The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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"Our relations with the Indians impose upon us great responsibilities we cannot escape. Humanity and consistency require us to treat them with forbearance and in our dealings with them to honestly and considerately regard their rights and interests.

"Every effort should be made to lead them through the paths of civilization and education to self-supporting and independent citizenship. In the meantime, as the nation's wards, they should be promptly defended against the cupidity of designing men and shielded from every influence or temptation that retards their advancement."

—FROM PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS, Mar. 4, '93.

ONLY A GLAMOUR.

In these later times we are hearing much about the diversity of characteristics, location, etc., of the different Indian tribes, and the constant assertion is made that these diversities make the Indian question a very complicated one, requiring that each separate characteristic and that each separate location should have distinctive treatment in accordance with the separate characteristic and locality. These assertions are announced as coming from great experience in Indian matters. They have the glamour of plausibility, but it is only glamour. The fact is that Indians everywhere need good, honest, fair treatment as men, like all other men. They should be allowed to work for a living, like other men and that would give health, strength, and confidence, and they should be allowed liberty, like other men, and that would arouse their ambition to use it aright and would bring about individuality and the desertion of bad localities and the locating in good localities. They should be allowed the benefits of laws the same as other men, not laws specially for Indians, but a share in the laws which govern all other men where they may be located or where they may locate. The Indian should never be a specialty anywhere either for church or state uses. If the church is unable to apply to the fullest extent its doctrine of the "brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God" and makes the Indian a specialty, an offshoot, a community unto himself, it fails in its essential first duty, and if the government cannot grant full rights of citizenship, opportunity and liberty, to go and come, and to engage in legitimate occupations it fails in the exercise of its proper functions. What the Indian needs is not to be treated as an Indian but to be treated as a man and a citizen and then he will show himself a man and a citizen.

SUSAN LONGSTRETH.

Very rarely has the Apostolic injunction "*not to be weary in well doing*," been more faithfully and fully exemplified than in the lives of the sisters Mary Anna and Susan Longstreth of Philadelphia, whose active benevolence and efforts for the well being of others ended only with their lives. Gifted as they both were with superior mental endowments, surrounded with a large circle of devoted relatives and friends and fulfilling completely all the home duties of a refined and hospitable household, they were ever alive to the claims of suffering humanity, and particularly so when presented on behalf of the two peculiarly dependent races of our country, the Negro and the Indian.

It is in connection with efforts for the welfare of the Indians that the zeal and devotion of Susan Longstreth will be particularly remembered, and in this field she is preeminently entitled to be known as the "Indians' friend."

About the year 1869 or 1870, when what is known as General Grant's Peace Policy of dealing with the Indians was being inaugurated and a certain share in administering the affairs of agencies in the Indian Territory was assigned to the Society of Friends, the ladies of that body organized in Philadelphia an aid society which was a powerful auxiliary in carrying on the work designed to be done. This society proved to be a field that especially appealed to the large-hearted benevolence and executive ability of Susan Longstreth, for while many others were active and efficient helpers, Susan Longstreth seemed to be the embodiment of the society in one person. To her the workers in the field were wont to appeal when any great need was made apparent that could be supplied only with outside help: to her they reported alike their trials and successes, and whether the acquaintance were personal or not, all were made to feel that they had in her a friend and co-worker.

To very many teachers and others among the Indians who never saw her, her word of counsel and material help continued year after year, and the reception of thoughtful presents in useful educational appliances, or other needed articles not found among the Government supplies demonstrated her goodness of heart and liberality and caused her name to stand as a synonym of wisest benevolence. It was, however, in connection with the Indian School at Carlisle, established in 1879, that the last years of Susan Longstreth's life were particularly associated. Thoroughly interested as she was in her work for the Indians at a long range, the opportunity that came when the Indians at a hopeful age became almost neighbors to her, seemed peculiarly acceptable and from the day of its establishment Carlisle had a firm supporter in Susan Longstreth. This interest was shown by a visit to the school immediately after the arrival of the first party of children, when she was accompanied by one of her former pupils, and she then began a system of giving large help which continued until death. Her next visit a few months later happened at the same time that Spotted Tail, Red Cloud and other prominent chiefs were at the school, and a photograph is still extant showing the sisters Longstreth flanked by the friendly chiefs. She made other visits in which each step forward of the school was carefully noted by her and the system of industrial training in particular approved and aided. Neither was it only by her own presence and purse that the new enterprise was aided; through her, others were interested, and as her zeal was always guided by discretion many strong friends to the school were raised up through her influence. To hear of the steady growth in numbers and influence of the school, to show to her visitors specimens of work by the students and other encouraging results, seemed to give her the greatest satisfaction. Her correspondence with the superintendent and other officers of the school was large and most helpful.

Susan Longstreth's last visit to Carlisle was on the occasion of the commencement exercises in 1889, when she was the honored guest of the occasion and the recipient in fullest terms of the thanks of the government in an eloquent speech by the then Secretary of the Interior, General Noble.

As the superintendent of the school from its inception to the present time, I find it impossible to place on record in language too strong, my appreciation of the support given me by the never-failing sympathy as well as generosity of Miss Longstreth. That a thing was *right and ought to be*, was to her a sufficient warrant for it *to be*, and before her calm and assured method of attack difficulties would vanish and the apparently impossible appear perfectly practicable. To Carlisle, faculty and students alike, the name of Susan Longstreth stands for the good and noble.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG.

Some Personal Reminiscences.

BY HELEN W. LUDLOW.

General Armstrong told me once, and recently for the first time made the statement in print himself—in our record of Hampton's "Twenty-two Years' Work"—that the first idea of the solution of the race problem by industrial education and self-help—in all essential points the Hampton of to-day—came to him like a revelation, almost a vision, on a night, at the close of the war, when, on the wheelhouse of a transport, he watched the sun set and the stars come out over the Gulf of Mexico, while his black regiment camped down for the night on the deck below him. He said that, months after, as he rode on horseback into what are now the Hampton school grounds, to take command of the "Department of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands," established here under the Freedmen's Bureau (in which he had charge of ten counties in Virginia, to look after schools, settle claims, stop Government rations to contrabands, as he did without disturbance on a given day, provide them work or passes home, and reconstruct affairs generally)—as he rode into these grounds the ideal which had passed out of his mind took possession of him again, with the added impression that on this spot that ideal might be worked out. The "vision" had a solid basis of earnest thought, clear perception, and insight.

How faith, philanthropy, and "sanctified common sense" have turned that insight into fact I need not here relate. He was still under thirty when he took charge of the work which he had conceived, suggested, and planned on principles so far in advance of then prevailing notions that only his own push carried the day for his "experiment," yet so sound that his first report to his original Board of Trustees (on which shine the names of Dr. Mark Hopkins and James A. Garfield) was repeated verbatim in his report twenty years later as being still as complete a statement as could be made of the fundamental ideas on which the school is still developing.

Visitors to Hampton in those early days were apt to take our courtly, gray-haired Treasurer, General Marshall, for the Principal at first. "What! that young man General Armstrong!" they would exclaim, looking about with astonishment at the even then striking evidences of great accomplishment.

While the ever-growing burden of work and responsibility brought the lines and hues of age all too soon, General Armstrong was always a young man in freshness, enthusiasm, vigor, promptness, cheerfulness. He had a boy's heart for spirited, playful enjoyment of life. After a tremendous day's work, to dash off on horseback or in his sailboat, or a game of bean-bags or puss-in-the-corner with the "missionaries," was in order. I have heard the old sides of the "Butler Schoolhouse" ring with "inextinguishable laughter" at a frolic led by our two veteran Generals, while the "music" for the "grand right and left" was furnished by the clapping hands of a venerable "orthodox" clergyman, an ex-college president, and a prominent business man, member of the Society of Friends.

To provide an element of brightness in working life was not merely his impulse but his wisdom, part of his knowledge of and power over human nature. "What's the use of being a missionary if you don't get some fun out of it?" was his playful invitation to an hour's recreation. "One sweetly solemn thought comes to them o'er and o'er," was his irresistibly apt reply to an inquiry as to what certain estimable workers with narrower views of duty did to amuse themselves. No one could resist the contagion of his playfulness any more than the inspiration of his zeal. Every one knew that he was the hardest worker on the place, and that he would give up any personal enjoyment or convenience at a moment's call of the School's work or for the benefit of any "one of these little ones." General Marshall told me once of his having stripped the blankets from his own bed to send to a student who had arrived when the school was short of such supplies.

As a typical example of his prompt action in emergencies — which always seemed to kindle every power into fresh life—I recall the memorable night when "Academic Hall," our recitation building, was burned, in November, 1879. When all had been saved that could be, as we sat after mid-night on the steps of General's house, watching in sheer exhaustion the grand finale of the doomed building spouting geysers of flame from every window, he organized us into a "teachers' meeting" to plan for classrooms; giving up every possible corner of his own house for the purpose, arranging every detail so that but one school day was lost. Then, turning to the chaplain, he said, "This writes our text for the Northern meetings."

In nothing was his common sense more uncommon than in the tact with which he could adapt himself to different sorts of people; disarming prejudice by not unnecessarily antagonizing it, seeking for points of union instead of points of difference, and all with an honesty that lifted it above the level of mere policy. Fairness was the habit of his mind. He told me long ago that an early reading of Charles Reade's story, "Put Yourself in His Place," had been of lifelong value to him in suggestion of the true way to study human nature, forecast its action, and judge it fairly. Honesty was a natural concomitant of his fair-mindedness. The business and record books and the doors of the School were at all times open for inspection. He courted fair criticism and drew the fire of opposition, believing

it the wisest as well as the right way. I think you will call this equally a part of his common sense.

Another rare power of his very practical nature—unsuspected by many because there was seldom need for it—was that of simply dropping any plan or purpose that proved unfeasible, without wasting any disappointment or sentiment on it; something as if a cannon-ball could change its course in mid-air, and, seeing it could not hit what it started for, go for something else and hit that.

But, as we all know, it did not stop for obstacles that others might think impenetrable.

I do not remember to have ever seen the General more annoyed and disgusted than by finding that some one had said that he had made Hampton a "one-man power," which would collapse when he died. Perhaps the discovery increased the systematic effort which we all knew he had long before instituted to make every department of the work independent of any one life.

There was not a particle of "cant" in his make-up. His religion was "something more than can be talked about"—it was lived, and every one near him felt its reality. His faith in God and abiding sense of His leading was intensely real. Long ago he said to me that success had never seemed to him the joy of life. He often spoke with what seemed a tender jealousy for those who had nobly tried but failed. "Io Victis" was a favorite poem of his. What "the joy of life" was to him is best told in his own words in a letter to his own and the School's venerable and beloved friend and benefactor, the late Miss Anna Longstreth, of Philadelphia:

"How little what is called success amounts to! It is not peace: it is nothing to the smile of a loving Father. How surely we find that all that is satisfying is in the relation of a child to a Father above!"

How he showed his faith by his works, Hampton tells.

