

The Red Man.

— HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE. —

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. XIV.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JANUARY, '98.

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On another page we give derogatory declarations against the Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Government Indian School from a Catholic priest stationed there, and against Carlisle from a priest who prints a paper in the Ojibway language at a Catholic Indian School at Harbor Springs, Mich. Like opposition we have met constantly during the eighteen years' history of this school.

Priests threatening Indian parents with the direst future if they sent their children to Carlisle has been common every year, but this is the first instance we have known of such threats being committed to paper.

In one case a bishop and two priests went among the Indians, when an agent of the Carlisle School was arranging for children, and although they were pleasant to the agent's face he heard repeatedly of their denouncing him and threatening the Indians for sending their children away to any but a Catholic school, and in the same terms that the priest uses in the article we print; but the Indians sent a full party.

At another time an agent of the school went among the Sioux at Pine Ridge after children; a bishop and a priest put in an appearance and got two of the leading Indians to make denunciatory speeches in council against parents who would send their children; but this did not prevent the parents from sending the children.

At another agency after the Indian agent and the Carlisle school agent had talked to the Indians about sending their children and the Indians had gone into private council about it, a priest able to speak the Indian language went into the council in violation of the United States statutes and made a very denunciatory speech against sending the children away, but an extraordinary large party was sent notwithstanding. Many times in different places have the priests and nuns gone to parents who had agreed to send the children and endeavored to persuade and intimidate them by just such talk as we print against sending their children. We publish these facts to let them speak for themselves. The paper containing the Indian article was sent to us by a Catholic Indian whose children have had the benefit of Carlisle, and he furnished us the interpretation.

The agents of the Carlisle school were

invariably successful in getting children, notwithstanding this opposition, but there have been many individual instances when the threats of the priests have been successful.

It would probably end these adverse influences if the Government would round up all these un-American influences among the Indians and send them to Carlisle to study Carlisle's methods.

We are unable to identify the incident of the Menominee boy who fell from grace by coming to Carlisle. The chances are that the fault, if there was fault, was due to the priest at Carlisle who failed to keep the boy in line with his previous training. He certainly had full opportunity.

In the first party of students arriving at Carlisle Oct. 6, 1879, was Luther Standingbear, son of Chief Standingbear, a Sioux of Rosebud Agency, S. Dakota.

Luther had never been in school. He was very bright and developed rapidly especially in mathematics and music. He was polite and gentlemanly in his bearing, and learned quickly to speak the English language.

In March 1884, after several outing experiences in the previous years, he was placed in the great store of Mr. John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

He began his work there in the wrapping department in the cellar, but his neat penmanship and correctness with his figures, led to promotion rapidly, so that by the summer of 1885 he was in the accounts department.

Having remained longer at Carlisle than the time for which he came, on the demands of his father, the agency people and at his own desire, Luther was returned to his agency in July 1885. All of his experiences at Carlisle, and at Mr. Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, indicated that he had in him all the qualities necessary to make a man of more than ordinary business ability. Those who had charge of him here and those under whom he served while out from the school with farmers, and Mr. Wanamaker, invariably spoke highly of him, and there is every reason to believe that had Luther remained in the surroundings where he developed such excellent qualities and ability that he would have continued to improve until he could take a foremost place.

When he returned to his agency, the Agent, Mr. Wright, made him an assistant teacher in the agency school and spoke most highly of his qualities.

He was in the school service for quite a number of years at Rosebud Agency and afterwards at Pine Ridge.

Within a few months, a visitor at Pine Ridge reports having seen Luther Standingbear, now out of employment and at the agency drawing rations for himself and his family.

It must be remembered that about the only employer on an Indian Reservation is the United States Government. There is no multitude of industries and employ-

ers offering chances for those anxious to labor.

What has led to Luther's downfall and his getting back into the old dependent condition, need not be discussed. We only give these facts to show that environment can be largely depended upon to accomplish results either way.

Everything indicated a successful career, with self-support and the development of very high manly qualities had he remained in the East, and the results of his less than six years' experience proved Luther was equal to it. Back on the reservation, dependent as all Indians are upon the conditions enforced there, the chances were very great that retrogression would follow. The experiences proved it did follow. One environment educates up and the other educates down.

CANADA AND THE INDIANS.

Dr. George L. Spining, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, South Orange, N. J., in writing to the editor of the New York Tribune expresses his mind in terse language. We all remember Dr. Spining's eloquent addresses, last year at Commencement, and our readers enjoy seeing what he has to say on the Indian question.

The Letter.

Sir: In the account of the address of Dr. W. C. Roberts before the New York City Indian Association, as given in the Tribune of December 21, he is reported as saying that the British Government has handled the Indian question much better than we have, "and in consequence Canada has had little trouble with her aboriginal tribes." In the few words that I have to say I will not call in question the alleged superior policy of the British Government in handling the Indian problem, but would simply ask how many Indians has Canada had to confront, and in about what proportion has Canadian civilization been pressing westward as compared with that of the United States? There is no Indian problem where white men and redmen are comparatively few, and where the red men have plenty of room and plenty of game, or where the dominant race sees fit to utilize the red man by making him a hunter and game warden over an empire which it proposes to devote to the high and noble purpose of raising mink and beaver instead of men. If Canada had a population of forty million whites instead of five million, and if millions of this number were to take the sage advice of the founder of The Tribune and "go West," John Bull would be suddenly introduced to phases of a real Indian problem that would raise his hair (and perhaps his scalp) with astonishment. While I admit our own shame and mismanagement, I am not willing to allow Canada to shame us with her superior wisdom and virtue until she has proved it under similar conditions.

THE GAME WARDENS AND THE INDIANS IN COLORADO.

The State Commissioner's Report in Regard to the Killing of Ute Indians.

THE RED MAN presumes its readers are already somewhat acquainted with the facts connected with the killing of Indians by game wardens in western Colorado, not long since. It will be remembered that this summary punishment was

meted out to these offenders for violating the game law of that State, and afterward making armed resistance to the officers who had come to take them into custody. It is the RED MAN's purpose to give a brief resumé of this unhappy episode, together with an account of the incidents which led up to the unfortunate affair.

It seems that the White River Utes had for some time been casting longing eyes back to their old familiar hunting-grounds which still afford an ideal resort for the roving hunter. But these same inviting haunts, it happens, are situated beyond the borders of their reservation, and deer, poaching upon them is unlawful. Spite of this fact, of which they had oftentimes been apprised, a number of Indians managed to cross the forbidden line. The United States Indian Agent had repeatedly warned them concerning this particular offense. He had, in fact, called them into council just before starting on a journey East, and in the presence of the game warden of Colorado, read to them a letter from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, warning them not to hunt off the reservation. The agent even took the precaution to instruct his clerks not to issue a pass to an Indian to go into Colorado for any purpose.

From the report of the Commission appointed by Governor Adams to investigate the matter, we learn that a White River Ute Indian named Starr obtained a pass from an agency subordinate, ostensibly to visit a man and hunt horses over the line. This man Starr, together with Snake Pete, eight or nine bucks and eighteen women and children, thereupon went to Snake River to hunt deer, locating their camp on the right bank of that stream. Other Indians went along, but with them we have nothing to do at present.

When warned by the friendly whites that the game wardens would certainly arrest them if they persisted in violating the game laws, the leaders are said to have declared that they were not afraid of the "Backskin Police," and assumed an air of fierce defiance toward the wardens. The latter were in some way made cognizant of these facts, their knowledge of which has a direct bearing upon their subsequent course.

Game Warden Wilcox, learning that several camps of Indians were located near Lily Park, left for that point in company with a deputy game warden, to investigate the matter. At Vaughn's Ranch he deemed it wise to deputize a number of citizens, enjoining them to be cool, cautious and deliberate in their movements, as it was his purpose to have the Indians submit peaceably, if possible. Ten armed men composed Wilcox's party, himself included. Two others were with them, but they were mere spectators.

On arriving at the camp, the officers found six or eight bucks and several squaws and children. Snake Pete and some others were absent from the camp, which considerably diminished the population, consisting in all of twenty-seven souls. The wardens at once mingled freely with the Indians, some trading for trinkets, others looking for evidences of the violation of the game law. Wilcox had already told them that he was game warden, and explained to them why he was there.

The search of the camp yielded abundant proof of the fact that the Utes had been unlawfully killing deer. Duty now was plain, and the wardens spent from three to four hours with the Indians, endeavoring to persuade them to go to Craig under arrest. The Indians seemed to be

parleying for time, possibly hoping that Snake Pete and the others would soon return and aid them in resisting the officers. In the meantime, the squaws had sent all the children away, presumably to the other camps.

Warden Wilcox finally determined that further delay would be useless, not to say hazardous. He then told Starr to get on his horse, which was standing near. At first refusing, the Indian finally mounted the animal, falling off at once on the other side. This of course was done purposely, and Wilcox forthwith ordered ropes to tie him on with. Then the fight began.

The Indian made the first attack, and it instantly became necessary for the wardens to defend themselves. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, two Indians were dead and two squaws slightly wounded, one of the latter having taken an active part in the fray. In the opening attack, one of the wardens was knocked senseless with the butt of a gun, and remained so until after all was over.

Thus briefly we have recounted the salient points of this unhappy affair. Without moralizing on a troublesome topic, we will sum up the whole matter in an extract from the report of the Commission:

"There is no rule entitling an Indian in a physical conflict to any advantage over a white man, or requiring the latter to take greater chances of injury or death simply because his assailant is an Indian."

Nor is an Indian entitled to do more in the way of offensive action than a white man before the one assailed is entitled to act on the defensive. While it is cause for regret that any blood was shed, we conclude that after the first hostile assault by the Indians the wardens were not bound or required to await a second or successful attempt to kill or injure one of their number, and that in the conflict referred to the wardens committed no offense against the law."

OBSTACLES MET WITH IN GETTING INDIAN YOUTH AWAY FROM THE OLD LIFE.

The following taken from the Anishinabe Enmiad printed in Ojibway at Harbor Springs, Mich., September, 1897, tells its own story:

MOUNT PLEASANT, July, 27, 1897.

Saiaigiinau Nosse,

Ni miwendam tchi windamona maba akinoamagewiniini Spencer o nagadan masha anishinabe akinoamadiwin man dapi Mount Pleasant etek. Nind inendam kawi awashime ta-iji-matchi-ijiwebassino.

Aiawag ganabatch nanimidana ashiniwin katolik anishinabe abinodjiag ajonda. Ijawag aniwi Anamessikewining ganabatch, kawi dash go awashime.

Agonda abinodjiag anind eta bi-ija-wag tchikopesswad ga e tchi jawendagosiwad endasso nisso gisiss.

Anind agonda gi-bi-ondjibawag Katolik akinoamadiwin; weweni winawa o kikendanawa o nissitotana wa gaie Jesus od Ijitaawin. Nijitana ashi nij dash nin gi-bi-nasikagoteni kopesswad Pak gijizak, kawi dash go o kikendansinawa anamiewin, kawi "Nossina Wakwing," gaie anwendisowin anamiewin kawi o kikendanawa agonda ka bwa daji-akinoamadiwin Katolik akinoamadiwin. Nind ikkit dash, gegeti apitchi agadendagwad ajonda abi-ijawad katolik abinodjiag, tchi bwa go gijinissitotamowad weweni katolik iji wawin.

