning."

Your statement of facts makes the record darker to me than ever, and so intensifies that conviction that I fear in the judgment of Almighty God we are the savages and not "the poor Indian."

Oh, if these so-called savages had a historian that could chronicle the record of the treatment of their race during the past 200 or 250 years by the early colonists and by our nation since its origin, what a dark record of "dishonor," shame, cruelty and savagism it would present.

Bad as the record of slavery was this is darker still, for as you say slavery had its compensation indirectly at least. It was not all bad. But our Indian policy has had nothing compensatory, no palliation about it.

Your argument is to me conclusive. It is so conclusive that I do not see how any thoughtful mind can do otherwise than concur.

Your position is sustained by facts all along the line, and facts are the strongest kind of arguments. They are mathematical demonstrations. It seems to me too the argument of common sense. Given the postulate "Man is a social being" and all you claim follows, for here Darwin's idea of "the survival of the fittest" has its most perfect illustration.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

BLAZON Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous golden corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and tasseled sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread.
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the fairest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal;
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves and flowers, the sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold:
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn,
Of all our wealth the best.
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain-laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear;
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the south adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR,
in September *Century.*

DO WE NOT NEED THE PROPS?

To one, who, if convinced at all, is convinced against his will, what need of acknowledging that the Indian may be as bad as the white race in that respect! What need to speak of the white young men and women of the most intelligent, refined and wealthy families, who, after they have returned from a course of study and training in the very best schools and colleges, fall, in the face of good influences, *below* the plane from whence they were taken to be educated. Then must we grow pessimistic if a few, a very few, of the educated Indians fall to the level of their environments when they return to their reservations? Do we not all *need* the moral support that we absorb unconsciously from our surroundings? What would we become if it were not for our churches, good society, and a certain standard of excellence continually set up before us to keep us in place as respectable members of the community? Be honest with yourself before you judge the Indian and say what would you be if all the supports found in the civilization round about us were taken away, and you were thrown into a cess-pool of vice, filth and idleness, with nothing to do but to stay in it, and breathe its loathsome air at every breath; with no public opinion to censure or praise; with no incentive to active work or uplifting deeds?

And yet in face of all this, statistics prove that hundreds of Indians have been reclaimed from a life of heathenism, ignorance, and idleness, by the education received through government or mission schools, and are now working faithfully and skilfully, gaining the self-reliance and manliness necessary to make them good citizens of this land of freedom and justice.—[*The Indian Advocate.*

INDIAN TEACHERS SHOULD NOT BECOME MONO-MANIACS.

"Tinta," who publishes in the *Word Carrier* of Santee Agency, Nebr., "Scraps from a Note Book," has the following interesting incident in which there is a useful lesson for all workers in institutions:

"I listened to a conversation between Miss B. and Miss M. the other day.

Miss B. was indignant because she had heard some one say, "You can always tell a teacher when you see him, especially a teacher of Indians."

"I don't believe we appear so very different from other people, do you, Miss M?"

Miss M. suggested that perhaps they had not been long enough in the service to be indelibly stamped with the "teacher" mark, and went on to say, "Teaching ought to be broadening and ennobling, but perhaps there is a danger of becoming engrossed with our particular phase of work and our special pupils in a way that is narrowing."

"Yes," assented Miss B. "I have begun to feel that danger. When Miss O. and Miss T. called last evening, and the conversation had continued an hour and a quarter on our respective schools and scholars, and our trials and compensations in connection with them, I really did get tired and tried to turn the conversation to something more general.

But when Miss O. remarked with a half pious and wholly resigned air that she had scarcely looked at a paper in six months, she did'nt have time, I felt rebuked and subsided."

"That was rather disheartening, but let us try not to be mono-maniacs if we are Indian teachers," said Miss M. as she took up her guitar and began to sing "Little Fisher Maiden.

A LIVING EXAMPLE.

In striking refutation of the wretched theory that the Indian is intractable to the habits, practice, and restraints of civilization is Carlos Montezuma, agency physician at White Rock, Nevada. Dr. Montezuma is a full blooded Apache, who, twenty years ago, arrived in Chicago from Arizona, as unpromising as any of his people, and began studies that, earnestly pursued, led him through the Illinois University and secured to him a degree of the Chicago Medical College. The Apaches are believed to be the most savage, relentless, and defiant of American Indians, but the Western Shoshone Agency has brilliant proof of the power of education to transform them into valuable citizens.

Dr. Montezuma, writing to this paper, declares: "The Indian question will cease to be a problem when the government enforces the compulsory education of the Indian—not on reservations or near them, but among civilized communities."—[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

There is a prospect that a large portion of the Wichita and Kickapoo lands in the Indian Territory will be opened for settlement in the early Spring. Every preparation is being made by the land boomers in that section of the country to get a share in the pie.

SHORT EDITORIAL COMMENTS BY THE LEADING PAPERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

[*From the Scranton Truth.*]

THE QUICKEST PLAN.

Secretary Teller's plan to send twenty thousand Indian youth into many schools and employments away from the reservations, so that they should "learn English by being surrounded by an English speaking people, should learn industries by being surrounded with industrious people, should learn citizenship by being surrounded by worthy citizens," is the plan that if carried out would most quickly and thoroughly solve the Indian question, put an end to Indian outbreaks and the need alike of Indian agencies, of Indian missions, (except on the plane of those conducted among white pioneer settlers for a time,) and of a standing army in the West.

. . . . .

Primary industrial education with the common school English branches, in such circumstances and surroundings as will most speedily lead to civilization and citizenship is as far as the duty of the United States Government extends. And it is this which carried out will put an end in a few years alike to the danger of Indian wars and the necessity of a special Indian Department of Government.

[*From the Phila. Public Ledger.*]

AGAINST TAKING LANDS CONTIGUOUSLY.

The sooner each Indian, as land owner, becomes surrounded with white farmers—instead of being localized as a tribe—the more quickly will the young people, who are now being educated in the East and West, be able to retain the civilized habits and the wholesome ambitions which they have acquired in their schools.

[*From The Advance.*]

ONLY THE SAME.

We believe that the American people generally are heartily persuaded that the American Indian can be civilized; that in order to this he needs essentially the same education and civic aids and conditions that have civilized the rest of us.

[*From The Cleveland Leader.*]

IN FAVOR OF EASTERN SCHOOLS.

A trip East, while more expensive, has the advantage of giving Indian boys and girls a civilized atmosphere in which to receive their education and opportunities for a much wider observation of the great world outside reservation confines. No doubt some of them go astray at school or on their return. White boys by scores do the same. Education can no more be expected to be a universal benefit in the case of the uncivilized Indian youth than of the civilized white lad. A certain proportion of cases will be injured quite as much as others are improved. But the proportion of such failures among Indian youth is remarkably small when the great trials and difficulties they encounter are considered. This fact alone is incontrovertible proof of the capacity of the Indian for civilization and advancement, and abundant justification for Government liberality to Indian education.

[*From The Denver Republican.*]

SUCH AN ATTEMPT WOULD RAISE A PROTEST.

The Government would do right if it would cut off all the appropriations for the denominational schools, and then appropriate enough money to maintain enough Government schools to educate every Indian child in the United States. But an attempt to do this would raise a great protest not only from the Catholics but also from the Protestant missionaries.

[*W. L. Wayland, in The National Baptist.*]

THE ONLY RIGHT WAY.

To educate, to civilize, to elevate the Indians is the cheapest way to solve the "Indian question." It costs a million dollars to kill an Indian. It costs many thousands of dollars to make him and his children vicious and dangerous paupers; while a thousand dollars will exterminate the savage, and put in his place a civilized, self-supporting citizen. And this is the only right way.

[*From The New York Daily Tribune.*]

A WASTE OF MONEY TO ESTABLISH HIGH SCHOOLS FOR INDIANS.

There is probably not a college or high school in the country the doors of which are not open to any Indian youth who desires a higher education. And to establish separate high schools for Indians in the face of that fact would be not only a waste of money but would tend to perpetuate the idea of separation. No intelligent man will deny that it is the duty of the Government to civilize the Indian, and give him a good primary industrial education. But it is not its duty to provide Indian youth, any more than white youth, with a higher education. At the earliest possible moment the Indian should be taught to assume his responsibilities as a citizen. If he is educated in special race schools he will remain outside the body politic to his own hurt and hindrance and our expense. Whereas if he is thrown among citizens, with such advantages of a common-school education as are open to all, he will soon become a useful and law-abiding citizen. It is a grave mistake to do anything that will lead the Indian to regard himself as outside the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship.

[*From The Louisville Courier Journal.*]

NOT ONLY SLOW, BUT DOES NOT DO THE WORK.

It is evident that the work of lifting up the masses of the Indians by the leavening process of sending back educated boys and girls to live among them must be an exceedingly slow one. A training that teaches the graduates of Indian schools to rely upon the government for employment or support is also painfully defective, and should be amended. Meanwhile no pains should be spared to impress upon the adult Indians the necessity of efforts in the direction of self-support and independence.

SENATOR DAWES' RETIREMENT.

A Talk With The Senator at His House.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Aug. 27. Senator Dawes' letter which appeared this morning stating that he was not a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, created a good deal of a sensation among his constituency in Western Massachusetts, without regard to party. Senator Dawes was seen this afternoon at his beautiful home on Elm street.

Mr. Dawes said:

"This is the thirty-fifth year that I have been in one branch or the other of congress. I was eighteen years in the house, and when my term expires I shall have been eighteen years in the senate. I shall then be seventy-six years old, and I think it is time that some younger man in Massachusetts should take my place."

Mr. Dawes is in excellent health. With a smile he said: "I do not know exactly how I shall feel to be a private citizen after being in public life thirty-six years. I am the oldest member of the Massachusetts delegation in congress, and I think I have been in the continuous service of the country longer then any man now in Congress."

Among other warm encomiums upon Mr. Dawes' career, from public men of Massachusetts, William M. Olin, secretary of the commonwealth, said:

"I really do not think the people of Massachusetts fully appreciate the value of Mr. Dawes' services. He took a leading part in all the war legislation and the tariff legislation at that time, and that means a leading part in the most important work Congress has done. His service in the senate was one of the longest and one of the cleanest in the history of the United States, and the fact that he is a poor man to-day is the highest eulogy which can be paid him."