And his faith was not what some one calls "perpendicular faith" only, but it was also "horizontal." It went out to mankind as well as up to God. He had faith in people. The students were put on their honor; as far as possible the school discipline is conducted by themselves. While every department of the school has had the benefit of his eye and hand, every teacher and worker in it has felt a wholesome degree of freedom to work out his own methods. It was for years the General's habit to ask for a yearly letter from every teacher, officer, and head of an industrial department, and from the more advanced students, to suggest any improvement or call attention to any defect in his department or any other in the school. His faith in one was inspiring. After a talk with him, you not only—as has been well said—"felt like pitching in for philanthropy for all you were worth," but that you could do whatever untried deed he asked of you in its name—whether it were to address an audience, write a report to Congress, or plan a hospital.

He did not stint his benevolence. He was always the ready, largest contributor to any of the cases of special need that came before us, while the kind, practical advice he was ever ready to give was often of value above silver and gold. From the earliest days of the School he urged the students to mission work for those about them, started them off to visit the poor in the almshouse and cabins and the prisoners in the jail, and went himself; and taught them kindness to animals. He liked a horse and a dog. His Newfoundland's picture adorned his desk after the old dog's death, but finding that some one, with kind intentions, had saved the handsome pelt for a rug for him, he ordered it buried in Fred's grave, declaring, "If a dog has any rights, he has a right to take his skin with him to his happy hunting-ground."

General Armstrong's old Hawaiian friends and army comrades were cherished with the warmest enthusiam. I remember how much he thought of an ink-stand made and sent him by one of the men who had served under him. On every Decoration Day the graves of those of his command who lie in the National Cemetery here were tenderly honored by his own and his children's hands.

His personal relations with our students were interrupted by the increasing burden of the School support, but he made a point of knowing the Seniors at least—taking a class in Dr. Hopkins' "Outline Study of Man" when he was at home for some weeks; meeting them in his own house, and taking charge of evening prayers and the Sunday evening service when he could. His practical, uplifting talks have been the acknowledged inspiration of many of their lives. More than one "young Hampton"—of which Mr. Booker Washington's work at Tuskegee, Alabama, is the most shining example—has grown from seed sown by his hand in the characters he has influenced. Some vigorous, homely illustration or maxim of his new or old—has lived in the memory and guided the life; as his favorite story of the woodchuck, who was "a clever beast, but there was one thing he couldn't do—he couldn't climb a tree. But the dogs were after him, and so—he *couldn't* but he *did*." Many were proud to declare themselves "Hampton cats," because the General had told them that he wanted every Hampton student to be ready for emergencies in life—as a cat, if she must fall, falls on her feet. One wrote: "I have always got on well with people by following the advice the General gave us—'If you ever come across some one who thinks he knows it all, treat him as if he did, and let him go.' "

He frequently wrote personal letters to the graduates, visited their schools, sent an annual circular-letter to them, established a "department of graduates' correspondence and supply of reading-matter" and an Alumni Association, invited them to our anniversaries, remembered them in prayer, and in every way followed their course with helpful interest—doing similar work for our returned Indian students. Proud indeed were our boys, this last year, of his decision to take direct command of their battalion; one exclaiming, somewhat ambiguously but with loyal intent, "I'd be willing to take a zero from *him!*" One could understand it who had ever heard the General give a public reprimand to a student. However severe, it always ended with a word of encouragement that put the delinquent on his feet and pointed him to the way out and up from his trouble. Even in these last burdened years he took time to visit the class-rooms and hold department teachers' meetings. The Whittier School children were not left out. He had a special gift for talking to the little ones, and enjoyed drawing out their quaint replies. In one of his last talks to our students before he left for his Hawaiian trip, he said, in substance: "Don't think that what makes this work great is its bigness. It is not when I see all these big buildings that I feel glad and feel that the work is a success, but it is when I see or hear that you boys and girls are good and earnest, making the most of your chance, and when I know that you go out from here and do the work that your people need—do God's work in the world." Hope founded on faith was the inspiration of his work of love. His whole energies were for the constructive, not the destructive; for the practical rather than the theoretical. If he believed there was no hope to be found or to be made for a project, he would not waste time or sentiment on it. His advice to the students—backed by his own constant example—was, "Look up and not down. Don't whine over grievances, but go to work. Look at tendencies. Some things are bad—but aren't they better and can't you help make them so?

It remains only for me to speak of the last few months of the General's life with us.

He came on March 17 from the South (Summerville, S. C.), where he had spent most of the winter, considerably improved in some respects, especially in power of distinct speech. He put his ability to use at once for the benefit of the school, giving the students Sunday evening talks which they will never forget. In the last but one of these (April 15) he said: "You think it a fine thing to belong to the 'Grand Army of the Republic.' Yes, so it is; but the greatest of all is to belong to the Grand Army of God's workers. Any of you can belong to that, as so many of Hampton's students have."

The example of our General in that service is his best gift to those for whom he has given his life.

He presided at Faculty meetings, visited the different departments of the school, attended to business, and wrote his twenty-fifth annual report, which will be found as clear and vigorous a paper as he has ever prepared.

He was greatly interested in the naval rendezvous, and made arrangements for all the school to see it, and took great pleasure in his own sail round the fleet, even taking the School choir out to serenade the ships with National songs and plantation melodies. The morning the fleet left, he went in a carriage to Old Point and watched the grand procession of vessels from the balcony of the lighthouse with intense interest and pleasure. It was his last glorious sight of this world before his own bark "put out to sea."

On the night of the 25th he was attacked with a return of the heart symptoms—distress for breath; nothing of paralysis—from which he had three or four times suffered since his disablement. On the night of Saturday, the 29th, he was thought to be dying, but rallied wonderderfully, and his physicians could but watch for what would result, though with little hope. But the paroxysms returned, and remedies gave only temporary relief.

He gradually failed in strength, and, though without acute pain, suffered so much of distress for breath that he felt the end had come, and longed to depart to that which is "far better." He said repeatedly; "I am through with this world. I have finished my work. I want to go." In waking moments his mind was perfectly clear to the last. The end came suddenly at five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, May 11.—[*Christian Union.*

SPEECH BY CHAUNCEY YELLOW ROBE, BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS AT CHICAGO.

Mrs. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad that circumstances enable me to be present upon this occasion. And as I look about at this large gathering of distinguished people, it is a great inspiration to think that we are assembled here in the interests of common humanity.

Four centuries ago Christopher Columbus came to our shores and discovered this new world, thus opening our land to civilization and Christianity, and, at the same time, giving to us natives the name of Indians, by which we have since been known. Had it not been for the faith, courage and success of this daring navigator of Genoa, Italy, I would scarcely be found in a gathering like this here tonight.

I am here representing a problem which was discovered with the new world, and each succeeding generation since that time has had to confront it. But none has offered a satisfactory solution, and today it continues to claim the attention of both church and state.

"What shall be done with the Indians?" is a question that cannot wait four hundred years longer before it is settled. It will have to find a solution with this present generation, if it is ever settled. We have arrived at the point where it must be met, now or never.

It has always seemed strange to us Indians, that you should consider our cause so difficult to handle. Within the last decade many millions of emigrants have landed in America. Some have come from the depths of European degradation, yet these have become assimilated, are part of our country's life blood, while the Indian who has always lived here, still remains an outcast among you and is regarded as unworthy even a trial of your confidence.

Why is it, that foreigners rise so rapidly and the Indian remains ever the same? The reason is not far to seek. When foreigners land upon our shores, they are accorded a welcome in every portion of this grand free country. You would consider it a dangerous system, if all the Germans, speaking one certain dialect, were compelled to locate in one small district by themselves; all the Swedes in another district by themselves; all the Poles in another, and the Italians in still another.

Very soon we would find within our borders, a German Empire, a Swedish kingdom, a Polish principality and an Italian monarchy, each speaking its own language and seeking to perpetuate its native form of government.

But such conditions are rendered impossible, owing to the fact that each is allowed to locate where he chooses; and the consequence is, that the German, the Swede, the Pole and the Italian soon becomes lost in the influences surrounding him and becomes American, because he is forced to speak the English language, observe American customs and submit to American laws.

But what has been the policy pursued with reference to the Indian? The doors of civilization have been closed to him.

President Cleveland said in his last Inaugural address in regard to Indians, "Every effort should be made to lead them through the paths of civilization and education to self-supporting and independent citizenship." I believe these words hold the key to the Indian problem of today.

But how are we to be led into the paths of civilization, if our ankles remain bound by the chains of the United States law to the reservation system. Take away these fetters, loosen our feet that we may enjoy the soil of free men. Let us go forth to earn our bread by the sweat of our face. Some may starve, but all who are fit to live will remain. The Indian must soon stop being a pauper, if he is ever to become an independent man. Let us strike out into the broad waters of civilization, where we can measure our strength with the masses, and we will reach the shores of citizenship as quickly as the Germans, the Swedes, or the Poles.

You may urge that schools have been established upon the various reservations, for the purpose of educating and uplifting the Indians. I admit that reservation schools are better than having no educational advantages at all, but they fall far short of accomplishing that which we most need to free us from the reservation system. Each tribe is compelled to remain a separate, compact body, within narrow confines of the reservations, separated from the progressive, throbbing life of the outside world.

The Indian does not learn the English language because he never comes into contact with the English speaking people. The tribal habits and customs are bound to be perpetuated because he is never brought into touch with any influence that suggests improvement. Idleness and drunkenness are fostered in that the Indians are clothed and fed and receive large payment of money for which they have no legitimate use. Under these circumstances, is it any wonder that they remain Indians, while the foreigners are readily transformed in American citizens?

The Indians will never be led "through the paths of civilization and education," if the school he attends is placed at the door of the tepee. What he most needs is to get beyond the atmosphere of the reservation. We shall have to cut loose from the old life, if we are ever to put on the new.

When I left the reservation in South Dakota, I had positive knowledge of some of my tribal brothers, who attended the reservation schools, and there are none who have been able to rise above their surroundings and attain to an independent manhood. Break up the reservations, abolish the rations ystem, make our education compulsory, and the conditions for making men will then be more favorable then if every reservation had a dozen schools within its limits.

I believe that compulsory education is the best policy for the Indians. That

will lead them into "the paths of civilization and education, to self-support." Thus they will build up a better manhood and womanhood.

Dear friends, it is for us to feel most deeply and trust to God with a careful consideration of this difficult question in our day, that the time may soon come when the Red Man will have equal rights with the white man, and that we can live together, under one great brotherhood, one law, one God, and that we will be recognized and be respected as a man among men everywhere.

SPEECH BY DELOS LONE WOLF, OF THE KIOWA TRIBE.

Our hope is in the young Indian people. If they are to lead they must be trained beyond the apprentice stage before they can be expected to do valuable work toward building up the new world.

If half taught and penniless they go into a country where no further training such as they require is to be had, and where the work needed to be done is beyond their abilities and resources, they are out of harmony with their surroundings and must in some way change these or yield to them. It requires long and broad experience, and more than five years of schooling, to make an independent and self-supporting citizen out of any man.

To complete their education and make it result in manhood and womanhood worthy of themselves and typical of the best of any race the Indians must have civilized surrounding. Their school education must be supplemented as that of the white children is, by the influence of enlightened homes, communities, churches, schools and workshops and the spirit of enterprise, of intelligence, of industry should be in the very air they breathe.

This I say because my short stay in the midst of such influences enables me to see the results. Some few hundreds of the Indians who are thus scattered among the whites show that they are learning much faster than they that remain together in the school.