Manda anishinabe akinoamadiwigamig gega nijo dibaigan etek katolik anamiewigamig aj etek. Mi go eta eji-bejigo-ia. Ka go gego nind iji-gashkitossi tchi akinoamagossiwan anamiewin.

K go awiia wenikigomindjig pakidinawag tchi pakidinawad onidjanissinwan tchi bi-ijanid ajonda Mount Pleasant. Gegi ti kawi onijishinsino Katolik abinodjiag tchi daji-akinoamawindwa.

Nin gi-dodam eji-gashkitoiia; maba anini (Spencer) dash nijongwe; ikito sa: "Kawi ni gego nin debweindansin ijitwawin;" g-gegeti dash o jigeniman katolik enamiandjin.

Gegeti, saiaigiina Nosse, ki pagosse nimin apitchi enigokodeia tchi ginaamawadwa anishinabe enamiandjig tchi paki-

di nassigwa onidjanissinwan tchi biijanid ajonda Mount Pleasant.

Nin sa nind aia Jesus odeing

J. A. Crowley.

Mekatekwanaie.

The Interpretation.

MOUNT PLEASANT, July 27, 1897.

REV. DEAR FATHER: I have the pleasure to inform you that Superintendent Spencer of the Indian school here is to leave us. I do not think we can get worse. There are about fifty-four (54) Catholic Indians here. They go to Mass on Sunday and that is about all. There are a few who go to Confession and Communion every three months. There are some of them coming from Catholic schools, who are well instructed. About Easter this year I had (22) twenty-two to go to Confession, who did not know the act of Contrition, the Our Father, or any prayer.

Now I consider it a great shame to let any Catholic child come here, before the First Holy Communion is made. The Indian school is about one and three-fourths of a mile from the Church. I am alone here and there is no way to teach them their Catechism. No Indian parents should allow the child to come here. It is no place for Catholic. I have done what I could, but had to deal with a double-faced man who professed no creed, but certainly hated a Catholic. I sincerely hope you will do all you can to make this known, and prevent any Catholic child from coming here. Sincerely Yours in Corde Jesu,

J. A. CROWLEY.

Mi manda ekkitod awi mekatekwanaie Father Crowley. Gegeti matchi ijiwebad.

This is what Father Crowley said:

Gegeti nin gisadendam anishinabeg apakidinawad onidjanissinwan manda matchi akinoamadiwin, kawi ka gego windamowassiwag Kije Manito aj elad.

This is awful. I am very sorry for the Indians who have let their children attend the bad institutions where they are never taught by any one about God.

Meno anamiadjiig wenikigomindjig nawanatche ta minwendamog tchi wabam awad onidjanissinwan tchi nibonidajiwi aj aiawad, iwi dash tchi pakidinawad matchi manito. Kitchi batinadon katolik akinoamadiwinan misode

Good Christian parents would sooner see their children die as they are than to have them given over to the devil.

Ajiwi weweni ge daji kikendamowad misinaigan, gaie ojiwigewin, gaie agindasowin; nawa tchi igo weweni o kikendanawa katolik akinoamadiwigamigong.

Memindage weweni o kikendanawa, dash tchi kik-nimawad Kije Manito, tchi ijawad wakwing gi a-hk-a-bimadisiwad. Mi eta gegibadi-idiig wenikigomindjig pekidenadjiig onidjanissinwan bakan akinoamadiwining

There are many Catholic schools all over, where the children have already learnt how to read, write, and use figures. They know more in these Catholic schools; they also know how to love the Lord and they go to heaven when they die. Foolish parents only, let their children go to other schools.

Nin gi ikkit manda nibina datching. Kakina mekatekwanaie ikkitowag manda, gaie dash kitchi mekatekwanaie manda akinoamagewag.

I, myself have said this many, many a time. Other priests have said so, and the high priests are teaching this.

Anind dash anishinabeg inendamog: "Awashime nin nibwake mekatekwanaie. Mano, win gaie matchi manito inendam: "Nin nibwaka awashime mekatekwanaie dash." Potchi nendam "Nin nibwaka Kije Manito dash." Aianotchagisod anama kaming, anish nibwakasa.

Some Indians seem to have this opinion of themselves, "I am wiser than the priest; positively I am wiser than God," but let them and the devil think so. Let them be wise although they are burning in hell.

Agonda wenikigomindjig pekidenadjiig onidjanissinwan bakan akinoamadiwining, oga-widj aiawawan matchi manito amaminadisiwad anamakamig kagini ashkoteng; mekatekwanaie dash wakwing taminawanigosi.

Those parents who let their children go to other schools shall associate with the devil who is very stylish in the everlasting fire, but the priest shall enjoy the everlasting life in heaven.

Iwi akinoamadiwin Carlisle etek, mi manda maiamawi manadak kitchi mokoman aking. Mi manda wigiwam endaji-mateni windamowindwa ondji katolik anamiewigamig, mekatekwanaie, gaie anamiekweg. Mi dash abinodjiag ajiing-ndamowad katolik anamiewigamig gaie mekatekwanaie. Kakine gagina-wishkiwin manda.

This doctrine Carlisle School is teaching is the very worst kind in the land of big knife (United States.) This is the place where they are taught everything contrary to the Catholic religion, they are led to despise the church, priests and nuns. This thing is all falsehood.

Bejig kwiwisens Omanomini gi ija Carlisle akinoamadiwining. Mojag gikopesse tchi bwa machad. Gi-dagwishin nesso bibonagak apitchi ojingendan kopessewin. Ikito sa: "Kopessewin gagibadisiwin." Mi sa kawa-kikendan Carlisle akinoamadiwining.

One Menominee boy went to Carlisle Institute. Before he went he used to make his usual confessions. He came home after three years and hated confession. He said confession is nothing but a fraud. This is what he learnt at Carlisle.

Gegi ti Carlisle kitchi gagibadisiwin. Maba oshkinaweg mi-gadiwag anind gaie anishinabeg; gi-ni-sa dash bejig. Mi maba bejig Carlisle ga-akinoamawind. Anish kawisa o minwendansin kopessewin. Mi tibi-hko gaie metchi ijiwebadisiwin. Gaie dash matchi manito o jingndan kopessewin. Mi wendji-jingendang katolik akinoamadiwin matchi manito.

Carlisle is a very bad place. This young man had a fight with other Indian boys and one was killed. He was also attending the school.

He did not like confession like other rascals, also the devil hated confession and this is the reason the devil does not like the Catholic religion.

Eiawegok bakaakwan, kema pijiki, kema peshigogashi, ki da-minawa na bemadisiidjig weweni eshamassigwa? Kawi wika.

Could those of you who have chickens, cows, or horses give them away to people who do not feed them well? No! never!

Awi anini dash manad od abinodjiian bakan akinoamadiwin kawi o sagiassin onidja issan, tibi-hko ji sagiad bakaakwan, kema peshigogashi, kema pijiki.

The man that gives his children away to other schools does not love them as much as he does his chickens, cows and horses.

Anishinabedji! Ki windamonim gego. Kishpin kwiwisensag gaie akwesensag gaie akwesensagitawigiwad, awashime kikenomias-igwa dash Kije-Manito kinawa eji-kikeimig, gaie Kije-Manito o ganasongewinan kikendansigwa, o daji-janawan dash matchi manito kinawa gaie go ga-widjiwawa, tchi tchagisoteg anamakamig ki gagiba-disiwinwa ondji.

Indians, I tell you not to. If the boys and girls who are growing up do not know God and his commandments the same as you do they will go to the devil, and you shall also go with them to be burnt in hell fire for your sins.

Kije Manito o gi-inan mekatekwanaie tchi akinoamagoteg tchi pisindawigwa eta. Ani dash wendji pisindaweg bekanid bi-ijad endaieg tchi gimodid kid abinodjiiman?

God said to the priests to preach unto you to listen to them only, and why do you listen to others who come to your homes and steal your children.

Anind kitchi gagigabisiwad. Od ata wena an onidjanissinwan bakan akinoamadiwigamigong gonima nijwabig. Mi go tibi-hko ejitchigewad ga-ijitchiged Judas, gi-atawed Jesusan.

Some parents are very foolish in selling their children to other schools for only a small sum of \$2 00; they are doing just as Judas did who sold Jesus.

Ki da-makwendanawa Kije Manito gagwetchimigowa ki nidjanissinwan.

Remember God has asked for your children.

OUR KINGS' DAUGHTERS KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THE GIRLS AWAY.

Some of the helps given by the girls comprising the Kings' Daughters are the cheerful letters written to absent ones.

A few extracts from the answers which such letters bring, showing heart felt appreciation, will be of interest to the general reader:

From Fair New Mexico's Sandy Plains.

"Your most loving message was received, and it certainly made my heart glad to hear from you. It does me so much good to read your dear letters, and I hope hereafter you will write to me quite often.

If I were to visit dear Carlisle I would be in my glory. I certainly would like to go some day, I may yet I want you, all of you girls, to remember me in your prayers. I have met a great many things that would discourage any school girl. But I have tried my best to overcome them. It's pretty hard Give my best love to all."

A Wisconsin Letter.

"Many thanks for the Christmas card you sent. I can imagine what an interesting meeting the Whatsoevers will have today with their plans of work for the coming year. When I was at Carlisle I did not half appreciate the chapel services and prayer meetings though I always enjoyed our circle meetings, now I just long for some kind of meetings."

From a Womanly Indian Girl in a Country Home

"DEAR SISTERS IN HIS NAME:— I was very glad to know I was remembered by you all on Christmas with your little card.

How nice it is to think that somebody has thought of you! No matter how small a thing is given you, it shows that somebody has taken a little trouble for you and you can't help but love that person the more.

I am glad to know that you have taken some new members and they are all so interested in the work you are doing.

I am not taking up any special book in the Bible, but I have made it a rule to read a chapter or part of one every night before I go to bed, which I hope you all do, for, I do not have the time to do it in the mornings so I always take a lesson every night. I often think of you all every Tuesday evening, when you are all gathered having your lesson. I must now close, wishing you all a very Happy New Year, and hope that you will all try and do better than you did in the year of 1897.

That's what I am going to try and do."

Another Country Home Letter.

"I enjoyed my Christmas very much. These are the presents I received. A pair of shoes; money for skates—\$1 25; half a dozen handkerchiefs; three cards; two books; one pound of writing paper; one bar of toilet soap; one bottle of shoe polish; one paper of pins; one stick pin; two pounds of candy; one pound of nuts, mixed; and one pair of gaiters and that is all. Don't you think I fared pretty well? For, indeed I do. I only wish I had a bike. I do think its too nice for anything out here. I wish you were out here."

From Montana.

First of all, I must thank you, for the lovely letter you so kindly wrote me, you can't imagine how much good it did me, and the comfort it gave me.

It made me feel that I had not entirely lost all my friends, and how much comfort there is in that!

It made me feel that there was some kind heart, somewhere, who was thinking of me, and searched me out from among the wilds of the west thus to cheer me.

When I was there and used to write circle letters, I used to wonder if there were any use in writing them, and if the receivers of the letters ever appreciated them.

I know now what it is to get one. I have been here but ten short months, but ah! what a change in my life! I used to try so hard to be a good Christian girl and how many times I had prayed in one day, but as I have drifted away from my good friends and good surroundings, so have I drifted away from my Father's teachings and people.

I was so disheartened, and was so alone, that I felt I had not one single friend in the world.

Even if I did want to go to church or Sunday School, I would have no way of attending any, for I live twenty-eight miles away from the nearest church.