Speaker Barrett, of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, said: "Mr. Dawes has been a very valuable public servant. His career has been simply remarkable. His withdrawal at the present time is a surprise to most people and can only be attributed to a desire on his part to be free and enjoy the leisure which every man seeks after a long life of activity."—[*New York Tribune.*

Senator Dawes is 76 years of age, and passed through stages which endear a public man to New England, of typical country lad, struggling student and ambitious young lawyer. He was in the House from 1857 to 1873, and since 1875 he has been the successor in the senate of Charles Sumner. If less brilliant, Dawes has proved himself the peer of any man in integrity and sound sense. His work for the Indian has endeared him to the sympathetic women of the land. To have been always on the right side of legislation is honor enough for any statesman. This may be said of Henry Laurens Dawes.—[*New York Mail and Express.*

Close Of An Honorable Career.

The letter of Senator Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, making known his decision not to be a candiate for re-election, marks the close of one of the most honorable careers the political history of this country records. Mr. Dawes' present term in the senate expires on the 4th of next March and the legislature to be elected in November will choose his successor. He accordingly selects an early date to make known his intentions so that in nominating and voting for members of the legislature the people may act upon the fullest knowledge. This is in keeping with all of Mr. Dawes' career and proves that his active political life will end as honorably as it was begun and has been conducted.

Mr. Dawes' entrance upon the stage of national politics was at one of the most turbulent periods of the nation's life.

After a brief service in the Massachusetts Legislature he was elected in 1858 to the House of Representives of the Thirty-sixth congress, and was re-elected eight times. His service in that body extended over eighteen years, or from 1859 to 1875, and was marked by industry, high purpose and unquestioned purity. He bore an honorable part in all the legislation of the day and had much to do in originating it. As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in two Congresses he had a leading part in formulating the protective tariff laws that were enacted at that time, and in all other legislation his course was creditable.

After such a conspicuous career in the House it was only natural that his State should transfer him to the Senate when a vacancy was to be filled. Ex-Governor Washburn was chosen to fill out Charles Sumner's unexpired term, but Mr. Dawes was elected for the full term. His career in the Senate has been as conspicuous and honorable as in the House. He has been twice re-elected, so that his services in each branch of Congress will cover exactly the same number of years and give him an unbroken national career of thirty six years. His special field of work in the Senate has been in connection with the affairs of the Indians, and there is probably no man in Congress to-day so well informed as he is on this subject. The elimination of corruption from the Indian department and the improved methods of governing the nation's wards are largely due to his efforts.

Mr. Dawes will retire from public life at a time when he is still in full possession of all his powers and capable of doing the nation years of good service. It is a matter for regret that American political life does not offer opportunities for the employment of such a man when he is in his ripest years. But at 76 a public man is considered old in this country and has to give way to younger competitors. While this gives a zest and vigor to American political life it compels the country to lose the services of men just when experience has fitted them best to minister to its wants. But however great the loss to the nation may be it is a satisfaction to know that Mr. Dawes' retirement is not due to any change in his political opinions and that his faith in the principles of the Republican party is just as strong as it ever was.—[*Phila. Press.*

A DEGRADED PEOPLE.

THE PUEBLO INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO AND THEIR LIFE OF BARBARISM.

RECOGNIZE NO AUTHORITY.

A Graphic Description of the Condition of These Indians and Their Manner of Life—Superstitious, Vain and Obstinate. They Set Themselves Against All Progress—Opposition to Education.

As if "shut in by ramparts of conservatism" the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico continue to live today in much the same fashion as their ancestors did in the remote period before history began. The unchanging character of their lives, the preservation of the old customs and traditions, dating back to a time when monuments and remains afford the only data of a people's history, these Indians have aroused the liveliest interest on the part of scientists. They have been visited, their homes, method of life and customs have been described and many of the traditions and myths which have been preserved from one generation to another have been patiently gathered and translated.

From a literary standpoint perhaps there are few peoples, certainly none among the aborigines of America, that have received more attention. Recently, however, another investigator has been among them, and from the standpoint of an educator he has looked into their customs and their ways of life and attempted to solve the problem of how to bring this strange people within the influence of modern civilization.

DR. DORCHESTER'S INVESTIGATION.

The superintendent of Indian schools, Dr. Dorchester, has recently spent some time among the Pueblos, and the result of his observations he has given in a carefully written report which has been received at the Indian office. The scope of Dr. Dorchester's investigations was indicated by Indian Commissioner Morgan, who desires to make the school system among the Indians as effective as possible. Dr. Dorchester finds that there is no accurate census of the Pueblo Indians, as they look with much suspicion and superstition upon any attempt at enumeration.

The dumb secrecy of the red race baffles the census taker. They look upon the knight of the pen, ink and book as a sagamore who has come to question them with evil intents, and they secrete their children and confuse the questioner. Infectious diseases play havoc in the ill-ventilated Pueblo houses, from which the germs of smallpox, measles, etc., cannot be expelled. Close intermarriage is another cause of decline in numbers, both together leading to a gradual diminution of the population.

THE PRESENT POPULATION.

They now number 8,285 souls, living in nineteen communities, and owning 1,074,974 acres of land, some of which is wholly waste land, much is fit only for pasture, while the rest are fertile and well-watered valleys. With the exception of two, all the Pueblos are in the valley of the Rio Grande and its tributaries, occupying much of the best land in New Mexico. The houses are built of adobe or stones laid in adobe mortar and are generally two stories high. The roofs are covered with logs, reeds, brush and hay, and the floors are simply the beaten earth "slicked over" with soft mortar. The interior walls are roughly plastered with clay mortar and whitewashed with calcined gypsum.

NUMBER OF THE PUEBLOS.

Of the total Pueblo Indian population of 8,285 Dr. Dorchester states that there are 1,624 children of school age, and of

this later number 949 are in school and 675 are not in school. Only a small proportion of the children enrolled attend the schools, and the meager attendance is accounted for by the fact that there is no police power to put and keep children in the day schools, and further that Pueblo children know nothing of discipline, which is a thing unknown in the Pueblos except in enforcing pagan and tribal customs, which are all against education.

Dr, Dorchester adds that the parents literally have no desire to see their children educated. He,however,recommends the continuance of the present schools and the establishment of four new schools. "This is no time for retreat," he urges. "We should push on this work with a firm hand."

He recommends that the contract schools of New Mexico be placed on a higher level and provided with a better class of teachers, a better supply of school books, maps and blackboards. There are some excellent teachers in contract day schools, he adds, "but others are of the poorest class I have ever known, with low ideals, ragged clothing, and teaching in rooms anything but attractive. He recommends that there be an agent for the Pueblos alone, and that he should be a man of nerve, who will push matters to the verge of his authority.

OBSTACLES OF PROGRESS.

After this review of the present condition of the Indians and their needs Dr. Dorhester turns his attention to what is perhaps the most important part of the report, the discussion of the difficulties which are in the way of progress. He regards these difficulties as radical and as inhering in the Pueblo genius, religion or organism.

"The principal religion of the Pueblos," he says, "is the darkest of superstitions, a pagan fetichism which controls the whole life."

The unswerving adherence of the Pueblo Indians to their ancient ideas and usages, amounting to granite obstinacy, is stated to be another obstacle to progress.

"For this peculiarity," continues Dr. Dorchester, "they have ever been noted. One of the first conquerors of Mexico,Vargus,complained that they refused to work, even for wages, and said; 'I have been obliged to raze whole villages to the ground to punish their obstinacy.'

Now, as then, the Pueblos are sun worshipers. It took a succession of reconversions and rebaptisms, through scores of years, to perfect their surrender to the new faith, so often did they fall away from the mere quasi assent yielded under constraint. This pagan religion is industriously instilled into the minds of their children, in the estufas where old legends are repeated over and over, and pressed upon young, susceptible hearts. Their beliefs are sustained by prophetic hopes. As "Sons of Montezuma," so they call themselves, they believe that "in the fullness of time" their Messiah will come—will leave his bright sun house to right the wrongs and soothe the woes they have suffered since the days of the Spaniards. Their ideas are vague; their legends, treacherous as memory, are growing fainter with the lapse of years, and even their wise men are without "open vision."

AS CHRISTIANS.

When the Pueblo Indians adopted Christianity they hoped primarily for material benefits, having no conception of spiritual things. They received the new religion as another kind of magic, which might prove superior to the old religion, bringing greater protection from enemies, larger crops, less wind and more rain upon the arid fields. When it was seen that the new faith did not produce this effect they turned against it as not worth their support. To this Bandelier ascribes the rebellion of 1860. They nevertheless retained a residuum of Christianity, but it was disorted and overshadowed by the old fetichism and polytheism.

THEY ARE STILL PAGANS.

Though nominally Christians they are only baptised heathens. Even those Indians who show in the fullest degree the effects of Christianity and who are most attentive to the feast days and other religious observances still hold to the ceremonies of the former religion. Though in some of the pueblos these ceremonies are more secret, yet in others they are observed as openly as ever. To say there have been no changes after the lapse of centuries is not true. It would be idle to deny that the antique wooden stick is partly sub-planted by the plough, the old two-wheel cart by the wagon; that iron implements have taken the place of stone; that wool has partly supplanted cotton, and the rifle the bow and arrow. The manufacture of blankets long ago passed from the Pueblos to the Navajoes. All this has enlarged the scope of knowledge. But these changes are very slight,pertaining little to life,not touching their ideas nor materially affecting their racepeculiarities.

The practical point is that the Pueblo Indian is still unchanged in his old ideas and customs, and stubbornly intent upon maintaining them. He reads nothing, scarcely hears anything, nor cares to outside his old lines. He entertains not even a thought of making a change in his ideas or life. The word progress, as related to society,has no place in his meager vocabulary.

A CONCEITED, SULLEN OBSTINACY.

When one penetrates beyond their outside of gentle courtesy he encounters a conceited, sullen obstinacy which stoutly resists efforts to introduce an education, which means change, new customs, etc. One long familiar with the Pueblos said: "They cannot be instructed because they know everything; nor surprised because their fathers had all wisdom before you were born. Show them the most curious and beautiful articles you possess and they survey it with stolid composure as an object long familiar. * * * Like the Chinese they so much resemble, nothing can be named that they did not have years ago, and having so long possessed all knowledge they steadily resist your efforts to show them their ignorance. They think themselves the envy of the civilized."