These Indian children scattered throughout the different eastern towns and counties of Pennsylvania, living in the homes of white people, going to school with their children, playing with them in hours of leisure are bringing about mutual interests and kindly regard which buries the bow, arrows, scalping knife and tomahawk, without hope of resurrection. The few months in the homes of white people prove their quick eyes and ears and docility and make them acceptable and often lays foundation for lasting friendship. While thus learning the demands of civilized life, they are at the same time learning the civilized ways of meeting these demands, for the Carlisle Indians in Pennsylvania have in the last few years earned many thousands of dollars and every year now the "out pupils" earn over $20,000. Could there be a more forcible argument for opening your industries to Indians?

Some of these "out pupils" go to the public schools while they are with white people, and so earning less in money gain more in other ways. The "Outing System" of Carlisle, long established, is every year more successful in introducing Indians into civilized homes, in giving them habits and tastes for civilized life caught only from contact. It also makes the whites like instead of fear them and points out to the American people interested in the Indian work a way in which they can be of use. If the public schools of Pennsylvania have for years successfully received Indian pupils, every year adding an increased number, why should not the public schools in other states do likewise?

The Government in its efforts for the civilization of the Indians calls upon Christian people to supplement its work and bring to bear their individual power and influence, for the Government must of necessity work more or less on them in masses.

This system would make all over the country opportunities for people interested in the work to give personal influence and aid. There are now on the reservations thousands of Indian youth waiting for school facilities. Why need these wait for their education until they grow up another generation of untrained Indians and thus make the work more difficult? Why not choose the best from those already in school, push them out into the public and other schools and fill their places in the Indian schools with those thousands that are still waiting on the reservations?

Throw around the young Indians now those mighty influences which school alone can never give. Let them be among you like other young people and share your advantages. Some of you may say, is it right to fill our schools with Indians and crowd our own children out? I answer: there is no danger of crowding your children out, because there would be only one or two Indians in a part of your schools. With the country full of public schools, why not try this? If Carlisle succeeds so well as a base from which they are sent out into the towns and the country and the public schools, why may there not be such supervision established in other states? The children pay their own way by their own work, and thus the "outing system" makes it not only the best but the most economical way to surely settle the Indian problem.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF JOHN SANBORN, GROSVENTRE, AT HIS COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Even though heaven bountifully lengthen out my life to behold the close of this generation, this day shall be one stored away in the depths of my mind and soul. The memory of your faces shall be a resorting place of happiness throughout my life; and it is with sorrow today that I step out from under this roof, where I have been associated with you boys and girls as schoolmates, friends and companions.

But I will not dwell too long upon the common clouds of life, but will turn to some of its more perfect days. I have acquired some of your ways, and by hard laborious tasks have wrought in my mind the knowledge of some of your books; and the worthy examples of your characters have lifted me a round higher upon the ascending ladder of life as men have risen before. Even nations have grown little by little. And as nations become more strengthened by wisdom, the more they strengthen the chain of brotherly love.

It is just so with my people, the former monarchs of this continent. They also are being linked in the chain of love, friendship and knowledge. Instead of fleeing before the white man's sword, they are learning to use skilfully the mightiest of weapons, "the pen." Instead of building the same old wigwam, the model of which was known to their forefathers hundreds of years ago, they are learning to erect buildings after the manner of their civic friends.

As long as the Indians were kept in ignorance, it proved to be a stain upon the nation's honor, a blot upon the name of freedom, and a blight upon the fair name of this great liberty and justice loving people, whose interests in humanity's cause are unbounded. But our ingenious Uncle Sam has patented a medicine that is healing the wound that has tortured my race from its infancy to its present age, viz., Education.

Look at the Carlisle School for instance; an institution built up for the purpose of educating the Indians, for the purpose of making them men that will be able to take their places in this great civilized government, and become self-sustaining and law-abiding citizens.

When Capt. Pratt took those Apache prisoners and brought them into the state of Pennsylvania, not to bind them in chains, but to show them the ways of the white man and letting them partake of the outspread substance of education—thus creating within them a noble strength to follow the new paths that wind so difficultly in this busy nineteenth century—then was laid the foundation which is lifting the red man out of the dark abyss of ignorance into the light of heaven.

The Indian now living and yet to be born can never fully requite this great and good man and his able assistants for what they have done in behalf of my people. The Carlisle Indian School is the foundation upon which the great monument of Indian disenthrallment is being erected.

Now, dear friends, I have spoken of my race. I have pictured it to you to the best of my knowledge the early dawn which is bringing the joy of a new life to the soul of the Red Man. I have spoken for my people. I will now speak for myself.

To compare my mind of three years ago to my mind today is like comparing an infant to a grown man. From toward the setting sun, or the last hiding place of my people, I was permitted to come east to the Carlisle School, and there for the first time beheld that wonderful instrument of education and its glorious work, and it is with pleasure that I look back and see that mountain of ignorance gradually growing smaller; I see light where once all seemed darkness.

Now, dear friends, I have spoken for myself. I have related to you to the best of my knowledge, how I came to know what little I know. With you, my schoolmates, it is a different thing; you do not have any of those difficulties to confront. Education is a man-made development created by your own father and you grow under its discipline. Therefore you should be thankful and devote all of your energies to building higher and still higher on the foundation constructed by your own forefathers so many centuries ago, and built steadily upward "step by step" till the present day. For as Longfellow has so aptly said in that beautiful poem to be found in one of our text-books:

"All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme—
Truly shape and fashion these
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen."

And now ladies and gentleman and fellow-students, I will close. To our visitors we tender our thanks. You have kindly put aside your labors of today to come and look upon our efforts towards entertainment. Although your anxious eyes and listening ears may not have been greeted with your anticipated pleasures of our literary knowledge and energy—yet we hope you have been fairly well entertained and that when you go hence, you will carry with you the best wishes for those who have tried their best to bring up an occasion of entertainment for you.

And now, fellow students and classmates, we must unbind those intricate knots of love tied by our own living hearts and minds. I feel both happy and sad—happy when I recall the pleasure which I have enjoyed in your society, for I came among you as a stranger, and you extended to me the hand of friendship. You have been left to judge my shortcomings, but you seconded my good efforts and kindly overlooked my faults. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for your favors! I go hence with many regrets, and will hold dear, wherever my lot may be cast, your kind and generous treatment.

And last, but not least, I will attempt to thank our teacher, for I as well as all of us owe to her a debt of gratitude. She has labored hard and effectively for our good. She has borne patiently the burden thrust upon her. We have not always appreciated her self-sacrificing devotion for our good and we have often been troublesome where we should have been helpful. We have felt aggrieved because she exacted perfect lessons, and would make us recite over and over those things which we thought we had done sufficiently. We can see now that what seemed to us a sufficiency of knowledge was only a glimmering speck, while she wished us for our own good, to know everything possible about the subjects.

But soon, or perhaps a little too soon, we shall all be students of a hard and relentless teacher, whose lessons whether learned right or wrong, shape our destinies accordingly. It is "experience." Yes, experience is a teacher with whom every one must contend—may she deal gently with you.

To you, fellow students, I must bid farewell as schoolmates.

THE OUTING SYSTEM, BY AN OUTING BOY.

Barring the broken English and accepting the sentiment of the following, we have the well-studied thought of one of our most earnest young men upon a subject of vital interest to him. He says in writing to Capt. Pratt:

DEAR SIR:

In obedience to outing rules, I have the honor to compose and address this, my first monthly letter, which should be the second; but owing to the first experience I did not exactly understand how to execute your rules, but I shall now write you a double letter.

I have studied the outing system up very carefully and thoroughly. I have consulted other boys about their country homes and their answers are very favorable.

There were some serious doubts which had been in my mind for some time; and I have even sacrificed them to an investigation, by personal inquiry among my new neighbors. The informations I received are promising in all respects best.

So therefore I have found the whole system to be a very wise provision.

These ideas born out of my own judgment and the experience I have already gained.

Naturally it is a thing which must be done to be appreciated.

The outing advantage is a steel wedge; I mean by this, it will split and extinguish the tribal relationship of the various tribes of Indians.

It is an entrance to self-supporting and independent citizenship.

There is no better educator than the outing system, in the line of civilization.

It is the grandest educational system ever organized on the face of this continent for the promotion and welfare of the Indians.

It is a spur, which will waken and actuate the red man to drudgery.

It is a fact, it is a qualifier in all things and "Jack of-all-trades."

I am forcibly impressed that the outing advantage is the chief factor in civilizing the red race.

The outing advantage is a source of social and commercial intercourse with civilized people—above all it will destroy the inherited laziness of young Indian generation.

The outing advantage is like a piece of machinery; its motion cannot be understood until it is personally tested.

So it is, we cannot realize its value until we take a bath in it.

Our civilization will be accomplished rapidly or slowly, in proportion to the facilities given us to engage in individual pursuits that will bring us in contact and competition with the whites.

The respect that is shown to me by my lord (employer) and his wife is exceedingly encourging and from this standpoint, I judge that the people in such a community like this, have not the spirit of exercising selfishness.

The requirements of my lord are obedience, diligence, punctuality and veracity.

When a boy does these four requirements, most certainly he is to be respected higher than his white fellow associates; such is the sentiment of the people.

Outing system is also an advantage to whites, to educate them in regard to the capability of Indian youth.

When I was at school, I used to have more time than money to transact my personal affairs, but such is now reversed; but by exercising economy, all the leisure moments are to be improved into something useful and more value than rambling about at nights.

I would ask you, why not stimulate the multiplication of boys who are fortunate to enjoy the opportunities given them, by

expelling the tribal Indians from various reservations?

My lord said to me, "This neighborhood is full of white trash and I was thoroughly disgusted with such men and I thought I'd better get an Indian, whom I can depend upon."

I asked him how did you know you could get an Indian whom to depend upon?

He replied, "My neighbors those who have had Indians told me so and I have found it to be so in many instances." He added, "The Indians, no use talking, are good workers."

I cannot in justice to my feelings permit your benevolent labors to terminate, even partially, without offering some expression of my sincere gratitude to the opportunity and privilege for inspiring my heart with that spirit of kindness of which I have been lucky enough to enjoy. I thank you abundantly for the chance you have given me.

Everything goes on here like an eight day clock. I had more to say, but I have not time to express them.

With sentiments of cherished remembrances and the most affectionate Christian regard, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

R. J. H.

VISIT IN ASIA.

A Sketch Drawn From an Oral Lesson in Geography by Julia James, Oneida—No. 6.

Few years ago several of my friends gathered a party to go and visit in Japan which we have been told so much of. One early part of the week we start from here went westward of the United States until we came to San Francisco on the Pacific coast. We then took the Ocean steamer for Japan. The first time we had ever sailed on the Pacific.

We all had an idea that Pacific was the largest of all the oceans, but after we were sailing we found out that how large it is when we saw with our own eyes. Because for a day or two we had not even seen no land or houses as we did when we first came away from San Francisco harbor.

After we have sailed about almost three weeks, I began thinking, that maybe we shall never reach the land any more. I felt very discouraged. But I had in my mint that if any one goes right straight to what they are at, they will get to where they want to go. So as our steamer was going on and on day after day, I knew that we shall soon come to Japan.