The day that I received your letter, I was all alone in the house sitting by the window and thinking of my past and present life and what a great change had taken place.

I could scarcely believe I had been so

blind, so careless and neglectful of what concerned my soul. The tears rushed to my eyes that could no longer be repressed.

It was then that God sent me your letter to comfort my lonely heart. I was so glad to get what news you told me, for I don't even get the Helper, any more. I have a good kind husband, and God has been very good and gracious to me all through life.

Remember me to each member of our circle.

Remember me in your prayers and help me to be a better girl. With my best love

WHY NOT LET THE INDIAN BOY KEEP HIS LONG HAIR, AND THE GIRL HER DRESS.

J. S. Spear in a paper read before the Inter-Reservation Teachers' Association, answers questions we frequently hear asked, and we give his words as the testimony of a camp teacher of long experience. There is a great amount of sentiment among Indian teachers, but in the work of breaking up Indian customs there is no room for sentiment.

Mr. Spear says:

Should we as teachers strive to break up Indian habits and customs in our schools simply because they are the Indian's ways, such as are in no way wrong in themselves but simply differ from the white man's ways? If we are justified in this work, to what extent shall force be used to effect what cannot be done by persuasion?

Is there anything wrong in an Indian boy's wearing long hair simply because it is the fashion for white boys to wear short? You may say that it is easier to keep his head clean and free from certain unmentionable parasites. But if this were the only reason we should apply the same remedy to the girls—but we do not. And why we do not is because white girls in general wear long hair.

But if the boy's hair has reached a respectable football length, the school barber is after him and he is compelled to give up that which is dear to him and almost sacred to his mother.

A few daubs of yellow paint, with here and there a streak of crimson or a circle of blue, are as beautiful and becoming to the eye of an Indian maiden, as a fluff of lily white surrounding a patch of properly shaded rouge is to the eye of a society belle. While there is not a white school that would prohibit the latter, the moment the Indian girl crosses the school threshold ornamented with other, she is informed emphatically that it must be removed.

The two braids of hair, terminating with a string of beads, a few elk teeth, a half dozen copper coins, shells of various kinds, etc., have been worn by the Sioux woman for perhaps ages.

Then shall their daughters be compelled to give them up for something else? Say, for instance, one braid ending with a ribbon tied in a doubled-bow knot. Is there any thing more becoming in one braid of hair than in two? Any thing more beautiful in a red ribbon than a string of brass beads?—only as we are educated to look at it. And if there is, have we the right to force our own opinions of esthetics upon the Indian girl contrary to her wishes, her mother's teachings, and the custom of her race for perhaps centuries?

My answer to my own questions—which are not my own, for I have heard them asked over and over again by teachers in the service,—is this: It is right, it is our duty to break up, root out these customs even to the smallest. By persuasion and example if possible, but by force if necessary. And let this reason suffice, that we do so because they are deep rooted Indian customs, held sacred because they are Indian, because they differ from the white man's ways. Because any voluntary innovations are scorned, ridiculed and in every way discouraged by the older people. A young married woman, while riding with us on a cold winter evening, when asked why she did not wear her hood, replied that the old women made fun of her, say she was trying to be like a white woman, while she was not white. This girl was more willing to endure the

sting of the winter wind than she was the sting of ridicule.

So long as the old women make fun of white customs, and so long as the young women are influenced thereby, there is need to force that custom upon every girl from the time she enters school until she leaves it; farther than that, the teacher has naught to do. Maybe by that time a few of them will have enough of the courage of civilization to brave the scorn of their elders. Surely it will lessen this scorn for the next generation.

Seldom do we see a man of forty or even thirty years of age wearing short hair from preference. Yet I doubt not that a considerable per cent. of the boys who are in the day schools now will, upon reaching manhood, continue to patronize the barber.

The breaking up of this one custom in our schools has not been attained without a struggle—yes not without a loss. It has caused prejudice against school and teachers, the removal of parents from camp to camp, and untold lying and falsification. But the battle has been won and the gain surely has been greater than the loss.

We know how the banishment of the squaw dress was resisted, with what tenacity the girls clung to the ugly thing, how it was preferred to the best dress that could be made at school. But its banishment has been thoroughly accomplished and small as it may seem to one outside the camp, we know that the cut of a girl's dress will have much to do in deciding whether she shall grow up to be a squaw or a woman.

Can we doubt that if no force had been used to prevent it that boys would still be coming to school dressed in yellow paint, long hair and breech cloths? That girls would still be wearing squaw dresses, red leggings, and a dozen ear ornaments? Nor can we doubt that every one of these customs holds the child at a distance from civilizing influences. They make him to feel every moment of his life that he is an Indian as were his father and mother, that so long as he adheres to their customs he needs not the civilization, the education, the language of the whites. Nor can we doubt that the Indian fully realizes the same, and for this reason he so strenuously opposes the teacher's work. If he knew that it would all be forgotten or disregarded when the child left school he would give himself and the teacher much less trouble about it. While on the other hand if we compel the child while in school to follow the customs of the white people, he will to a greater or less degree from preference continue them in after life; and even while they are forced upon him they make him feel that he is in these respects like his teacher, and so long as this is so it gives him intuitively a feeling that he is a part of civilization and not of savagery, that he needs other education than that found in the forest and by the camp fire, that he needs other occupations than drawing and consuming government rations. We must make the children understand that they were born under different circumstances from their ancestors, and must live under different conditions. And that great as this differences that it will continually grow greater and greater.

On the same grounds I reduce the use of the vernacular to a minimum. I do not believe any evil can be successfully combated by temporizing or compromising with it. Many of you are saying it is no evil for a child to speak his mother tongue. It is an evil in the same way that the boy's long hair and the girl's squaw dress are evil. Not in itself but because it is a barrier between him and civilization. It binds him to the tipi, the blanket, the Omaha. The Indian will know very little of business, very little of civilization, very little that is worth knowing until he learns it from the white man through the medium of the white man's language. So also do I believe a teacher loses more than he gains by talking Sioux with the adult population. It is a standing argument that it makes a teacher popular, and promotes a friendly feeling with the old people. Yes, it does. So would wearing a

blanket, painting your face, eating dog. The Indian fully realizes the fact, even if you do not, and glooms over it, that in this particular he is drawing you away from civilization more than you are drawing him to it. He is making more of a Sioux of you than you are making a citizen of him; that you are losing in the struggle for supremacy.

We are inclined to blame the returned students for taking up his old ways. But if you adopt these ways can you blame him for doing so? Do you not do it for the very same reason? The returned student does not go back to a single Indian custom because he believes it right but because it is the easy way—it makes him popular with the old people.

FROM A MISSIONARY'S VIEW.

The Kind of People Wanted for Indian Work.

We do not want women who do not know how to cook or do the common sort of house-work. Nor do we want those who like to keep their hands white and themselves from being tired, at the expense of the little ones in their charge.

The children should not be made little drudges, so that they naturally want to get away. But rather should they be given a happy home and loving care, and sympathy in all their childish pursuits.

Nor do we want people who have "longed to be missionaries for years," in some vague romantic way, but who when set down in the midst of very every-day duties, find them tiresome, and their imaginary love of imaginary souls vanish before contact with real, and often trying and tiresome souls.

"Imaginary souls" greedily desire to be taught. "Real souls" as earnestly desire to get out of being taught.

The real missionary needs infinite patience, and a real ever increasing thirst for winning souls. He needs to feel in himself, if ever so faintly, the love of Christ for those who "receive him not."

Many of the Indians are very bitter against the Christian religion, and I cannot wonder, when I see the way nineteenth-century whites treat them: as inferior beings, and as far game; they sell them every thing of the poorest for the most money, and so on.

We need the earnest, the longing, the importunate prayers of the Christian world, that there may be a weighty outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the heathen world, the great, sad, suffering heathen world.

The sick and dying are often in danger of intentionally harsh and inhuman treatment from the "Medicine Men," such as will hasten their death. In several cases we have known of unfortunates whose deaths were hastened, to "get it over." We see constantly such sad ignorance of making the sick ones even commonly comfortable. There are a lot of souls as far as I can see, just as loving, just as intelligent and just as much worth loving as if they were white; but almost every one including some of the workers treat them as "Indians."

It is inexpressibly sad to see the great opportunity of moulding these lives into something like Christ-likeness so little valued, nay, almost ignored by very many who offer themselves for the work.—[The Evangelical Churchman.]

CHANGES FOR THE BETTER.

It must be acknowledged that much of the romance of the ancient Indian character has passed away. The wigam of so much historic interest has vanished and the Indian has become reconciled to a sheltering roof. In olden days the top of the head was never covered. It is a shame, said they, to conceal the thoughts passing through the brain from the Good Ruler who is our Great Father. The time renowned skins and furs are replaced by broadcloth and calico. Venison is supplanted by beef and pork. Formerly a hoe in the hand of an Indian brave was a terrible disgrace; now a hoe in the hand of an Indian woman is quite unfashionable.—[Progress.]

INDIANS' 'OUTING' A CENTURY AGO.

The plan of placing the young Indians among white families, in order to learn civilized ways, is not entirely new, though the system, now practiced at Carlisle so extensively, never took very strong root until begun there. Just a century ago, Joseph Clark, acting for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, went to the Indian reservation, about twenty miles west of Utica, N. Y., and brought to this city six girls of that tribe, who were placed in Friends' families. How long they remained, or what was the result of the experiment, we cannot state.

The plan was suggested, "in the year 1797," by John Parrish, who had been active in the Indian work. His proposal was laid before the Yearly Meeting's Indian Committee, and after consideration approved. The Indians (perhaps the Stockbridge band) appear to have been made acquainted with it and to have approved it, a message to that effect having been sent by Henry Simmons. The Committee thereupon appointed Joseph Clark and Henry Simmons to go to the reservation and bring the girls to Philadelphia, and Joseph Clark's Diary describes, with many interesting details, his trip up and back. The original Diary, neatly kept, is in possession of his great granddaughter, Anna Longstreth Tilney, of Philadelphia, who has kindly brought it to our notice. In "Friends' Miscellany," Volume I., the Diary is given in part, but has been considerably compressed and edited.

Joseph Clark was a teacher. He came with his wife, Elizabeth, from London, England, about 1772. He had been a member of the Church of England, but joined Friends. Our friend Anna L. Tilney remarks the fact that the wife of our friend Joseph J. Janney, of Baltimore, who is so much interested in the Indian work, is also a great granddaughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Clark—[Friends' Intelligencer.]

WITHOUT PRICE.

During the Apache war in Arizona in 1866 a Maricopa Indian—the Maricopas are an agricultural tribe living on the banks of the Gila—rode a hundred miles between sun and sun to warn a party of well to do emigrants that the Apaches had planned to ambuscade them at a certain pass.

The young Indian volunteered to guide the wagons by another route, and when he had done this he mounted his horse to go home.

"See here," said the leader of the train to the young Maricopa, "you have done us good service. What is your price?"

"My price?" repeated the astonished Indian.

"That is what I asked."

"I have no price. Had gain been my object I would have joined the Apaches and met you in the pass." And so saying the brave wheeled his horse and rode proudly away.—[New York Ledger.]

INDIAN ENGLISH.

One of the Indians closes a letter by airing his English thus:

"I shall inclose my letter by abiding you all a good luck."—[Talks and Thoughts, Hampton, Va.]