The recent attentions they have received from curious visitors and archæologists have doubtless confirmed their conceit, and they are contented to still travel the old, deeply worn, rocky footpaths that lead in and out of their villages, beaten by centuries of wayfarers, far back in unrecorded ages. This persistent adherence to the old Pueblo system of ideas is baleful in its workings, retarding all efforts from without to help them to better conditions. It promotes a constant clash with American government, civilization and education, and suggests the inquiry whether such an autonomy should be tolerated under an intelligent, representative government. This religion is fetichism of the grossest kind, complicated with all natural phenomena, and the atmospheric elements are its symbols. It places animals on an equality with mankind, sometimes recognizing them as man's superiors. His religion assumes man's utter helplessness within the natural realm and excuses crime. There is no greater slave than the Pueblo Indian. Every motion is guarded by superstitutions. We wonder at his lack of truthfulness, consistency and moral consciousness. The crimes for which we would punish him he commits without any regret. Nature, deified by him to innumerable personalities, exacts him from the conduct we blame. He is a timid, feeble, fettered being. If this everywhere present religion made better character and improved the life the case would be more hopeful, but it is far otherwise, notwithstanding the verdicts of some superficial observers.

THE OBJECT OF THEIR RELIGION

is not to impart such a quality, but to provide incantations which may protect them from evil genii and keep them in favor with wind and water. They prepetually steal from each other and cannot trust their gardens and fields against each other's rapacity in harvest time. As for faith, they seldom trust to any one. A Pueblo never seems to have faith even in his wife, for his idea of virtue, if he has any, does not require such faith. I know this is a terrible indictment, and it is probably not true of the better Pueblos, but it accurately describes many, very many. Their peculiarly constituted political autonomy,whose source is their pagan priesthood and whose chief function is to perpetuate and enforce their old customs and religions, is another difficulty.

TERRITORIAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

The Pueblos do not participate in the territorial government. Though giving a quasi assent to it and never fighting directly against it, yet they stand wholly aloof, pay no taxes and take no perceptible interest in territorial affairs. The Pueblos also stand aloof from each other, having no organic connection as Pueblos and taking little interest in each other's affairs.

In local government these Pueblos have always been practically independent, electing their own officers. Some Pueblos are little better, some a litttle worse, viewed from a standpoint of an American civilization, but doubtless the same radical wrong exists in all of them, untouched by their peculiar government.

What an intensely interesting pueblo is Zuni, with its ceaseless ceremonies; and yet in this pueblo is the grossest corruption. There is constant stealing, not only from cattlemen and the Navajoes, but stealing and selling each other's cattle, each other's crops, etc. Several cases of murder of Mexicans passing through the reservation were reported to me as having occurred within a few years, unprovoked, purely for plunder, and the murderers are well known and at large in the pueblo. Bastardy is a frequent occurrence, occasioning no comment.

Discipline and punishment for the purpose of promoting moral and social welfare are unknown. This is true of all the pueblos. The slightest deviation, however, from their old time customs and religious observances is severely punished.

It has been customary for some prominent New Mexicans to highly compliment the morality of the Pueblo Indians and to dwell upon the fact that they are seldom brought into the courts for trial. But this, I am persuaded, after spending some time in eighteen pueblos, is a superficial view of the case. The Indians are left to regulate their own internal affairs and only a small class of offenses, therefore, are brought to the public notice. Within themselves their own standard of moral and social order generally does not call for much discipline. In their estimation offenses against the religious ceremonies, dances, etc., are the most serious and call for severer punishment. Their customs are all linked with those observances. Incantations, and so forth, and the power of their government must be exercised to preserve them intact. The greatest immorality exists among themselves, but it is regarded as no offense and calls for no interference.

THE PUEBLO SYSTEM

is communistic in its character—not in respect to property, though the patent of each pueblo is held in undivided form. Each family holds the lands it cultivates by a common unwritten understanding. The crops and flocks are individual property. But there is no individuality, no independence in ideas, in personal plans or in action. All must follow the old traditions, beliefs and customs, and no variation is tolerated.

The rigid enforcement of these communal customs is the hardest blow to educated youth. In many of the pueblos no one leaves the village without the consent of an officer.

OPPOSED TO MODERN IDEAS.

The governor of one of the smallest pueblos came to me with the complaint that the young men would not dance now as formerly. i. e., in their religious dances.

I could not comfort him, but could only say, "Things are changing." This made him open his eyes, for the idea of change he did not comprehend, nor liberty of action. I told him this was what was coming, and he had better adjust himself to the inevitable. Then he looked sadder still.

A young Pueblo boy at Carlisle joined the Presbyterian Church. When he returned to his home he kept away from the Presbyterian mission. When asked why, he replied: "I am obliged to do so. If I did not I could have no peace."

About ten years ago, in the Zia Pueblo, two elderly people were put to death. I have their names. The defence was that they departed from the old communal customs. Both were clubbed to death in the most inhuman manner. The murderers were never arrested or punished in any way.

One girl who returned from an eastern school this year was stripped of her clothing by the governor, and in this nude condition was compelled to dance before him.

The results of persecution of returned students are the worst I have anywhere found. It is no fault of the schools, but the innate cussednesss of the pueblo.

In another pueblo, only last winter, two boys, by the consent of their parents, but without the consent of the governor, left home for the Albuquerque government school. For this offence the parents were obliged to move out of the pueblo into a deserted old house.

In another pueblo a young man just returned from Carlisle was whipped because he received a letter from Carlisle. The governor said: "I am determined to make you an Indian again."

In still another pueblo a father went to Santa Fé and made arrangements to have his children taken into the Ramona school. When he returned home he was seized and tied hand and foot and left without food for five days.

"I have thus sketched the Pueblos," Dr. Dorchester says, "as found by personal visitation and close inquiry. Names are kept back, that I may not involve any person in trouble. Statements have been slowly accepted and questioned over and over again, lest injustice be done some parties. I have been careful to seek information from persons who have had years on inside knowledge of the situation.

"If I say I am puzzled to know what can be done to improve the situation I only repeat what many wise men have said. It is a problem to be studied, and if recommendations are made which prove impracticable others have done so before me, but it will all help to keep up the agitation until some effective measure is developed."

Sometimes when the Pueblos are confronted with outside condemnation of their acts by an officer of the general government they have replied, as before quoted: "This is our business. You 'tend to you business and we will 'tend to ours." It has not been infrequent that Zuni Indians when pressed by threats of interference from Washington, D. C., have answered: "It is none of Washington's business. Washington has nothing to do with us."

Nevertheless they are all cowards and tamely back down when strongly confronted. They are not likely to go into the courts unless some badly disposed white man persuades them and engineers their case, which is extremely rare.

It is an important practical question of civil administration. How long can the general government allow such independent political autonomies to remain—nineteen in one territory or state?

Seldom, except in cases of homicide or severe cases of assault, are the Pueblos in court, and even then the old plea is made: "We govern ourselves."

In conclusion Dr. Dorchester says: "I cannot resist the conviction that the Pueblo Indians should be wards of the general government for some time longer. They are an exceedingly ignorant and stultified people. They have always and so completely shut out from themselves the outside world, its ideas, its currents of thought, etc., that their minds are blank upon the many matters which are the common inheritance of American minds. In requirements they are far behind the

Sioux, the Nez Perces, the Yakimas, the Umatillas, the Osages, the Omahas, etc. And, more than this, Pueblo intellects are stagnant and feeble, in consequence of the long torpid condition in which they have lived.

"Let the educational work, of which I have already spoken, and will soon speak more fully, be pushed, and let other civilizing methods be wisely and persistently introduced for a term of years and then these Indians may reach a condition fit for citizenship."—[*The Washington Star.*

A LIVELY SATURDAY EVENING MEETING AT THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL.

The Saturday evening meetings of our school have long since been called "English-speaking Meetings," because they are held for the purpose of giving our pupils talks upon the merits of the English language and the importance of their becoming proficient in the use of the same as soon as possible.

Reports from the matron of the girls, the small boys and from the disciplinarian of the large boys, are usually read, showing the number of pupils who have spoken Indian during the week.

The rule to speak only English is not compulsory, although the observance of it is encouraged in every practicable way..

Capt. Pratt usually takes charge of these meetings, giving to the school such characteristic and inspirational talks as *must* echo on for years in the hearts and lives of his pupils.

On Saturday evening, the 17th of September, the order of exercises was somewhat changed.

After reading the 32nd Psalm to an audience of nearly 600 employees and pupils who caught the inspiration and were held in sympathetic silence, the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers" was announced and sung with unwonted zeal.

Then a prayer, short but intensely impressive, was offered, beseeching omnipotence to keep us ever moving onward and upward.

The reports upon Indian speaking and tobacco chewing and smoking were now read and commented upon, after which this year's motto, learned the previous Saturday evening—"In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread," was repeated by the whole school with a heartiness that showed strong co-operation in the truth of the sentiment.

Labor being the key-word to success, in response to the question as to what it meant, the school exclaimed:

. "Labor means health!"

"Labor means *wealth*!" they added.

"Labor conquers all things!" they shouted as though they felt the truth of every word of the sentence.

After a few words in regard to the tobacco report the Captain told of having seen upon one occasion a lot of Indian boys from a mission school standing on the banks of a river chewing tobacco and squirting the nasty juice from their mouths.

He asked if they were allowed to use tobacco in that school,and they responded, "Yes."

As "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," it was hard for him to reconcile their being taught Christian duties while at the same time they were permitted to indulge in such a nasty habit.

Here the Captain propounded the question, What is the best thing that could happen to the Indians aside from becoming Christians?

And here is where the order of the meeting changed. Instead of the Captain answering the question himself he called upon the school to answer.

He wanted to know our boys' and girls' thoughts upon a question so important to them.

"Anyone," he said.

The word had scarcely left his lips,when Robert Hamilton,a Piegan from Montana, was on his feet, and in a manly, impressive voice said:

"Emancipate the Indians from the reservation system."

This brought forth a round of applause almost deafening.

When silence reigned again, Benjamin Caswell, a Minnesota Chippewa, arose and said:

"Abolish the ration system."

Then Fred Big Horse, a Rosebud Sioux, thought:

"The Indians should be scattered among civilized people."

"Where did you get such an idea?" asked the Captain.

He had been out among industrious people and found from personal experience that it was a good thing, he said.

Then Miss Rosa Bourassa, (Class '90) a Chippewa, who has recently entered our employee force, arose and in all the dignity of her young womanhood, said:

"Keep the Indians away from their home surroundings."

"Why do you think such a thing would be good?" asked the Captain.