A few days after we came close enough, so as to see the mountain called Fujijama, of which Japanese take such interest with. It was so beautiful that we couldn't turn our eyes away for a long distance. The only mountains which we have seen is here in the United States. Which they are not so beautiful.

But you need not think that I like only the mountains in Japan, because I am interested these mountains in our country. We soon came to Yokohama the principle seaport of Japan. I then found out that Japan is very much like our country, having plenty of rain, and not being too warm or too cold; so that they can raise some crops.

West of China are high mountains which its tops are covered with snow. Besides we saw more people in that country than we ever did before. So many people that what little land they have, they work at it well and make crops very useful. Even on the hill side and mountain sides are well cultivated. Which some people here would think is no use.

But Chinese build stone walls to hold the soil. We were astonished when we saw these things look like a broad stairs. The Chinese watered the plants by hands so as to make their crops grow valuable.

And on the rivers they are gardens floating; they make these gardens by putting earth on rafts, and floor of timber, and little houses built which the people live and go about from place to place floating along with their gardens. So you can see the Chinese got ahead of you in this part, for you can take your gardens with you when you go traveling.

Japanese and Chinese raise almost the same, their productions are rice, cotton, mulberry, wheat and tea; they also raise the best kind of tea.

Chinese and Japanese have old and interesting cities. Beking, which is in China are high, strong wall around it, and the gates are guarded during the days, and barred at night, and so no enemy can come in to destroy them. They are also beautiful gardens, brooks and hills.

The Chinese and Japanese are yellowish color. But they live in far better manner than any other nation. I can tell you all but I hope to describe for you some more in future.

"INDIAN NEVER FORGETS."

Our school having this year been favored with a visit from the valiant wife and attractive little daughter of John Henry Kilbuck of Alaskan Missionary fame, the following account, true to life, from the pen of Stanley Jordan in the *Youth's Companion* is doubly interesting to us and will be to our readers:

Gillelemend or Kilbuck, the famous sachem of the Delaware Indians, was born early in the last century among the blue hills of Pennsylvania, at Lehigh Gap, where the picturesque Lehigh River cuts through the mountains on its way to join the Delaware at Easton. The following incident in his life is vouched for by direct living descendants of the principal actors.

When the expedition under the British General Braddock set out in 1755, to attack the French and allied Indians near Fort Pitt, where the city of Pittsburg now stands, Colonel William Henry, from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was attached to Washington's brigade of Colonial troops.

Colonel Henry was a manufacturer of firearms at Lancaster, and was regarded as a valuable acquisition to the force because of his expert knowledge.

Every one knows the sad ending of the expedition, the overwhelming defeat of Braddock, his own death, and the loss of most of his force.

The Delaware Indians, led by the noted Kilbuck, had espoused the French cause under the belief that they would regain their land, which they accused the British of having sequestered. As the battle progressed Kilbuck became detached from his band, and fell into the hands of the English. They were about to despatch him with their bayonets when Colonel Henry came to the rescue, and saved the already badly wounded chief by most heroic efforts and appeals.

After all was over and the remnant of the little army was retreating toward the settlements, the wounded Kilbuck called Henry to his side.

"You saved my life," he said, grasping the officer's hand, and added, "Indian never forgets."

He insisted upon an exchange of name, than which, according to the Indian code, no greater distinction can be conferred upon a friend.

They never met afterward. Kilbuck was released, and retired with his little band to Gnadenhutten, in Ohio, then a wilderness. Henry resumed the manufacture of arms. During the Revolutionary War he was assistant commissary general of Pennsylvania. He subsequently served in the Continental Congress.

In 1774, nineteen years after the events just related, the Indian, William Henry Kilbuck, as he now called himself, made a visit to the East. He was growing old and wanted to gaze once more on his birthplace among the hills of his native state.

When he reached Lancaster his first inquiry was for Colonel Henry, who was absent, but his son William Henry, Jr., met Kilbuck, who made himself known, and related with expressions of the deepest gratitude the story of his rescue.

In 1797 the same William Henry, Jr., was appointed by the United States Government on a commission to survey public lands in Ohio, in the vicinity of Gnadenhutten. When the Indians learned that young Henry was of the party, Kilbuck's descendants sought him out.

Three months were spent in the woods by the party, during which time the Indians brought in game, and were in many ways attentive to their white friends. It was ascertained at the time that every member of Kilbuck's family, both male and female, had "Henry" as a middle name.

Two years later, in 1799, a party of thirty Delawares on their way to the seat of government to seek redress, stopped at Lancaster to pay their respects to the Henry family. The heroic act of Colonel Henry had become a household story among them, and was cherished as a sacred and never-to-be-forgotten memory.

We must now make a leap from 1799 to 1873, when a Delaware Indian boy, of full blood, was brought from Kansas and entered as a pupil at a boarding-school in Pennsylvania. His name was John Henry Kilbuck, a great-great-grandson of Gillelemend or Kilbuck, chief of the Delawares. He remained at school nearly five years, and then became a student of theology.

After graduating he entered the service of the church as a missionary, and at the present time is doing splendid work among the Indians of Alaska.

Such were the fidelity and tenacity with which Kilbuck adhered to the memory of his friend, that he taught his children and grand children to revere it. Although one hundred and thirty-seven years have passed since Colonel Henry rescued Kilbuck, the tradition has been kept alive by the great-great-grandson.

Gillelemend was an ideal Indian, a veritable "Chingachgook," such as Cooper has immortalized in his "Last of the Mohicans," and like the latter, he was a Delaware.

INDIAN GIRLS' WORK.

While the Indians in the Wild West show are arranging their tepees to their perfect satisfaction and bestowing occasional "Hows" on talkative visitors, there is being prepared in the gallery of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building an exhibit which, although it is the work of their people, is of a totally different character. This is the display of the Indian School of Carlisle, Pa. It is naturally varied in character, ranging all the way from the printed rules of the school to the articles made by the pupils.

To most visitors it is the handicrafts section that will prove of greatest interest, and if they chance to be women they will of course turn from the cases where harnesses and shoes made by the boys are displayed to those where all manner of feminine trifles are placed together with the photographs of the Indian girls whose work they are.

The most ambitious articles in the exhibit of woman's work are two dresses displayed on the somewhat angular figures of two sweetly smiling wooden women. One of these was made by Delia Randall, a 20-year-old girl of the Bannock tribe, the other by Nettie Fremont, who is 19 and an Omaha.

The first is an elaborate creation in ecru nun's veiling made with enough ruffles and tucks to wear out the patience of an ordinary dressmaker. The sleeves are full in accordance with prevailing modes and the bodice is really extremely well finished.

Miss Fremont's dress is severely tailor-made. The material is blue serge and the costume is not only well finished but it has the business-like air that is the great essential of a successful tailor-made gown.

Among the other articles of dress that have been made by Indian girls with more than creditable neatness are bed slippers crocheted in warm, red wools by Nellie Carey, an Apache girl, undergarments and a child's dress of pink lawn trimmed with ruffles of lace made by Sylvania Cooper, a Crow Indian, 18 years of age.

In fancy work and painted china there is a large representation, and whatever pangs people of romantic tendencies may experience at the thought of the daughters of terror-inspiring Apache chiefs painting daisies on placques and learning the "draw stitch," they will be forced to admit that so far as the specimens of their handicraft are concerned they show as distinct an aptitude for adopting the frills of civilization as their white sisters.

Elizabeth Sickles, 20 years old and an Oneida, contributed an embroidered sachet; Susie Davenport, a Chippewa, a doily in drawn work; Laura Long, a Wyandotte, a centerpiece embroidered with violets and love-knots; Rosa Bourassa, a Chippewa, a large knitted afghan. Rosa is, by the way, an exceptionally bright girl. She has for some time been one of the teachers in the school, and has recently taken the civil service examination in Washington.

A sofa cushion much embroidered and frilled is exhibited by Sarah Archiquette, an Oneida. The only article which has about it a touch of the untamed savage is contributed by an Arapahoe girl. This is a pair of tiny beaded moccasins evidently intended for a baby's feet.

The photographs of the students which accompany the exhibit make an interesting study. They are for the most part intelligent looking faces, occasionally something even better.

The pupils at the school are said by A. J. Standing, the Assistant Superintendent, who is in charge of the exhibit, to be generally bright and teachable.—[*Chicago Tribune.*

THE EDUCATION OF THE INDIAN.

At the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., there is published a little monthly that usually contains much of interest to those who pay any attention to the work of Indian education and the efforts to bring the aborigines to civilization, progress and success. The mechanical work upon the paper is done by the scholars, and many of its articles are from their pens and show the gratifying progress that they are making in education and fitness to meet Caucasians on even terms in the struggle of life. But apart from this fact the paper is of interest because of its reflection of the conviction of the superintendent and managers of the school.

It appears to be the view of these persons—and their opinions are founded on singularly large and varied opportunities for study and observation—that the true objects to be sought in Indian education are the cultivation of individual ability and accountability and the breaking up of the tribes by fitting the young Indians upon equal terms and without the need of asking favor to enter upon the pursuits of white men and women. For that reason the influences that tend to keep up the tribal distinctions are without reservation condemned, and the schools at the agencies held not to be useful except so far as they go to prepare the students to go out into the public and other schools of the country and to associate with the people and not merely the members of their own race and tribes.

In advising the individual scholars of the school the same idea is borne in mind. The current number of the paper speaks particularly of the case of one young woman. This girl was educated as a trained nurse. Upon completing her studies it was urged upon her that she should return to the reservation to give her people there the benefit of her training and capacity for good work. This was not, however, the advice that she received at Carlisle. There she was told that the true path to the advancement of her race was the progress of individuals. She has stayed in the East. She is practising her business in competition with white women, and she has no need to ask for consideration on the score of her race and ancestry. She has had steady employment, has been making from $15 to $25 a week, and, besides giving liberal aid to her relatives, has saved several hundred dollars and is constantly forming acquaintanceship and associations that promise to extend her usefulness and her business success.

This counsel upon which she acted should receive more general attention than is now given to it. Certainly if the Indian is ever going to become civilized and self-

supporting he will some day have to enter upon competition with whites on their own ground. There is no reason why those who, by education and ability, are fitted to meet such a test, should be fettered and held back waiting for all their race to come up to the same mark. The Carlisle people seem to make no mistake when they say that the influences that labor to keep the Indians together in masses are the real and greatest enemies the Indians have to contend with in their efforts to gain independent, self-supporting manhood and citizenship.—[*News*, Newark, N. J.

INDIAN EMIGRATION.

The RED MAN is a paper published at the Carlisle Indian school under the direction of Captain Pratt, whose name is so familiar in connection with the effort to educate and civilize the Indians. A recent issue of this paper contains the following:

"What we need is a growing system of emigration from the tribes into our American life, and every dollar of government money spent upon the Indians that does not help in this direction is misspent and harmful to the Indians themselves."

This is in line with the policy which Captain Pratt has so often advocated. He thinks that the only practicable way to civilize the Indians is to place them in the midst of the white population and surround them with civilizing influences. If this were done they would gradually become civilized, just as immigrants from Europe become Americanized in consequence of their residence among Americans.