This reminds us of one of our own boys who after he went home, wrote to a young lady, one of the family in his former country home and for whom he had the greatest respect, addressing her as: My dear Friendship Sal.

THE BASIS OF OUR OUTING THEORY.

Happy the boy or girl who grows up in a home where perhaps a dozen ages, a dozen temperaments, work and enjoy side by side. There is no other such school of life, no such teachers, no such learners, as these may be.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

ANNUAL BANQUET.

The Indian Football Team of '97 Entertains the Dickinson College Team.

On Friday evening, Jan. 7, the school Y. M. C. A. Hall was the scene of a great occasion for the football fraternity.

The men composing the Dickinson College team and their lady friends, with the advisory committee and their ladies were the Indian School team's guests of honor.

One hundred and fifty persons in all formed the company that gathered around the festive board for a "feast of reason and flow of soul."

The Young Men's Christian Association Hall was decorated with Dickinson and Carlisle colors, evergreens and flags, potted plants and flowers, and was brilliantly lighted with electricity.

Under the electroliers hung the footballs that had been used in past years, now clean and painted with the scores of '97.

The tables were arranged in rows on either side, with places of honor assigned to the Dickinson College professors and others, members of our faculty, and the toast master at a table standing at the head of the "court."

The waitresses were Indian girls dressed in becoming aprons and caps. The several courses on the Menu, (which by the way were printed in the shape of a football, covered with leather colored backs,) were served in order.

-The Menu-

Malaga Grapes	Wafers
Soup	Sliced Turkey
Potatoes	Cranberry Jelly
	Olives Pickles
Buttered Bread	Creamed Oysters
	Chicken Salad
Ice Cream	Cake
Nuts	Rasins
	Coffee

An hour and a half to two hours were consumed in social chat and merry laughter while partaking of dishes at once tempting and palatable.

The Toasts.

The Toastmaster, Mr. Thompson, after a few appropriate remarks called upon PROFESSOR GEORGE EDWARD MILLS, of Dickinson College who responded in part as follows, to

A Kicker—What is he Worth?

MR. TOAST MASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I do not know exactly how to treat this subject, but I think that I could carry out the subject very well by kicking, metaphorically speaking, against Capt. Pratt for having insisted on my trying to reply to the toast. I think he made a mistake about it.

The speaker then related the story of an old gentleman who was deaf and who was accustomed to sit in the front pew at church so that he could hear the preacher to the best advantage. This old gentleman was canvassing for a publication and one day asked the minister to announce that fact in the pulpit on the next Sabbath. So after finishing his sermon on this particular Sunday morning, the minister made the announcement that there would be baptizing of infants on a certain day, and that all parents having children to baptize should bring them there at that time. The deaf old gentleman then spoke up:

"Yes, and those of you who haven't any, can get them of me for seventy-five cents a piece [Laughter.]

As far as kicking is concerned, there are a great many ways of looking at this subject. You might divide the word kicker, into many classes. There is the ordinary kicker, and the extraordinary kicker, and a third class, the football kicker. We have all had experience with kickers, and we have them in every place. We have them in the churches, and schools and public assemblies. In all important affairs we find the usual man or woman who insists on running against the current, and these persons are called kickers.

But I presume the kicker we are mostly interested in to-night is the football kicker. The football kicker is a modern in-

vention. If you turn to the dictionary, you will probably find it defines a kicker as one who kicks, and that nothing is said about the persons who win their laurels in football games and succeed in kicking goals at the critical part of a game.

In regard to what football is worth, as a game, I hardly think it is necessary to say anything about that. There are always times under certain conditions when an admirable kick, well placed, is a most valuable thing. There are quite a number of famous kickers who have risen up during the last season. There is Capt. Minds of the Pennsylvania team. His reputation as a successful kicker is known throughout the athletic world. They have them also at Harvard and Yale, but higher than all these stands the unrivaled kicker of the Indian School, the redoubtable Hudson.

I had the honor to discover this evening that I was sitting by the gentleman who had kicked himself into fame. [Laughter.]

I did not succeed, however, in finding how he kicked two drops and had the score 8 to 10 in the first half at the Pennsylvania game. We have great respect for Mr. Hudson and believe that right here at Carlisle we have the greatest kicker that has been produced on the football field.

I do not know whether this toast is intended as a text or not. Whether it should be treated with a firstly, and a secondly, and thirdly or exegetically, as the ministers say. But I want to say in conclusion, or to recapitulate, [laughter] that I believe in kicking.

The person who has learned to kick on the football field, that person has developed in his own nature something that will stand him in much need in later years. As long as the current of things runs along smoothly in life, there seems to be no occasion for kicking. After you pass out of school or college into actual life, you find that by letting quite a number of the good things go by you will be regarded as an inoffensive sort of person, but when you make an effort for the mastery, and begin to strive for what other people are striving for, and when you begin to jostle against others, you will be called a kicker.

Then you will appreciate the training received on the football field. Courage, skill, persistency and the determination to win, no matter what the odds against you will bring you close to your opponent's goal, where a kick carefully and skilfully placed will score for you your life's success and win for you the lasting applause and admiration of society. In conclusion, let me say that as Mr. Hudson has achieved distinction on the football field by kicking, so Dickinson, our own college, can also kick themselves into fame, and that is the end of my text.

Football From the Standpoint of a Coach.

PROF. STAUFFER, OF DICKINSON.

The view of a coach is somewhat like the Irishman who fell off a precipice, and when his friends found him unharmed they asked him how he felt and how the things looked as he fell.

He replied: "Sure, I had only time to see the stars when I struck the bottom."

So a coach has only a limited view of the various teams, and on his own team, if it is a good one, each man seems a star in his own peculiar way.

One of the most prominent traits in man is that of self-preservation. We find that courage and wisdom are seldom combined. That purest of human instincts self-preservation, rules man in nearly all his acts. Hence arises an intense selfishness, an inordinate desire to augment pleasure; self benefit is sought though at the expense of friends and family.

Is it the desire for fame?

Is it ambition that disturbs your sleep?

At best ambition is a nightmare, preceded by a disturbed sleep and followed by a painful awakening.

Its goal is never reached. The endeavor to attain it is like trying to touch the horizon, which recedes as you approach.

Therefore, gentlemen, in your strife to be foremost in all ranks try to be generous to your brother working beside you; be good enough to point out his mistakes, and because you know more than he does do not use that knowledge given you by another to destroy your less fortunate brother. Aid him and you will be glad to point to him as your protégé, and, when he in his hour of greatest success, turns to you for your commendation and tells you he understands and realizes that he owes it all to you, then you will feel repaid.

Football needs the support of every loyal follower of this grand and glorious old game, so to be of any value we must stand together. Teach the young boys to play, keep the highest ideals of the sport before them and thus the sport will be brought to its highest development.

A crying evil of the sport is the ever ready response in the affirmative to the question "Are you hurt?"

It has been one of the finest traits noticed in the Indian character that when they suffer they do so in silence, and every MAN will always follow their example. Then why should football men who are supposed to be very courageous, tell when they have a bruise, publish it in all the newspapers? It is this that has brought so much unfavorable comment on the sport.

Be a man and take your knocks without a murmur!

You may do this to excite favorable comment on your pluck. Be sure of one thing: your coach knows whether you suffer, or not. You may be like the Irishman and German having been reduced almost to starvation with but one fish left. They agreed to place an end of the fish in their mouths and pull; the Irishman being crafty said with tightly clinched teeth:

"Be yez ready?"

The poor Dutchman from habit opened his mouth wide saying: "Yah."

So you may lose your object and gain contempt.

We two colleges could make ourselves a tower of strength if we go hand in hand; we can profit by our mistakes and victories.

There will be times when you will have troubles, and you may always be sure that we will gladly be at your right hand to aid in every manner.

We honor the Indian team for what it is and for what it aims to be. It is lucky to possess such loyal men as it has at its wheel. Capt. Pratt, whom one cannot know but to admire; Mr. Thompson, with such good business tact; your fine coach, Mr. Bull; Capt. Pierce, who has helped you so well, are men who have given more than you can ever guess, to put you in complete and undisputed possession of a sport that we all deem to be the one of all that only men of courage and manhood can play. I congratulate you on your success.

Home Pastimes of the Original Indians.

MR. STANDING

MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I confess that I am little at a loss to know just why my name was down on the list for a toast this evening, because I believe no one who knows me would imagine me a sporting character, (laughter) therefore I cannot be regarded as a football authority.

In case my remarks should not hang well together, I want to relate a little incident that will explain my position to-night. This fall on coming up from the South, I met a gentleman who had been traveling through the South to ascertain the condition of the colored people. He particularly wanted to find out what progress had taken place in their manner of conducting worship. So, wherever he went, he made it his business to see the preacher. On one occasion he called on a preacher who seemed to be a man above the average, and questioned him as to his methods of preaching. He replied:

"Well, sometimes I uses de manuscript,

sometimes I has de notes, but mos' commonly I preaches extemporariously." [Laughter.]

My remarks this evening will be of this extemporariously character.

We are used to hearing the Indians spoken of as men of fine physique, and great endurance. The testimony on this point is uniform, and we can understand it from the life they lead.

One of the early explorers asked an Indian how he could possibly stand the exposure to cold and snow with so little clothing. He replied by asking his questioner:

"Why do you not cover your face when you are outdoors in the cold?"

"Oh, that is not necessary. My face is used to exposure."

"Well," said the Indian, "I am face all over." [Laughter.]

We can imagine that the life of the chase and the war-path, and continual outdoor living, canoe and horseback exercise, gave the Indian that training which made his whole body strong, and capable of great endurance, and the demands on vitality were extraordinary. For we must remember that the Indians, a long time ago, had only the crudest weapons with which to master the large game which furnished them their principal subsistence. We must not forget that the arrow and the spear tipped with steel made by the white man, is a very different weapon from the same things tipped with a piece of flint only; there is no comparison between the two.

We know that the Indian was a warrior. On their war trips they often made long journeys and underwent hardships innumerable. So we see that the men had great chances to become athletes. The women had equal chances in various kinds of labor—carrying water, dressing the skins, chopping the wood, building houses, etc.

As the Indian's manner of life has changed, so have his pastimes. As they adopt our methods of living, so they are adopting our games, and, as has already been said, are excelling in them, especially in point of endurance.

Many years ago there was a famous Indian runner named Deerfoot, who came over to Europe. There were those who could equal him in the mile run, but no one could touch him in a ten-mile race.

The Indians are making a record that is very creditable to them. For our own team, I am glad of the record they have made, but they still need a white man to coach, and to manage their finances, and are much indebted to both of the officials who have been so engaged during the past season.

Many years ago I was often called upon to feed the Indians. At times it was a voluntary act, at others involuntary, because I deemed it prudent under the circumstances. But now the tables are somewhat turned. The Indians are to-night feeding me, and I am sure that there are others here who will join me in the sentiment that the change is acceptable, significant, and appreciated. [Applause].

Football from the Standpoint of an Alumnus.

PROF. MCINTIRE, OF DICKINSON.

I was very comfortable here when I read this program, and found my name was not on it. I am reminded of what Mark Twain once said, that the most uncomfortable man at a banquet is one who has an undelivered speech in him.

On looking around over this company, I saw a number of men who I felt sure had speeches in them. At my left I saw our coach, who is usually not an unhand-some man to look at, but his face was drawn and anxious as if he expected an important game tomorrow. I looked over and saw the right tackle, whose face is usually so round and rosy that he reminds us of Raphael's cherubs, but its jolly rotundity was gone.