"I say what I feel, Captain," she responded.

Miss Rosa has had experiences which lead her to this conclusion.

"Everything thus far enumerated, would be as good for white people as for Indians, wouldn't it?" asked the Captain.

"It is good for *white* boys to be emancipated from their home reservation.

It is good for *white* boys to have their home rations abolished.

It is good for *white* boys to be scattered among civilized people.

It is good for *white* boys to be kept away from home surroundings, sometimes."

Then Chauncey Yellow Robe, a Sioux, arose and said:

"Let the educated Indians become citizens."

"Yes," said the Captain.

And Richard Davis, a Cheyenne, immediately took the floor and said:

"I have had the experience of being a citizen, and I believe in every Indian's becoming a citizen."

"Do you mean only educated Indians?" asked the Captain.

"I mean EVERY Indian," said Richard emphatically, "whether educated or not, for this reason. Indians are capable of paying taxes. I am a voting citizen and pay my taxes. My taxes this year amounted to 18 cents. (Prolonged applause and laughter.) In former years my tax has been four or five dollars, but I stood it and can stand more, etc."

"Think of it!" said the Captain. "Congress and half the so-called friends of the Indians are trying to keep them from paying taxes for twenty-five years, thus making a difference between them and the real citizen.

Now another.

Any other thought upon this subject?"

This brought William Denomie, a Chippewa, to his feet.

"Give equal rights to the Indians with the other people of the nation," was his sentiment.

And Captain interposed the idea that these statements were sledge-hammer thoughts worth preserving, every one of them.

Edward Marsden, of Alaska, then took the floor and with crystal clearness of expression and thought, impressing all present with the genuine nobility of his nature gave some Metlakatlah experiences.

He told how that when the British Government sent them surveyors, for the purpose of surveying for them a reservation, his people would not have it. And when later the Government sent an Agent to rule over his people, they "fired him."

He compared the placing of the Metlakatlah Indians on a reservation, now, after all these years of self-support and independence, to taking a full-grown man and placing him in a cradle to be fed on milk and nursed like a babe.

He said if the Government forced the reservation plan upon his people he would flee to Japan or China. He would go anywhere where he could stand on his own individual ground and be an independent man.

This speech was very enthusiastically applauded, and Captain thought that if the whole United States agency and reservation system were turned loose among the Metlakatlah Indians and fired, it would be a good thing.

Thus the entire evening was full of serious thought, sound suggestions, pleasant repartee and lively interest on the part of the pupils as well as others, and will long be remembered as the beginning evening of the school year of '92 and '93, for its wide-awake expression and energetic purpose. OB.

In speaking of the proficiency and speed of Indian workmen, our blacksmith Mr. Harris, cited the following to show quick and efficient work. A special order for wagons, different from any the school had ever built, was handed him. There was not one on hand. The axles, springs and other material were received the latter part of February. In March three wagons were turned into the paint-shop. During April, five, and the first week in May, two. The iron work was done by Wm. Baird and Jason Betzinez assisted by Belknap Fox and Lewis Caswell; and the boys worked half days, going to school the other half.

INDIAN GIRLS NOT AFRAID OF WORK.

Susie Henni, a little Pueblo girl writes in contrast with the account given elsewhere of the life her sisters lead at home and which she would in all probability be subjected to if she were there:

"Everything pleases me and I am always contented.

The people in the house are neat, nice and kind hearted. Their words are kind and pleasant, always making me think that I have the very best place of all the others.

I have a nice room, a comfortable bed, pictures on the walls, large looking-glass, carpet on the floor, a fancy small table covered with a very pretty cloth and then a book case filled with books. Sometimes I pick out one and read aloud to myself to see whether I have forgotten how to read.

Last Tuesday we went to the beach which is about twenty miles away from here. We started early in the morning before breakfast, had our breakfast on the way.

We got to the beach about nine o'clock, then we changed our clothes and put on old clothes.

The men dug clams. Two of the ladies picked them up in the baskets while the rest of us hunted shells and odd stones. At 12 o'clock they built a fire and boiled some clams. How many do you think I ate? The right number is 0, because I did not eat any.

After dinner the children and men had some fun in the water for awhile, we got things ready and started for home. We got home about nine o'clock in the evening. We enjoyed the ride as well as the water, and many other things I have enjoyed ever so much this summer, my work especially.

This is what I did on Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. ——— went to ———. The very first thing I did was to get breakfast. I washed the dishes and milk pails. I had bread to bake. I put it in the pans and placed it beside the stove. While it was rising I went and got some apples and made apple sauce,then I went to the barn for eggs and I made a Cottage pudding. By the time I made all those things the bread was light. Then I put it in the oven and went to husk corn for dinner. I began to fear that it was going to be a very late dinner so I walked around the faster,but at last I got the dinner before the clock struck twelve. After the dinner dishes were washed and put away, I got my pail of water, wiped up the pantry, dining-room and kitchen, put things to rights,then made the fire and made two kinds of cake I was told to make. I put the icing on them. After that was done I pressed Mrs. ——— 's dress out for her.

Now it was time for supper. I got the supper and while I was washing the supper dishes they got home and praised me for my work as ever. I sing and work. Singing makes my work easy, so I am happy and enjoy working. I was told that some of your boys and girls are going to the World' s Fair. Do you not think that some of us country folks deserve going to the Fair? The ones who never once grumble about their work this summer?

NOW THE PURPOSE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

In the report of the Senate committee on Indian affairs, made by Senator Platt, on the bill to ratify the agreement with the Cherokees in reference to the outlet, the committee state the following in reference to the five civilized tribes, which goes to show what they have in mind. "The anomalous condition of five separate, independent Indian governments within the government of the United States must soon, in the very nature of things, cease. The guarantees heretofore granted to Indian nations grew out of the policy adopted by the British Government and was maintained until 1871. Our whole policy of dealing with the Indians since that time has changed. It is now the purpose of the government to make them citizens as fast as possible and to wipe out all lines of distinction. It is evident that the day is rapidly approaching when the Indians constituting these independent governments must be absorbed and become a part of the United States."—[*Muscogee Phœnix.*

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

Rev. Hugh McKay, Missionary among the Indians in the British possessions of the North West, had a visit some days ago from an Indian who, on taking his departure, said:

"I have ten sacks of wheat at my house that I want you to have."

"What is the price to be?" said Mr. McKay, wary from long experience.

"Oh," said the man, "I do not want to sell it, I want to give it to you. Many a good meal have I and my wife had at your house and I am ashamed not to do anything for you in return. I want to give you the wheat."

Mr. McKay is rightly gratified by this as an evidence of the revolution which is being wrought in Indian ways of thinking. From being helped, the red man aims now at becoming a helper.—[*The Western Missionary.*

INDIAN TERRITORY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Indian Territory has been allotted space at the world's fair and will be allowed two commissioners and two alternates for the five civilized tribes. Just as are provided for the several states.—[*The Indian Arrow.*

A dispatch to the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* dated August 25, says:

The Attorney-General has given an opinion to the State Department that the Indian Territory is not entitled to representation on the World's Columbian Commission, as the President is authorized to appoint commissioners on the commission only from such Territories as are organized and have a political status under the acts of Congress. The Indian Territory, the Attorney-General holds, has no existence as a political organization.

CHEROKEES AHEAD!

The *Muscogee Phœnix* believes that the sentiment for allotment is doubtless more universal in the Cherokee Nation than in any of the five tribes and there is no question but that if put to the test to-day and a fair vote could be had the majority of Cherokee voters would ask that their lands be divided. If the popularity of the movement continues in the next two years as it has in the past, there can be no doubt but that the Cherokees will, at the end of that time if not before, ask for a survey of their domain and a partition of the same and the other nations will not be far behind.

WHERE COMBS ARE USELESS.

The Mojave Indians inhabit the Mojave desert, along the Colorado river in Arizona, a place which Sheridan characterized as a few degrees hotter than Dante's Inferno.

The Mojave's hair being particularly luxuriant and long, and unacquainted with brush or comb, gets very "lively" at times; but the tribe has a sure and simple recipe for expelling all intruders.

A pasty mush of clay and water is made: with this the head is saturated, the hair drawn full length above the head and then rolled up.

When the job is completed the hair stands up in full round pompadour from the face and is cemented by the mud in a hard mass, which kills the vermin, excludes heat and saves trouble in arranging the hair each day.

When the summer is ended the Mojaves soak their heads till the mass can be manipulated.

MORE LAND THAN HE NEEDS.

It is said that a person standing on the ruins of the old castle of Hawarden, near Gladstone's home, can see with the naked eye enough unused park land to furnish livelihood for perhaps 1,000,000 people. Most of this land is owned by the duke of Westminster, and only the rabbits that overrun it seem to get any advantage of it. Mr. Gladstone's own estate comprises several thousand acres of forest land untouched by any axe except that of the G. O. M. himself. It has been at times a favorite hunting preserve for Herbert Gladstone, who occasionally slaughters rabbits there.—*Ex.*

What a clamor there would be for this surplus land were it in the United States of America and the Grand Old Man an Indian Chief.

A COMPOSITION ON THE MUD-TURTLE, FROM NO. SEVEN SCHOOL-ROOM.

Yesterday our teacher brought a new scholar in the school-room. It was in a big paper box, and after a little while she took it out of its box and let it go in the room. It would not stay in one place but would run all over the room. But it could not speak or learn anything, so today she thought best to send it home. She knowed that it was lonesome here in school because there was nobody else of its tribe, but I must say that it did not cry like a good many others of its scholars do when they get lonesome or homesick. Now one boy took it down to the creek. I am sure it would have a long story to tell to its friends if it could talk.

INDIAN FOOD.

A missionary's description of bannock, which is an article of food used by the Canadian Indians, is that "it is a compound of water and flour and sometimes grease, but the two first are often the only constituents."

It is cooked in a frying-pan on the coals, is about an inch thick, and has about the color, toughness and general consistency of Faber's India rubber erasers.

As a matter of plain unvarnished fact, there are ex-missionaries, comparatively young men living in most of our large cities whose health has been ruined by a forced subsistence upon bannock.—[*Rupert's Land Gleaner.*

WITH WHAT JUDGMENT THE INDIAN SPENDS HIS MONEY!