Emigration from the tribes into white communities would work out this reform. But how is it to be brought about? Captain Pratt is doing something in that way by placing the pupils of the Carlisle school among white families and especially upon farms. But this is merely a drop in the bucket. In comparison with the thousands of Indians who reside upon reservations, the few boys and girls who attend the school at Carlisle amount to almost nothing. It seems to be next to impossible, however, to accomplish anything in any other way. The old Indians cannot be persuaded to leave their tribes, and if they were to do so they would be unable to maintain themselves.

It seems that the only thing to do is to multiply schools on the Carlisle plan. People are apt to fall into the error of thinking that all that is needed in order to civilize the Indians of the rising generation is to send them to school. But that would not suffice. The boys and girls might be taught to read and write and yet they might make very little progress in civilization. A full examination of this phase of the subject shows that reservation schools alone can be of but little value. What is wanted more than instruction in the rudiments of an English education is the atmosphere of civilization.

The pupils who attend a reservation school are usually surrounded by an atmosphere of barbarism, and what they learn of civilization is to be compared to what American children learn of a foreign language by studying it in the public schools. Every one knows that the average American boy learns very little German in the public schools, and that after leaving school he soon forgets the little he has learnt. But send the same boy to Germany and let him live there four years, and he will acquire a mastery of the language. The Indian boys should not only be taught to read and write, but they should also be taken entirely away from the influence of the uncivilized Indians. —[*Denver Republican.*

You can do what you please with the Indians—you can enact laws for their government, and you can provide for their educational advantages; but, as sure as holy writ, nothing will bring them to a state of civilization so quick as statehood for the whole Indian Territory and allotment. It's inevitable; it must and shall come—if not in this, perhaps in the next year.—[*Territorial Topic.*

INDIANS: PAUPERS OR CAPITALISTS?

A great many people regard them as capitalists. They say that the Indians have surrendered vast tracts of land which were their rightful possessions. In consideration of these lands surrendered, the United States Government has made treaties with the Indians, thereby agreeing to provide them with food and clothing. This is regarded as a fair and equal recompense for what the Indian have surrendered. The Indians have supposedly sold half of the North American Continent to the United States Government. The Government does not pay spot cash for this. That would exhaust our finances. No, the Government has an indefinite length of time in which to make the payment, so long as any Indians may be living. Thus the Indians have untold sums invested. The United States Government is paying interest by rations and annuities. The Indians are capitalists and the whites borrowers. That's the logic of what plenty of Indian-wise folks say.

Now come down to good sense! The Indians are paupers, and the United States Government is systematically furthering their pauperization—thus: By treaty stipulations the Government is under financial obligations to the Indians, has agreed to *pay* them for land. The agreement has been made with full formality as though Indians were entirely capable of being thus treated with. Then does the Government proceed straightforwardly to *pay* the Indians? No, not by any means! The Government now very inconsistently denies all that it has before assumed and pronounces the Indians children and not capable of receiving the pay. So the Government comes down from its treaty-making pedestal and ministers to the Indians with a spoon instead of a purse. Much is spilled before the spoon reaches the Indian, but simply the matter of there being a spoon is all that we have in consideration at this writing. It would not be wise to "pay" the Indians with cash, so the Government kindly volunteers to relieve the Indian from the arduous labors and responsibilities of marketing. The Indian should be profoundly grateful to the Government for this market service. Or so it seems to most folks.

Now from the Indian's point of view how is it? To the Indian the United States Government is known as the Great Father. And that Great Father provides food and clothing, always will provide it, not furnishing it for value received, but *giving* it gratuitously. That's the Indian's view of life. Your idealism about an Indian capitalists stated in realism means an aborigine pauper supported on Government pap.—[*F. B. Riggs, in Word Carrier.*

SAVING THE INDIAN.

The opportunity of hearing a full blooded Indian speak in public is, in Omaha at least, seldom afforded. It was therefore not surprising that the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association should be well filled with people yesterday afternoon by the announcement that Rev. C. G. Sterling, assisted by Levi Levering, an Omaha Indian, would tell of missionary work among the Red men.

Rev. Sterling is a missionary who has devoted five years of his life among the Sioux Indians to the work of converting them to Christianity, and his address consisted mainly of an historical account of missionary work among that particular tribe.

Levi Levering, a young man 23 years of age, who began his education at Carlisle, Pa., and who is now studying at Bellevue college with the ultimate purpose of becoming a minister, spoke of the earliest missionary work in America, and said his own tribe showed considerable advancement. It contained two Indian lawyers and an Indian physician who was graduated from Philadelphia college. The Indians were a liberal class, and all in his tribe over 18 years of age were self-supporting. The remarks, though somewhat disconnected, were forcibly expressed and induced the thought that the speaker would accomplish much good in his chosen work.—[*Omaha Bee.*

A KINDLY INTEREST IN HIS INDIAN BOY.

The following extract from a letter written by one of our farm patrons depicts the kind of spirit prevalent among the class of patrons having our pupils with them as helpers:

The writer says;

"Our boy has sufficient ability to make a good showing in the future if he can muster sufficient patience to form, stick to and carry to completion a purpose.

We like him very much, and discourage vagaries, by pointing out to him his ultimate gains in following the course laid out by your institution.

He sometimes seems to yearn for the flesh-pots of Milk River. His cousin going west sometime ago seemed to depress him.

We are using every effort to make it pleasant for him, and draw his attention away from his former ways, or rather draw comparisons between the present conditions which exist among the recently established reservations and those where civilized influences have been at work for a number of years, and what by education will be brought about in the reservations in the North West, its possibilities and his position there in case he hews to the line.

He has no difficulty in comprehending all these things and admires the rosy prospect, and I hope he will make a herculean effort."

CANADIAN INDIANS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The *Western Missionary*, published at Winnepeg, says:

The government of Canada has a high reputation to maintain in its management of Indian affairs. Ever since the freighters in the sixties on their way from St. Paul to the Red River settlement, used to nail up a little British flag over the carts and secure protection by it as they passed through the debateable land of Minnesota, it has been the custom to praise the management of Indian affairs by the Canadian Government in comparison with the methods of the United States authorities. It is not our place to stop here to enquire if the Britishers have always acted wisely and well and if the "Long Knives" have been guilty of all the deception and wrong charged against them. But it is in point to note that the World's Fair is to furnish an opportunity for each nation to show the best of what it is doing for its Indian wards. The Canadian government is making considerable preparation for a display under the auspices of the Indian Department and the exhibit will be comprised very largely of work such as is being done at the various denominational schools. Besides the writing, map drawing and kindergarten work which is more or less common to all the schools, the Industrial department will be well to the front with sewing, knitting and weaving, straw and basket plaiting, blacksmith and carpenter work. A number of pupils will be taken to Chicago in relays for several weeks at a time and the methods of teaching will be exhibited before the visitors.

Indian agents will soon be a thing of the past. Yet we fear that in many instances with the Indian, he will fare much worse than while under the agent's care. There are Indians, more or less, in nearly every tribe, who do not know how to take care of themselves, and look after their own interests. We feel great sympathy for the full-blood Indian who cannot comprehend white man's ways. If there ever was a time that the Indian really needed a friend, it is now, as he is about to change his way of living in every respect. —[*The Indian Moccasin.*

The United States government is not anything like as mean as some people and local papers of the Indian Territory say it is. The government will not take an acre of land from any Indians without their consent.—[*Vinita Globe.*

MUST BE ABOLISHED.

The following from the *Kansas City Star* shows the situation in the Indian Territory as it is:

The absurdity of maintaining within the boundaries of one nation five other nations must be patent to everybody. There is no longer even the basis of sentiment in the question. If the tribes concerned had preserved their original character—that is, if they had continued to be Indians—there would be something romantic at least in the idea of reserving for them a country of their own, a great reservation, so to speak, to remain until the last red man had passed away in the inevitable course of nature. But the Indian of the Indian Territory is no longer an Indian. He is a white man, or a half white man or a quarter breed. The party called the "full bloods" are in the minority in numbers and decidedly a minority in influence. The squaw man, the absolute white man from Missouri, or Kansas, or Arkansas or Texas, who has married a woman who possibly possesses one-sixteenth or one-thirty-second of Indian blood, is really the managing man in the five civilized tribes.

The great domain to the west of the Mississippi was set apart for the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks and the rest because they were Indians, and for no other reason. The nations with which the United States was expected to treat as foreign powers were Indian nations and now that the original parties to the arrangement have virtually ceased to be Indians, there is no longer any necessity for any nations, and distinctively Indian Territory, any Indian agents or anything else that is called Indian.

The first step toward the abolition of the present condition of things in the Indian Territory is the individualization of the lands. There is ample territory to allow each citizen land enough—all, and with the present ideas of agriculture prevailing in the territory, more than he will ever cultivate or improve. This equitably and reasonably made, the citizens of the various nations should become in every sense citizens of the United States, the whole principal chief and house of warriors business should be done away with, the very name of Indian abolished, and the word Territory merged and lost in the word state.

The advantages which would result from this change are almost incalculable. The civilization of the civilized tribes, which is of a very sorry and shabby sort, would give way to a real civilization. A beautiful and valuable region, full of coal, timber and fertile prairie, would pass into the hands of those fitted to own and make the most of it, the squalid Indian villages would give place to thrifty towns; the murderous mongrel population that now feeds the gallows at Fort Smith would pass away by emigration or extermination, and law-abiding citizens would occupy the land.

THE ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER.

Gen. Frank C. Armstrong, who was recently appointed Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs comes from a family that have had much to do with the red man.

His father it is said was Choctaw agent during Gen. Jackson's administration and died at his post and was succeeded by his brother, Major William Armstrong, who also died on duty at Fort Townsend. Their Indian name (Choctaw) is "Shock-ah-bah-coleo"—Strongarm.

Wm. Armstrong, while agent, was once riding toward Red river in company with some friends and passed a Choctaw plowing, merely skimming the surface. The major dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, jumped over the fence and took hold of the plow and plowed a deep furrow, showing the Indian how to hold the plow properly. The lesson was appreciated.

When the trouble arose at the seating of Chief Mayes in 1887 here in this nation, Gen. Armstrong was sent to Tahlequah as a special agent of the government and very soon convinced all parties that if matters were not speedily settled that this government would be placed under martial law.—[*Vinita Chieftain.*

HOW THE FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES VIEW ALLOTMENT.

A correspondent writing from Tahlequah to the *Kansas City Times*, among other things says:

The Chickasaws are good farmers, that is the people who inhabit the Chickasaw country are. What is more, by an allotment each member of the nation will become not only wealthy, but rich. There are 5,000,000 acres in their possession and the citizens number less than 7,000. From the rental of their land they derive a fine revenue and in addition they receive annually $87,050 from the government. One statement made in a recent report by the governor of the nation shows that the Chickasaws have attained a degree of civilization which would enable them to become more than average citizens. It was said that there was not an Indian child in the nation over the age of 12 years who could not read and write both Chickasaw and English.

Among the Choctaws the sentiment is largely divided, but according to the reports received here the majority is inclined toward statehood. The Choctaws own about 6,500,000 acres and their population is less than 15,000. This would give each member of the tribe about 500 acres of land, put the head of each family in a position to sublet his land and live a life of ease as becomes an aborigine. The Choctaws are prouder people than the Creeks, and the tendency among the full-bloods to preserve their tribal relations is deeply rooted.