Though I have prepared no speech, it would be ungracious if I did not thank you for the courtesy which made you think of us when you were rejoicing over your

victories, and invite us to come and share this celebration with you. It once would have been thought remarkable that a college professor should have anything to do with football—that a man who taught young people should take an interest in such a game as football was, and many people still think football is; and yet it has come to pass that the colleges where football is successful are very rare indeed, where some members of the faculty are not very much interested in the perpetuation of the game, and the conduct of the team in general.

Why should a college professor, or an alumnus, for that matter, have an interest in football? Why, those who have looked into the game, those who have seen it played, and seen its influence among those who play the game, have learned that there is an infinite possibility for the development of character in this game of football. The fact that it may become a brutal thing or a dangerous thing, is no argument against it. It is liable to abuse, but the best things in the world may be perverted, and the greatest curses of mankind grow out of the misuse of some of our greatest blessings. Colleges have come to look upon football as one of the very best means of culture. It ought to develop self-control and generosity, and make such men as we need to handle the reins of government.

Feeling how interested the students of Dickinson are in football, when it is played honestly and fairly and generously, and observing the good influence upon the morals of our college, not only upon those who play, but upon those who witness the game, our faculty and alumni give the subject most careful attention. We are determined that no pains shall be spared to enable our boys to play an honest, scientific game of football. We know that in our football team, we have the best examples of manhood; some of the best men in the college play football. I mean the manliest men; men who can choke down resentment; those who under difficulties can go forward in a straight course.

But I cannot take my seat, Mr. Toastmaster, without saying that we shall never forget the chivalry that has hung from these chandeliers, footballs marked with scores against the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Yale, and the University of Illinois, and in the middle of the room has hung the ball you won from Dickinson with no score on it. And when I saw the yellow and red, and the red and white so gracefully intertwined in these decorations, I thought that they so constitute an emblem of a harmony, a friendship and a co-operation between the two institutions that shall be perpetual. [Applause.]

Should Football be Abolished?

MR. DENNISON WHELOCK.

Modesty compels me to announce that I am not a football player. I announce this, because of an incident which occurred last year when the football team and the band were in Chicago playing the football team of the University of Wisconsin. The day after the game, the band was giving a concert in the Palmer House. After the concert I overheard a beautiful young lady say:

"How gracefully Mr. Wheelock leads his band! Who would have thought that last night he was plunging through the Wisconsin team like a giant."

So now when I make a football speech, I always announce that I am not a football player. I feel that I am facing a condition and not a theory; and that reminds me of a story.

An Indian once got into difficulty with a lawyer. This lawyer had loaned some money to the Indian and was anxious to get it back. He threatened the Indian, and declared that he would have him arrested, tried and put in jail. The old Indian was so scared that he hurried around and found the money, and brought the cash to the lawyer to pay his debt. As the lawyer took the money and put it into the drawer, the Indian still stood by. Finally the lawyer turned around and asked:

"What do you want?"

Said the Indian, "I want a receipt."

"A receipt!" exclaimed the lawyer. "What do you know of a receipt? If you will tell me the nature of a receipt, I will write one for you."

The Indian stood thinking. After a moment he said:

"If I die today, I go to heaven, and when I reach the heavenly gate, old St. Peter he come out and say to me, 'You go back, and pay that man his money.' I have no receipt. I will have to hunt all over the other place to find you."

If we should ask the 14,000 people down at Philadelphia who witnessed the recent game there, "Should football be abolished?" I am sure they all would unite in saying "No." If we should go to Cincinnati, if we should go to Chicago, we might ask the same question and have the same reply.

Why should football not be abolished?

Because it takes men of muscle to play it, and not only men of muscle, but of brains, and that is the kind of game in which Americans want to engage.

At this school, we are trying to bring the Indian up to the position that the white men occupy. Long ago, it was said that the Indian could not understand civilization. It is repeated even at the present time. I deny it. I assert that what the Indian could not understand was the greed, the grasping selfishness of the white man in this country, and when the Indian learned that his habitation and the hills he so dearly loved were being invaded, he justly cried, "There is eternal war between me and thee." And when he resisted, who will say that he did not do right? Who will say that he would not have done the same? He resisted with a thousand warriors, but he had to retreat westward like a hunted fox. He had to cross the Father of Waters to a place of safety. To day the Indian is beyond the Mississippi. The only way I see how he may reoccupy the lands that once were his, is through football, and as football takes brains, takes energy, proves whether civilization can be understood by the Indian or not, we are willing to perpetuate it.

We trust that our team will always play this game of football as if they were gentlemen, as they should be. I do not know that it is altogether good form to be bragging about our own team. I think Mr. Mills would kick against that. [Laughter.] I will just say that I believe that the record our boys have already made will be sustained, and we may confidently trust that they will play as gentlemanly in every contest that they may engage in hereafter. [Applause.]

Foot-ball In The Past.

MR. FORD, OF DICKINSON.

I am sure that our good friend, Mr. McIntire read a wrong expression on my face. I am like the old preacher, of whom you have doubtless heard, who had a colored member in his congregation who was accustomed to go off into great strains of shouting. The minister was going to preach on a very emotional topic and he told this old brother that if he would promise to keep his mouth shut during this service, he would give him a pair of fine boots. The service progressed, and the old gentleman sat there with his emotions stirred, and on several occasions almost shouted "Hallelujah," but he thought of the boots, and restrained himself. The preacher went on until he reached the climax of his theme, and then the old man could stand it no longer, and cried out "Boots or no boots, Hallelujah."

So while sitting here, if I had not shut my teeth and closed my lips, I would have astonished you by getting up and making my speech before my turn. [Laughter.] The gentlemen who preceded me have had a slight advantage. I notice my name is in, about the middle of the program. Undoubtedly there is some advantage in being in the middle of the program, so as to serve as a balance, like the man on the see-saw. But there is a disadvantage. You know it is customary for men coming to a banquet to

make a speech, to hunt up as many old dry jokes as possible. It is likely that some of these gentlemen have already given the jokes that I had prepared.

However, I will say to their credit that they resemble another preacher whom I heard of, who announced that on the following Sunday the Rev. Dr. Roland would preach on the devil, and that he was a man full of his subject [Laughter.]

It has been my pleasure to listen to many interesting exercises at the Indian School, and as I have listened to the young gentlemen and young ladies orating, I have been moved with great feeling; but to-night I am moved with a still greater feeling, and there comes up from the depths of my heart an emotion which is hard to express, for as I sat around this festive board and looked into the faces of young gentlemen and young ladies, whose forefathers were treated cruelly by the white man, I said to myself, I do not come here to-night as an enemy, but, I claim them as brothers and sisters. [Applause.]

I am glad to say that as the crack of the musket from behind the walls of Lexington is history, so also is the cruelty of the white man toward the Indian. And we have passed through the dark days of our history as a nation and have come into prominence as the first among nations, so also has the Indian merged from his state of bondage, from his state of despair. He has come out into a place of grand opportunity, and to-day stands on an equality with the white man, and we are glad to meet here with him.

I am glad that it was my privilege when in college to play football. I believe football is the noblest of games. We may not always win games, that is not the only point. A man who is made of sterling quality never goes through a football game without winning a victory. It may be a victory over self, a victory over passion. It is something within himself that he has mastered. What we want to-day, whether in the shops, in the professions, or in business, wherever it is, is men strong men, noble men, men who will stand for the right, men who will stand in their nobility and show to the world that they are men, and I believe, that the game of football trains the young, trains them under trying circumstances, to be men. It is not an easy thing upon the field of struggle to be smitten by your opponent. It is not easy to be abused by some other member of the team, but under all circumstances, a MAN can prove himself to be a man equal to any occasion.

The Indian football team, as I knew it once was insignificant. I remember when Dickinson College class team used to beat these big brawny fellows. The Indian team would come over to Dickinson and the little class team would walk off with them, and win a decisive victory. Why was this? There was a lack of confidence on the part of the Indians. To day we have confidence in such men as Pierce and Hudson and Wheelock, and others I might name. You have confidence in yourself, because you know you are men, and your opponents are not superhuman, but men like yourselves, and because of this fact you have risen to fame as football players. I might say the same of Dickinson College. When your team was small, ours was small, as you advanced we advanced, and I give a good deal of credit to the Indian team for their influence on our team. No man can live a good life without making others good. The same principle applies to football teams as closely related as ours are.

I rejoice with you in your success, in your victory, in your grand accomplishments of the past year, and I trust that you will be even more successful next year.

As I look at the scores upon the footballs suspended from the chandeliers, and note the record of defeats and victories, I hope that next year all the defeats may be changed to triumphs, whether it be over Princeton, Yale, Harvard or Pennsylvania, so you defeat one of the big four. [Applause.]

"Past, Present and Future of the Carlisle Indian School Team."

MR. FRANK CAYOU.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BRETHREN, SISTERS OF DICKINSON AND FELLOW PLAYERS: I am to relate a little history to you this evening concerning the Indian team. It is almost useless to take the games in order, for that would be too long and dry.

The first game of any importance was the one with Dickinson in '94—when the score stood 12-12. That was a crisis in our football history. Before that time, we were used for practicing by Dickinson and even though we had the brawn and muscle we did not understand the game well enough. The next year was our starting point when Mr. McCormick started us on football in the right way, and he can be justly called our father of football. The University of Pennsylvania game and all the other games of '97 have gone into history. Any of you wishing to know the result of any of the past games, I refer you to Spalding's history on football. It is pleasant to look back into one's past history, especially when notable victories have been gained.

The present condition of the team needs no description as you can all see that the tables are well taken care of. As to her future—it is hard to say, but we can imagine.

There hangs a football with no score or blood upon it. It is no doubt the one we are to use against Dickinson. We hope to gain at least one victory over the "Big Four" this fall. We have played them for two years and scored on nearly every one. We have found we only need a little more coaching and time to surpass them.

Some writer has said that "our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." Let that be our motto! We have fallen enough before the big colleges, let this Fall be our rising point.

Football at the Present.

MR. CRAVER, OF DICKINSON.

MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The speeches of the preceding gentlemen remind me that there are times in my own history as there are I suppose in every one's, when I have felt small. One of the occasions I now have in mind was when I walked out upon the football field to arrange with Capt. Pierce the preliminaries of the game [Laughter.] I was small then by contrast. To-night, when I shook hands with Capt. Pratt he looked at me and said:

"This is one of the small football players."

You can understand the effect of these words. "And" continued the Captain, "when I was out to your Commencement exercises last year one of your small fellows said that I am accustomed to go out on the western prairies and lasso Indians, big fellows, so as to have a big football team."

When the day of our game with the Indian team was approaching—I think it was the 2nd of October, I began to feel nervous. When you remember the reputation which the Indian team had won in '96 you will admit that it was a matter of concern to meet them in their first game in '97. Besides rumors had come to us of the wonderful strength of the team. We had heard of the mighty line in which Capt. Pierce was said to move mountains, of Seneca, H. Pierce, Smith, Wheelock, and Redwater who were reported to be invincible in their positions. In our dreams we saw the flying feet of Rogers and Miller at ends and of Jamison and McFarland at half. We had long known and dreaded the terrific plunges of Meoxen. But worse than all we had heard of the wonderful skill of Hudson in drop kicking. Hudson, whose name some writer had said meant, "The man with the cunning toe."