The desire to outshine their neighbors is as fully developed among the Indians as it is among their white neighbors. Following the big payment a good many of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians bought carriages. In order to outdo his neighbors an old Indian purchased a hearse at Kingfisher, into which he loaded his family, driving back to his tepee in great state, envied by all his neighbors. —[*Chickasaw Chieftain.*

GENOA AND CHILOCCO IMPROVEMENTS.

Mr. Haskell of Lawrence, Kansas, the designer and architect of our new building, visited the school on Monday for the purpose of inspecting the new diningroom building. He seemed well pleased with it and now we may expect to get moved and settled in it before school begins in September. Mr. Haskell went from here to the Chilocco School, Ind. Ter., when he and Supt. Coppock will estimate for a nice large barn for the latter's school. —[*Pipe of Peace*, Genoa, Nebr.

TWO NOTABLE SATURDAYS.

On July 23rd Manitoba voted as to whether the Province would stand by free, unsectarian schools. The Government was sustained by a two-thirds majority. On the same day by about 15,000 popular majority the Province voted in favor of Prohibition of intoxicants. On July 30th the Privy Council in London decided that Manitoba may have free, unsectarian schools. The sun shines brighter than ever in Manitoba!!—[*The Western Missionary.*

INDIAN BANGS.

A distinguishable mark of the Pueblo Indian is the bang, and the Esquimaux men and women wear the same.

The difference between the bang of the above named people and that of the supposed fashionable young woman of to-day is that the Indian bang is a fringe of straight hair unfretted with hot irons and crimping pins.

AFRAID OF POLITICS.

The Indian Sentinel says: We believe the time has not yet arrived for the Cherokee people to take any part in the politics of the United States. We fear there is danger in our citizens organizing and taking sides with either the Democratic or Republican party. No one can foretell into the hands of which party our destiny as a people may fall.

ONE OF THE PRIVILEGES.

Under the recent decisions of the courts, it looks as if the Indians who have taken allotments are entitled to drink all the whiskey they please, as in his new status he is to be considered a citizen entitled to all the rights and privileges of a white man.

FROM GREEK TO CREEK.

Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, of Muscogee, Indian Territory, has been made a doctor of philosophy by the University of Ohio for translating the New Testament out of the Greek into the language of the Creek Indians.

Now that the Indians have become citizens and voters and presumably competent to hold office, they should be recognized accordingly. We would suggest the name of Hon. John Hubble Big Horse for school director in his district on the Washita. We understand that Hon. Mad Wolf and Hon. Afraid of His Horse will make the race for road overseer.—[*Arapahoe Arrow.*

A number of train robberries have occurred recently in the Indian Territory by a noted band of desperadoes known as the Dalton Brothers. They are outlaws of the boldest sort, murder and rapine follow in their train, and they seem to have taken possession of that land, no officers daring as yet to brave their haunts, but we do not hear them called savages.

An Indian boy, who went out to work for the summer entertains the correct view and points the way to the only solution of the question, when he says by letter:

"I havn't pick up my studies ever since came on, but the experience I think is the best teacher in the world. I have gained a great deal by experience."

The Kingfisher *Free Express* says that the Hon. Mr. Left Hand, one of the Cheyenne Chiefs, thinks that the Indians are mostly Republicans, and says that their votes will be divided one way or the other, according to the way they are treated by the Great Father or the white man's big chief, and is of the opinion that the Indian will always be guided in politics by self interest. Party lines will not hold them as they do a white man.

The Catholic Church at the Cheyenne River Agency, which was dedicated with so much pomp and ceremony on the 3rd of July, was completely demolished by a hurricane which passed over that Agency on the night of July 19th leaving not one timber on top of another. It was a most complete wreck.

The total Indian population of the Indian territory is 89,585; number of acres held by them, 39,199,550 or 3,437½ acres per capita. Quite a farm each Indian has in this favored country. Some of them in reality hold 10,000 acres, while others have only a "tom fuller" patch.—[*The Chickasha Express.*

It is estimated that the cotton crop of the Indian Territory this year will not be more than one half as large as last year owing to the greatly reduced acreage all over the land. But while the acreage of cotton has been diminished the acreage of corn and wheat has been greatly increased.

Considerable fine fruit comes here from county B on the east. Many of the Indian residents there have had bearing orchards for years and though they take but little if any care of trees after planting, they generally have an abundant crop of fruit, especially apples and peaches.—[*The Norman Transcript.*

A parent objects to his son living in a country home: "If you wanted him to be learned how he on farmer man I want you send back home C. B., because I don't want him on farmers man. I just as only learned how to write and speaks good English, also how to be like a business mans."

Volume V, No. 18, of the *Tahlequah Indian Arrow* appeared as a 16 page folio extra edition attractively illustrated. Among other pictures were portraits of noted Cherokees and a group of handsome Cherokee maidens, students of the Cherokee National Female Seminary.

An item is going the rounds of the territorial press to the effect that the Pottawatomie Indians are restless and want to move. There are no Pottawatomie Indians. There is a Pottawatomie tribe but it is made up of 1150 whites and 250 mixed bloods.—[*Chickasaw Chieftain.*

This week an old full-blood Indian of the first water came to town and brought with him a stalk of cotton with fifty-six bolls on it, and says he has ten acres just like it. The stalk was five feet high. How is that for Poor Lo?—[*The Indian Journal.*

There is a proposition among the inhabitants of the Indian Territory to organize statehood clubs which in connection with the newspapers who advocate statehood, it looks as though something in that direction was about to be accomplished.

All farmers, renters and residents of the Indian Territory are invited by the authorities in charge to the great fair to be held at Muscogee, Sept. 27. It will be a large assemblage of people representing nearly all the Indian tribes.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that General Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs "eloquently calls the Dawes Land in Severalty Bill of 1887, 'The Indian Charter of Liberty.' "

Hon. L. C. Perryman, chief of the Creek nation has recently recovered from a severe attack of illness.

MORE PUEBLO EXPERIENCES.

In keeping with the report of Dr. Dorchester, printed elsewhere is the following bit of experience concerning one of our very best boys who under good influences gave promise of being a strong man of principle. He was very young when he graduated and went home. It is very evident that evil influences are already at work to pull him down in the mud:

The letter is addressed to the boy's pastor in Carlisle. The writer who is a missionary, says: "We were surprised and much hurt here in regard to ——— ———. I talked to him about church matters and understood him to say that I should send for his letter. One of our teachers of his village told me he had said twice to her that he wanted his letter, but when the letter came he acted almost insolently about it. He said he did not ask to have it sent for and could do so himself when he wanted to. He said there were too many temptations here and that he could not resist them. That he might belong to the church but that he had to "do his please." That is, he meant to say that if he belonged to the church he could not be under any restraint. At least, I understood him to mean this.

Poor ——— ! If you could see him now you would see a different person from what you knew him to be. His parents were bitter against his being a member of the church here.

He is very friendly and attends meeting occasionally.

It is a sad fate, generally speaking that awaits the scholars when they return here from school.

The principle of reversion to type, as you know, is very strong. If our Government would break up their detestable tribal relations, and declare the Indians citizens, then it would be worth while to help them.

It is an outrage on common humanity to refine and educate Indian girls and then deliberately turn them over to a heathen Indian government to be forced back into a life of blackness and degradation.

It is to be hoped that some day the powers that be will do something better for the Indians than to merely vote a little money to educate them.

Liberty should be given these Indian youth to live decent virtuous lives if they want to; and if they don't want to live such lives they should be compelled to, the same as others.

A good joke on Gov. Seay comes from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe country, which he visited last week. While there he was called on by a delegation of thirty-five Cheyenne braves, whom he addressed at some length congratulating them upon having obtained citizenship and having all the rights and privileges that the white men had. While he was talking in his most eloquent manner an old brave interrupted by saying, "Ugh, invite um out to drink" at the same time pointing toward a saloon down the street. The governor turned cold, caught his breath three times and then sadly explained to the red brethren that congress had not yet accorded them the right to drink from the flowing bowl.—[*Chickasaw Enterprise.*

An Indian pupil whose advantages were very limited writes a bit of sad news in the following language: "My wife die last 8th of May 1892 she death for consumption, so bad for me losing my wife."

The Pottawatomie school building about to be erected at Tecumseh in the Indian Territory is to be one of the largest schools in that country.

It is said that the new Chickasaw legislature which convened in September 5th is composed almost exclusively of full bloods.

An Indian boy writes from his country home: "Every order I fill with the sweat of my brown hands."

Hon. James Wolf has been elected governor of the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory.

INDIANS WILL DO AS WELL IF GIVEN THE SAME OPPORTUNITIES AND ENCOURAGED IN THE SAME WAY.

Homes Found for 75,000 Boys.

Mr. B. W. Tice, Agent for the New York Children's Aid Society, in a recent address before the Nebraska State Reform School, at Kearney, published in the *Courier*, gives the key to the practical solution of the question what to do with the children of parents not able to educate or support their offspring.

He said to the large gathering of boys of the institution:

"I want to talk to you about some boys who were picked up from the streets of the great city of New York. Boys of unknown parentage; boys who might have gone wrong and otherwise would have done, had it not been for the society which I represent here, the Children's Aid Society of New York City. Boys that through our society were given an opportunity to amount to something; to make something of themselves; because they were placed by the agents of the society in good homes and among good people."

The conditions that exist on the reservations are quite similar to the following:

"Nearly forty years ago the streets of New York City were crowded with boys who had nothing to do. They depended principally for a living on what they could pick up on the streets. If they would see anything on the streets they wanted they would pick it up. If they were hungry and could not find it on the streets they would not hesitate to reach out their hand and take it from a stand or barrel. It was estimated that there were forty thousand of these boys tramping the streets of New York. If left to themselves and allowed to follow the bent of their own desires they would ultimately have become criminals. They were growing up in such a manner that would make them of the same class which fill the prisons today.

There was a man who believed that he could lift up these unfortunate ones, and time has demonstrated that he was right.

This man was Mr. C. Loring Brace.

Mr. Brace conceived the idea, that the best place for a boy who had no home was on the farm. So he put the boys in groups and placed them under the care of an agent who took them to the West and placed them in good homes among the better class of farmers. This move proved to be a wise one, and the results arising therefrom have proved that no better plan could have been thought of."

The same results would follow if the boy whose story here so graphically told, had been a little INDIAN boy.

"I know of one boy, he was a little Irish boy, who was so bad that nothing could be done with him.

He had been so bad and unruly that the agent had lost all confidence in him.

One day he came to the agent and said that he would like to be taken to the West with the other boys.