Among the Creeks, however, there is practically no opposition to allotment. As a people they are not proud. Then again their country has been traversed by a railroad and this influence has been keenly felt. Big tracts of their land have been gobbled up by cattlemen who have lately come into the nation and this they feel would be impossible after a common ownership had been done away with. Vast coal-beds underlie their land and an allotment would make each and every citizen wealthy.

With these three tribes in favor of statehood, the Cherokees, even though a majority of the people oppose the allotment, cannot withstand the pressure. The Seminoles are about evenly divided and at best do not exert the influence of the three tribes which are not conceded to favor allotment.

INDIANS NOT FOOLS.

There is nothing difficult about the Indian problem. The difficulty lies in their being handled by men who know nothing at all about them. Organize the whole of the Indian Territory into a great and respectable American commonwealth, and by so doing you solve this so-called Indian problem. Let his white brother labor beside him, let his white brother give him by his obedience to the laws of the country and society, an object lesson of civilization. Indians are not, by a long sight fools; they fully understand the situation and will never amount to a teetotle dog-gone until the eastern so-called philanthrophists abandon their Poor Lo sentiment. As the *Topic* said a while back there is too much "Cooperism" thrown into the management of the Indians. If the question had been left to the western men there would have been a vastly different complexion on the affair to-day.

The tribal and patriarchal systems are as ridiculous as they are void of any good. Abolish them and give Mr. Indian an application of Uncle Sam's laws. They put their thumbs against their noses and wag their fingers in the air at the long-handled spoon doses of civilization the government has prescribed for them.

If it be not statehood and allotment something must be done, and that immediately, to reduce this country of disorder and crime to a peaceful commonwealth. The unorganized condition of the territory necessitates that guards shall be put upon trains running through it. The unorganized condition of the territory, infested by men of the darkest crimes, makes it unsafe for law abiding citzens to reside therein.

Another silent, but potent appeal for statehood is the grandeur and fertility of the country. You may travel from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west, from British America on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and you cannot run across land of more adaptability to the farmer than that in the borders of the Indian Territory. Added to its agricultural greatness we have coal, timber and minerals which will make a state unexcelled in natural resources.

Some one has truthfully and wisely said that, "the Indian Territory is nothing else to-day but a nursery for a few children of the government." It is nothing more. For God's sake do away with this ridiculous Poor Lo sentimentality and make the Indians realize that their "kilt skirt days" have passed and they must don long pantaloons and hustle for themselves.—[*Territorial Topic.*

PURPOSELY MISLED.

One of the greatest evils the people of this Territory have to suffer is misrepresentation at home and abroad. There is a disposition in certain quarters to make it appear to the Indian that the United States and its citizens are his enemies, implacable and irreconcilable, and are embracing every opportunity to plunder and dispossess him. This is illustrated very forcibly in the proposition of statehood for the Indians. Instead of the leading men and the press amongst the tribes showing the Indians the advantages of statehood they are constantly prating about the beneficence of Indian autonomy. Instead of inculcating into the Indian the true sentiment that all the world are his friends, ready and willing to assist him in his efforts of advancement, they are wont to make him believe that citizens of the United States are pirates and robbers. The point that it is desired to lay special stress upon in this connection is, that the destiny of the five tribes as well as that of all other Indians, is so interwoven and dovetailed into that of the United States as to render them practically inseparable. It is not to the interest of the United States nor any considerable number of her citizens to crush the Indian in rights he may justly be entitled to. The United States is the grandest government on the face of the whole earth, and we are part of it. If it should go down in the whirlpool of revolution, we too, would certainly sink in the vortex. If it rises still higher in the scale of civilization and human achievement then we too will share its glory. This being an indisputable fact then, why should the Indian deny himself his full share of her general prosperity. The United States can and does protect her citizens in any and every part of of the known world. The five tribes cannot protect hers, at home nor abroad. Neither is she willing to place them in a position to be protected by the United States by simply accepting statehood and citizenship to her people.—[*Vinita Chieftain.*

SAFE GROUND.

By legislation we may dispose of the Indian question, rather than by the sword. Every effort ought to be made by us to influence Congress "to do justly and love mercy" with these "wards of the Nation," that they may speedily be no more "Indians" but American citizens, with all the term means. But it may be said, did *they* "do justly and love mercy?" It is now too late in the day to be necessary, among thoughtful people, to plead in defence of the Red man.

That the White man has been aggressor is unquestionable. That it was the *fate* of the Red man to fade before the White is no justification of the course too often pursued by the latter.

Let us hope that the better day has dawned and that it may shine unto the perfect day when "a man's a man for a' that and a' that" and we will never more have an *Indian* question, nor any other that involves God-created distinctions as between man and man and all can say: "for we be brethren."—[*Huntingdon Reformatory Record.*

ONE BEST WAY FOR THE INDIANS LEFT.

L. A. Benton in *The Indian Citizen* says, "If Government promises were equivalent to cash the Indians would now be a nation of Rothschilds," and adds: "The decided stand taken by the government in reference to allotment should convince the most sleepy and stupid Indian that if he has not sufficient self-interest and home interest to make an effort to save his land and country, the government will promptly and cheerfully assume the responsibility of doing it for him in its own interest.

The political sagacity, enterprise and indomitable energy of the whites, especially in possessing themselves of Indian lands have always been more than a match for Indian dullness and stupidity, and so it proves in the present instance, for the Indians have been literally and figuratively left to a certain extent.

From these facts it is possible to draw but one conclusion as to the manner in which the Indians of this Territory may successfully withstand and compete with the present changed and changing condition of things in their environment. They must, first of all, acquire a great a command of English as possible, that they may at last keep within sight of the political drift of events, especially those affecting their Territory. Never cease packing the mental storehouse with practical information from any and all available sources. Cultivate a knowledge of the outside world as well as a thorough understanding of home affairs; the Indians have hitherto for the most part, kept themselves too secluded from intelligent intercourse with the outside world and this has been exceedingly detrimental to them.

In short if they would sucessfully compete with those who have outgeneraled they must elevate themselves in all essential respects to the higher standard of intelligence and morality as cultivated and practiced by those who move and guide the greatest achievements of civilization, that their own power of mind and strength of character may be co-extensive with those among whom their destinies are to be cast."

THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

A special from Washington on the 17th of May to the daily press of the country says:

Secretary Hoke Smith, on behalf of the United States and Chief C. J. Harris, Treasurer E. E. Starr, D. W. Lipe and J.T. Cunningham, the authorized representatives of the Cherokee Nation, this afternoon in the presence of Chief Justice Bingham, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, signed the contract which is the final step in the proceeding by which the United States becomes the owner of the Cherokee Strip.

The number of acres ceded is 6,022,754, and the price to be paid for the same is $8,595,736. Of this amount $295,736 is to be paid in cash and the balance in five annual instalments commencing March 4, 1895, and ending March 4, 1899, said deferred payments bearing 4 per cent. interest.

The sum of $250,000 of the amount to be paid in cash is held by the Cherokees to pay for the improvements of intruders on the territory of the Cherokee Nation proper, the value of which is to be appraised by a board appointed by the President.

The sum of $1,660,000, the amount of the first and annual instalment, is to be retained by the Government to pay the Delawares, Shawnees and Freedmen for any amount they may recover in the courts on their claim for participation in the proceeds of the sale of the outlet and proceeds of the grazing privileges thereon received by the Cherokee Nation. Secretary Hoke Smith said to-day that he hoped, by expediting in every possible way the preparations for the opening of the strip, to have everything in readiness for the President's proclamation on September 15.

The Cherokees are considering hard the matter of Statehood.

THE YUMAS.

Montezuma is the great war chief of an ancient league of Mexican Indians. His descendents and worshipers—the Yuma Indians, are very strict in the observance of a religious rite which consists in assembling once a year, about the 22nd of December to welcome the return of their beloved chieftain and warrior.

They ascend the highest mountain in the vicinity of their camp, and about sundown build a sacred fire, feeding the flames till dawn. Around this fire these superstitious children of nature kneel, facing the east and pray unceasingly to the fire-god until sunrise.

If the sunlight extinguishes the embers on the sacred hearth, it is a token that the time has now come when they shall soon join their savior, Montezuma, in the happy hunting ground beyond the skies, and that Montezuma will now make his reappearance on earth, and that when he makes his second exit to his home in the sun, some "dark, stormy night" it is the signal for the translation of his devotees, and especially the Yumas. If the sun does not extinguish the sacred fire, they return to their camps, and "try it over" on the next 22nd of December, just like the Seventh Day Adventists, or other pale face sects, who prophecy the end of the world and attribute their mistakes to the "conditions not being favorable."

The Yumas live upon the broad mesa, or table-land about sixty miles from Prescott, Arizona. They celebrate their strange rites here, in the face of civilization, while watching, waiting and praying for the second advent of Montezuma.

RECIPROCITY IN EDUCATION.

John Sanborn, a Grosventre Indian, stationed by the Carlisle Indian School with Mr. Kshinka, visited the *Independent* one day last week. He was formerly a cow-boy in Montana, but while at Carlisle he has learned the printing business which he likes much better. M. Kshinka says he never had a harder-working, more trust-worthy or conscientious man in his employ. This statement conflicts with our preconceived idea of the child of the forest wrapped in solitude and a blanket and full of mischief and fire-water, but it harmonizes with the Indian character as drawn by Helen Hunt Jackson in her powerful novel "Ramona." And who that has read this pathetic account of the dis-establishment of the natural owners of the soil can contradict her when she asserts that the Government of the United States by their inhuman treatment of this people have driven them to acts of desperation and revenge. Than Allessandro, in this arraignment there is scarcely a more noble, loving, persecuted creature in the whole realm of fiction. Capt. Pratt's plan of placing the Indans under his care in the hands of the farmers for a short term is reciprocity in education. While the Indian is learning modern methods of agriculture, those associated with him are gaining correct ideas of the Indian —[*Berwick Independent.*

SOUND ADVICE.

Judge Durant, one of the leading Choctaws, gives utterance to the following sound sense:

"I believe it would be the part of wisdom for the Choctaws to allot their land now pro rata and seek admission as citizens of the union, under a form of government supported by taxation, whose burden all who enjoy the benefit will bear an equal part. Our people are amply able to care for themselves, and should no longer cling to the musty tradition of tribal funds and enter upon a new career as a citizen of the United States, protected by its laws, enjoying its privileges and with actual representation in its councils instead of that old fogy "delegate" side show. If we delay the matter much longer we will have to enter the struggle for individual existence (which is inevitable) with our funds exhausted and with much smaller shares of land to each of us."

AN INDIAN'S EPITAPH.

BY HELEN V. AUSTIN.

Every one reading the history of our country, must be impressed with the fact that the Indians were a people capable of receiving the education of the schools. Instances are recorded of Indians who were school teachers, whose pupils were white and Indian children. In the early days of our history, it had not entered into the mind of the white man that the Indian was incapable of receiving education from books. Indeed, one object of the mother country in planting colonies in the new world was that the natives might be civilized by means of education and Christianity.