The story had gotten out that in a surgeon's office in town Mr. Bull of Yale had had Mr. Hudson's toe set after the pattern of his own, and after I had seen him per-

form I began to believe the story myself. [Laughter]

I rejoice with every member of our team, in being with you. For we rejoice in the success of your team next to our own. Of course it would not be fitting in the presence of our conquerors to boast of our own team. But we are proud of some of our victories of the year, for we believe our record is a credit to the institution we represent.

We are proud of the game we played against the Carlisle Indian School team. True we were beaten, but we might have been beaten worse. [Laughter]

We envy the Indians none of their popularity, none of their successes, for they are deserved. Their victory over us was earned in manly straight forward football [Applause], and we believe we did not contest ignobly.

It is indeed a great thing in these days to be a football player.

Not long since two small Carlisle boys were talking on the corner of Louthier and West Streets. One said:

"Who is that fellow who is at the head of the Indian School?"

"Oh," rejoined the other, "that is Capt. Bemus Pierce. He is running things out there." [Laughter]

In behalf of the Dickinson football team I thank Capt. Pratt and Mr. Thompson for the honor done us here this evening. Such an occasion is, I believe, unusual in the college world, and so too have been the relations between the Indian School and Dickinson College. We are here in the same town. For years we have met annually in all kinds of contests. Yet we have never had a single quarrel. What rival institutions can point to a like record. The instigators and promoters of this pleasant occasion are doing much to promote the pleasant relations now existing.

This is the football of the present between the Indian school and Dickinson College. May it be the football of the future. [Applause.]

Benefits of Football.

MR. EDWARD ROGERS, '97.

It is generally admitted that exercise is just as necessary to develop the mind as the body. We see that the best institutions of learning are the most prominent in athletics. Most of the colleges recognizing the importance of exercise, have made it a necessary part of a college course.

Since a certain amount of time must be spent in exercise, it is best for us to choose an exercise that we like, for compulsory exercise is nothing but mere labor, and half of the benefits can not be derived from it as from one of our own choice.

Football develops equally all the muscles of the body and not a particular set as other games do. It also quickens the perception, gives stability and permanence to purpose, and above all is that control over the mind and body which is so essential to the true gentleman.

As to the physical benefit derived from football there is no doubt, the training of regular habits and the exercising in the pure autumn air gives life and vigor to every organ. It gives a good foundation to the brain, and no matter how great a mind a man may have if he has not a good body to support it, it will soon wither and die and be of no use to himself or to the rest of the world.

Football also promotes study, for a player must keep up to a certain standard in his studies if he wishes to play. The testimonials of doctors, lawyers and clergymen who were once stars on the gridiron goes to show that they even had better standing during the football season than at any other time of the year, and to this I can humbly add my own testimony.

The controlling of one's temper is one of the best requirements in playing football. In the hottest and the most exciting part of the game, a player must keep cool and never allow his temper to make him do an ungentlemanly act. This is absolutely necessary, for as soon as a player loses

control of himself, he becomes of no use to himself or to his team.

Wellington has said that the great men of England were made on the play grounds of her public schools, and no doubt the hard struggles on the football fields between Oxford and the other colleges have done a vast amount of good in making Englishmen brave, humane and respected for their valor in all parts of the world.

The games between our own colleges although yet young have the same effect and every football player who graduates from his college goes out into the world with a knowledge of his own ability and with that determination acquired in football to do what is right.

The Football of the Future.

MR. DEVAL, OF DICKINSON.

MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I will treat this subject in relation to the Indian School and Dickinson College.

To respond to this toast should not be a difficult matter because there is every indication that our relations will be exceedingly pleasant and profitable.

The fact that they have been so friendly and hence so beneficial in the past is a hopeful sign that the future will not disappoint us in this regard.

Another hopeful sign is the fraternal spirit shown in the generous reception given us here tonight. Surely the spirit of hospitality and good-will made manifest upon this occasion is unmistakable that the future will but unite us still closer by the bonds of common interests and purposes. In a certain sense we are rivals, but in no sense are we enemies. We are rivals only when we meet each other on the field to uphold the honor of our respective institutions. But when you meet and conquer other teams you will find us your warmest friends and staunchest allies.

Being located so near each other and having so many interests in common it is extremely desirable that the future may even excel the splendid record of the past. To do this several things are necessary.

In the first place the officials of both institutions who have charge of arranging the games should provide for contests at such times and under such circumstances as will result in mutual benefit.

In the next place the members of the respective teams should do all they can to cultivate friendly relations with each other. Their conduct toward each other largely determines the feelings of the students of our institution for those of the other.

They should endeavor to be true sportsmen and learn how to bear an honorable defeat as well as to rejoice over a well earned victory.

In the third place the students should do all in their power to encourage friendly relations. This can be done by remembering that we are not enemies but only occasional rivals; that we have many interests in common, which to be attained need our undivided support.

If this spirit of co-operation which we advocate continues to exist between the officials, athletes and students of the Indian School and those of Dickinson, we believe that our future football will be all that even the most sanguine could desire.

Personnel of the Carlisle Indian Team.

CAPT. PIERCE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Before I commence I think it would be best to adjourn. [Laughter.] I would rather be excused on account of not being an orator, or anything like that. As I was sitting here, I had some points to speak upon, but they have all disappeared.

But, as I am to speak of our own players, I will first go down the line. I will take the man who fills the position of full back. Metoxen is the back-bone of our team, and he is also strong on the offensive. He observes Yale's motto, "When you tackle a man be sure to throw him back toward his own goal, no matter if it is only an inch."

Now we will step a little forward where stands quarter-back, Hudson—the man with the cunning toe. [Applause.] Hudson is the smallest man I have ever seen on the gridiron. He gives the signals and always does it well. Hudson forms the key-note of our team. In our games, he is responsible for every man who goes through the team. He is back there, but the man who strikes him feels that there is something in him.

From Hudson we now take two steps to the right and left, where stand Miller and McFarland. Mr. Miller was a little unfortunate in being crippled in some of the games, and McFarland was also the same, but they are both good players and aggressive. From there we will go on to the position of end, which is filled by Rogers.

Archiquette is a new player. He just started last fall, but he made the first team this year, and he is, I consider, a fast learner for a new man. In the Pennsylvania game he tackled his man several times, for a loss of three to four yards, but Mr. Rogers has done the same thing. From there we will take a step to the right and left, where stand Seneca and H. Pierce. Seneca has filled his new position of tackle with the best of satisfaction to the team. Seneca used to play half back, but this year he was promoted to tackle. He has followed it well. So has Pierce. He has played a fine game this season.

So now we take another step to the right, where we find Wheelock and Redwater—the big Chevenne, as Captain Pratt calls him. Wheelock is a fine player, and Redwater is a good player, and no player has done better in the same length of time.

Mr. Smith has played a good game for a new man, and I hope that next year he will still do so again.

* * * * *

Now, I am glad to say we have a white man for a coach, but we have no white man on the team when we are on the gridiron. Therefore, I say if the Indian can do this, why can he not as well handle the team, and handle the financial part? If he can do so well in this game, I believe in time he can do most anything. [Applause].

In regard to Dickinson, we have always been rivals, especially when we meet them in the field. Captain Craver mentioned feeling a little nervous. So did I. As reports came in before our last game I heard that Dickinson was going to defeat the Indians. Therefore, I felt a little uneasy about it, but after the game, it was a little different.

To-night we are here facing each other as friends, and I hope that next year we will meet each other again on the field, as friendly as we are to-night.

Capt. Pratt was then called upon, and said:

I am exceedingly glad for this occasion, and hope that our relations with Dickinson may continue to be just as pleasant as they are here to-night. Carlisle has played at a disadvantage because we have no good place. We now expect to have a good field and then to invite Dickinson to join us frequently in practice games. This will help both teams.

I have observed that it takes a good second team to make a good first team. So if the two teams can play together in this way, there is no reason why both should not be made stronger. And when Dickinson meets other and stronger opponents and downs them, we shall rejoice in it, as we do in our own triumphs. [Applause.]

I agree with all your good professor has said to-night. I would repeat what he said: We are here together as friends, and want just such a time as we have had to-night at the close of every year.

During the past eighteen years we have been demonstrating that the Indian is not lazy, that he is industrious, and proved it beyond all peradventure. We have talked about it, and published it everywhere, but it had little effect. Nothing has helped us into public notice so much as

football. It has pushed us a long way to the front. [Applause.]

I disliked it at first, and stopped it for two years, and now it turns out to be our great friend.

Speaker Reed, at Girard College drew a picture of war, pestilence and famine, asserting that all of them had their purpose in unifying the human race. It was a new idea to me. And so these contests, with all their bruises and fierce contentions are a great power for the civilization of the Indian.

From The New Captain.

It was announced at the close of the exercises that Frank Hudson had been elected Captain of the team for the ensuing year. In response to calls for a speech he said:

I have been asked to explain or say something in regard to kicking a goal. I think it a matter of great concern for one standing back in the line to kick a goal and have the whole opposing team rushing on him,—a matter of great moment for anyone to perform the feat. But you need to have your mind on what you are doing, the same as in anything else.

You have no need to look for the opposing team.

I have been trained by Mr. Bull, as you all know, how to kick the ball. Taking it all over the field from different angles, first from the goal post and then from the sides, I found it quite difficult to perform, yet by practice and constant instruction from my teacher, I learned to kick as he once kicked.

I could probably best illustrate it if I had the ball. [Laughter.] But I think this explanation is sufficient.

It was rather a surprise for me to have the honor of being Captain for the coming year. I am sure I shall do my best to lead the team as successfully as our Capt. Pierce, and I shall hope to have the hearty co-operation of those on the team who expect to remain this year. I assure you that nothing will be left undone to bring out a successful team.

WORSE TANGLED THAN EVER.

The further the United States gets toward an unraveling of the Indian question, the greater the tangle seems to become and more vexed questions will yet arise, than many have figured on. In some of the nations to which governments have been organized under the Indian laws and on the proposition that the Indian laws are entirely abrogated, what is to become of these municipal organizations? The title of all the lands, still remains in the Indians and all concede that it must remain so until the Indian decides to dispose of it. Many of these town organizations have money in their treasuries and in fact we suppose all of them have, and there is no provision for transferring this money to a new organization or a new set of officers. The evident drift of the new legislation is to leave every thing just as it is—stand still a while and then take a new start and do the thing all over again. Many a man will wonder "where we are at" before the web is untangled.—[The Indian Citizen.]

DOES MORE FOR THE INDIAN CAUSE.

We are proud of the record the Carlisle football team has made. The newspapers all speak highly of the gentlemanly way in which the young men carry on their games. That does more for the Indian cause than sitting down moodily and wondering why the white people do not treat us right.—[Talks and Thoughts, Hampton Va.]

INDIANS WAVE THEIR HATS.

It is quite common among the Indians of the Northwest, for one on passing a white man to wave his hat.

It is said that the custom began with a military salute, as a number of the older Sioux were scouts for General Custer.

Now it seems to be a very informal but cordial expression of good will.

AN INDIAN WEDDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"One-who-was-there," gives a description in the "Word Carrier" of a marriage on the reservation. It may be interesting to our readers to learn how it is done sometimes out that way.

The story runs thus:

Wablikoyake, known as Wearsage, had been for a number of months an apparently interested and devout attendant on all the services at the Porcupine Creek Chapel.