The agent told him it was no use; if he could not be a good boy in New York he could not be one in the West.

The boy said, 'Try me just this one time.'

So the agent was softened and concluded to try him just once.

He took him to a town in Illinois with a lot of other boys.

While they were all seated in the depot and talking together, a very fine, gentlemanly and business-like looking man came in and looked the boys over.

Finally he picked out this very boy and said he wanted to take him home.

The agent told him what kind of a boy he was, and said that he did not believe the man would want him. But the man was firm and said that he wanted that particular boy and that he knew he could manage him and make a man out of him.

So the boy was taken home by this farmer, and the very first thing the man did was to take him out into the field where a fine lot of little calves were running around.

He asked the boy if he did not think they were nice.

The boy said that he did, and then the man picked out one of the nicest in the lot and told him it was his.

The boy could not understand what this meant.

'What, my calf?' he said.

The man told him it was.

Next he took him into a large pen where there were a great many little pigs, and picked out one that was differently marked from the rest, (I suppose it had a white spot or something different than the balance) told him that it also was his.

The boy was more astonished than ever.

This was his first day on the farm, and he felt already as if he were in partnership with the man, and was really interested.

Well this boy stayed there and he became one ef the best boys around.

Do you think a boy will ever leave a place where he owns property and therefore has an interest in it?

Well this boy didn't.

He stayed there until he was twenty-three years of age, and a better boy, a better man could not be found in the county.

The man tried kindness and the boy showed his appreciation of it."

The most popular Indian way of managing the above boy would have been to encourage him, at the end of a few years, to go back to help purify the slums of New York City.

Another Grand Success in the Individualizing Process.

"Now I want to tell you about another boy.

He was so ugly and mean-looking that nobody wanted him.

He was taken west along with some other boys.

Not one of the people who called that day seemed to want him.

The agent said, 'John, nobody who has come in seems to want you. I don't want to take you back. It seems to me that you can start right out from here into the country and find a home. If you find a man who wants a hand ask him to try you. Go out on your own hook, John, and if you find a good home do your best and stay there.'

So the boy started.

He had traveled about seven miles when he came to a farm that was nicely kept.

Everything seemed to have a place and be in its place.

I suppose it was like your workshop which I was looking over this morning, every tool in its place, so if you want a spade, shovel or a trowel you know where to find it.

Anything like order attracts a boy, demands his attention.

He marched up to the door and knocked.

The owner of the place came to the door and asked him what was wanted.

The boy said he wanted to hire out as a hand.

The farmer looked at him and smiled.

The idea of a boy fourteen years of age wanting to hire out to a farmer as a hand, amused him.

He asked the boy what wages he wanted. His reply was, 'My board, washing and my clothes, and if I earn anything more I leave it with you to give me what you think I deserve.'

This pleased the farmer.

He was looking for just such a person, so he took the boy in.

That boy had a wise head.

He knew that he had struck one of the best homes to be found and stuck to it.

He could go to school but three or four months out of the year, but he studied hard and managed to keep at the head of his class.

I met a gentleman in the southern part of Nebraska not long ago who told me that this boy was now one of the best lawyers in the State of Indiana.

The people wanted him to run for Congress, but he was satisfied and said he preferred remaining at home practicing law."

Good Work and Good pay Will make Honest Citizens of Indians as Well as Others.

"Only about three weeks ago we received several letters from boys placed in homes. I simply want to mention these to show how a boy, no matter how low he has let himself sink, can, if he will, make something out of himself and grow up to be a man respected by all who know him; an honest citizen; a man of worth.

All that is necessary to make a man out of a boy is to keep him employed at some good work for some honest pay.

Here is one of these letters:

'I was placed near a small town with a farmer. I stayed with him a long time and found him to be a very fine man. I wanted to become a printer and so I asked him if I could go to work in the office of our home town. I was allowed to go and in a short time was a good compositor. Finally when I had mastered the trade so that I could earn good wages I went to other places. I would stay in one place long enough to understand the way their business was conducted, then go to another. In this way I understood the business pretty well. All this time I made the farmer's my home. At last I went to a large town, obtained employment and worked hard and faithfully. I was finally made foreman.'

This boy now has become owner and editor of this paper.

He thought 'two can live as well and as cheaply as one,' so he married.

He says, 'Years ago when I was in New York a wharf along North River was my sleeping-place; Washington market was my boarding-place; thieves were my constant companions; I had no where to lay my head; no food except as I picked it up; no one cared for me until you picked me up; my success in life is due to you.'

This boy succeeded by hard and diligent labor."

The Right Encouragement is all That is Necessary for Almost any Indian Boy to do as Well as the Following.

"Another one of our boys went to Minnesota.

He was placed in a home there some ten years ago.

He was a bright little fellow and as he says himself was the first one chosen from the lot of boys who were taken out on this trip.

He wanted to become a printer.

A good many of our boys want to become printers.

He went to work in a little town and after working a year and one-half became a good compositor

He made large wages, so large that after paying for his clothes and board he could send five dollars a week to the man with whom he first worked.

The man took the money and paid him ten per cent. interest for the use of it.

After working four years he had saved enough to permit of his going to Winnebago College.

He graduated and is now studying law. Not long ago we received one of the brightest letters I ever read from this boy."

75,000.

"Another boy writes. I don't know the name of the town where this boy lives. Our society has placed about seventy-five thousand boys in homes, so I know you will excuse me, boys, for not remembering all of the places. I cannot remember them all. I have placed one-hundred and fifty boys in Nebraska myself, and as many more in Missouri. I just placed eighteen in Missouri last week. This boy was placed in a good home in Indiana. He went to school and made up his mind to become a teacher. He went to a Normal school, took special lessons and graduated. After following teaching for some time he went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to study law. From here he returned to his native town, formed a partnership with one of the leading lawyers and a l fe partnership with an excellent young lady. He is now district attorney of that district."

With Good Management Indians Could Become Governors.

Management! Indians are now suffering from too much management. It is sensible *encouragement* they need. Mr. Tice's concluding story is a remarkable illustration of what the "outing system" does for the individual. He says:

"Next I am going to tell you about one particular party of boys.

Thirty-three years ago our society brought out a party of boys and placed them in homes near Noblesville, Indiana.

One of these boys was picked up by Mr. Brace as he was walking along the streets.

He was in the act of picking up a bone to eat.

He said he had nothing else to live on.

Think of it, boys, he was so hungry that he was glad to get a bone to eat.

No one took any interest in him.

Mr. Brace asked him if he would like to go to a good home.

The boy was willing to accept almost any proposition.

He was placed in an institution on Randall's Island, where boys were put for a time when first taken up.

You would think that he was a hard case, that nothing could be made out of him, but he was given a good home near Noblesville and he determined to make something out of himself.

He went to school and learned very rapidly.

Afterwards he was sent to Yale College, from which he graduated.

He wanted to show his gratitude to those who had thus befriended him.

He knew of no other way in which he could do this so well as by going to Alaska as a missionary to the Indians, so he went there.

He took great interest in his work there.

Finally President Arthur heard of him and helped him.

He is now third owner in a schooner, also largely interested in several of the mines, and is becoming not only a rich man but respected by all who know him.

In the same party was another boy who was picked up in New York City.

He improved his opportunities so well that he was soon able to teach a country school.

Then he became a clerk in a bank, after which he was made cashier.

Another boy who found employment with a hardware man, now owns the store and is a prominent commercial traveller.

Another Becomes a Governor.

A certain Irish boy was placed with a farmer.

Whenever he had any spare time he was around the rail-road stations.

Here he helped cheerfully without any pay.

At one time he was employed there with the station agent but hurt his hand and went back to school.

Then he graduated from a small college.

He next went to Minneapolis where he clerked in a dry goods store.

Then he went to North Dakota and became identified with a firm there as bookeeper in a bank.

Next he was cashier.

Then the people elected him county treasurer.

He held this office six years.

When the territory of Dakota was divided and admitted as States the people began looking around for a man to run the business of the State for them.

They wanted a man who could be trusted and who understood public business, and who should they pick out but this poor street boy, who is now the present Governor of North Dakota."

AN EYE OPENER.

The following crisp editorial in the *Muscogee Phœnix* shows up the affairs of the so-called five civilized tribes in a very different light from what they are viewed by the casual observer. The editor of the *Phœnix* says:

It seems to us that it would be a wise measure for the Indian legislators and influential men of our country, who profess so great an interest in the welfare of the full-bloods and poorer classes of citizens, to advocate measures looking toward a betterment of the condition of the poorer classes. It is a conceded fact that the full-blood Indians comprise the poorer class in this country. By some this fact is attributed to their supposed inherent slug-

gishness and inactivity—based on the theory that the genuine Indian is opposed to manual or mental work of any and all kinds and naturally lazy. By others, and correctly we think, the cause is believed to result from the coercive measures adopted by the half breeds and white Indians, who from superior tact and training in the white men's methods and ways, are enabled to push through council laws fostering monopolies and making possible all sorts of schemes and plans for extricating wealth from the many for the benefit of the few.

There are a class of Indian statesmen—smart men for the most part and usually men who derive revenue from the use of vast areas of Indian land or industries in Indian possessions—who always raise the howl, whenever a movement in advance is agitated, that the fullbloods can't stand it, that they are not competent to contend with the whites who, through superior knowledge and skill in trafficing would cheat them out of their rights. Now without attempting a refutation of this charge, might not the question be pertinently put, Is the fullblood element capable and competent to contend with that other element of his own people, the mixed bloods and the white Indians? Who holds the political power in this country to-day? Not the real Indians by any means. Who derives the revenue from these vast pastures, vast mining interests and feudal estates? Not the full blood Indian by a long ways. This fact is indisputable.

A cursory glance at the men who compose the national councils and fill the public offices, who compose the upper and wealthier class is conclusive evidence that the Anglo-Saxon is the element of supremacy in the Five Tribes. And so when we hear these self-styled Indians or these white citizens plead the cause of the full blood which is really the cause of advantage to themselves and their fellow monopolists, we are inclined to the belief that there are traitors in camp.

We are not espousing the cause of allotment nor statehood in this article, though either or both we honestly believe would benefit the genuine full blood Indian, whose country this is though they enjoy the advantages of it so little. This is an age of charities and we plead for the full blood Indian who in one sense is a stranger in his own land and against whom a portion of his own people, through the desire for gain, is turned.

THE DIVISION OF LAND MAY BE PAINFUL TO SOME BUT DIVISION MUST BE.