The following inscription was copied from a monument in the Princeton, New Jersey, grave yard. It tells the sad story of early death; of the call in the morning of life, and concludes with that pathetic appeal for his race which should not be slighted; and though, he being dead, yet speaketh:

In memory of 'GUY CHEW, a Mohawk Indian, who departed this life April 19th, 1826, aged 21 years 8 months. This youth continued in Pagan darkness until his 18th year, when, under the patronage of U. F. M. Society, he was sent to the Mission School at Cornwall, Conn. Here he remained three years, experienced the renewing grace of God, and became eminent for his benevolence, piety and desire to proclaim the gospel to his countrymen. While preparing for this blessed work, he was, by a mysterious Providence called away in the morning of his days. Reader, pray for the Indians.

THE CHEROKEE NATION NOT SATISFIED AS A NATION.

All the thinking people of the rank and file—and we mean by the rank and file, those who are not in office or in position to monopolize the country—concede that we are fast becoming a centralized oligarchy on a small scale controlled by unscrupulous men who would sacrifice anything or everything for money. That the public monies are being wasted none will deny, and that our system of taxation is most unjust nearly all have agreed. For several years the people of the Cherokee nation have been grumbling more or less all the time at the way things were going and have from time to time shown their discontent by hurling from office some known demagogue. But the results have not been satisfactory. The seat of trouble has not been reached. It is an axiom as old as Republican governments that the only safeguard to constitutional liberty is found in a multitude of small land owners protected by individual title. This class forms the permanent and also the conservative element in all communities. It is here that homes are built—around the sacred homestead cluster the most tender and abiding memories—and the love of home finds its fruitage in the love of country. True patriotism must have for its incentive specific individual interests, that the whole country does not share in common. The sacred precincts of the home must be private and special with rights which even the state cannot question nor take away.—[*Vinita Chieftain.*

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

One of the most marked steps toward civilization on the Rosebud Reservation has been made in the method of issuing beef. Formerly the cattle were turned loose for the Indian to chase in the manner of a buffalo hunt. They would run the animals nearly to death, torturing them with bullets into most frantic speed. When the Indian had thus satisfied his savage and barbarous propensities he would aim his rifle at a fatal spot. A throng of hideous old women were soon at hand, and the yet quivering flesh, reeking with over-heating and exhaustion, was thrown into the pot, to be snatched out and devoured half cooked at best. But about a year ago all this abominable savagery was stopped. Now the Indians receive their beef from a civilized slaughter house.—[*Word Carrier.*

LET 'EM GO TO MEXICO

Quite a sensation is being caused at Tahlequah by the recent offer of the Mexican government to sell the Cherokees a portion of old Mexico in case the United States takes the country away from them. Many of the Indians have signified their desire to go to Mexico, and would sell their lands provided enough money could be had for them, and leave this country for good. The Mexican government has a large surplus of lands and offers to sell them at a low figure. Jake Bartters, the Delaware Indian, is in Tahlequah pushing this scheme, and has succeeded in working up a great interest, although it is not a new idea with the tribe.

The above is going the rounds of the press. By all means let the poor, downtrodden Cherokees go to Mexico with the Mormons. The customs and institutions of both are incompatible with our government and modern civilization. They belong in a semi-barbarous clime like Mexico where government is based not on democracy and justice but on brute force which rules by terror and oppression. Let the poor full-blood Cherokees go to Mexico, and become in name what they are in fact here—peons. Their masters and oppressors are not the great and magnanimous United States government and its citizens, but the venal squaw men and men of slight Indian blood who have taken their lands with deceitful words and hypocritical smiles and left them the dregs of poverty and discontent. It is because these monopolists and sham Indians are about to be made to disgorge some of their ill-gotten wealth that they threaten to leave the United States and try their piratical land system in Mexico, where they can continue to rob the simple Indian of his heritage. The land of the Montezumas is a fit place for the sham Indian and the Mormon, but the full blood Indian will do well to stay at home, take his allotment and become an industrious, peaceable citizen of the United States. —[*Chickasaw Chieftain.*

ROBBING THE "FULL-BLOOD."

So long as we persist in holding land in common, just so long will the outside world continue to wedge its way in, and share the benefits of our common property. The cry was raised in certain localities, before the Strip treaty was ratified, that it was a scheme and was detrimental to the interests of the full-blood and should be rejected, but Mr. Full-blood came promptly to the front and informed the council that it was his desire, yes his intention, that the bill be ratified and the money disbursed immediately and what was done is now a matter of history. So with reference to a division of lands: those who pretend to speak for the full-blood and claim to know his wishes and are posing as his protectors, are fast proving to be his worst enemy. But the reaction is coming. The full-blood is beginning to see that his every interest is in the hands of demagogues and shysters who are systematically robbing him of both land and money. When the full-blood element of the country gets a plain view of the situation as it really is, then the reaction will be rapid and final. —[*Vinita Chieftain.*

THE INDIAN IN WALL STREET.

There is nothing more effective than to confront a confident belief or assertion with a fact. Often we hear it maintained that the Indian is incapable of civilization, and that all the efforts and money spent in his education are wasted. So much for the opinion. Now comes a fact. The Indian has appeared in Wall Street, New York, as a capitalist. Representatives of the Cherokees, with United States bonds as collateral, are seeking a loan of six millions or more from New York bankers. If the loan is raised, the money will be distributed pro rata to the members of the tribe, and will be invested in various business enterprises. This is an eye-opener. —[*The Christian Register.*

The Osage Indians will receive $660,000 this year from the government. Lo, the poor Indian!

OUR RED NEIGHBORS.

Everything is working as surely and pointing as unerringly to the opening of the Indian Territory and making a state of it as if the hand of fate itself was directing the movement. The Choctaw trouble, the wild madness of Governor Jones in disregarding the instructions of the Indian agent, the perversity of those interested in keeping the Indian country in its present condition, all conspire to hasten the inevitable result. We are not talking of the right or wrong of the matter, we are only discussing things as they are and are likely to be.

The people of the United States are getting tired of this eternal agitation. The government has already extended its jurisdiction over the country in a partial manner, and it is a mere mockery to deal with those tribal governments any longer as nations independent of the great republic. It can not be done. Had the Indians kept that land strictly to themselves and refused to let white men enter, they could probably have preserved their separate autonomy for many years to come. But they let the white man enter. They invited him to come and passed laws whereby he could acquire the right to reside and carry on business by the payment of certain taxes or permits. This was the opening wedge. Now white men are getting about all the rich things that belong to those people, and the only thing left the natives is to divide up their patrimony among themselves and open the country. This must come and come soon. This land belongs to the Indians and they ought to enjoy it. But they themselves admitted the alien race and now they must save what they can out of it. They will be wise if they go about it at once and control the opening instead of having it forced upon them.—[*Chickasaw Chieftain.*

THE TRAMP CAT.

The following school composition by a little Apache boy, tells the whole story:

"One black cat visited in our school-room this morning. Because this cat has no home it look poor and thin. First, this cat walk around the room and mew. When we come in the school-room we heard the cat mew out door. I supposed this cat wants to come in and see what kind of scholar we are, so one of the boy got up and he open the door then the cat walk in. First thing he came to me, and so I pat him, and now the cat laid down on the seat along side one of the boys rest. This cat laid right still and quiet. I supposed this cat wants to get educated, that's the reason he come in our school-room. I look at the cat every once in a while. Now that cat is asleep and take easy there. I laughed when I saw the cat laid on this boy's desk. He look at once in while and then he put on cat's head. He call this cat his partner. He sit on cat's tail and mew like everything, but he didn't know why the cat mew. After he look at his seat he saw he was sitting on cat's tail."

A Seneca boy says of the same cat in his composition: "The cat is black and has no home, so we call it the Tramp cat, and I think that it is a tramp cat, but I think it is a college cat and is going to graduate, it keeps more quieter than the scholars."

It smacks a little of injustice to give the Indians the first choice of the lands in the country recently opened to settlement whereby the bottom lands and desirable productive ridges were secured them, leaving the poorer tracts for the homes of the whites. And this injustice assumes the proportions of a serious grievance when we reflect on the fact that the rich lands selected by the Indians will be exempted from taxation for the period of a quarter of a century while the poor lands of the whites will be taxed in a comparatively short time for the purpose of supporting a government to protect Indians and whites alike. The unequal burdens entailed by this system should be rightly adjusted in time to afford ample justice to all concerned.—[*Lexington Democrat.*

ORPHANS IN DEMAND.

The following from *John-Three-Sixteen*, a religious paper published in the western part of the Cherokee Nation by Rev. J. E. Wolfe and wife, Cherokee citizens, speaks for itself:

"Just at this time it is hard to get the various parties who have Indian orphan children under their charge to give up their wards. The spirit of greed, now that the "Strip" is sold, has gotten a hold upon these keepers of the poor little waifs, and they are holding on to them with a view to the appropriation of the money that will soon be paid out per capita. Two of our dear little children were taken away a few days ago for this reason by a worthless character who had assumed guardianship over them. The worst feature of the matter is that we have no recourse at law. The laxity of the Indian laws is therefore against us and we have to submit. But we shall have different laws ere long, when the idea of statehood prevails practically, and this humbug Indian government becomes a thing of the past. God speed the day!"

A NEW VERSION.

The hearse story is wearing rather threadbare, but we never before heard this version of it:

Mr. Jas. H. Deere, a prominent Creek Indian domiciled at Anadarko, was in Muskogee Saturday. He called in the *Phœnix* office and told a story on the old Cheyenne chief which indicates the Cheyenne's ignorance of some of the superfluities of the white man's ways. Just after the payment, when the old man was flush with money, he saw a hearse for sale, and he was impressed with the idea that as chief he should be distinguished from the common herd, and that this would be an elegant carriage of state for him to attend the Indian busks and other fetes. There was a place prepared in it for him to lie down, and that impressed him favorably. So he bought it. He paid down $300, hitched his pessle-tailed ponies to it and drove out of town in great state. He placed his squaw on the box on top to do the driving, and he and his child shut themselves on the inside and lay down in peace and dignified repose. —[*Phœnix.*

INDIAN TRADITIONS OF THE DELUGE.

The Sacs, Foxes and the Musquiakie Indians are located on a small reservation in Tama County, Ia. They know nothing of Jesus Christ, but have a tradition concerning the Deluge that compares favorably with the one generally taught and accepted by the teachers of the Christian religion. One day, in talking with them, their agent, Mr. Davenport, explained the coming, the duration and final subsidence of the great flood. He then referred to Noah's Ark, and told about the dove that was sent out and came back with the olive leaf. "Hump!" said one of the dusky listeners. "We know that long time. We was in canoe, one, two many, all tied together. We float on top heap water. We send muskrat down one, two—many time. He dive; he came up. Last he go down and come up with mud in his claw. We know water go down some; soon land on big hill all right." —[*Ex.*

THEY WANT TO GO OUT INTO THE COUNTRY BADLY.

Two of the small girls who had been late several times when the whistle blew to fall in ranks, were told they could not go out into the country. Nobody would want late little girls, and so one of them writes the following pleading letter:

"Please let us go out into the country. We'll try and not be late till the rest of the month. We will try to keep the rules what our country mother says. We will now close our little note.

From your little girls, L. A. and L. T. Please, PLEASE! PLEASE!!

A NOVEL INDUSTRY.