He seemed to be a very quiet and inoffensive kind of a man, and many hopes were entertained in regard to him.

After awhile, however, he disappeared from the neighborhood, and there came rumors that he was in the "lock up" at the agency.

By and by he came back, having been, like Samson, shorn of his locks.

A woman was the original cause of his having been deprived of his liberty, and in this respect also, he was somewhat like Samson.

He brought back what might be fitly termed a "hang-dog-look," along with his short hair.

It was said that he had fastened his precious hair to a band, and sewed it to his hat, in order to preserve appearances.

About this time, Julia Lonebear, and Julia's father, began to haunt the mission house.

The cause of this persistency was that the agent had ordered Julia Lonebear and Mr. Wearsage to be married.

The future father-in-law feared that the man would in some way leave his daughter a lorn as well as Lonebear, and accordingly his desire was to see the couple safely (?) made one.

"Has Mr. Johnson come yet," was Julia's repeated query. "When is he coming?"

At length persistency and patience had their reward. In the course of human events, Mr. Johnson arrived, one evening, on his way to Corn Creek.

It had seemed to him most necessary that he get started from Porcupine early in the morning, for that place, but the building at Corn Creek could wait better than this most important wedding.

So in the morning Mr. Johnson went across the creek in haste, and came back on double quick, with the word that Julia and Wablikoyake were both ready.

They had only stipulated that Nakiwizi and Mrs. Bear that runs-through-the-woods sits-on-hind-legs-and-cracks-nuts be asked to support them in the trying hour.

Accordingly Mr. Johnson and Mr. Morris harnessed up their horses, and made haste to find the people whose presence was desired.

After a very lengthy drive up the creek, they returned, saying that Nakiwizi could not be found, but that Mrs. Bear-that-runs-through-the-woods, etc., with Mr. Bear, etc., were on the way, and would shortly be here.

So the bell was rung.

The bride elect, accompanied by a friend in a red gown, had appeared on the scene of action, some time previously. The bride's distinguishing article of attire was a very heavy beaver shawl, and it was an extremely warm day in July!

The groom had come alone. By and by, Blackbear dropped in. After awhile Thomas Prettyelk appeared, but no Mr. and Mrs. Bear, etc.

Consternation became depicted on several faces.

Where were they?

And echo answered "where"?

Mr. Johnson sat on pins, figuratively speaking, for was he not in haste to be away for Corn Creek? Miss Conger, on her seat behind the organ, represented "patience on a monument."

By and by she began to play, to "soothe the savage breast," and sang awhile accompanied by the others.

Still no Mr. and Mrs. Bear, etc.

Where could they be?

At length some one volunteered the information that they had gone to the store—perhaps to buy a pair of gloves!

Another suggested that it might be white gloves, for the wedding! That proposition was so manifestly absurd, that one of the audience retired precipitately, to the door step, to have her laugh out.

All things come to an end sometime, and so at last a wagon appeared in sight, and the missing man and woman came in, calm and serene as a summer morn.

We breathed sighs of relief.

Now the marriage would soon be over, and we could go home and have dinner!

But our relief was of short duration, for now indeed, came the "tug of war."

Julia Lonebear and Mr. Wearsage were soon standing in front of the pulpit, with Mr. and Mrs. Bear, etc., on either side.

Oh, for a kodak! The woman clung to her heavy shawl with one hand, and with the other held like grim death on the man's limp and passive fingers.

He gave one the feeling that he was in a state of decay.

His ragged vest, and dirty pink shirt were the most noticeable features of his toilet.

Julia responded quite earnestly and vehemently to the questions that Mr. Johnson had asked her, but when it came the man's turn, alas, he was as dumb as a thousand year mummy.

The questions were repeated, still no answer.

They were asked through an interpreter, to be sure that he understood, but even then elicited no reply. What was to be done?

Time was passing.

After a little, however, Mr. Bear, etc., came to the rescue.

In a calm dispassionate tone he harangued the man, giving him some most excellent advice.

By and by the sphinx spoke, but no words of wisdom were heard.

He did not know enough to be married, he said. He did not understand these things. It was the business of these praying men to instruct him, and they had not yet taught him as they should, with more of the same sort of palaver.

Again and again Mr. Johnson plied him with questions, but with no results.

The situation grew serious. What could be done with the obstinate man?

To the beholders in the rear it seemed as if a good sound shaking might do Mr. Wearsage more good than any thing else, and one at least longed for the power to administer it. Julia reiterated, "The Agent told us to get married, and so we ought to get married."

All this time she held tightly to the man's limp and passive hand.

Again John Bear etc., spoke in the same quiet, convincing, dispassionate voice, and at length and at last Wearsage yielded, and agreed to make answer to the questions asked him.

So the ceremony proceeded, without any further interruptions, and in a few moments more the unwilling man and the willing woman were pronounced husband and wife.

We all drew long breaths then, glad to be released from the fire-ome waiting, but wondering how long the marriage would bind these two.

When hands had been shaken all around, and the certificate duly signed, the people departed. Wearsage held back as if to accompany his wife, but she, with her attendant friend, would none of his company.

"Go!" she commanded, with an imperious wave of her hand.

"Go!"

And he went, slinking along by the fence, soon disappearing from sight.

NOT FOR ORNAMENTS ALONE.

Capt. Pratt is not educating the young wards of the Nation to be ornaments to society, and proper persons to sit on platforms at school commencement days, so much as educating them to raise crops and bake bread and make clothes and houses and horseshoes, and follow other useful and inconspicuous callings.—[Syracuse Post.

MR. STANDING AND MR. GARDNER VISIT THE HAMPTON SCHOOL.

Mr. A. J. Standing, the assistant superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School, and Mr. Gardner the Carpenter there, were among our guests during November. We had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Standing in Winona.

After expressing his pleasure at being here he said:

"For twenty-five years of my life I have been associated in this educational work for the Indians. Several times I have visited Hampton and each time have seen much progress—especially at this time, in your wonderfully increased facilities for learning trades so useful to all."

People used to say, What is the use in educating the Indians? There is nothing for him to do. I have always answered, "Don't you see how fast our towns are being built up in the West? In a little while the Indian will be surrounded by civilization."

These conditions have matured faster than anyone expected, and today everywhere rail roads, towns and white settlers are crowding about the reservations. Indians and whites must live side by side and do business together, and the thing to do is to get the Indian people as rapidly as possible equal in intelligence to the people they must come in contact with.

Indians as an exclusive people are disappearing and their reservations are becoming rapidly smaller. The roaming must settle down. This is right, for just as soon as a people become permanently settled they will begin to get something for themselves that the roaming could never have. You who know something of the existing conditions in the west know the needs and can appreciate the opportunities that are opened to you here.

Do not stop short of the end. What profit is it to me if I want to go to a certain point and yet stop three fourths the way there and turn around and go back? You who came here to take a full course and turn back miss the greater part. Do the complete thing. If you can graduate do it—get your diploma and let it speak for you. If you can't, then find out what your particular talent is and follow it up.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE SEMINOLE TROUBLE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Commissioner Jones, of the Indian Office, to-day, received a despatch from Agent Wisdom, at Muskogee, I. T., regarding the burning of two Seminole Indians by white men from Oklahoma. The agent sent his son, who acts as clerk at the agency, to Wewoka, yesterday morning, to investigate the affair, and the latter reported to his father as follows:

"Lincoln McGeisey and Palmer Sampson, two Seminole boys were burned at the stake by a mob composed, it is supposed, of citizens of Oklahoma, at a place near Maud, Okla., Saturday morning about 3 o'clock. These two boys were charged with the murder of Mrs. Leard, a white woman, a resident of the Seminole Nation who was killed the night of Dec. 30. The two Indian boys were taken by the mob from the Seminole Nation. Commissioner Fears has arrived here (Wewoka), and has been instructed by Judge Springer to make an investigation of the matter."

Everything quiet here. The action of the mob is severely condemned by citizens and non-citizens."

After transmitting the above statement the agent adds that he hardly thinks there will be an uprising of the Indians and it is to be hoped the presence of United States officials will suppress further outrages. He attributes the whole trouble to whisky which he says is sold indiscriminately to Indians by saloonkeepers who run saloons on the border within the limits of Oklahoma. If arrested the lynchers can be tried either in the Territory or in Oklahoma under the United States jurisdiction applicable to both Territories.

Commissioner Jones, of the Indian Office, says an agent of the Bureau will be sent to the scene of the tragedy to ascertain the facts and to assist in the prosecution of the offenders.—[Poula. Press, 12th.

Perhaps the wisest thing the Indians could do now is to call their delegates home and throw themselves on the mercy of Uncle Sam and let him settle their differences to the best advantage possible.—[Indian Journal.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN SOCRATES AND W. J. BRYAN.

As a school exercise one day, Miss Catter requested from her class some original productions of imaginary conversations. There were many good papers and among them the following from Edward W. Peterson, of the Klamath tribe.

Mr. Bryan—"Good morning, Socrates. Ahem! let me assure you that I deem it a pleasure to speak to such an ancient philosopher. I have a subject I wish to discuss. What are your views on free silver?"

Socrates—"As thou hast selected a topic of your own choosing, so will I seek your opinion on one of my subjects. Dost thou know thyself, and that within thee dwells an immortal soul?"

Mr. Bryan—"Yes, sir, Socrates. Although your subject is nearly two thousand years behind the time, yet I will favor your philosophical highness with my opinion, as soon as I have convinced you on the silver question. The immortality of the soul of the Democratic party depends on the issue of the coming election."

Socrates—"What dost thou study?"

Mr. Bryan—"After my college days I studied political science."

Socrates—"Then thou hast made a bad mistake. The proper study of mankind is man. Know thyself and in the end thou shalt not regret what thou hast studied."

Mr. Bryan—"Now, my good philosopher, because neither of us feel disposed to consider the arguments of the other, it is evident that we cannot agree. Let us drop these matters and speak of other things. Now, in college I learned that you were baldheaded and had a high-minded wife. Is that true?"

Socrates—"Ah, yes! she stood six feet two inches in height, and therefore was high-minded. One day I returned late with my mind busy thinking on a deep question. My thoughts were suddenly scattered, for Zanthippe threw a gourd full of hot water on mine head. This was the cause of my baldness."

Mr. Bryan—"Ha! ha! rather unfortunate, Socrates. It is a wonder that you did not enter divorce proceedings against your wife on the ground of inhuman treatment. Well, Socrates, I must leave you now, so good bye. I must take the next train to Washington."

SINGLE TAX ON THE INDIANS.

"The Chicago Record" of Dec. 27, has this item, which was sent to us along with the advice which follows:

Want to Try It on the Indians First.

President McKinley will be asked to use his influence to have the single-tax theory put to a test in the Indian Territory. The West Side Single-tax club met in Van Buren Hall, West Madison street and California avenue, yesterday and adopted an address to the president, in which they memorialize him to place the Indians under a form of government that shall have the single tax for its central idea, instead of adopting the recommendations of the Dawes commission. An address was also adopted to be sent to such members of congress as are known to be single-tax advocates."

The tutors of Indian Schools, as at Carlisle and Hampton, would do well to comprehend the Single Tax philosophy, that the native races placed under their care may be brought easily to the light, and made to know the justice of it. Be assured, the Almighty Mind, who gave us all land enough, requires its proper administration for the benefit of all. The Single tax on the values of the land will secure this object perfectly.