The feeling of a large portion of the best citizens of the Indian Territory upon the Land in Severalty question is fairly represented in the following bold and comprehensive onslaught upon the landlords in the oligarchy styled the five civilized nations:

The writer says in a letter to the *Indian Arrow*:

With that foresight characteristic of the Indian race, our fathers decreed that the lands of the Cherokee Nation should be held as common property. Unquestionably they acted from the purest motives, and that which time has proved to be a curse they doubtless fondly believed would be a blessing. Generous, honest and patriotic themselves it never occurred to their unsophistocated minds that anyone of their posterity would ever degenerate into a vile, avaricious wretch, who would willingly sacrifice honor, soul and country for self-aggrandizement. Our fathers blundered; but their mistake was of the head, and not of the heart, and we cannot justly cast a word of censure or reproach on their memories; yet their unfortunate decision laid the very foundation, upon which we are built, the chief calamities that now beset and threaten to overthrow our commonwealth with disaster and ruin. Under this communistic system have been generated and nourished swarms of vampires and flocks of cormorants, who have secretly absorbed, or openly devoured our substance until but little remains of our original heritage. Fifty years ago what would have been comparatively an easy task to divide our lands in severalty has become by our procrastination an intricate problem, a problem that becomes more and more complicated each day we delay its solution, and, as Mr. Wm. P. Boudinot has remarked, "something must be done *now*, in order to prevent the evil from becoming worse or fatal."

The temper of the nation resembles that of a man who had suffered from a dangerous malady, which has embittered his existence, but has at length made up his mind to submit to the surgeon's knife. He is apprised that the operation will be a painful one; he is fully aware that he will be somewhat disfigured; but he knows that for him to enjoy life with any degree of pleasure it is absolutely necessary, and that it is a waste of time to delay its execution. The manner in which our estate has been squandered is well calculated to strike the observant and reflecting mind with disgust and alarm. We admit that it will be difficult and perplexing, if not impossible to make an equitable division of our lands, but justly or unjustly it must be apportioned, and that at no distant day. It is the irrepressible issue, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will not down at our bidding. It is as inevitable as fate, and the man who attempts to delude the people into the belief that they will continue for all time to hold their lands in common, you may safely write down as either an ass or an knave. If this old patriarchal system of holding land is intrinsically perfect, why have not other nations who are centuries in advance of us in enlightenment, been eager and clamorous for its adoption? Who are in error, we or the world? Evidently, we occupy the same ground that the soldier did who claimed that the regiment was out of step, not he. But there is one class of our people—the monopolists—who, blinded by self-interest and utterly reckless of the public welfare, will contend to the last gasp that ours is a model government; even if proof to the contrary was piled up as high as Mount Everest; and who will bitterly denounce all the efforts to check their rapacity, contumacious, if not traitorous. This is the class who strenuously object to any discussion, or a truthful delineation of our national affairs. Unlike Oliver Cromwell, who said: "Do not leave out the scars and wrinkles on my face, but paint me just as I am," they are fond of depicting the Cherokee Nation as a beautiful, smiling maiden, despite the efforts of the discerning few who vainly strive to point out that her countenance is full of gloom and her brow replete with seams and corruption.

WM. H. DAVIS.

AN INDIAN WOMAN DOCTOR.

Where is the Man Physician, Black, Red, or White Who Could, or Would do These Things?

From an essay written by Dr. Susan LaFlesche, of the Omaha Agency, Nebraska, and read at the last anniversary held at the Hampton Normal Institute, Va., from which Institution she graduated in 1886, we clip the following interesting experiences. The writer knowing something of the author of the essay and having been on the Omaha reservation reviews with special interest and clearness the ground she describes:

Dr. LaFlesche says;

After I graduated at Hampton, in '86, I took a three years' course in the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. I graduated there in '89 and then took a four months' course in the Woman's Hospital.

Then I went to the Omaha Agency, which is in Nebraska, about sixty miles from the city of Omaha, to practice medicine among the people of my own tribe.

The practice of medicine among the Indians is very different from that among the whites. The Omaha reservation is thirty miles long and fifteen miles broad. My practice covers that extent of country. The roads are very bad and the Indians are scattered all over the reservation. I found I should have to do a great deal of traveling so I bought a horse, keeping it in the Government stables.

I had received the appointment from the Government of physician to the Government boarding school at the Agency. I began to work at the school, not supposing I should have much work outside it in the tribe. There was another physician there. But I found that I had most of his practice in three months' time, for I understood their language and they felt I was one of them, so I had the advantage. After he left I had all the tribe on my hands.

There are 1244 of the Omahas. They are now civilized living in farm houses built by themselves and have excellent farms. But they live at great distances apart. I was soon obliged to purchase a buggy and team, for the roads are so bad that a single horse cannot be driven in a wagon, and after trying for some time to go about on horseback, I broke so many bottles and thermometers that I had to give that up.

I will give you a report of my work for the last six months. Some days I have my hands full. Many drop into my office. I have a very comfortable office built by the Government. They come for many things besides medicine; for help in business matters or questions of law and advice in personal affairs. I have to take a hand in their politics too for they need help of all kinds from any one who can give it.

Last summer from July to August and September I had many patients. I went out visiting them every day, starting by seven or eight in the morning, driving six miles in one direction, and a great many more before getting back at noon. Then starting out again, it would often be eight or sometimes ten o'clock at night before I got back with my horses tired out.

Diseases among the Indians are different in some ways from what they are among whites. They are very apt to run into epidemics. For instance: one person will have sore eyes, and almost immediately every woman and child in the tribe will have the same trouble. Last fall a number had it, but I told them how to use separate basins and towels, and many were saved from it.

Then almost every one had winter colds, and then in December, January and February came the grippe. I was out every day through three months in all weathers. One Indian man came to me and said, "We are very grateful to you for coming to see us when we are sick, but we wish you wouldn't go out in stormy weather. It will be too much for you."

I told him I had to, for that was my duty, and he said no more.

I will give you as illustration one case that occured last winter.

Word came to me late one night that a young woman, a returned Hampton student, was very ill. She had had consumption for a year and had taken the grippe. I started early next morning, the mercury down to twenty degrees below zero, and drove six miles to her home. I found a one-room house; the whole family occupied it. The sick girl was lying in one corner of it, but the family had given up one quarter of the room to her. It was a pathetic sight, but no one at Hampton would need feel ashamed of that quarter of the room. Her bed had sheets and pillow-cases. Photographs of Hampton buildings and teachers were fastened thickly on the wall. A clock ticked on a shelf in the corner. The girl and everything in her quarter of the room were clean and neat as could be.

When I saw her I did not think she could live through the day. She looked up at me, but couldn't speak. I asked the family why I hadn't been sent for sooner. They said they could not send. Her husband could not leave her alone, as there was no one else to lift her and care for her, and the old mother was blind. After giving her stimulants, she revived enough to tell me about herself. She had had no food for four days. I left medicine for her, which was all I had with me.

Then I had to drive nine or ten miles across the reservation to see other patients, and could not get back to the school till five o'clock in the afternoon. Then I got a sled and drove back to her house, with two other Hampton students, taking with us milk, eggs and beef.

We cooked a meal for the family as well as for her, and stayed as long as we could. The girls who went with me were both teachers in the school and had to get back for their work. After that I went every day to see her as long as she lived; sometimes twice a day, often staying to cook a meal for the family. She lived two weeks.

As four persons were sick in my family at the time, I could not get there the day she died till too late to see her. They told me she had asked for me. The Hampton students I took out first to see her and other Hampton students did much for her comfort."

C. Y. ROBE, A YOUNG SIOUX, DESCRIBES HIS SOJOURN AT MR. MOODY'S SUMMER SCHOOL.

I will say just a word about the World's Students Conference. As you have already heard, it was on the invitation of Mr. Moody, to the students of all lands to hold the Seventh Annual World's Conference at Northfield, Mass., July 2nd to 13th.

There were large delegations from the American Colleges, other lands also being well represented. The total number of the delegates were 450 Christian young men, 130 different Institutions being represented.

The conference was in many respects a notable one, not the largest but a number of promiuent Christian workers from different countries were present and took an active part in its deliberations.

Though there were represented many nations and denominations, yet they met on one common platform, each eager to learn how he might better promote the cause of Christ among young men of all lands.

The object of this conference was to draw together the College men from different countries for the purpose of discussion and presenting the most important problems of the religious movements among the students and associations throughout the world.

It was a magnificent conference. It was full of business from the beginning to the end and was full of wonderful results; above all, I must say, it was full of the spirit of God's presence.

The Bible studies were held as usual this year and besides that we had the daily sermons and also the Young Men's Christian Association and the Missionary conference sessions held each day and in the afternoon of each day no sessions of the conference were held, but time was taken for recreations.

Northfield is one of the most beautiful spots in the old New England States. It is the native and present home of Mr. Moody, and from the place where Mr. Moody began his Christian culture until the present time, where two of his attractive Christian Institutions have been established, Mt. Hermon school for boys and the Ladies' Seminary.

I was glad to have the privilege of attending that grand gathering of Christian students and I shall never forget the brightest moments I have spent in that conference where I learned many things that I have never realized before.

I would say in conclusion, and I emphasize this thought and insist upon the active members in our Carlisle School association taking up as their motto this coming year, "The young men of Carlisle for Christ," and let each bend his efforts toward winning one or more for Christ this coming year.

C. Y. ROBE.

SCHOOL FACILITIES LACKING.

The influx of immigration to the Indian Territory is retarded to a great extent because of the lack of school facilities for the whites. This is indeed true and in consequence many desirable families are kept from our midst. The establishment of more schools whose doors open to white and Indian alike in this country would greatly benefit everybody.—[*Muscogee Phœnix.*

THE INDIANS ROAM AND THE MISSIONARIES FOLLOW

Vivid Picture of the Trials of the Prairie Missionary—Sound Doctrine Relative to Indian Lands and Annuity.

Rations and lands must go! or the Indians will never be civilized.

They won't work until they have to.

Many a white man wouldn't either.

The Indians still own thousands and thousands of acres of land that they have no use for but to roam over.

The pauperizing effects of the ration system has now almost ruined them.

But suppose that in due time more of their land is sold and the proceeds issued to them in government rations.

It will be the complete ruination of them.

Pay them in cash and the result will be worse, if possible.