For several weeks Mr. J. H. Thurman, an itinerant dealer in native wild animals, has been making Comanche his headquarters. He is at present filling a large order for prairie dogs and last week shipped fifty of the frisky creatures to New York, where they bring $2.50 per pair. The little fellows were all captured in the vicinity of Comanche, and the supply bears no indication of decrease. Mr. Thurman collects besides the dogs every species of wild animal, reptile or bird indigenous to this country,and good specimens bring handsome prices in the north and east, where they are used in stocking parks, gardens and museums. The methods of capturing prairie dogs is very simple. Water is poured into the burrows until the inmates are "drowned out." It not infrequently happens that a hunter finds game he is not seeking for, snakes, owls, lizzards and skunks come crawling forth as the water fills the burrows. Mr. Thurman says the prevalent idea that dogs, birds and snakes live together in the same "house" is erroneous. They inhabit the same town, however, but futher than this they do not affiliate. When a rattlesnake enters a hole, either for refuge or prey, the dog walls up the reptile with dirt, so that it can neither advance nor retreat, and dig their way out. This is a known fact, for snakes, living and dead, thus entombed have been found by dog hunters. The owl simply takes up its abode in old burrows that have been abandoned by former inmates. Owls and snakes are never found in the same habitation unless the serpent has played a practical joke on the bird as Jonah did upon the whale. —[*Comanche Chief.*

THE RESCUED BABE.

Anent the education of Indians, many will remember the last Sioux uprising in Dakota a year or so ago. The battle of Wounded Knee will also be fresh in the minds of newspaper readers. Three days after the battle a babe was found at its dead mother's breast, where it was trying to obtain nutriment from the fount of life and love. It was rescued and adopted into a worthy family. A short time ago Dr. Dorchester and his wife saw the little one and he describes it as being one of the finest children he has ever seen. It is bright and affectionate and shows the fondest appreciation for its foster parents, who look upon the little waif of the battle field as their own.—[*Word Carrier.*

DO BEST WHEN AWAY FROM HOME.

Indian soldiers do best when they are stationed far from their homes. Some of the Indians enlisted from Rosebud Reservation were stationed at Fort Niobrara and some away out in Utah. Those in the latter place have turned out best. This may be due to better care. Their captain at Fort Douglas has taught the Indian soldier's school himself.

Quite a number of Indian soldiers have been "buying themselves out." The three year term of many is about to expire and they will not enlist again. The order that Indian soldiers shall be set to work on road and bridge building seem to be scaring many out.—[*Word Carrier.*

SILVER MONEY FOR THE INDIANS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27.—The treasury department is preparing to pay the Choctaw and Chickasaw claim of $2,261,450. Drafts will be drawn on the Sub-Treasury in St. Louis in amounts to suit the convenience of the committee of Indians having the matter in charge and paid at St. Louis in such money as the Indians may desire. They have express a wish that a large portion of it to be paid them in silver half dollars, as the money is to be divided up per capita among the Indians, and they prefer something that has a ring to it rather than paper. To accommodate them a large supply of newly-coined silver half-dollars has been forwarded to St. Louis to meet the drafts presented.

A HARD CONUNDRUM.

The Indians of the Five Nations of the Indian Territory are looking forward for a body of Commissioners to be sent from Washington to treat with them on the subject of allotment, yet many of them seem indifferent, and the *Indian Journal* in attempting to arouse the people to the real situation curtly asks, "What are we going to do in the matter?" adding:

Cleveland does not intend to send these men down here for their health, and if the Indians don't come to some understanding with them congress will take the matter and dispose of the Territory to suit themselves. That a change in our government is bound to come is plain to every thinking, intelligent person, and why the Indians absolutely refuse to do any thing on this line is a conundrum that is hard to unravel. Since the Cherokee strip has been disposed of the first thing the next congress will do will be to take steps towards bringing a change in the five nations.

CAN THEY MAKE USE OF CLEVELAND?

The Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States was very much dissatisfied with the way its Church was treated by the Indian Department under President Harrison's regime and used its influence against him in the election which placed Mr. Cleveland in the presidency. But the hierarchy, bold and skilful as its managers are,will need all its address if it undertakes to manage a man, who in his treatment of the Tammany ring, and on similar occasions has shown how intolerant he is of any attempt to utilize him for partizan purposes.—[*The Western Missionary.*

A WHITE INJUN'S WAIL.

If the Indians can't divide their lands and retain it all among themselves until they see fit to sell it to individual purchasers, then they have no necessity for consenting to any change at all. If the government wants to force a change, "let 'er force" as it is the worst that can be done anyway. Consenting to allotment on the government and treaty plan is tomfoolery and child's play. Just as well consent to being a human being when all creation knows you are one.—[*Atoka Citizen.*

LET ALL BE AMERICANS!

Every effort in the United States to make it easy for foreigners resident here to get along without speaking English, especially if it take the form of educating their children to use a foreign language instead of depending upon the English, is a great mistake, since it retards the work of rendering our heterogeneous population homogeneous. This movement in Arizona is especially ill-advised, in view of the objections advanced to the admission of that territory to the Union.—[*The Portland Oregonian.*

The difference between Democratic civil service and Mugwump civil service is about this: The Democrats believe in the people choosing their own official servants; the Mugwumps believe in their selection automatically by a Board of officers, with whose appointment the people have nothing to do. No bank President, railroad superintendent, newspaper editor or publisher, dry goods merchant, shipper, military commander, steamship owner, or retailer would consider seriously a proposition to intrust his business to individuals automatically chosen on the basis of fractional percentages. Why should the people collectively be asked to do what no intelligent citizen would be willing to do individually?—[*N. Y. Sun*, Apr. 21.

The *Chickasaw Chieftain* says that about seven thousand boomers are camped on the borders of the Cherokee Strip awaiting its opening and it is said that a large majority of them are in destitute circumstances.

Ye editor was at El Reno last week and saw a man brought up before the court as a criminal and culprit for going into the Indian country and gathering dead wood for fuel for his family. He looked at the bar docket of the United States side of the court and all the cases were timber depredations clear down the line. This is an outrage, a travesty on justice, a robbery of the government and an imposition upon the people. The defendant in this case plead guilty and court fined him the paltry sum of $3.00. Now the marshal has his mileage sum of $75.00, the commissioner his perdiem. They chuckle at fees; the victim, the government, pays the bills, the defendant is outraged, the whole posse of officials chuckle, and the mills grind on.—[*Purcell Topic.*

Of the 250,000 Indians in the country, it is said that 200,000 are now self-supporting. What! Only 50,000 uneducated Indians making all this commotion in the country? Not enough souls to make a city as large as Harrisburg! If that be all, Congress could wipe up the Indian question in one sitting by passing a bill forcing this remnant of a people to place their children in schools remote from their homes, where they would in eighteen months get the courage to go out among civilized people and be Indians no more.

White people now have to have a license to get married in the Territory. If both Indians, they need no license, or if the man is an Indian and the woman white, no license. A white man marrying an Indian, has to have license. After a couple are married, the minister or whoever married them, sends the license to Muskogee, they are recorded and then sent back to the parties who were married. This is a good way to do, as the parties may keep their own license. —[*The Indian Moccasin.*

In the course of an article aimed at compulsory education, *The Atlanta Constitution* says: "In this country the people have been educated in the belief that they have the right to train their children in their own way." Of course. But suppose Mr. and Mrs. John Doe decline to train the young Does in any way, allowing them to grow up in idleness and vice in the streets—what then? Is nothing to be done? Shall not the State interfere for its own sake, if not for the sake of the little Does?—[*N. Y. Tribune.*

The *Kansas City Journal* thus expresses its opinion of the rush for offices at Washington:

Those who want to see an illustration of the rush that is made for pie at Washington should go down and witness the opening of the Cherokee Strip.

Two of the five civilized tribes—the Creeks and Chickasaws—are favorable to allotment and statehood.

The present trouble in the Choctaw Nation is giving them a hard name at Washington.

That real Cherokee Moses hasn't turned up yet, but he may be hid in the bulrushes. Who knows?—[*The Chief.*

The penmanship of youthful Indians is nearly always superior to that of white children who have had similar advantages.

"Innocence may be founded on ignorance, but virtue is evermore based upon knowledge. To be forewarned is the only way to be forearmed."— *Frances E. Willard.*

The Indian's Friend says: "The better way to help the Indian is by teaching him, as our own sons, to earn his own means for making a home." It is the *only* way.

It is said that the wild Australians were 40 generations in developing the boomerang, and no white man can make a really good one. The same thing is true of certain articles made by the American Indians.

The Cherokees class the Creeks as in favor of allotment, and blame the Creeks with the dissolution that now threatens the Indian governments. Without attaching blame to the Creeks for the condition that exists, it is apparent that their leaders are far-sighted and progressive and have taken the lead in progressive moves, and in political and business advancement.—[*Muskogee Phœnix.*

A little over one hundred years ago the different states offered bounties for Indians dead or alive just as states do now for coyotes, ranging from $50 for a female to $150 for a male. Now, the government spends about $195 a year per head to educate them. Surely the white race is becoming more civilized each year.—[*Territorial Topic.*

One of the principal arguments used by the Cherokees against statehood with Oklahoma is the saloon question; the Indian as a rule is not in favor of the saloon and does not want it. Our citizens here had some little experience with beer saloons for a while until congress amended the old law. —[*Territorial Topic.*

The Creek Indians are not rated as the first in point of civilization and intelligence, but they are first in progress. They have all along been the first to start the ball of progress to rolling and they will be first to divide their lands and take the last step on the ladder of progress. —[*Muskogee Phœnix.*

The difference between the Indian and his white brother is education. As civilization is born of education, educate the Indian and you thereby civilize him. But it can never be done so long as tribal governments exist—they are the direct enemies of the Indian's progress.—[*Territorial Topic.*

Since Judge Stuart has decided that it was perfectly lawful for whiskey to be introduced into the territory in pint lots for medicinal purposes, we notice that a great many have been complaining lately. We saw a fellow very sick (?) yesterday.—[*Territorial Topic.*

It is said that prospects were never better in the Indian Territory for an abundant crop year than at the present time; the hard freezing during the winter has left the ground loose and mellow which is the great desideratum for a crop of corn, oats or vegetables.

Govenor Seay has decided to furnish cotton seed to the settlers in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe country. It is a good move, for cotton makes a fair crop on sod, and will be the only one from which the settlers will realize any cash.—[*Chickasaw Enterprise.*

The civilized Indians might as well be preparing to accept the conditions of Statehood for the Territory which they occupy. It is an inevitable result, and can not be much longer postponed for merely sentimental reasons.—[*Globe Democrat.*

The one thousand Chimehuevas on Colorado River, near Parker, Ariz., eighty miles below The Needles and two hundred miles above Yuma, have never heard a sermon and are without Christian instruction.—[*The Indian's Friend.*

At a late meeting of the Iowa Indian tribe, Messrs. Kirwin Murey, Daniel Tohee and Joseph Springer were elected as the representatives of that tribe to prosecute their interest in Washington.—*Territorial Topic.*

Solomon Jones Homer, a full blood Choctaw from the Indian Territory, who is the best speaker in the senior class of Roanoke College, Virginia, delivered the valedictory at the commencement on June 7.

We are anxiously waiting to hear the man speak out loud who can tell how the Wild West Show Indian has ever been benefited by traveling with Buffalo Bill or any other bill.—[*Indian News.*