To you teachers of the Indians I say: "It is not only the school fund of the state, it is the common fund, for all other desirable things the State may give to us."

An Albuquerque, N. M. gentleman intends to bring to Omaha some of the Pueblo Indians, the Moquis of Arizona to be one of the bands.—[The Indian News.

NEWS SUMMARY FOR THE MONTH.

The winter has been an open one, thus far at Carlisle.

The tailors and girls of '98, are working upon the graduating suits.

Class receptions, and class doings in general are rife with ninety-eighters, at the present time.

Holiday week was a vacation week for the Academic Department, and many of the teachers spent the time among friends at a distance.

Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, World's Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union was among the visitors who spoke to the student-body.

A very few girls from among our number have chosen to learn trades. In the past month, however, Ollie Choteau and Kattie Silverheels have entered the printing office.

Changes in the employee force of our school in the past month have been the addition of Mrs. Cook, transferred from Perris, California, and Miss Paull from the Oneida, Wisconsin school.

We have on the school rolls at this writing, 851 students, 224 of whom are in country homes, supporting themselves and gaining such experience as makes men and women of usefulness.

During holiday week a number of our students visited their former country homes on the invitation of the people with whom they had lived, and some who had been out for a long time spent the week at the school.

The three Literary Societies, jointly, have offered a prize of ten dollars to the one of their number who by February 15, will send to three judges appointed for the purpose, the best written school song, especially appropriate for the Carlisle Indian School.

At the Annual New Year's sociable, a bag of nuts, and an orange and apple were given to each pupil, making a feast of "goodies." An unusual feature of this first sociable in '98 was the costuming of some 50 girls to represent various characters in history and literature.

Our baseball schedule for '98:—April 2, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; Apr. 23, Dickinson, at Carlisle; Apr. 30, Gettysburg, at Carlisle; May 7, Lafayette, at Easton; May 14, Bucknell, at Lewisburg; May 21, State College, at Carlisle; May 30, Dickinson, at Carlisle; June 1, Lehigh, at Bethlehem; June 4, Gettysburg, at Gettysburg; June 15, State College, at State College.

During the week following the holidays the school listened to a very instructive course of lectures by Dr. H. C. and Mrs. Cary. The latter described in choice language the wonderful scenes in foreign lands and the picturesque of our own land as they were thrown upon canvas by the most perfectly operated Stereopticon we ever saw. The instrument was manipulated by the Doctor, and many of the views were those taken by himself in their travels, which have been very extensive.

The monthly entertainments given by the Academic Department, wherein declamations, recitations, tableaux of an historical nature and dialogues of an instructive character are enacted for the benefit of the student-body, form a feature of the school much enjoyed by faculty and students alike. The programme for the first evening of the kind in '98 was shorter than the one for the preceding month, which came just before Christmas and which was full of scenes of a spectacular nature much admired, but which take more time. The programme for January was carried out with a promptness and precision on the part of the performers that calls for special mention. The different

parts were well-learned and well-rendered, improvement in expression and clearness of utterance being marked.

The strongest and most spirited debate of the month was that upon the Cuban policy of non-interference recommended to Congress by the President of the United States. The Standards met the Invincibles in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Friday evening the 14th, and the young ladies of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society were guests of the occasion.

The Standards took the side that the President was wise in his recommendation, while the Invincibles argued that such a policy of non-interference was a mistake, and that it was the duty of the American people through their National Congress to immediately take action in aid of the Cubans.

The Standards produced the best oratory but the Invincibles scored the most points and therefore won the debate. The discussion was interesting throughout.

News of the Christmas doings a month after they occurred may be considered stale, but a record of the fact that this festival, celebrated by all nations of the earth, was duly recognized at our school, should be mentioned in these columns. The occasion was a delightful one for all concerned. There were two trees well-laden with presents and the usual ornaments which go to make the scene charming to the eyes of young people. One tree was in the assembly hall of the girls' quarters, and one in the small boys' assembly room, the large boys receiving their presents from tables and benches piled to overflowing. The presents were largely gifts from pupil to pupil, as no great amount of money for the occasion could be spent by the school authorities.

A few boys and girls who seemed to have no special friends were provided for from Santa's general heap. So that there were no homesick children on account of not having been remembered at a time when everybody should be happy. At an early hour, the girls in a body, sang Christmas carols from their balconies. A service was held in Assembly Hall at 9 o'clock, at which the Rev. H. B. Wile, of the First Lutheran Church, Carlisle, officiated.

The students' dinner hour was perhaps the happiest one for them. Their menu consisting of roast turkey, giblet sauce, celery, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, stewed tomatoes, tomato pickles, cole-slaw, minced pie, bananas, fruit cake, jumbles, and coffee, was certainly satisfying to the most ardent lover of good things to eat.

The day, all through, was one long to be remembered, especially by some of our boys and girls who had never before seen a Christmas tree, or enjoyed the opportunity of gaining lessons taught at such times.

GYMNASIUM WORK OF THE INDIANS.

A Little Idea of What is Being Done in This Line at the Indian School.

Every one is interested in what goes on at the Indian School and in the magnificent work being done there. There is one branch however about which the public is not generally informed and that is the gymnasium drill and exercise. On invitation of Disciplinarian Thompson on a Sentinel reporter visited the school last evening and watched the boys in one of their drills in which everyone is obliged to participate. They are generally held three times a week after the evening study hour, the boys going one night and the girls the next. The whole is under the charge of Disciplinarian Thompson who does all the drilling and training in the different manoeuvres, which certainly are of a high standard, when all the circumstances are considered.

Last evening was the boys' night and at the appointed hour about 240 of them were called to order by their director. The blow of a whistle was all that was necessary to turn general confusion into

perfect order, and every man was immediately in his place. The men are so arranged that it takes less than a minute to tell how many are absent and who they are. Disciplinarian Thompson stands on a large table near the door from where he directs the exercise and can command a view over the whole room.

It would be impossible to describe the many movements through which the class is put. They have to be seen to be justly appreciated. A piano is played in conjunction with the majority of the exercises and adds greatly to the interest of both observer and observed. Last evening they were first put through mere body movements, later supplemented by the use of the wand and dumb bells. Too high a compliment can not be paid to the drill. The whole 240 worked almost as a man and made a very pleasing effect. One exercise, which looked especially taking was one in which the two middle rows went through one kind of a movement, "The Medicine Ball," whilst the outside rows went through what is called the "Fencing" movement, both being very intricate. After the regular drill each one is allowed to do as he pleases, taking whatever exercise most strikes his fancy.

The most notable thing which shows out yet above the fine drilling, is the spirit with which each one works. They go about it with a willingness that would make one almost believe they were working for some big prize. The rapidity with which they acquire proficiency in other branches is also very noticeable here. All the exercises are new, as this is the first year they have been given. One of the most enthusiastic of the whole number was one of the Esquimaux who arrived a short time ago. He is about 16 years of age and has already become quite an adept in swinging the Indian clubs which he was practicing in a corner by himself.

About nine o'clock the whistle was again blown for all to stop and in a short time the large building was again empty and quiet.—[Carlisle Evening Sentinel, January 14.]

EXTRAVAGANT INDIANS.

Statistics not only reveal that the Osage Indians are the richest Indians in the world, but the most extravagant. Annually for the past four years they have drawn about \$350 per capita, and now Agent Freeman says they not only have nothing of value to show where their money has gone to, but are in debt to the traders to the extent of \$150 per capita. There are 1,600 Osages, 900 being full bloods. They have a trust fund of \$8,500,000.—[Times Democrat, Pawnee, O. T.]

TIRED OF WHITE MAN.

A Chief of a tribe in the Northwest Territory, who has followed as near as he is able, for several years, the white man's way, said recently to a visitor:

"I am tired of the white man and of his ways, and I would be delighted if the Government would allow me to go out of the treaty and wander where I please."

IT WAS NOT THE DEVIL.

Appearances are sometimes deceptive, says Progress. A young Indian put two shots into a hump-backed man on a bicycle, and thought he was dealing death and destruction to the devil. He is now meditating over his mistake in Stony Mountain. The young Indian hails from British Columbia.

It is the everlasting credit of Governor Barnes, of Oklahoma Territory, that as soon as he heard of the burning of two young Indians by lynchers in the Territory he offered one thousand dollars reward for their arrest and conviction. The two Seminoles were ured at the stake. They had been charged with murder, but had not been tried, and one of them it was believed, was innocent. The lynching was an atrocity almost without parallel even in the annals of our Indian wars. That white men should resort to the stake is shameful and disgraceful, and if Governor Barnes can bring the guilty parties to justice he will deserve a testimonial from the American people.—[Leslies' Weekly.]

ALASKA AND THE SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF HER NATIVES.

Now that the great northwest corner of our country is attracting so much attention throughout the world on account of its gold, it is interesting to read what those who have been there say of the natural aspect of the country and of the work among the natives.

Hannah E. Sleeper, a member of the Society of Friends, and one specially interested in the Friends' Mission on Douglas Island, has published an interesting leaflet, giving descriptions of the work done by the missionaries, and the dreadful things with which they have to contend.

Without going into details we give the following:

It was in June, the month when Alaska is in her glory, that we first had the pleasure of seeing this "Land of the Midnight Sun." All Nature seemed wide awake after her long winter sleep, buried under the "great deep" of snow which so completely covers all that is unsightly in this delightful and picturesque country. But the winterlocked shores can no more resist the warming rays of old Sol when he returns from his journey to the Southland, than can the stolid hearts and natures of the poor natives withstand the influences of the Son of Righteousness when His rays are brought to bear upon them, who for generations knew naught of the better life beyond.

For many years we had been interested in helping to send the gospel to these people, but the time came, in order to do this more intelligently, we must do as did the Queen of Sheba—go and see for ourselves; and found, as did she, that it was impossible to have a just conception of either the country or the natives, when over three thousand miles of land and water lay between us and them.

This country, of such vast proportions, whose mountains are filled with golden treasures, and covered with stately evergreens, delicate mosses, ferns and flowers whose bays are dotted with the white sails of the fisherman's canoe, makes a picture that is not easily effaced from memory; but while Nature in her varied forms is fascinating, the human beings that God has placed in this far-away corner are much more interesting, because of their great need of salvation.

These natives have been for many generations bound by superstition, witchcraft, and slavery. The prime instigators of these barbarities are the Shamen, or medicine-men, who today torture their victims within hearing of the district courts. Many of the old customs are still adhered to, especially those that relate to marriage and revenge. When a man dies, a brother or near relative of the same clan, though he may be a mere youth, inherits his property, his position, his wife and sometimes the daughter also. The law of revenge is literally life for life, an eye for an eye, though compensation may be made by giving a large number of blankets.

The dance-house is an institution that causes as much vice and suffering as comes from any other source. In this den of iniquity, girls possessed of winning ways and gaudy dress sell the privilege of dancing with them for a consideration. The dissolute white miners not only purchase this, but also the right of destroying the most sacred gift of virginity. For a few blankets, parents sell these, their girls, to depraved whites for housekeepers and base purposes. When tired, the owners of the girls turn them out into a friendless world and go forth to seek more desirable victims. Drinking, in the Territory, is a source of evil that our Government has not yet suppressed.

DEVELOP THE COUNTRY.

The Indian Territory wants more people, more brains, more money, but we want them to develop the country. The towns are large enough until some kind of a change in the existing conditions occurs.—[Indian Journal.]