Far better would it be for the Indians, if both their land and rations were now taken away without compensation,—*now* while they still retain a few sparks of robustness wherewith to rally to their new necessities.

But let the present system of government pauperization and systematic devitalization continue, and they will *never* muster the vigor necessary to self-support.

The Indians are now widely scattered, but to no good purpose.

They are not cultivating the soil.

Less land is under cultivation, on the Cheyenne reservation, now than several years ago.

The fields have everywhere gone to weeds; many so much so that they are almost re-covered by the original sod.

Thus far the famous "Land-in-severalty" arrangement amounts to little.

The result of one Indian having his abode far from another is simply that he travels more.

Indeed he spends most of his time on the road.

His cattle are decreasing and his horses increasing.

He acts upon the most petty excuses for making journeys to distant places.

And he makes a long visit at every place by the way where there is any thing to eat.

Stop the rations!

Make work absolutely necessary.

Then patiently show the Indian how to work.

Those who don't work may starve.

More will survive now than will be able to in a few years from now.

Sell all superfluous lands and devote the proceeds to industrial and Christian education.

The field is so large!

The Indians are so far between!

Most of the missionary's time is occupied in traveling, slowly dragging himself and frying pan over the sun-scorched, sage brushed, cactus-be-sprinkled plains.

What most people call *missionary work* comes in only incidentally.

The parched prairie and perpetually unclouded sun absorb all the missionary's juice of vitality, exhaust his patience and wither his ambition.

Leave camp at sun-rise.

Before that sun has marked noon the day will have seemed long enough for two.

Stop for mid-day lunch near a far sunken mud hole.

Picket your horses on ground that is baked so dry and hard as to bend the picket pin.

The poor animals nibble at the withered roots of what was called grass during the spring rainy season.

Their real food consists of that which your wagon has hauled into the desert and which you proceed to administer in the most economical manner.

Then you gather some willows from beside the mud hole and some fluid from the bottom of said hole and proceed to have some coffee.

That, with fried bacon and crackers, constitutes the chief of your diet.

You are dirty not only at extremities but clean into the skin of your back.

The skin is peeling off in rolls from your sore, red, sun-burned nose, ears and neck.

These are the conditions of life or rather existence on the "glorious prairie."

Late at night you find another mud hole to camp by.

But now the essence of molestation fills the air, a bloody scourge, ravenous, inexhaustible, insatiable, the unavoidable ubiquitous mosquito.

So you stagger about to prepare a camp, coffee, bacon, crackers, and perchance some fruit of the tin can.

Then you spread your blanket amid the cactuses and ail the bliss of sleep that you may have beneath that "beautiful starry sky" is what the mosquitoes allow you.

Day and night are chiefly distinguished by the different forms of misery they entail.

This much of missionary touring has probably brought you in the neighborhood of one or two Indians,—dirty, diseased creatures they are.

Now your missionary work!

A grand opportunity!

What can you do?

You are told that another day's journey will bring you to a multitude of Indians.

Your red skinned informant emphasizes his announcement with expanding eyes and spreading gestures.

If you are inexperienced you may actually expect to find a great number of Indians beyond the next range of gumbo buttes.

And thither you proceed according to the laborious shrivelling processes heretofore mentioned.

You climb the last bluff and look down upon the plain where the great Indian camp is reported to be.

Behold there are six or ten families!

A great multitude!

But that is the Indian's idea of a multitude.

Much scattered and a few left to scatter!

The Indians are so far apart that traveling and camping are the chief occupation.

"Land in severalty" means that the Indians have further to go to make their rounds of visiting.

Therefore they are on the go most all the time.

The visiting must be done of course.

They sojourn from house to house, moving as often as the locality is eaten out.

Meanwhile their small fields grow to weeds and since there is no game to pursue, the Indian hunts tipsina, (teepsena, a wild turnip.)

Thus the Indians contrive to roam and the missionary must follow.

F. B. R.
in *Word Carrier*.

AN INDIAN BOY ENJOYS THE PICNIC.

Luke Pequongay writes from his country home:

We had the most enjoyable time we ever had for many a days.

The Indian attendance was not very large, only I and Joseph Gordon.

There was a large party from this place, all young folks except the teachers and drivers.

From our Sunday School about nine o'clock in the morning, away we went to Trenton Park, with a great load of children. We cheered and cheered at the farmers as we went by the country. Singing and shouting was heard in different wagons. About ten o'clock we got to the park, and the teachers dismissed us to enjoy ourselves for the day. We all scattered around with happy hearts. Some went to see the museum where we saw two little monkeys scampering and running up and down their cages. We also saw some snakes and different kinds of foxes and rabbits, peacocks and wolves and a bear and some other little animals, which I will not tell about. Then we went up a kind of large building called the Mansion House where we enjoyed looking at the different kind of birds like Prof. Schurr has, only they are about three times as big. We went to the merry-go-round and had lots of fun. Joseph and I caught the rings; he caught two at a time and he also caught the silver ring.

About twelve o' clock the refreshments were served for the children. We all sat down and had our dinner of pies, cakes, chicken, butter, bread, eggs, peach, pear and apple sauces and some other elegant things. After dinner we played some kind of games. Some of the ladies played tennis. Joseph and I played croquet, and by the time we had enough of playing the band from Trenton came over and played very excellent tunes. In the evening we had some ice-cream and cake, and after we had enough we went away to Yardley singing as we went through the little villages and towns, and then we went to our different homes.

CONVERTS TO THE ALLOTMENT FAITH.

Every day new converts are being won to the allotment faith in this country and these converts come from the rank and file of the intelligent Indians throughout the country. It does not require much persuasion nor much argument to convince a fair minded and justice loving man that allotment of Indian lands is for the best of the Indians both individually and collectively. One noteworthy feature is that the young men (Indians by blood) who are growing up and being educated are almost unanimously in favor of allotment. They see and realize the complications that now surround their possessions and the difficulties and disputes that are always arising in reference to claims and improvements. They doubtless see also the marked injustice in a system of land tenure that enables or even permits one of their number to hold a vast number of acres for private use thereby curtailing legitimate rights of others. It is plain to all that with allotment will come redress for many grievances as well as an impetus for the young to strive hard to improve their farms. The allotment issue will from now on be a feature in political campaigns in the different nations and it will surely lead to success the party that advocates it at no distant day.—[*Muscogee Phœnix*.

PECULIARITIES OF THE ALASKA INDIAN.

Miss Alice Robertson, who in the early years of our school was an employee here, and since which time has been superintendent of an Indian girls' boarding school, at Muscogee, Indian Territory, the land of her birth and the field of her father's famous missionary work, has been recently travelling in Alaska. Her observations on the Indians found in that north country, published in the *Muscogee Phœnix*, can but prove interesting to our readers:

"I visited many of the ranches, so called I suppose because of the manner in which the native people herd together in them.

These ranches are strongly built square wooden houses. Wooden steps lead up to them. They are always built on the beach and are raised thus to be removed from danger from high tides.

A raised platform is all around the interior and here are ranged the beds of the numerous people who live in the ranch, sometimes as many as thirty or forty living in one of these partitionless houses.

They have no chimneys, but the large square in the centre which is surrounded by the platform is filled with gravel from the beach and on this the fire for cooking and heating is kindled, the smoke which is supposed to find its way out through a large opening in the roof, at times makes the ranches stifling.

I thought I had seen dirt and disorder but never had I seen anything to compare with these ranches.

Everywhere there was the strong odor of rancid fish oil.

They did not seem to me to be Indians at all but a mixture between the Esquimaux of the far north and the Japanese who were long ago cast away on these shores by the same Japan current which brings warmth to this coast.

They are short of stature and heavy of build and so many of them are bent and bowed with rheumatism that there seems something uncanny about them.

The women instead of painting their faces plaster them thickly with a charcoal paste which added to the effect of the "labaret" of silver or bone which the married women thrust through the lower lip, makes them simply hideous.

We saw a few young half breed girls that were nice looking but none that were really pretty.

The striking feature at Wrangell is the totem poles, great logs of cedar upon which the family pedigree is carved in grotesque figures of beasts and birds and fishes, reminding one of the "clans" of Indian Territory Indians. These totems stand in front of the houses of the richer Indians and are very highly prized by their fortunate possessors.

The natives live upon fish and game almost entirely, varying this diet with seaweed and berries which they dry and preserve in fish oil.

Their food supplies must be obtained during the summer because of the almost perpetual night of the winter.

In one of the ranches I went into I ate some of the food that was the sole dinner of a mother and her children.

I say I ate it, I should say that I rashly took it into my mouth and tho' I quickly spit it out, for days I seemed constantly to taste the nauseous fish oil that was its chief component.

These Alaska natives are very clever in their own peculiar manufactures. They make baskets that are exquisite in texture, coloring and design and they weave mats of cedar bark that are very pretty.

Their silver work is exceedingly attractive, and indeed the collection of enticing bric-a-brac becomes a fever with almost all Alaska tourists.

The natives are very shrewd dealers and no amount of bargaining can induce them to change the price fixed upon their wares."

THE MISSION INDIANS TO EXHIBIT.

Mrs. Flora Kimball visited the Indian schools at the Mission, Monday, to make arrangements for an exhibit of school work at the World's Fair. There are in the school sixty-three girls and forty-one boys, well trained, and their exhibit of rare needlework and other school work will be an interesting feature of the county's display.—[*National City Record*, Calif.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

Quite a number of the Dakotas have requested that we print a part of this paper in the Sioux language; after due consideration of the case, it would be best to try and make it useful in the English language; because so many of the young people can read and speak the English so well, anything of importance can be readily communicated to the older members who have not had the opportunities to gain knowledge as the children of today.—[*Good Will Press*, S. D.

THE INDIANS SEE IT.

At a picnic in the Indian Territory not long since, a good looking INDIAN while talking to a group of white men, suddenly stood erect and looking thoughtfully over the vast crowd of pale faces present, made the following remark: "A few years ago a white man was a curiosity in this country but times have changed until an Indian is a curiosity. This is now a white man's country and the only thing left for us to do now is to allot our lands and settle down to farming."—[*Chickasaw Chieftain*.

The Catholics are building a large Church at Eufaula, Indian Territory.

A new coal vein has been struck in the Eastern part of the Indian Territory. The coal is of superior quality, and we suspect just the kind the white man wants.

When on the Indian's foot the shoe
And not the moccasin is worn,
First there's discomfort; squeezed of toes;
Then comes the Indian corn.

—*Ex.*